

THE IRON PORT.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

NUMBER FIVE.

GROVER'S LAST APPEAL.

He Wants to Borrow Five Hundred Millions.

It is a "Gold Standard" Measure and Will Hardly Meet With Favorable Consideration By Congress; the Silver Senators Oppose.

To the senate and house of representatives:—In my last annual message I commended to the serious consideration of congress the condition of our national finances, and in connection with the subject indorsed the plan of currency legislation which at that time seemed to furnish protection against impending danger. This plan has not been approved by the congress. In the meantime the situation has so changed that the emergency now appears so threatening that I deem it my duty to ask at the hands of the legislative branch of the government such prompt and effective action as will restore confidence in our financial soundness and avert business disaster and universal distress among our people.

Whatever may be the merits of the plan outlined in my annual message as a remedy for the depletion of the gold reserve then in the treasury, I am now convinced that its reception by the congress and our present advanced stage of financial perplexity necessitate additional or different legislation. With natural resources unlimited in variety and productive strength, and with a people whose activity and enterprise seek only a fair opportunity to achieve national success and greatness, our progress should not be checked by a false financial policy and a heedless disregard of sound monetary laws, nor should the timidity and fear which they engender stand in the way of our prosperity.

It is hardly disputed that this predicament confronts us to-day. Therefore no one in any degree responsible for the making and execution of our laws should fail to see a patriotic duty in honestly and sincerely attempting to relieve the situation. Manifestly this effort will not succeed unless it is made untrammelled by the prejudice of partisanship and with a steadfast determination to resist the temptation to accomplish party advantage. We may well remember that if we are affected with financial difficulties all our people in all stations of life are concerned, and surely those who suffer will not receive the promotion of party interests as an excuse for permitting our present troubles to advance to a disastrous conclusion. It is also of the utmost importance that we approach the study of the problems presented as free as possible from the tyranny of preconceived opinions to the end that in a common danger we may be able to seek, with unclouded vision, a safe and reasonable protection.

The real trouble which confronts us consists in a lack of confidence, widening and constantly increasing, in the continuing ability or disposition of the government to pay its obligations in gold. This lack of confidence grows to some extent out of the palpable and apparent embarrassment attending the efforts of the government under existing laws to procure gold, and to a greater extent out of the impossibility of either keeping it in the treasury or canceling obligations by its expenditure after it is obtained.

The only way left open to the government for procuring gold is by the issue and sale of bonds. The only bonds that can be so issued were authorized nearly twenty-five years ago, and are not well calculated to meet our present needs. Among other disadvantages they are made payable in coin, and of specifically in gold, which, in existing condition, detracts largely, and in an increasing ratio, from their desirability as investments. It is by no means certain that bonds of this description can much longer be disposed of at a price creditable to the financial character of our government.

The most dangerous and irritating feature of the situation, however, remains to be mentioned. It is found in the means by which the treasury is despoiled of the gold thus obtained without canceling a single obligation, and solely for the benefit of those who find profit in shipping it abroad or whose fears induce them to hoard it at home. We have outstanding about five hundred millions of currency notes of the government for which gold may be demanded; and, curiously enough, the law requires that when presented, and, in fact, redeemed and paid in gold, they shall be issued. Thus the same notes may do duty many times in drawing gold from the treasury; nor can the process be arrested as long as private parties, for profit or otherwise, see an advantage in repeating the operation. More than \$300,000,000 in these notes have already been redeemed in gold, and notwithstanding such redemption, they are all still outstanding.

Since the 17th day of January, 1894, our bonded interest-bearing debt has been increased \$100,000,000 for the purpose of obtaining gold to replenish our coin reserve. Two issues were made, amounting to \$50,000,000 each—one in January and the other in November. As a result of the first issue there was realized something more than \$58,000,000 in gold. Between that issue and the succeeding one in November, comprising a period of about ten months, nearly one hundred and three millions of dollars in gold was drawn from the treasury. This made the second issue necessary, and upon that more than fifty-eight millions in gold was again realized.

Between the date of this second issue and the present time, covering a period of only about two months, more than sixty-nine millions of dollars in gold has been drawn from the treasury. These large sums of gold were expended without any cancellation of government obligations, or in any permanent way benefiting our people or improving our pecuniary situation.

The financial events of the last year suggest facts and conditions which should certainly arrest attention. More than one hundred and seventy-two millions of dollars in gold have been drawn out of the treasury during the year for the purpose of shipping abroad or hoarding at home. While nearly one hundred and three millions of the same were drawn out during the first ten months of the year, a sum aggregating more than two-thirds of that amount, being about sixty-nine millions, was drawn out during the following two months, thus indicating a marked acceleration of the depleting process with the lapse of time. The obligations upon which this gold has been drawn from the treasury are still outstanding and are available for use in repeating the exhausting operation at shorter intervals as our perplexities accumulate. Conditions are certainly supervening tending to make the bonds which may be issued to replenish our gold less useful for that purpose. An adequate gold reserve is in all circumstances absolutely essential to the upholding of our public credit and to the maintenance of our high national character. Our gold reserve has again reached

such a state of diminution as to require its speedy re-enforcement. The aggravations that must inevitably follow present conditions and methods will certainly lead to misfortune and loss, not only to our national credit and prosperity, and to financial enterprise, but to those of our people who seek employment as a means of livelihood and to those whose only capital is their daily labor.

It will hardly do to say that a simple increase of revenue will cure our troubles. The apprehension now existing and constantly increasing as to our financial ability does not rest upon a calculation of our revenue. The time has passed when the eyes of investors abroad and our people at home were fixed upon the revenues of the government. Changed conditions have attracted their attention to the gold of the government. There need be no fear that we cannot pay our current expenses with such money as we have. There is now in the treasury a comfortable surplus of more than \$65,000,000, but it is not gold, and therefore does not meet our difficulty.

I cannot see that differences of opinion concerning the extent to which silver ought to be coined or used in our currency should interfere with the counsels of those whose duty it is to rectify evils now apparent in our financial situation. They have to consider the question of national credit and the consequences that will follow from its collapse. Whatever ideas may be insisted on as to silver or bimetalism, a proper solution of the question now pressing upon us only requires a recognition of gold as well as silver and a concession of its importance, rightfully or wrongfully acquired, as a basis of national credit, a necessity in the honorable discharge of our obligations payable in gold and a badge of solvency. I do not understand that the real friends of silver desire a condition that might follow inaction or neglect to appreciate the meaning of the present exigency if it should result in the entire banishment of gold from our financial and currency arrangements.

Besides the treasury notes, which certainly should be paid in gold, amounting to nearly \$500,000,000, there will fall due in 1904 \$100,000,000 of bonds issued during the last year for which we have received gold, and in 1907 nearly \$600,000,000 of four per cent. bonds issued in 1877. Shall the payment of these obligations in gold be repudiated? If they are to be paid in such a manner as the preservation of our national honor and national solvency demands, we should not destroy or even imperil our ability to supply ourselves with gold for that purpose.

While I am not unfriendly to silver, and while I desire to see it recognized to such an extent as is consistent with financial safety and the preservation of national honor and credit, I am not willing to see gold entirely banished from our currency and finances. To avert such a consequence, I believe thorough and radical remedial legislation should be promptly passed. I therefore beg the congress to give the subject immediate attention.

In my opinion, the secretary of the treasury should be authorized to issue bonds of the government for the purpose of procuring and maintaining a sufficient gold reserve for the redemption and cancellation of the United States legal tender notes and the treasury notes issued for the purchase of silver under the law of July 14, 1890. We should be relieved from the humiliating process of issuing bonds to procure gold to be immediately and repeatedly drawn out on these obligations for purposes not related to the benefit of our government or our people. The principal and interest of these bonds should be payable on their face in gold, because they should be sold only for gold or its representative, and because there would now probably be difficulty in favorably disposing of bonds not containing this stipulation.

I suggest that the bonds be issued in denominations of \$20 and \$50 and their multiples, and that they bear interest at a rate not exceeding three per cent. per annum. I do not see why they should not be payable fifty years from their dates. We of the present generation have large amounts to pay if we meet our obligations and long bonds are most salable. The secretary of the treasury might well be permitted at his discretion to receive on the sale of bonds the legal tender and treasury notes to be retired and, of course, when they are thus retired or redeemed in gold they should be canceled.

These bonds, under existing laws, could be deposited by national banks as security for circulation, and such banks should be allowed to issue circulation up to the face value of these or any other bonds so deposited, except bonds outstanding bearing only two per cent. interest and which sell in the market at less than par. National banks should not be allowed to take out circulating notes of a less denomination than \$10, and when such are now outstanding reach the treasury, except for redemption and retirement, they should be canceled and notes of the denomination of \$10 and upward issued in their stead. Silver certificates of the denomination of \$10 and upward should be replaced by certificates of denominations under \$10.

I believe all the provisions I have suggested should be embodied in our laws if we are to enjoy a complete reinstatement of a sound financial condition. They need not interfere with any currency scheme providing for the increase of the circulating medium through the agency of national or state banks, since they can easily be adjusted to such a scheme.

Objection has been made to the issuance of interest-bearing obligations for the purpose of retiring the non-interest-bearing legal tender notes. In point of fact, however, these notes have burdened us with a large load of interest and it still accumulating. The aggregate interests on the original issue of bonds, the proceeds of which in gold constituted the reserve for the payment of these notes, amounting to \$70,326,250 on Jan. 1, 1895, and the annual charge for interest on these bonds and those issued for the same purpose during the last year will be \$9,145,000 dating from Jan. 1, 1895.

While the cancellation of these notes would not relieve us from the obligations already incurred on their account, these figures are given by way of suggesting that their existence has not been free from interest charges and that the longer they are outstanding, judging from the experience of the last year, the more expensive they will become.

In conclusion I desire to frankly confess my reluctance to issuing more bonds in present circumstances and with no better results than have lately followed that course. I cannot, however, refrain from adding to an assurance of my anxiety to co-operate with the present congress in any reasonable measure of relief an expression of my determination to leave nothing undone which furnishes a hope for improving the situation or checking a suspicion of our disinclination or disability to meet with the strictest honor every national obligation.

GROVER CLEVELAND,
The Executive Mansion, Jan. 28, 1895.

THE NORTH SEA HORROR.

The Steamer Elbe Out in Two By the Steamer Crathie.

She Sinks Within Twenty Minutes and of Her Company, Four Hundred Persons, Only a Score Are Saved. The Crathie Safe.

The following is from London under date of January 30. The North German Lloyd steamer Elbe, for New York from Bremen, collided with another steamer in the North Sea and sank and nearly four hundred lives were lost. Only twenty were saved. The disaster occurred about 5:30 a. m. today. The Elbe, it appears, was on its way to Southampton with about fifty saloon passengers, about one hundred and ninety steerage passengers and a crew of about one hundred and sixty. The morning was heavy and misty and the steamer was making its usual time and keeping an ordinary look-out. Suddenly the forward lookout on the Elbe reported to the officer on deck that the lights of a steamer were close ahead over the port bow. Before the course of the Elbe could be changed so as to sheer her off from the approaching steamer, the latter struck her just about the engine room, going through her plates as though they were pasteboard and going almost completely through the hull of the Elbe. For a time the Crathie held the Elbe on her nose, but then her engines were reversed and she backed out of the aperture she had made. As she did so the water rushed into the Elbe in a torrent and she began immediately to settle. Three boats were launched but only one is heard from. It, with its freight of lives, was picked up by a fishing vessel and carried into Lowestoft, England, from which place came the first news of the disaster.

The ship which did the mischief was run into a Dutch port, making no effort to save those on board the Elbe.

News From "The Bay."

S. E. Scribner accused Joseph Gotto of debauching Mrs. Scribner and demanding pecuniary satisfaction to the extent of \$1,000. The cash not being forthcoming, he "put a head" on Mr. Gotto and is in jail to await trial for the assault. It is thought to be a case of blackmail, and is a dirty affair in any case. Julius Krause, of De Pere, is charged with sending obscene letters to a young lady of Green Bay and held for trial. He admits writing and mailing the letters but says they got into the wrong hands. The question of the consolidation of Green Bay and Fort Howard is up again. Of course, as the union of the two cities is only a matter of time, the marriage might as well be celebrated next spring as any time. Alexander Gardapie, aged ninety years, died at Prairie du Chien. He walked into a saloon, drank a glass of gin, asked the time of day and sat down and died. He was born in Green Bay and was of French and Indian extraction. Dennis Dakowski, who has been in jail for some time on suspicion of murdering his wife, was turned loose again on the community, there being no evidence to warrant the authorities in holding him longer. Otto Tonne got mixed up with some De Pere toughs and badly beaten. Fred Nolan fell upon a circular saw at Mills Center and was beheaded.—Advocate.

Why Quarrel About It?

The visit of the legislators to our city and Gladstone went off well enough. We had the gentlemen to breakfast and showed them the town; Gladstone gave them a dinner and showed them that town; we gave them a spread in the evening and a send-off. Of course each town was eager to entertain them, and each did so; of course each town wants the normal school if one shall be authorized by the legislature and the place (not Escanaba and Gladstone only) which offers the best site and makes the best showing will get it. Let's be sensible about it and quit throwing mud at each other; let each town make its fight for the location of the school but Gladstone should help us if the choice of the locating commission lay between Escanaba and Ironwood or Iron Mountain and the converse of the proposition is true; Escanaba should aid Gladstone if, for any reason, it can not get the prize itself. Our contemporaries, here and at Gladstone, are not helping either town by their bickerings.

We Have No Second Choice.

The Iron Port supports Hon. D. H. Ball for the place on the bench of the supreme court soon to become vacant by the retirement of Justice McGrath and it has no second choice. Regarding Mr. Ball as eminently qualified, its support goes to him until the choice is made. It does not anticipate failure, but if the choice of the convention should not fall upon him it must (and will) be content with Van Zile, or Brown, or Hatch, or any other, it matters not whom. Until the convention settles the matter it adheres to its only choice, Mr. Ball, and it hopes every delegate from this district will do the same thing. If we can win we can do so only by unanimity; if we can not, let the people believe the straits select. In any event the republicans of the 12th district will do their whole duty at the polls.

What Was It, Anyhow?

The Leader, in its report of the celebration of the birthday of Burns at Menominee, said: "There was plenty to drink as well as eat. There were appollinaris, ginger ale, hop tea and peat leak, but nothing stronger." The Iron Port begs to inquire as to the "peat leak." The "hop tea" it can suppose to mean the beverage known to Scots as "the barley breeze," and perhaps it would be justified in the surmise that "leak" should be "reek," and the tupples indicated Scotch whisky. How was it? If our surmise hits the fact there was need of "nothing stronger." Elucidate, if you please, Brother Soules.

Miss Hansen the Winner.

Three "big loads" of our young people went to Gladstone Thursday evening to witness the race, on skates, between Grace Craig, of that city, and Carrie Hansen, of ours, and came home shouting; Miss Hansen won the race by a lap and a half. The same contestants will meet again, on Monday and Tuesday evenings next, at the city rink, here, and Gladstone will doubtless be on hand to cheer for its favorite.

The Cleveland Outlook.

There is little to add to the statement of last week concerning the efforts of the producers of standard Bessemer ores to make a stand against ruinous prices and excessive production. While the probabilities of agreement are greater than they were a week ago and amount almost to a fact, there are further conferences to be held. That standard Besse-

mer hematites will be sold at \$2.00 in 1895 there is now every likelihood. The analysis of the figures on Bessemer pig iron production in 1894, as given on another page, with the statement that Lake Superior Bessemer were consumed in the second half of 1894 at the yearly rate of 6,700,000 tons, has an important bearing on the matters now under discussion.

Another question of immediate interests to iron ore companies is the proposition of the commissioners of Ohio counties in which iron ore is stored on dock to subject the ore piles to taxation. Already Ohio has a record for discriminating against industrial capital in the making and enforcement of tax laws, and this latter proposition is calculated to react as other similar efforts have done. Iron ore lies on the docks because of the peculiar relation of the mining industry to navigation. Ores must be hauled from the mines between May 1st and Dec. 1st. They cannot all be sold before they are brought down and all that is sold comes down to furnace yards, as fast as it comes down. It is a convenience to maintain piles on dock. To tax it is as unjust as to tax grain in elevators or coal that comes from the mines in the spring and stands on the docks waiting to be transferred to boats. The mining companies already pay the bulk of the taxes of the town built up about their properties; in Michigan they pay one cent a ton on all ore mined; in Ohio their stockholders pay taxes on their stock. Now it is proposed to add the injustice of a third tax. The result of such a policy would simply be to transfer unsold ores to Erie and Buffalo docks and drive a traffic out of Ohio, that has furnished for thousands of men and enriched every part that it has touched.—Iron Trade Review.

Will Re-enter the Field.

It has seemed strange that the Bell people, with their superb outfit of wires, should abandon it and leave vacant the field to the opposition, and we are now told that they have secured concessions from the parent company—reduction of royalty—so that they can re-open their exchange and furnish phone service at rates as low as the opposition. Had the Bell interest taken that step in time there would, in all probability, have been no opposition, but now that Finch has got his wires up and his instruments in use, it is a question how the public will regard the tardy concession of the old concern. We doubt the ability of the Bell to recover its lost ground. There would have been no concession as to the cost of the service had not Finch's work compelled it and we fancy that the public will remember the fact and give Finch the bulk of its business.

Acts On Our Suggestion.

On Thursday last, before Justice Moore, James Todd, Sen., made affidavit, "upon information and belief," that one "Letta Carro (so the name appears in the complaint, though letters and express parcels are addressed to "Lettie Murray"), of the 7th ward of the city, kept and conducted a house for prostitution. Upon the complaint the warrant of the magistrate issued, the sheriff made the arrest, and the woman is in custody awaiting examination, which is to take place next Monday. Of the strength of the case against her we have no information—the examination will develop that—if she is guilty in a term in the Detroit house of correction is the proper thing, rather than a small fine for violation of the city ordinance. The Iron Port has aforementioned this method of procedure and is glad to see its advice acted upon.

Epworth League.

The First Annual "Temperance day" of the Epworth League will be observed on Sunday evening, Feb. 3, in the M. E. church, with the following program: Praise Service: Song—"Watchman What of the Night"; Chorus. Scripture Reading and Prayer. Song—"Stand up for Temperance"; Chorus. Address—"What should be the attitude of the Epworth League toward the liquor traffic?"—Rev. W. C. Clemo. Solo—"Nearer to Thee"; Clara Bartley. Recitation—"A Stray Sunbeam"; Grace McConr. Duet—"Clara Spargo, Josephine Bower." Question—"How shall the liquor traffic be abolished?"—Answered—Home Influence. Chorus—"Nearer to Thee"; Dr. Roger. School Influence; Mrs. Ellsworth. Church Influence; Will Brown. Ballot Influence; Ernest Clemo. Song—"The Temperance Light House"; Chorus. Benediction.

Escanaba Township.

The last snow made our township appear quite lively; everybody is busy, as the roads are in splendid condition. Joseph Reno has sold his farm and will remove to Peshigo in the spring. Miss Annie Carroll left for New Orleans the first of the week, accompanying her sister, Mrs. Fred. Carney, of Marinette. Mrs. J. H. Carroll is seriously ill. Miss Annie Lawrence is visiting at Marinette. Mrs. M. Schwyme, of Baldwin, visited relatives here last week. Miss Maggie Jones and Miss Creiger visited friends at Gladstone this week.

The Republican County Convention.

The call for a republican county convention will be found in this issue of The Iron Port. Was the business of that convention merely the choice of delegates to the State Convention, a full representation could hardly be expected, but the choice of a candidate for Commissioner of Schools devolves upon it and makes such a representation desirable. It is to be hoped that every township and ward in the county will appoint delegates and that such delegates, if for any reason they cannot attend in person, will send proxies to resident republicans of this city together with instructions as to the candidate for School Commissioner. Personal attendance is desirable but proxies and instructions are better than no representation.

W. C. T. U. Items.

The regular business meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. F. J. Bishop, 254 Michigan Avenue, next Thursday afternoon, Feb. 7. Arrangements are being made by the W. C. T. U. for a silver Demorest medal contest. Ten contestants ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age will compete for a silver medal. This contest will be held about the last of February or first of March.

"Charlie's Aunt."

By his announcement elsewhere it will be seen that Manager Peterson has engaged the latest thing in the way of dramatic entertainment, "Charlie's Aunt," for next Wednesday evening. The play and the players are extravagantly praised.

A Medal Contest.

A silver medal contest will be given in the Presbyterian church a few weeks hence under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. There will be at least ten contestants. A musical program is also being arranged for the occasion.

TERSE TOWN TOPICS.

Many Minor Municipal Matters Briefly Mentioned.

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

Bear it in mind that the Woman's Relief Corps gives its third annual dancing party on St. Valentine's day—a week from next Thursday. The music will be by Hughes' Ideal Orchestra and everything else will be in the same line—the best to be had. It is, in truth, a "charity ball," as the profits, if any, go to the relief of the families of indigent veterans. Take a ticket, for sweet charity's sake.

A contemporary notes the fact that Amy Burns was let off with a fine and Andrew White sent to prison for the same offense—keeping a house of prostitution—and remarks that "there's a difference." True; one was fined for a breach of a city ordinance and the other imprisoned for violating "the Green law," under which all such cases should be tried.

Two cases of insanity, one a county and the other a state charge, occurring in this city, can not be cared for at the Traverse City asylum & being full. Rush the work at Newberry; the counties can, none of them, take proper care of such cases. Both might yield to treatment now; both may become incurable if neglected.

Dr. Todd would be justified in "walloping" the proof-reader of the Menominee Leader, who makes him talk (in his address on Burns' birthday) of "Dr. Humberole" instead of Dr. Hornbook, and of "Barks and Braes" for Banks and Braes. There is no copy of Burns in the Leader library, that's evident.

The St. Andrew's club entertainment Monday evening was spoiled by the failure to have the opera house warmed. Prof. Bish did his part, but no one could enjoy his readings while they shivered in a sub-arctic temperature. Several persons were unable to sit it out and departed midway.

The Iron Port is indebted to the courtesy of J. B. Knight, commissioner of mineral statistics, for a copy of his report covering the years 1892 and 1893. It tells a dolorous tale for the mineral industries of the state and especially of this region, but only the truth.

Ed. Erickson has the correct idea of advertising—the less there is of business, the greater the need of publicity—and he occupies a space on the 8th page of this paper with offers which no one who has a dollar to spend for dry-goods can afford to over look or neglect.

The article, "Pulpit Zeal," was clipped from a religious paper by a Presbyterian friend and is published by request. We make this explanation in order that, if there is any local application of the criticism, it shall be understood that it is not ours.

The Mirror announces a lecture by Father William, of St. Joseph's, to be given on the eve of Washington's birthday (Thursday, Feb. 21), the subject stated as "from Washington to Cleveland." It can not fail to be interesting.

The race at the City Rink Wednesday evening was won by Nelson, but only by half a lap, over Tom White of this city. The distance was one mile, and the time (the figures are not given) was not fast.

The dime social given by the ladies of Cora Hive, L. O. T. M., last Thursday evening was fairly well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. It put some \$12 into the treasury of the hive.

Dan McCabe and Clara Rice called on County Clerk Linden for a license to marry, got it, stepped in next door and presented it to Justice Glaser and were man and wife in ten minutes.

Our criticism of the "city editor" of the Mirror, agent the notice of Mr. Lyman's party at Ford River, went wide of the mark and we tender to him an apology—he did not write it. Peter Beitzer, for an assault, was assessed \$10 and costs by Justice Glaser, the alternative being thirteen days in jail. He took the days and saved his money.

Dr. Todd loses no opportunity to give The Iron Port a "whack." Last Sunday morning that reverend gentleman gave it another bit of free advertising.

Monday was the coldest day of the season, so far, the temperature being sixteen degrees below zero at 5:00 a. m. Thursday night ditto.

The "Young People's Pedro Club" went to Charlie Durancean's Thursday evening. Music was taken along and dancing indulged in.

Fred Norman challenges Dan Call, of Gladstone, to go two miles on skates for \$25 or more. He will make it heats if desired.

Our social reformers are "red hot," now—we shall see how long they last. Meantime the town moves along much as usual.

A "roaring drunk" and belligerent demonstrations got Pat Robertson into limbo and it cost him \$25 and costs to get out.

We are told that the L. & O. league proposes to stop skating at the rinks on Sunday. Maybe, but we guess not.

The man whose proboscis wears a rose-tinted hue found no difficulty in wetting his whistle last Sunday.

Train No. 1, due here at 7:30 a. m. Monday, was seven hours late, having been ditched at Fond du Lac.

This Saturday morning at daylight the merestod at twenty below—the coldest of the winter up to date.

There was collusion between a couple of the street cars Thursday morning but not much damage.

Two new store buildings are in course of construction on Gladstone's principal thoroughfare.

Menominee gives notice that it will bid for the location of that normal school.

John Tolan has a collection of rare coins valued at \$800.

Our Weather Prophet.

Louis H. Darocher thus forecasts the weather for the current month: "First to fifteenth changeable—fifteenth to twenty-second snow with lots of wind—big blizzard from northwest. There will be terrible winds this month."

Pulpit Zeal.

No man was ever scolded out of his sins, the heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds back again. A surly man will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl even

under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, when he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skilfully searching the heart of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted; he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobates, incorrigible and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not, therefore, easy to conceive, on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Matters Pertaining to Escanabans and Their Movements.

Charlie Fincker came down from Rapid River Tuesday, bringing to hospital a man who suffered a fracture of the leg in the "Hay Meadow" camp the previous day.

John L. McKee and A. Z. Sourwine are by this time studying pharmacy in the Northwestern University at Chicago, having gone thither last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Henry Appleton, of Appleton, and Mrs. Ed. Hopkins, of Commonwealth, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilkinson the first of the week.

Messrs. Mattland, of Negaunee, and Hall, of Ishpeming, directors of the First National bank, looked over its affairs last Wednesday.

Mr. P. Roche, who has been coming here, regularly, since the days of the Saginaw and Dunlap, was here Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Campbell have again taken up their residence in the city, having returned from Marinette last week.

Ed. Erickson proposes to join Mrs. Erickson at Warrington, Florida, soon, and get "chawed out."

W. F. Look is at St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, evading the "sharp" weather of the upper peninsula.

Counselor Gallup and wife have gone south to evade the rigor of the February climate here.

Passenger Agent G. W. Hibbard, of the South Shore and Soo roads, was in town on Thursday.

A Cooper and family departed this morning for Marinette, where they will in future reside.

Jesse McCourt has visited here since Thursday. He is now located at Menominee.

Coleman Nee returned Thursday from a visit with relatives at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Mr. Clark, master mechanic of the railway shops, has been at Chicago this week.

John Gross has removed from Ladington street to his place on Charlotte street.

Alex Roberts got out last Thursday, after a wrestle with mumps lasting ten days.

Mrs. P. J. McKenna entertained her pedro-playing friends Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Clyde Mackenzie, of Red Jacket, has this week visited friends in this city.

Neil McEwen and Leslie Lang, of Gladstone, visited here on Sunday last.

Geo. Preston will spend some time in Florida—may have gone by this time.

Henry Derouin, traveling for a Chicago house, was in town on Tuesday.

Frankie Blake has had two weeks of mumps but is well over it now.

Mr. Power was at home over Sunday but has returned to Grand Rapids.

Mayor Erickson is absent, at Chicago and elsewhere, for a week or so.

A. F. Young is visiting at his former home in Tompkins county, N. Y.

P. M. Peterson has been housed up with a quinsy but is convalescent.

Miss Annie Carroll is at New Orleans, with her sister, Mrs. Carney.

Mrs. Selden and Miss Gertrude have been quite ill with the grip.

Julius, son of Peter Walch, is very low and his life is despaired of.

George E. Merrill, of Rapid River, was in town on Thursday.

F. T. Randall has been kept indoors by the grip this week.

Chas. Miller was in Menominee a day or two this week.

Mumps is a very common complaint.

Not Our Fight.

A friend brings us a paper containing the protest of the Rev

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

THE SURGEON'S VISIT.

BY JAN MACLURE.

Dr. MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochy houses nor his manner were on that large scale.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is 't' as bad as yir lookin', doctor? Tell the truth; wud Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A wud gie onything tae say Annie has a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' to lose her, Tammas!"

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment he laid his hand on Tammas' shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'll play the man and no vex Annie; she 'll dae her best, a' 'll warrant."

"An' a' 'll dae mine; and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochy felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess' mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy of the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for the tears were denied Drumtochy men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow-creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Margot Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood at his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir heart, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' you had never loved. Neither death nor time can part them that love; there's naethin' in a' the world sae strong as love. If Annie gae frae the sicht o' yir e'en she'll come the nearer tae yir heart. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye 'll never forget her night nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae partin'."

Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for 't's five years noo sin George gie'd awa, an' he's mair with me noo than when he was in Edinboro' and I was in Drumtochy."

"Thank ye kindly, Margot; tae are gude words and true, an' ye her the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin', an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a' 'll no can tell her that a' 'lve her when there's nae Annie in the hoose."

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife, Dunleithy, an' we were a' sae proud o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed kept deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, tae dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luv'd her; a' brocht her intae the world, and a' saw her through the fever when she was a bit lassie; a' closed her mither's e'en, and it was me hed to tell her she was an orphan, an' nae man was better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A' ve naiter wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' econt a' the fauk o' the glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there was a man in Muirtown 'at eud dae mair for her, a' d have him this verra night, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble."

"Tammas, ma pair fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay down this morn' oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fire-side, an' the bairns round ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's nae tae be, Tammas, it's nae tae be."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a' m' no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the night, and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came with long experience, and the doctor held converse with her.

"Eh, Jess wumman, yon was the hardest wark a' hae tae face, and a' wud rather hae tae ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtaeh drift than tell Tammas Mitchell his wife was deuin'."

"A' said she eudna be cured, and it was true, for there's juist a man in the land fit for't, and they might as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Jess said naethin' but vex Tammas, for it's eneuch without regrets."

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wud buy life after a', an' if Annie was a deuchess her ma wudna lose her; but bein' only a pair coot's wife, she maun dae afore the week's oot."

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hasna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'll be pair coot's ersure, no strapplin' women like Annie."

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the glen in our time if it could be managed by hook or crook."

"We 'll gang and see Drumshuegh, Jess; he's anither man sin' George Hoo's deith, and he 'ves yir kinder than fook Kent; and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road."

"Come in by, doctor, a' heard ye on the road; ye 'll hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deuin', Drumshuegh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his heart."

"That's no lightsome, doctor, no lightsome ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochy sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye 'll need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but aye, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochy."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell charge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we 'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumshuegh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumshuegh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumshuegh reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin."

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gude o' it? Burnbrae gae's aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lechlan Campbell 'll no leave the place noo without a ribbon for Flora. Ills man in the Kildrummie train has some bit in his pooch for the fauk at home that he's bocht wi' the siller he won."

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, an' daffin' (joking) wi' me about their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. On a' a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them."

"Yir the only man kees, Weelum, that I aince luv'd the noblest wumman in the glen or onywhere, an' a' luv her still, but wi' anither luv noo."

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've trocht a' might hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma heart turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush where George Hoo lay yon sad summer time. Some day a' 'll tell yer ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld friends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumshuegh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Well, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brightness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'll send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra night, and ye 'll hae yir man this morn'."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumshuegh, but ye 'll grant me a favor. Ye'll lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wull in tae dae tae a'—but a' haena mny pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure, of Drumtochy." It seemed as if the east had come to meet the west when these stood together, the one in traveling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvelously dressed than erer, for Drumshuegh's topcoat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck onedness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure, compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumshuegh's dogcart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaid added to his equipment—Drumshuegh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned—and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventual journey.

"It's richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the glen, and t' 'll be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

"A' select the road this mornin', an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'll get through this steadin' here, but oor worst job 'll be crossin' the Toothy."

"Ye see the bridge has been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we her tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtaeh way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' it's threatenin' tae rise, but we 'll win through wi' a warstle."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Toothy had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods when the water is blown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the center with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, and the ford was on his land, and none knew the Toothy better.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river MacLure halted to give Jess a breathing.

"It 'll take ye a yir time, lass, an' a' wud rather be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, an' a' wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly, but this was what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leaned forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Hand tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o' t' for ony sake. That's it; yir dain' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye 'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mair Mak straight for me, doctor, an' a' 'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye're dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'!" cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart.

"Sail, it was titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a' Heilan' ford is a little (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're sae noo."

"Gude luck tae ye at Westerton, sir; nae but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Toothy in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a grand beginnin'!" for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'll no be dune for an' oor, and ye've tae lay on without stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a' 'll shut the door tae hand in the noise, an' a' keep yir doo beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A' 'll dae onything ye want me, bit if—"

"A' 'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' gaein' to the surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow, o' Tammas, an' a' 'll never see the like again; it's a' over, man, without a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'll live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluded, weel-livin'—"

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? It's a mercy a' keptt ye, or we wud her anither job for Sir George."

"Ye're a richt noo; sit doon on the strae, A' 'll come back in a while, an' ye 'll see Annie juist for a meenut; but ye maunna say a word."

Margaret took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bed.

He said nothing then or afterward, for speech came only once in a lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and yir friend. You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal, and the check with Drumshuegh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor."

As the train began to move a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:

"Give's another shake of yir hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you. You are an honor to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market-day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? Hoo dae ye feel? A' 'll no deny a'm lifted."

Half way to the junction Hillocks had recovered and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell's what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumshuegh."

"That's the eedential words, an' they're true; there's noa man in Drumtochy disna ken that except aye."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himself. Man, a've often gined that he s'd fecht awa for us; and maybe dee before he kent that he had gathered mair luv than ony man in the glen."

"A'm proud tae hae met ye," says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. "Yir an honor tae oor profession."

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the parish of Drumtochy.—From "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

DARKENED PARLORS.

A Place Where Sunshine Should be Freely Admitted.

How many homes there are in which more care is lavished upon expensive adornments than upon the free, everyday comforts and blessings of nature! There are many women who, with the best intention for the care of their houses and their children, still commit one heinous, hygienic sin by what may be inaptly called "furniture worship," and so careful are they of carpets, sofa coverings and curtains that some rooms in their houses are maintained in a cellar-like darkness except for short intervals when they are thrown open for "company." If one thing is more certain than another, it is the fact that all sorts of microscopic growths love the darkness. One has only to search a dark spot in the forest to find myriads of them, and dark, sunless closets and corners are a close second, with molds, and, if we examine carefully, a dust filled with spores.

The army of scientists who are studying the nature and habits of the microbes inimical to health and life have lately been making extensive experiments on the effect of exposing them to the action of light, says an exchange, and with one accord they tell us that the creatures were principally killed outright, but the residue had their vitality so interfered with that they could not and did not develop normally, if at all. Sunshine is a very cheap article, has no offensive odor like sulphur, and can be easily applied; and what matters it if the carpet does fade a few shades, if the room can be wholly sweet and wholesome? There are some parlors, especially in country houses, haunted by an abiding musty odor; they never had a thorough bathing in sunlight.—Boston Budget.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

WE WILL GIVE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

MOTHER—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?" Boy—"Yes'm." "How did that happen?" "I got too many 's' in scissors."—Good News.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALICE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 30, '94.

EQUAL TO EITHER FORTUNE.—"Do you want a model, sir, for Perdiccar, or—No! Well, then—let's clean out yer studio for tuppence."—Pall Mall Budget.

WILLIE—"I am ambitious to go before the footlights." She—"Then you had better run along before papa comes downstairs."—Syracuse Post.

"I FEEL really sorry for my husband during the holidays," remarked the very complacent woman. "Indeed!" "Yes. He is so correct in his habits that when New Year comes he can't swear off."—Washington Star.

BEATING ABOUT THE DEUSH.—"What! You call me a swindler!" B.—"No; but I am prepared to give ten marks to anyone who proves to me the contrary."—Deutsche Wespen.

AN IRISHMAN, comparing his watch with the clock of St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what tickled him, he answered: "An' how can I help it! Here is my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, that cost me but five guineas; has beat your big London clock there a full hour an' a quarter since yesterday mornin'!"—Tit-Bits.

SYMPATHETIC PLAIN FRIENDS! (to inconsolable young widow)—"The last time I met your dear husband he stopped and spoke to me with such a sunny greeting that I was the happier for it all day long." Young Widow (still oblivious to everything except her loss)—"Yes, that was just like dear David. There was no woman so humble, or so kindly, or so unselfish, or dull, but that he could find something pleasant to say to her, and would take pains to say it."—Life.

TWO PASSENGERS on a western train became involved in a controversy, which waxed so hot that one of them called the other a liar. "What's that, a liar?" and he was in his feet in an instant. "Yes, a liar," was the emphatic response, "or my name ain't John Smith, of Smithville." "What the hardware merchant!" "The same." "Mr. Smith, I am delighted to see you. I represent Mr. Sharpedge & Co., of New York, and can show you a line of samples that will make your fortune."—Texas Siftings.

Other remedies may ST. JACOBS OIL Will cure Sprains, Bruises, and a Backache

Hitch A Horse To A Hoe. It's the up-to-date way of cultivating ground. But be sure and hitch him to the "PLANET JR." STEEL HORSE HOE AND CULTIVATOR.

Light, strong and easily controlled by convenient levers. Has separate parts for doing close hoeing, furrowing, or ordinary cultivating. Our free-for-all catalogue tells all about it. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BEST ROOFING SAMPLES AND FULL PARTICULARS FREE. WRITE ... F. W. BIRD & SON, SOLE MAKERS East Walpole, MASS. LOOK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL On All Genuine "NEPONSET" WATERPROOF FABRICS.

NEPONSET WATERPROOF FABRICS. A. N. K.—A 1536

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

And This Is Man.

A tiny speck upon the scene where lights and shadows meet. A mere atom on a field where joys and sorrows meet; A simple nothing in the whirl of struggling, seething life, With its greatest, best endeavor a mere zero in the strife. A brief and tried existence, feeble at its greatest height; A flickering star whose meager beam is quickly lost in night; A thing whose life and being hangs on a hair-like thread, Suspended from a vast unknown where sleep unnumbered dead; With mystery for beginning and oblivion at the end. As myriad worlds of atoms ever on and upward trend, Yes—this small, presumptuous morsel, with a vision lame and dim, Sometimes really thinks the universe was solely made for him. —H. H. Talmadge, in Judge.

\$300 FOR A NAME. This is the sum we hear the Salzer Seed Co. offer for a suitable name for their wonderful new oats. The United States department of agriculture says Salzer's oats is the best of 300 varieties tested. A great many farmers report a test yield of 200 bushels per acre last year, and are sure this can be grown and even more during 1895. Another farmer writes us he cropped 112 bushels of Salzer's Marvel Spring wheat on two and one-half acres. At such yield wheat pays at 30c per bu. One thing we know and that is that Salzer is the largest Farm Seed grower in the world and sells potatoes at \$2.50 per barrel. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you get free his mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 PRIZE OATS. [x]

FRAGILE OLD GENT—"Walter, this plate is quite cold!" Walter—"Yes, sir; but the chop is 'ot, sir, which I think you'll find 'll warm up the plate nicely, sir."—Tit-Bits

SLEEPING ROOMS. They Should Be Provided With Dark Curtains.

People should use great care in excluding all light from the sleeping room, whether going to bed for the night or lying down for a short rest. Physicians say that the brain can not rest perfectly unless this is done. Where a house has an eastern or southern exposure the rooms will be filled with light long before it is time to get up, and unless some means be taken to prevent, the morning rest will be more or less broken. Especially is this true in the case of little children, and it is well to accustom them from the first to sleep in the dark.

In the absence of outside blinds, there is no better way to secure this pleasant twilight so conducive to rest, than by the use of inside shades made of the darkest green holland, and they have a great advantage over either inside or outside blinds in that they are so easily adjusted. They supplement, but do not take the place of the ordinary shades, but are set somewhat inside, so as not to interfere with them, and are rolled up and quite out of the way when not in use.

The best grades of this goods are durable, and with reasonable care will last for years, and from her own experience the writer can recommend them as a most desirable investment. If the bedroom windows have upper panels of stained glass, in which some modern houses abound, the green shades should be set so as to cover these also, as an exceedingly unpleasant glare pours down from them, very trying to eyes which are trained to sleep in a darkness as complete as possible.—Harper's Bazar.

Origin of the Match. Romer, Preschel and Irinyi are variously named as inventors of phosphorus matches. From the testimony of a still living college friend, it appears that the real inventor is the Hungarian, Janos Irinyi. It was in 1835, when the latter, then nineteen years old and a student at the polytechnic school in Vienna, attended Prof. Meissner's lectures on chemistry. He became greatly impressed by a demonstration of the reaction produced on rubbing together peroxide of lead and sulphur. It struck him at once that the reaction might be greatly intensified when substituting phosphorus for sulphur. Irinyi was not to be seen at the college for the next few days. His friend, wishing to see him, called at his rooms, but found the door locked. On joining his friends Irinyi had his pockets full of matches, which he struck on the walls, all of them taking fire. He prepared them by melting phosphorus in a concentrated solution of glue and shaking until the mass became cold and all the phosphorus assumed a finely-divided state. This emulsion was mixed with brown peroxide of lead, and sticks previously dipped in molten sulphur were immersed in the mixture. He sold his invention, it is recorded, to a merchant named Romer for about three thousand five hundred dollars.—Invention.

Its Equivalent. The prisoner had been, before the court so many times for vagrancy that the judge concluded to give him a dose he wouldn't forget.

"So," he said, sternly, as he looked down on the chronic, "you are here again?"

"Yes, yeronner," replied the prisoner, humbly.

"Same old charge, I suppose?"

"Yes, yeronner."

"All right; I'll just fine you a hundred dollars and send you down."

The prisoner threw up his hands like a drowning man. "Geusalem! yeronner," he exclaimed; "why don't you give me a life sentence and be done with it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Maxim recently gave a public exhibition of his new flying machine at Bexley for the benefit of a local charity. No attempt was made to fly, but the machine was run up and down the rails, propelled solely by its aerial screws at the rate of thirty miles an hour. This was accomplished with only one-third the sail area used in the attempt to fly last July and with the engines working at much less than full speed.

ONE OF BOSTON'S AMUSEMENTS.—"After a long spell of wearing rubbers, leaving them off is as enjoyable as a job whispered to you in prayer time at church."—Transcript.

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes the acid.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures blood and removes the acid. This is the only cure for rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial.

"I suffered intensely with rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HARRY P. FITZARD, Winterville, Ga.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

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FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000,000. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE UNPARALLELED STAIN REMOVER. FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CRYSTAL MAKES NO DUST IN 8x10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS. PROP'S. CANTON, MASS.

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Ely's Cream

SMARTER THAN SATAN.

A Legend Told by the Good Burghers of Vienna.

How Dr. Canamus Outwitted the Evil One—Rather Than Marry the Doctor's Widow the Cloven-Hoofed Gent Canceled Their Contract.

[Written for This Paper.]

At the age of thirty Dr. Canamus was a greater philosopher than Empedocles and more famous in the skill of medicine than the son of Apollo himself. He had effected so many marvelous cures and had so often proved by the clearest of reasoning that he was ever ready to perform even more wonderful operations that finally his presumption began to surpass his science. As he could find no colleague sufficiently versed in the medical art to have a discussion with him, he was wont from time to time to provoke the devil,



SATAN APPEARS.

without, however, much hope of his appeal being responded to. Nevertheless, one day Satan sent up his card, and Dr. Canamus sent down word that he would be delighted to see him.

Satan came in and modestly said: "I come to offer you my services, as I have heard you are in quest of a secretary. Without possessing your wonderful genius, I think I shall be able to be of use to you."

The doctor accepted the offer. A contract was signed between the two parties. The devil undertook to satisfy all the desires of Canamus, without being able to claim his soul anywhere else but in the city of Rome. Canamus, who had already been all over Italy, and had no desire to pay the pope a second visit, gayly accepted the condition.

The new secretary had given himself an inexorable and pitiless master. He was compelled to submit to much harsh treatment.

But the time came when Canamus seemed to get tired of science for the love of science itself. He went from Brussels, in Belgium, to live in Vienna, Austria, where, not content with being cited as one of the most clever and the richest of doctors, he wished to rank among the Viennese nobility and marry a titled lady.

Satan soon brought him an invitation for the court ball. Canamus went there in a magnificent carriage drawn by four horses. He wore full court dress and had a sword hanging by his side.

When the orchestra struck up a quadrille, the empress herself walked across the ballroom to the doctor, and introduced him to one of a group of most handsome young ladies, who appeared to have absorbed the doctor's attention most, not only by the fire of her lovely eyes, but also by the richness and beauty of her costume.

The dance over, Canamus was overcome by an emotion quite new to him. The empress spoke to him again: "I can see, doctor, that your partner has captured your heart. Your bashfulness needs assistance. I will help you. The young lady you have danced with has not remained indifferent to your homage. I have asked her for you in marriage. She is yours."

Never was marriage concluded more rapidly. Satan, as is generally known, is most powerful at court. Two weeks after the ball Dr. Canamus was the happy husband of Emily of Knisberg—the Knisbergs were one of the oldest and most noble families of Austria.

Conjugal happiness is the shortest of all felicity. The husband was a Crusoe and a savant into the bargain; Emily came of one of the most aristocratic families of the country. Unfortunately their characters were essentially different, and husband and wife were never of the same opinion.

Their honeymoon lasted barely a month. The doctor would be wont to say that with his immense fortune he might have obtained the hand of an English princess, or at least of a German one; his wife would try to make him believe that even a woman of the people would have been too much honor for him.

In the discussion the doctor, for once, got beat. For Emily had no difficulty in proving that to make a big fortune one plucky and lucky speculation—or, at most, the lifetime of one man—was amply sufficient, whilst to constitute nobility many generations were indispensable.

Emily deplored her *mesalliance* and did all in her power to humiliate the doctor. Canamus grew angry. He sent for his secretary and ordered him to confound his wife by procuring for him a tremendous genealogy.

Twenty-four hours later Satan returned to the doctor's study holding a parchment in his hand—a parchment of such dimensions that it required fully ten minutes to unroll it.

"It is impossible," said Satan, "to find anything more genuine. Your ancestors were born in Cana, Palestine, and by special permission they obtained the right to prefix Cana to the family name of Mus. Your forefather, Canamus, was born about 50 B. C., and had an *excessus* posterity. It is herein stated that one of his descendants founded Canada and another the

Canary Islands! Since a thousand years all the khans of Afghanistan have been ancestors of yours. King John Canalya, who lived somewhere in Bohemia, was a relation of yours." "Enough!" interrupted Canamus, snatching the parchment.

Satan smiled at the sight of his master, who, no sooner in possession of his genealogical tree, became fully cognizant of all the grand sentiments of hereditary dignity. Emily arrived on the scene at this moment.

"Madame," said her husband, "we are going to leave Vienna and visit the castle of the late King John Canalya in Bohemia. Funds are required to renovate the old chateau which has been neglected for many years. Until now I have been more observant of my reputation and have neglected the great works of my ancestors. There has been scandalous talk about my disrespect. I mean to put an end to all disparagement."

The peremptory tone in which this revelation was pronounced had no small effect on the proud lady, *nee* Knisberg.

The following day the couple set out for Bohemia. Satan had bought an old ruined castle for his master. A hundred workmen were set to reconstructing its towers and ramparts.

After a sojourn of a few days the couple left with the intention of visiting all the capitals of Europe. Their travels soon came to an end. But one city remained. "Before returning to the castle," said Emily, "we must go to Rome."

"No, no!" exclaimed Canamus. "What can inspire you in the Holy city with such repulsion?"

"Malaria!" replied Canamus. "Malaria is the only malady against which my art is powerless."

"There certainly is something else," replied Emily; "your emotion leads me to believe that you have some particular reasons for not going to Rome. I shall go alone, and I shall be able to judge of your affection by the alacrity you show in coming so fetch me."

She left Venice for Rome and Canamus breathed in freedom. After a week of what the doctor called "delightful liberty" Canamus thought it high time to return to the castle of the Canaloys. He took passage on board a vessel going from Venice to Trieste, but scarcely had he walked the deck than Satan, contract in hand, advanced toward him saying: "You belong to me now!"

"How do you make that out?" anxiously inquired the doctor. "Read the name of this vessel." Canamus read the name—"City of Rome!"

Without a moment's hesitation he jumped into the sea and swam to the quay, which was but about fifty yards distant.

"You are robbing me," said Satan, who had followed him. "Well, listen to me," said Canamus. "As you have a strong desire to get me into your power, I will surrender on one condition."

"Which is—?" "That when I am gone you will marry my wife."

"I would rather return home," said Satan. "You can keep your wife and your soul. For a woman with such a character is more than enough to frighten the devil himself. You will be unhappier with her than with me."

Thereupon Satan disappeared under the water, leaving behind him a trail of sulphur.

Canamus left the same day for Rome, explained all to his wife and obtained her pardon.

The doctor abandoned his ancestors and his castle; his wife set aside her aristocratic airs, and, since the devil was no longer between them, they lived a happy life forever after.

FRIDERIC MAYER

Will You Marry Me?

The London Telegraph tells of a funny incident that occurred on a recent Sunday in a church at North London. A young man who carried a collecting plate after the service, before stepping put his hand in his pocket and placed, as he supposed, a shilling into the plate and then passed it round among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked on the plate, all seemed astonished and amused, and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that he had put, instead of a shilling, a conversation lozenge on the plate with the words: "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face, while one of the congregation had capped it by a second lozenge on which was printed: "Name the day."

Vain Regret

"It is sad to think," sighed the New York bank cashier, as he walked into the night with his valise in his hand and gazed upon the massive marble bank building, "sad to think that I must leave this noble structure behind me. But I must do so; I cannot take it with me."

And, dropping a tear, he grabbed his valise with a tighter grip and hurried to the Grand Central depot.—Texas Sittings.

WASHINGTON MELANGE.

Some Good Stories Heard in the National Capital.

How Hon. Reuben Haysed Fooled His Colleagues—A Pathetic Little War Story—A Famous Chef Talks About Ducks.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Jerry Simpson learned to wear socks after he came to Washington. He was capable of learning the ways of civilization. Hon. William S. Holman, of Indiana, who has been continuously in congress for thirty-two years, tells a story concerning a character like Simpson who came from a western state about twenty-five years ago; a man who could not or would not change his ways nor mend his manners. The gentlemen who occupied seats near this queer character liked him, generally speaking, and did not want to wound his feelings. The old fellow never used a handkerchief, but repeatedly during the day blew his nose with his fingers.



TOOMBS WAS A GREAT MAN.

Senator Gordon is very proud of his state and proud of the great men whom Georgia has produced. He was always an intense admirer of Robert Toombs, and speaks of him as one of the most remarkable men ever known in public life in any section of our country. Very few people of the present generation know anything about Toombs. His days of greatness and power in affairs were before and during the civil war. His career closed in 1865, and he died a few years ago in affluent obscurity at his old home in Washington, Ga. He personally knew every president excepting the first three, Washington, Jefferson and Adams. He twice declined cabinet portfolios, having been offered the positions of secretary of the treasury and secretary of war. He accepted the position of secretary of state in the confederate cabinet because he felt it his duty to the cause which he espoused.

It is said by those who knew him best that he was not the ardent advocate of secession that he has been pictured, but that, on the contrary, he opposed the secession in its earlier days, and did all in his power to bring about a compromise of the troubles between the north and south. He supported the Crittenden compromise heartily and with apparent sincerity, but when he found that it could not be carried out, he wrote his Georgia friends advising secession, and finally telegraphed to Atlanta: "All is at an end. North determined. Am in favor of secession." Georgia accepted his advice and seceded. He could have been potential in holding Georgia in the union. The political leaders loved him, and if he had stood firmly, with Alexander H. Stephens, for the union, Georgia would have remained loyal. Toombs became

"What's these?" inquired the member, and wiped his nose on his coat sleeves until the latter were sleek and shiny. His neighbors determined to break him of the habit. They found the way, as they imagined. It was agreed that they should buy four or five boxes of handkerchiefs, a dozen in each box, do them up nicely, direct one to the old man and the others to themselves. The handkerchiefs were laid on the desks. Next morning all the gentlemen went early to the house and in a short while in came the rough old member. He looked over his mail, then, picking up the box of handkerchiefs, tore off the wrapping paper.

"What's these?" he inquired of his neighbor. "They are handkerchiefs," replied the member. "So nice to blow your nose on," illustrating it with his own. "They were sent to the members by the clerk of the house, who is a fine man to get extra things for us."

"And all done up," remarked the old member. "How thoughtful! But I've no use for them, and I guess the best thing to do is to frank 'em to my wife out west."

And he proceeded to do so, for in those days, under the liberal franking privileges extended members, many abused it by sending their soiled linen home to be washed. It resulted in the abolishing of the practice, except for public documents.

A Story of the Civil War.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, the last of Gen. Lee's corps commanders, relates a pathetic incident of the civil war. A few days before Christmas, 1863, when the confederate army of northern Virginia was suffering its greatest privations, there was a dramatic scene in the tent of the judge advocate general. It was a very cold morning; the ground was covered with snow; bleak winds were blowing, and the wood fire only seemed to make the cold more penetrating. A private soldier, named Edward Cooper, wearing the confederate gray uniform, stood before a court-martial charged with desertion. The facts were stated by the prosecution, and then the prisoner was told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to his inevitable fate, Gen. Battle said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without reason?"

"There was a reason," replied Cooper. "But it will not avail me before a military tribunal."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said the general; "you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced your actions."

Approaching the president of the court, Cooper presented a letter, saying as he did so: "There, general, is what did it!"

The letter was offered as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words: "DEAR EDWARD: Since your connection with the confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but before G-d, Edward, unless you come home, we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called to him and said: 'What is the matter, Eddie?' He replied: 'Oh, mamma, I am so hungry.' And Lucy, your darling Lucy. She never complains, but she grows thinner and thinner every day. Before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

Turning to the prisoner Gen. Battle asked: "What did you do when you received that letter?"

Cooper replied: "I made application for a furlough. It was rejected. Again I made application and it was rejected. That night I wandered about our camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up at me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain. I was no longer the confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary. If every gun in the battery had been fired upon me I would have passed those lines. When I reached home Mary flung her arms around my neck and sobbed: 'Oh, my Edward! I am so glad you got your furlough.' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death,

and, catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Go back! Edward, go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave, but, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!'"

There was not an officer on that court-martial who did not feel the force of the prisoner's defense, but each in turn pronounced the verdict "guilty." The proceedings of the court were reviewed by Gen. Lee, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.—The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will return to his company."

"R. E. LEE, General."

The court-martial could reach no other conclusion than to find him guilty. The commanding general could pardon him, and did pardon him. Edward Cooper was afterwards a brave confederate soldier. He went north after the war was over and was a successful business man in New York city, where he died recently.

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secretary of state in the confederate army. He could have had any position within the gift of the people of Georgia after the close of the civil war, but he voluntarily went into the retirement of private life.

What Kind of Duck to Buy.

John Chamberlin, the celebrated cook and restaurateur, knows more about the qualities of all varieties of game than any man in this vicinity. Concerning the red-head and canvasback duck he says: "There are canvasbacks and canvasbacks. No two breeds are exactly alike, though a big and plump canvasback duck is about the nearest approach to gastronomic heaven that we have thus far been able to discover in the nineteenth century. The very best canvasbacks are born and killed in our section. You can buy them, according to the bill of fare, in every oyster house in New York. But I am sorry to say that guile and deception exists there as elsewhere in the world. In Washington and Baltimore I prefer the canvasback. In New York, except in a small number of famous restaurants, which I could name, I consider the red-head the better of the two ducks to buy."

SMITH D. FAY.

A QUEER FIND.

How a Beadle of the Inholders' Company Found One of Its Measures.

A curious relic, a century and a half old, was accidentally found by the beadle of the Inholders' company while taking a stroll through Houndsditch. In the matter of measures for corn or for beer, from pottles to pewter pots, the gentleman is an anti-quarian connoisseur, and when he saw on an old stall a strange looking article he instinctively knew that it was an ancient bottle for measuring corn, and might even have had in its day the honor of belonging to the company with which he is associated.

"What's that?" he asked the dealer. "That's a spittoon," was the reply. "It's a curious one, isn't it?" continued the beadle.

"All I know," answered the dealer, "is that it's werry old and werry dirty, and I'll let you have it dirt cheap."

He was as good as his word, and for a ridiculously small sum the officer of the Inholders' company became the possessor of the "spittoon." When he cleaned and polished the article he found it to be one of the company's own measures, bearing the date of 1731, and the names of the master and warden of the year. The beadle intends to present the measure to the guild. It is curious to note that the master of the company in the year mentioned was Mr. Nixon, while in 1894 that position was occupied by Mr. Nixon.—London Telegraph.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TREATMENT FOR COLIC.

The Remedies of Our Grandmothers Are of Little Use.

Humorous allusions to "colicky babies" are never fully appreciated until the condition is observed in each individual's own offspring, and then somehow the humorous side is gone, for of all rest-disturbing ailments, colic takes the lead.

Overfeeding is a prolific cause, and very often by reducing the food supply the ailment disappears of itself. But some qualities of the milk will produce colic, so that it is as well to have a cure ready. It nearly always comes at night, but cannot be timed invariably, for if the mother or nurse count on a couple of hours of rest through the day, it is just as likely to arrive then. "Total depravity" can be applied to colic as well as other things.

The symptoms are sudden, piercing cries and contraction of the legs. Some attacks are very severe, while others are mild. Catnip tea and paregoric, the remedies of our grandmothers, are of little use, for they only soothe without expelling the wind which causes the disturbance. Drops and cordials are useless for the same reason. Peppermint was about the only thing then used which removed the cause, and that was made to stupefy by adding laudanum.

The remedy now in vogue with uniformly good results is soda mint. The tablets are sold extensively for indigestion, but a liquid form is best for babies. Get a ten per cent. solution, and for a child up to a month old take one-half teaspoonful of mint to three of warm water, slightly sweetened. Increase the dose with age.

The effect of this simple remedy in most cases is almost magical. The wind is thrown off in an incredibly short time and the after effect is to soothe the nerves, so that sleep comes swiftly in its train. There is nothing deleterious in its composition, for the sole ingredients are carbonate soda, ammonia and pip. methylol. Enough water must be given to kill the taste of the soda, which is very disagreeable.

Hot applications to the stomach are of first importance in this complaint. Flannel bands heated at the fire or wrung out of hot water, hot salt wrapped in flannel or a hot-water bottle next the skin all help a speedy cure. But no medicine is lasting. With attention to the diet the number and duration of attacks may become shorter, but it will very likely be three months before they subside.—Kennett Wood, in St. Louis Republic.

NEAT SHAVING PAD.

A Pleasing Present for a Man Who Is His Own Barber.

A shaving pad is always an acceptable present to a man who is his own tonsorial artist. A pretty and inexpensive one is made by taking two pieces of chamois nine inches long and four and a half inches in width. Pink both long sides and one short side on

both back and front pieces. Place leaves of white tissue paper inside; a trifle smaller than the covering. Punch holes clear through paper and chamois, and lace with ribbon. Tie first in a hard knot, then in long loops so as to hang. On one side of the cover place an appropriate design. The one here shown is of tan-colored chamois, embroidered in blue forget-me-nots, with shaving mug and brush done in outline with the same color. "Keep your mug clean" to be done the same way. Blue ribbons are used for lacing. Designs may be painted instead of embroidered.—Womankind.

Some Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the etraiche, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—Detroit Tribune.

Broiling in a Frying Pan.

When one has no means of broiling over coals or under heat the next best thing is broiling in a pan. For example, have a steak cut about an inch thick; after making the frying pan very hot sprinkle in some fine salt and lay the steak in the pan. Cook for two minutes, then lift the steak up and sprinkle the pan with salt; turn the steak and cook for two minutes; cook the piece of meat ten minutes in all, turning it every two minutes; then put the meat on a hot dish and season with salt and pepper.

KEEP YOUR MUG CLEAN.

Illustration of a shaving pad with a mug and brush.

Illustration of a cushion for pins.

CUSHION FOR PINS.

Suitable for the Toilet Table of Any Woman or Girl.

Though this looks like a big, bright blossom, it is only a rosette made of a strip of soft bias satin folded over a roll of soft cotton. The satin strip is a yard long and three inches wide; it is

folded double (over the cotton), gathered and sewed round and round, to a padded and covered circle of ermine or thin canvas. The center is filled with knots and stitches in coarse yellow silk floss, to resemble the center of a flower, and a narrow ribbon loop is sewed to the back to hang it up by. It is pretty in any shade of pink, yellow, wine, terra cotta or old rose, and resembles a rose, a little double hollyhock or a zinnia blossom, according to color. It is a pretty ornament when stuck full of little fancy pins. Any woman or girl would like one for her toilet table.—American Agriculturist.

The Gigante Medic Ruff.

The huge ruff was brought from Italy to France by Catherine de Medici. It became so wide that spoons, with handles a foot long, were provided for ladies at dinner, so they could get their victuals to their mouths.

HOW TO SHOOT WELL.

Hints for Women Who Would Handle Rifle or Revolver.

There are some secrets or rather points in regard to shooting a revolver that are worth while considering.

Possibly, however, the tiger in the jungle and the bear in the mountain as targets do not allure you; but you may have the misguided midnight burglar to contemplate. It may be well just here to remark, in parenthesis, that the efficacy of pistols in the jungle is open to doubt, but the burglar is always with us, and we ought to know the very best and most infallible way of shooting him.

The following hints are given on the authority of a gentleman who is an expert shot:

How to stand and how to hold the weapon is of greatest importance. The body must be balanced equally on each foot (even if your burglar escapes meanwhile) slightly facing the target, and the arm held perfectly straight out. The arm should never be bent. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight, and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver wholly on the outer fingers. The object of this position of the hand is to



CORRECT POSITION FOR SHOOTING.

get the barrel in exact line with the arm when extended, thus bringing the target, the sights and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm. The weapon being properly aimed it should be held there, and the trigger very gently and steadily pressed. The mind should forget the possibility of an explosion, and the whole attention devoted to holding the sights of the revolver in exactly the proper position on the target.

Above all things should the shooter keep up steady pressure with the trigger finger, and on no account yield to the temptation to add just a little more force suddenly. The technical terms expressing these qualifications are "good holder," and "good trigger pull."

The revolver is peculiarly an American weapon. The Americans have made scores never approached by any other nation. Not only are they first but they occupy every position between that and the twentieth. The weapons in use are the quick firing or self-cocking and single action. What the self-cocker gains in rapidity of action is more than lost by lack of accuracy. Still there are records where one has been able to put five shots in a space of one foot square at a distance of thirty-six feet in four-fifths of one second. Such work is exceptional.

There is a certain class of individuals who cannot put three bricks in line on a table. Such of course can never learn to shoot. Further, the sight of a pistol may send the cold shivers down your back. In this case also, you will have something to overcome before you can become an expert shot.

"I always expect them to go off whether they are loaded or not." I overheard a young girl say recently, speaking of pistols. "I am quite sure they can go off without regard to cartridges."

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All advertisements or notices for publication must be in this office not later than Friday noon to insure insertion the same week. Advertising rates made known on application.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Republicans of this county, will be held in the Court House in the City of Escanaba, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing six delegates to attend the Republican State Convention, to be held at the city of Detroit, on Thursday, the 21st day of February, 1895, and for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of Schools, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

The basis of representation is one delegate for each two hundred votes, or moiety thereof in excess of such two hundred votes cast at the election for Governor, held November, 1894, each Township and ward being entitled to one delegate as follows:—Bank River, 2; Baldwin, 1; Bay de Noe, 1; Escanaba, 1; Fairbanks, 1; Ford River, 1; Garden, 1; Maple Ridge, 1; Masonville, 1; Nakoma, 1; Sack Bay, 1; Wells, 1; Escanaba City, 1; First Ward, 1; Second Ward, 1; Third Ward, 1; Fourth Ward, 1; Fifth Ward, 1; Sixth Ward, 1; Seventh Ward, 1; Gladstone; First Ward, 1; Second Ward, 1; Third Ward, 1; Fourth Ward, 1.

Dated January 29th, A. D. 1895.

FRANK D. HEAD,
Chairman County Committee.

The price of free speech in the case of Gen. William Shakespeare, of Kalamazoo, is \$42 a month. That is the amount that has been lopped off of his pension by the commissioner of pensions. This reduction is believed to be due to the general's freely expressed opinion concerning the pension policy of the administration. He has had the courage to condemn that policy in language befitting the spirit of a freeman and a brave soldier.

Riddled with rebel bullets and permanently disabled, Gen. Shakespeare was, after a regular and thorough examination by duly authorized examiners, placed on the total disability pension list. The medical testimony in his case was of the strongest character showing that he was entitled to the rating given. We understand that no question was raised on this point until after the general had vigorously denounced the pension policy of the administration, the rank injustice of which was seen in the wholesale suspension of pensions without cause. This was enough to excite the wrath of old soldiers and Gen. Shakespeare was one of the many thousands who freely exercised the right of free speech and gave it the proper emphasis and direction. The news got to Washington that Gen. Shakespeare, although a democrat, had attacked the pension policy of the administration. Of course this is high treason, viewed from the Cleveland-Hoke Smith-Loehrs standpoint. Then in what form should the penalty be inflicted? As they couldn't very well hang the general they went to work to hang up his pension, or as much of it as possible. And they have hung up \$42 a month of it, which, whatever may be said concerning it, will be regarded by those who know best the general and his physical condition, as the price of free speech.

In the meantime there is Gen. Black, of Illinois, a democrat who has been a faithful cuckoo, who has uttered no protest against the outrageous treatment of deserving pensioners, who has stood by and in with the pension butchers—how has he fared? His total disability pension is \$190 a month, the highest paid by the government, yet his physical condition is no worse than that of Gen. Shakespeare, whose pension has just been cut down to \$30 a month.

Gen. Black, in addition to his \$1,200 yearly pension, has been drawing a large salary from the government as congressman, and is now the United States attorney for the northern district of Illinois. He is strictly in it with this administration and his pension remains undisturbed. Why this marked discrimination? The "why" has been already explained. Cuckooism is protection. However inhumanly asserted in behalf of deserving pensioners has no standing before this administration.—Detroit Journal.

The following is a plan for the relief of the treasury and the regulation of the currency submitted by Senator Mander as a substitute for the president's plan. There is small chance that it can become law; none that it can pass the present congress, but it is a stand-off to the single gold standard:

"Resolved, That the committee on finance be directed to consider the advisability of reporting to the senate for its action a bill for the relief of the treasury of the United States, giving stability to its currency and advancing the greater use of and remonetization of silver that shall embody the following propositions:

"1. Require the secretary of the treasury to constantly maintain a reserve of \$200,000,000 in gold and \$200,000,000 in silver.

"2. Authorize the issue and sale of bonds of such denominations as may be prescribed by the secretary of the treasury, payable in gold or silver at the option of the holder, bearing such rate of interest as will enable the secretary to obtain par for them for the object of maintaining the reserve and for other purposes.

"3. Provide that as United States legal tender notes or greenbacks are presented for payment they shall be paid in gold or silver at the option of the holder and when paid shall not be reissued, but destroyed.

"4. Provide that for five years the United States treasury shall on demand exchange its gold coins for silver coins

and silver coins for gold coins.

"5. Authorize national banks to use the new bonds as a basis for their issue of notes to the amount of the face of the bonds in denominations not less than \$10 and remove the tax on national bank notes.

"6. Provide that as to imports from countries having a gold standard all duties shall be paid in gold, and when such imports come from countries having a silver standard the duties may be paid in gold or silver at the option of the importer.

"7. Authorize the free coinage of both silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one within the limit of the American product and to the capacity of our mints and provide for additional or enlarged coinage of subsidiary coin, bringing its legal tender power to the payment of debts of \$20.

The annual report of the commissioner of labor, in the hands of the state printer, treats largely of farm industries and farm labor.

There were 5,600 male laborers canvassed, answers showing that of this number 3,219, or 57 per cent., were American born; Germans, Englishmen, Canadians and Irish being next in order. The four last named were only 31 per cent. of the whole. There are 22 other nationalities represented, but the aggregate only foots up 12 per cent.

The average age was 30 years. Married, 2,468; single, 2,964; widowed, 148. The total number supported by these 5,600, was 13,156. The average wages per day was 92 cents; average wages per month, \$17.84. The average per cent. of decrease in wages for five years was 15.7. The average per cent. decrease in the past year was 13.

The 5,600 report their total earnings for the last year as \$1,018,388. The number who reported money saved last year was 2,537, and the amount saved as \$196,891. The number who said they could earn more than enough to support their families was 2,984. This includes a large per cent. of unmarried men who support a mother, sisters or brothers.

About one-half of those canvassed say they cannot earn enough to support their families.

Forty per cent. say that work is scarce in winter, while 60 per cent. report they find no scarcity. Of those who say they lost time 40 per cent. say it was from "lack of work," while 60 per cent. give various other causes, as "sickness" to "indisposition."

The report says that with low wages and so great a loss of time, it is wonderful how these men are found self-supporting, often laying up money.

It is found that but 1,905 of the 5,600 canvassed own homes, and that one-half of these are encumbered. The rate of interest paid averages only 6 per cent., but with taxes, insurance and repairs, it is evident that the average farm laborer would rather rent a home than to own even a humble one. Those who rent houses only pay an average of \$7.50 per month. Three thousand four hundred and sixty-six said that immigration injures their occupation, 1,529 said that it does not, and 650 give no answer.

Only 828 of the 5,600 canvassed are reported as belonging to fraternal organizations, and of these only 576 carry life insurance in these organizations.

The North American Review for February opens with three timely articles on the currency question, which are bracketed together under the title of "The Financial Middle." They are written by Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, Representative William M. Springer, chairman of the house committee on banking and currency, and Henry W. Cannon, president of the Chase National Bank of New York, and formerly comptroller of the currency. This important symposium is followed by a trenchant article on "Literature and the English Book trade," from the pen of Ouida. A paper on "Politics and the Farmer," by the Hon. B. P. Clayton, president of the Farmers' National Congress, next claims attention.

"The New Pulpit" forms the subject of a vigorous paper by the Rev. H. A. Haweis, which cannot fail to attract wide attention. The literary feature of the number is furnished by Andrew Lang, who contributes some delightful "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson," which possess a unique interest owing to the close friendship existing between the two writers. In other articles Senator Orville H. Platt discusses the "Problems in the Indian Territory," Prof. Simon Newcomb tells "Why We Need a National University"; H. H. Boyesen deals with "The Matrimonial Puzzle," and Charles Sedgwick Minot writes on "The Psychological Comedy." The second installment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by the author of an Englishman in Paris, Albert D. Vandam, also appears in this number. It deals with "The Opponents of the Prince-President." Other topics treated are "Images in Dead Eyes," by Dr. Ellerslie Wallace; "The Cat in Law," by Gertrude B. Rolfe; "Newspaper Row and National Legislation," by Albert Halstead, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette; and "How to Repel Train Robbers," by Lieut. J. T. Knight, U. S. A.

Whether congress passes Mr. Sherman's bill or rejects it, the country will drift on to discredit and contraction in much the same fashion. By every successive loan the treasury gathers up another section of our gold supply, and places it where the exporters can draw upon it by presenting greenbacks for redemption. The gold thus shipped is an absolute reduction of our currency, as it is not replaced either by silver or paper. This process will go on until the gold has been exhausted. By that time two results will have been reached. The first will be a

general stringency, which will add to the causes of commercial depression, as if we had not enough already. The other will be that the treasury will meet all further demands on us by paying out silver. It will have no option, as silver is "lawful money of the United States." But that option will last only as long as foreigners want our gold. When they have got all they can, and the treasury goes on to deal with our own people, it will give them its silver. The country will be reduced to a silver standard, that standard being all the time forced down by the action of our own treasury in discrediting what the statutes call "lawful money of the United States." And as there will be no enlargement of the supply of silver by purchase or coinage, the country will have to settle down to doing its business within the strait-jacket of a contracted and fettered currency.

To avoid this we must either find some way to borrow gold abroad, instead of taking the treasury's supply out of our own market, or we must stop the discrimination between two forms of "lawful money," and begin paying to the foreigner what we in the near future will have to pay out to our own citizens. Nothing but the immediate re-establishment of bimetalism will prevent a suspension of gold payments.—The American.

Mrs. Ward's novel, A Singular Life, occupies the first place in the February Atlantic, after the manner of serials in that magazine, but the leading separate article is the one that follows, Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell's narrative of her own experience in learning to read the lips after she had lost her hearing. As a sort of companion paper, A Voyage in the Dark is the account which Mr. Rowland E. Robinson gives of an experience of his own after losing his sight. Another group of articles is A Study of the Mob, by a Russian, in which the data are taken from Russian life, and Russia as a Civilizing Force in Asia, which presents the other side of the shield. Miss Jewett, Mrs. Wiggins, and a Virginia writer, Miss Ewell, contribute short stories. Miss Thomas gives one of her pleasant melanges of prose and verse, and the promised series of New Figures in Literature and Art is begun by a paper on Daniel Chester French, the sculptor. Mrs. Fisher rehearses sympathetically the career of Celia Thaxter, Mr. Roosevelt writes with authority on the Present Status of Civil Service Reform, and a Western educator, who has been heard before in the Atlantic, makes a clear survey of Physical Training in the Public Schools. Among the reviews is one which criticises the three prominent English novelists, George Meredith, Hall Caine, and Du Maurier. The poetry includes one piece which is likely to be remembered. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Dun's Review of the 26th said: "Events have not helped business this week. About \$10,880,000 gold has been withdrawn from the treasury, mainly for export, and the gold reserve has been reduced to about \$58,000,000. Since December 8th, the treasury has lost, in thirty-nine working days, about \$53,000,000 gold, and daily increasing distrust is liable to affect markets unfavorably. Industries have not yet found sufficient demand for their products to prevent further decline in prices, and this week the average for all commodities has again touched the lowest point ever known. The number of hands employed does not increase, and a strike has cut off for more than a week about half the business of Brooklyn, to some extent affecting trade here. Congress has done nothing to replenish the treasury, and a great variety of financial doctors, each offering his remedy, does not promise health for the patient. Another offer of bonds, under the old law and existing circumstances, might result unsatisfactorily."

Thousands of silver-haired members of fraternal societies all over Michigan will remember the frolics of days before the war, and will hail with delight the announcement that the ancient and honorable order of the Sons of Malta, which flourished mightily all over the United States some three decades ago, furnished amusement for thousands, and did a vast amount of charitable work, has been revived in Grand Rapids. A lodge with a hundred members, and the full roster of officials has been instituted, and there is talk of starting another.

Armour Packing Co.

Housekeepers Want the Best Food. What Scientists say:

Prof. Arnold, of the University of New York: "I consider that each and every ingredient of oleomargarine butter or butterine is perfectly pure and wholesome. That the oleomargarine butter differs in no essential manner from the butter made from cream. It is a great discovery, a blessing for the poor, in every way a perfectly pure, wholesome and palatable article of food." Prof. Chandler adds: "It is sought to deprive the many of the new cheap butter because politicians find it to their advantage to make people believe it is bad. Efforts to check the progress of civilization can only be temporary."

Silver Churn Butterine is prepared especially for fine table use. Every detail of its manufacture is perfect. Recent chemical experiments show that in nutritive and digestive properties Silver Churn Butterine is fully equal to the best creamery butter; while in keeping quality Silver Churn Butterine is much superior.

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

Armour Packing Co., KANSAS CITY, U. S. A.

SOLD BY F. H. Atkins & Co. E. M. St. Jacques.

Bottled Beer.

ASK FOR

THE

ESCANABA BREWING CO'S.

Bottled Beer,

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

THIS DELICIOUS BEVERAGE

Is bottled at the Escanaba Brewing Co's bottling works, and is just what you want.

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT.

Flour and Feed.

ED. DONOVAN,

DEALER IN

FLOUR AND FEED.

Hay and Grain,

At Wholesale and Retail.

Choice Brands of Flour

Mail Orders Given Attention.

ED. DONOVAN,

ESCANABA, MICH.

Professional Cards.

F. A. BANKS, D. D. S.

DENTAL OFFICE,

501 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.

REYNOLDS & COTTON,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

Homeopaths. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Masonic block, Escanaba.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office and Residence, corner Ludington and Mary Streets, second floor.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOHN POWER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office in Masonic block, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

EMIL GLASER,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Prepares documents in either the English or German language, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of Western Europe to any part of the U. S. Buys and sells real estate and loans money on real estate security. Office Tilden avenue, Escanaba.

DR. C. J. BROOKS,

Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.

RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.

FRED. H. HARRIS,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Work of all kinds promptly executed. Plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds. Office at residence on Ogden avenue.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOHN G. ZANE,

Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands. Township Diagrams, City Plans and General Map Work promptly executed. Office second story Hessel's building, 607 Ludington St.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

MRS. C. PETERSON GULLANS,

GRADUATED MIDWIFE.

607 Jennie Street.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Laundry.

FIRST CLASS WORK,

"DOMESTIC"

—OR—

"HIGH GLOSS"

Finish on Shirts Collars and Cuffs, done to order by the

ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY

FILLER & WOLF, Prop'rs.

Lumber Yard.

THE I. STEPHENSON CO.

GEO. T. BURNS, Manager.

LUMBER

Lath and Shingles,
Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting,
ETC., ETC.

ESCANABA, MICH.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

FOR DRUGS THAT ARE PURE

—GO TO—

MEAD'S

Every article comprising our complete stock is new, fresh, crisp and sparkling, and guaranteed to be pure.

OUR LINE OF DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

Is equaled by few and excelled by none, and among other includes and finest perfumes ever put on the market.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WALL PAPER.

Erickson & Bissell's.

E. & B.

THE MASONIC BLOCK GROCERS.

Carry only First-Class goods, and an order will fully demonstrate this fact. Our shelves contain no old or undesirable stock, and we are confident that you can buy more for a dollar, taking quality into consideration, than any place in town.

MONEY TALKS!

These are times when money talks, and for the Large American Dollar you will be surprised at how much it will buy here.

We want your patronage, knowing that we can please

Flour and Feed.

FLOUR

Feed, Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.

The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of family flour, and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods fresh.

1203 Ludington St. **C. MALONEY & CO.**

Iron Works.

Escanaba Iron Works,

J. P. SYMONS, Manager.

SHIP AND GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.

Mill, Marine and Mining Repairs }
A Specialty. } **WORKS NEAR MERCHANT DOCK.**

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many News Items Gathered From Our Various Exchanges.

The Field Museum Robbed—Carpet Weavers Strike—Canrobert Dead—Gold From Space—Whisky Trust Busted.

The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce has agreed upon a bill for the punishment of train wreckers.

Canrobert, the last survivor of the marshals of France, who for a time commanded the French contingent in the Crimea and who rose from the ranks to a marshalship by dint of sheer, hard fighting, leading his troops in action after he had his "baton" is dead at eighty-six years of age.

A brewery at Mendota, Ill., blew up on the 25th, no one can explain why, and six men were killed and seven others wounded.

Kansas City had three feet of damp snow last Saturday and at night a temperature five degrees below zero.

The trial of Captain Howgate was resumed Wednesday. The testimony related chiefly to the methods of keeping the accounts of the signal service bureau in Captain Howgate's time and the procedure in their adjustment and auditing.

Secretary Smith has decided that his department shall have its own telephone system and has awarded the Western Construction Co., of Chicago, the contract at \$5,556 for installing the new plant needed.

American grain growers and mill-owners have received a severe blow from Sweden, which by a royal ordinance, has increased the import duties on grain in some cases to more than 100 per cent.

At Muskegon, Saturday, an amateur sword-swallower let one of his weapons go too far and the doctors had to cut him open to get it out. He may survive but it is extremely doubtful.

A case of ancient Egyptian coins and gems, valued at \$5,000 but really priceless because of their historic associations, was stolen from the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago last Saturday.

One life was saved from the Chicora—a Skye ternier. It came ashore at Potawatomi Park, a summer resort eight miles north of Benton Harbor, Tuesday night, Jan. 22.

The Postoffice Department says that the condensation of subscription laws printed in many instances in small newspapers are fakes and no such laws as printed exist.

Patrick Donnelly and his wife died this week at Toledo, Ohio. He was 104 and she 102 years old and they had lived together eighty-one years.

The faith of the United States is pledged to the construction of the Nicaragua inter-oceanic canal. The bill passed the senate on the 25th.

It is rumored that Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., has been suspended from the exercise of his pontifical functions for six months.

Eighteen thousand carpet weavers, at Kensington, Pa., demand an advance of wages and will strike in support of their demand.

By the ditching of a train near Coatsville, Indiana, on the 28th, two persons were killed and thirty injured, several of them fatally.

A tonnage tax on foreign ships is proposed. As it is in the nature of a protective duty it will scarcely be levied by this congress.

Senator Harris has introduced a bill permitting Associated Justice Jackson, of the supreme court of the United States, to retire.

When the Pope's encyclical turned up at the custom-house last week it was assessed \$5 under the Wilson act.

Robbins Battell, one of Yale's most generous benefactors, has died at his home at Norfolk, Conn.

Mrs. Kate Chase, daughter of Salmon P. Chase and once wife of Governor Sprague, is "dead broke."

The "Old North state"—North Carolina—is represented in the senate by a republican and a populist.

An explosion of fuel gas destroyed \$5 and \$7 Kiazle street, Chicago, last Sunday morning.

The Chinese government has negotiated a loan of \$15,000,000 in the London market.

A meteoric stone which fell in Uvalde county, Texas, contained nuggets of gold.

Harbor Springs has bought out its water works company and now owns the plant.

The Brooklyn strike is over, having cost much money and done no one any good.

The whisky trust has gone into the hands of receivers who will wind up its affairs.

Peixoto, ex-president of Brazil is dying of death; said to have been poisoned.

All the Central American states will aid Guatemala if Mexico attacks her.

The state department offers to arbitrate between Mexico and Guatemala.

De Griex, Russian minister of foreign affairs, died last Saturday.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

For the year ending December 31, A. D. 1894 of the condition and affairs of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Escanaba, Michigan, organized under the laws of the State of Michigan and doing business in the counties of Schoolcraft, Delta and Menominee in said State.

WALTER THOMAS MILLS, President. F. G. DODGE, Secretary.

MEMBERSHIPS. 1. Number of members December 31, of previous year... 234 2. Number of members added during the present year... 21

RISKS. 1. Amount of property at risk December 31, of previous year... \$271,655 2. Amount of risks added during present year... 18,950

RESOURCES. 1. Whole amount of premium or deposit notes belonging to the company (carried inside)... 230.29 2. Reduction of above by assessments... 161.31

LIABILITIES. 1. For losses due and payable... 446.15 2. For Losses not matured, \$370.00; resisted, \$ 370.00

INCOME. 1. Premium or deposit notes taken during the year (carried inside)... 17.70 2. Cash premiums received during the year... 322.52

EXPENDITURE. 1. Losses actually paid during the year (of which \$254.00 occurred in prior year)... 254.00 2. Salaries and fee paid to officers and directors (Schedule A)... 178.40

SCHEDULE A. Name of Officer or Director to whom paid. Emeril Trudeau, Secretary fees... \$100.00 John Sexton, President fees... 62.25

SCHEDULE B. Items of "all other Expenses." Emeril Trudeau, postage, stationery, traveling... \$ 30.30 John Sexton, postage, stationery, traveling... 16.16

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS. 1. How many assessments have been made during the year? Ans., one. 2. What is the amount of all the assessments made during the year? Ans., \$552.81.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,) ss. County of Delta. John Sexton, president, and Emeril Trudeau, secretary of said company, do, and each for himself doth depose and say, that they have read the foregoing statement, and know the contents thereof, and that they have good reason to believe, and do believe, said statement to be true.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,) ss. County of Delta. John Sexton and Emeril Trudeau being duly sworn, do, and each for himself doth depose and say, that they are the retiring president and secretary, respectively of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company; of Schoolcraft, Delta and Menominee counties, that a true and correct copy of the foregoing statement has been filed in the office of the clerk of Delta county, and that said statement has also been published in a public newspaper of said County, and further deponents say not.

meats and rich things which require muscular exertion to digest. Let the food be simple and plain, of a nature to soothe the stomach while it maintains life. The patient should spend at least twenty-four hours in bed, thinking of nothing in particular. It is of no use to fight grip. One had better capitulate at the very first. Take plenty of warm drinks to stimulate the action of the skin. It is very necessary to take this course at the outset, for grip has some unpleasant sequels.

"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, we can sell as low as any one.

Agent Wanted. A lady in or near Escanaba to do writing and other pleasant work, quietly, at her own home. Will pay big wages. Steady position. Writing materials furnished free. Enclose stamp and envelope for reply. Neta K. Willard, Battle Creek, Mich.

The doctors say that there are many cases of grip in town and that it is "meaner than ever." We clip a paragraph concerning it which seems based in common sense: "Speaking of this prevailing malady an eminent physician advises people who fall victims to it to live on light diet, avoiding

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Legal Notice.

MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the nineteenth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two executed by Thomas McLaughlin of Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, to C. C. Royce of Oak Park, Illinois, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the County of Delta, in Liber H. of mortgages, on page 346, on the twenty-third day of April, A. D. 1892, at 12:00 o'clock, p. m.

And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of five hundred twenty-four dollars and thirty-four cents of principal and interest; there is also an additional sum of principal and interest owing and becoming due in installments, being the further sum of seven hundred fifty-one dollars and twenty-nine cents, and the further sum of fifty dollars as an attorney fee, stipulated for in said mortgage, and which are the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed, by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the city of Escanaba, in the County of Delta, Michigan, on the fifth day of February next, eight o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as being situated in the city of Escanaba, County of Delta and State of Michigan, as set numbered five (5) in block number one, twenty-six in the original plat of the city of Escanaba.

Dated Nov. 21st, 1894. C. C. ROYCE, ROYCE & BARRAS, Mortgagee, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the thirty-first day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, executed by Robert W. McClellan, a widower of Isabella, Delta County, Michigan, to Frederick T. Day, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the County of Delta, in Liber "F" of mortgages on pages 421, 422 and 423 on the nineteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and

whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Frederick T. Day to the Manistique Bank, by assignment bearing date the second day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said County of Delta, on the twenty-first day of February, 1891, in Liber "H" of mortgages on page 46, and the same is now owned by the Manistique Bank; and

whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of five hundred and two and nine one-hundredths dollars, of principal and interest, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative; now

therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Escanaba, in said County of Delta, on the 18th day of February, 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: All that piece or parcel of land lying and being in the County of Delta, and State of Michigan, to wit: The northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section two, in township forty north of range nineteen west, in township

Dated November 16th, A. D. 1894. THE MANISTIQUE BANK, MEAD & JENKINS, Assignee, Attorneys.

First Publication Jan. 26th, 1895. ORDER OF HEARING FOR GENERAL PURPOSES and for appointment of an administrator—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the twenty-second day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Susan Stonhouse, deceased.

On reading and filing the claims, duly verified, of Clark & Pearl, John Power, C. D. McEwen, Thomas B. White, and George C. Higbee, against said estate for services rendered, and attorney fees for proponents and contestants in proceedings of an appeal to the Circuit Court for said Delta County from the decree or order made by the Probate Court on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1894, allowing and admitting to probate an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Susan Stonhouse, deceased, and of proceedings to obtain the construction of said will for the interest of all concerned.

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, will be assigned for the hearing, examining and adjusting said above described claims and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, that day, to be held in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba and show cause, if any there be, why the said claims should not be examined and adjusted. And it is ordered, that notice be given to the persons interested in said estate, of the filing of said claims, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this notice and order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, once in each week for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

First Publication Feb. 2d, 1895. MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the seventeenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, executed by Peter Mallman and Ida C. Mallman, his wife, of Delta County, Michigan, to George May, of the City of Boston, Massachusetts, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the County of Delta in Liber "F" of mortgages on page 467, on the 28th day of September, 1892. And whereas, the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said George May to the National Mortgage and Debiture Company, of Boston, Massachusetts, by assignment bearing date the 21st day of November, in the year 1893, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said County of Delta on the 10th day of December, in the year 1893, in Liber "K" of mortgages on page 26, and the same is now owned by the said National Mortgage and Debiture Company; and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of four thousand five hundred seventy-two and thirty-two one-hundredths (\$4572.32) dollars of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifty dollars as an attorney fee, stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House at the city of Escanaba, in said County of Delta, on the 1st day of May next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: The northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section one, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section one, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section one; the south one-half of the northwest quarter of section two; the east one-half of the northwest quarter of section two; the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section two; of Lot No. one (1) containing 10 55-100 acres, of section twelve, and one half interest of Lot No. two (2) (15.50 acres) of section twelve, all being situated in Township No. forty (40) north of range No. nineteen (19) West Michigan Meridian, containing 27.59 acres, more or less, according to the government survey thereof.

Dated February 1st, A. D. 1895. NATIONAL MORTGAGE AND DEBITURE CO., MEAD & JENKINS, Assignee, Attorneys.

Shoes. Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The price is uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING. B. B. CORDOVAN FRENCH MANUFACTURED GAITHER \$3.50 POLICE SHOES \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE \$2.12 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES LADIES' BEST DONGOLA SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The price is uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

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Special Cash Sale!

Monday and Tuesday, JANUARY 21 AND 22, 1895.

CALL FOR PRICE LIST! And Save Money By Buying Your Groceries and Provisions of

ROLPH'S 509 LUDINGTON STREET.

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.

M. L. MERRILL.

Special Bargains!

Before moving I will sell the following assortment for \$5.00 cash.

CASH PRICE, FORMER PRICE. 45 lbs Granulated Sugar.....\$1.00 45 lbs Granulated Sugar.....\$2.00 20 lbs Raisins..... 1.00 20 lbs Prunes..... 1.60

These are all New and Fresh Goods. JOHN GROSS, 823 Ludington Street.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL, MERCHANT TAILORS, A SPLENDID LINE OF WINTER GOODS, JUST RECEIVED AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. GIVE US A CALL.

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

FRESH STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES. I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE. Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries. Which I wish to keep on the move and my prices will do it. E. M. ST. JACQUES, Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts.

A BOLD CANINE HERO.

How Old Ferguson's Dog Saved His Master.

Was the Apple of His Master's Eye—Story of an Exciting Battle in the St. Francis Basin—A Tremendous Bear.



HAT beast reminds me of a chase after one of his kind and about his size," said the man from the St. Francis basin, stopping, says a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in front of a game dealer's establishment and viewing with the eye of a connoisseur the carcass of an enormous black bear.

"There were a great many bear that year, but they kept in the swamps pretty close, and only a few were killed. Along in August, however, they began to get troublesome, invading fields of late corn and carrying off great loads of roasting ears. There was one big fellow who visited nearly every plantation in the neighborhood. Giles Orerton watched for him one night, and claimed next day that he saw him gather an armful of corn, then balance a pumpkin on his head and walk off on his hind feet. Giles said the bear acted so like a man he couldn't shoot him, by which I take Giles' story to be somewhat exaggerated, particularly as Squire Hosen claims he saw Giles asleep on his stand just before day, the squire having ridden by on his way to the lake to fish for speckled perch, which were biting freely. I caught ninety-nine one morning before breakfast and killed a rattlesnake that—"

"What the nation has that got to do with the bear story?" interrupted a man with a tremulous hand who objects to snakes. The man from the bottoms growled out something about not seeing the sense of interrupting a gentleman who was delivering instructions gratis, and continued: "We measured the tracks of the big bear several times, and they were eleven inches wide. The niggers on my place saw the bear once or twice, and said he was as big as a house. Everybody was too busy picking cotton and setting with the hands to hunt bear, besides the critters ain't any good until after a hard frost. So the big fellow lived high until about the middle of December, by which time he was rolling in fat, as we could tell by his tracks. In a track made by a poor bear the claws leave a very deep impression, whereas when the animal is fat the ball of the foot leaves a more prominent impression. Finally we concluded to have a bear hunt, and, if possible, get the big fellow. We went over on the ridge and got old man Ferguson and his bear dogs—twenty-five in the pack and most of them well trained. A bear dog is a composite canine creation. He ought to have enough hound in him to make him a good trailer, enough bull to make him gritty, and enough fice or cur to make him cautious. His business ain't to go in and pull down a bear. It is to nip him on the legs and bring him to a standstill, so the hunter can come up and shoot him.

"That's the kind old Ferguson's dogs were mostly, although there were a few full blood deer or fox hounds and a big brindle half mastiff and half greyhound, who weighed seventy or eighty pounds, and thought no more of strangling a wildcat than a fox terrier does of slaughtering a rat. His name was Bull, and he was the apple of old Ferguson's eye.

"We started one morning just before day, six of us, besides the dogs, all mounted, and some carrying shotguns and some rifles. I had a needle gun, such as is used in the army, a sweet weapon for big game, but very wearing on a man whose shoulder can't stand a hard kick. We started a bear about seven o'clock, and after a chase of half an hour got up with him and the dogs. It was in a piece of open woods, and it wasn't much trouble to knock him over. He wasn't the big fellow, however, and the horses and dogs being fresh, we hung him to a sapling and

the din was the crash of the cane as the bear dashed through it.

"He's headin' for Grass Lake," said old Ferguson, "if he ever gets that we'll never see him this good day." "Finally we got out of the heavy cane on a ridge where there was only a growth of switch cane and spice bushes. There we saw the bear. There was no doubt about his being the big fellow who had been stealing our corn and pumpkins. He looked as big as an ox, and he rolled along at a great rate, paying little attention to the dogs that were nipping at his hams. Ferguson and I each took a shot at him and he stopped. Bull, the big dog, nipped him by the hind foot, and the others dashed in and out, taking a pinch here and there wherever they could. Bull kept his hold in spite of the efforts of the bear to strike him, and we dismounted, thinking to get a shot. When the bear saw us he gave a growl and made another swipe at Bull that was so close the big dog had to let loose and make a run for it. He headed right toward Ferguson, with the bear close behind. Bull dodged to one side, and Ferguson fired. I saw the bullet plow a furrow in the bear's back, but it was too high to do any good, and before either of us could shoot again the brute was right on Ferguson. He was very active for an old man, and he gave a leap to one side that Dunham might be proud of. The bear snipped at him as he jumped, and one of his claws caught in the old man's boot. It split the leather like a knife, and when Ferguson scrambled to his feet he had only one boot, and there was a gash in the calf of his leg half an inch deep and four inches long. The dogs were crowding the bear close, and he didn't stop to finish Ferguson. I took one shot at him as he dashed back in the thick cane, and wounded him, but not seriously. Some of the others had joined us by this time, and old Ferguson, having found that his leg was not torn off, as he at first swore it was, pushed into the cane again.

"The bear circled around in the brake for two mortal hours, fighting the dogs and every now and then killing one of them. Finally he dashed out into the open and made for a ravine. When we got in sight he had seated himself on his haunches in about two inches of water, with his back to a steep bank. The dogs were on each side and in front of him, and two dead



ones lay under the shadow of his mighty frame. Blood and foam were oozing from his mouth; his coat was all muddy and bloody; his eyes were ablaze with the Berserk light of battle, and it was evident that he intended to run no further. Occasionally a dog would dash at him, and he would swing one of his mighty paws with force enough to kill an ox. If it struck the dog, that cur's hunting days were over, but usually the dog would dodge and another one would engage the bear on the other side. It was difficult to shoot the bear without striking the dogs, although every few minutes somebody would send a rifle bullet into the brute; but lead seemed to have no power to kill him.

"Old Ferguson was limping around yelling like an Indian and swearing like a pagan. He was trying to get the dogs off, so we could give the coup de grace without danger to them, and, with the exception of Bull, they paid no attention to him. Bull was eager to sail in and have it out with the bear, but he was too well-trained, and stood by Ferguson with one paw uplifted and quivering with excitement. After the bear had killed his ninth dog old Ferguson crossed the stream, and, getting on the bank above the bear, tried to get a down shot at him. The bank was slightly overhanging and the earth was loosened by recent rains. Just as Ferguson had drawn his bead at the top of the bear's head, which the muzzle of the gun nearly touched, the bank caved. Ferguson and about two hundred pounds of dirt fell on the bear, who rolled over on his back. Ferguson was up first, and started to run. The bear saw him, and with a demoniacal growl rushed at him. There was not two feet space between Ferguson's coat-tails and the bear's nose, and they were headed toward us. So, of course, we couldn't shoot. I thought it was all up with Ferguson, and so it would have been but for the dog Bull. That noble animal knew as well as I knew that if he grabbed that bear in front he was a dead dog, but he also knew that he couldn't save his master by an attack in the rear at that stage of the game. With a growl as fierce as that of the bear he dashed between Ferguson and the infuriated beast and secured a throat hold. In thirty seconds the bear crushed the dog's ribs with a blow of his paw, then mashed his skull with one bite of his tremendous jaws, but in the same thirty seconds Ferguson was out of harm's way, and a fifty-six-caliber bullet from my rifle passed through the bear's brain.

"Well, sir," continued the man from the bottoms, after blowing his nose as a tribute to old Ferguson's dog Bull, "to show you what a lot of killing that bear took, we found when we dressed him that there were nineteen rifle bullets in his body, and six of them had passed through his heart. Get a bear heated up and he's awful hard to kill. Yes, sir!"

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The chemical examination of the stains on the holy coat of Argenteuil, set on foot by the bishop of Versailles, has resulted in a report by the two scientific experts engaged that the spots are of human blood, and are very old.

—In Berlin the rush to call boy babies Aegir since the appearance of the emperor's "Song to Aegir," has brought trouble on the registrar of births, who is forbidden by law to receive Pagan names. The matter has been referred to the court chamberlain.

—Owing to the opposition of archeologists the plans for the proposed reservoir at Assouan in Egypt have been modified so as to make the top of the dam twenty-six feet lower. This will save the temples at Philae and other monuments, but will only supply water enough to irrigate either middle or lower Egypt instead of both.

—Coffee has been found by a German investigator to possess marked germicidal properties. Pure coffee, of the ordinary strength in which it is utilized as a beverage, killed cholera bacilli in three hours and typhus bacilli in twenty-four hours. The anti-bacterial substances seem to be developed in the coffee bean by the roasting process.

—A correspondent recently sent us a clipping from a German trade paper regarding the durability of paper made from wood pulp. The article stated that the first book made from wood-pulp paper had been sent to the testing institution in Berlin for examination. The book was made in 1832 and was found to be in good condition. The article stated that the test showed that the durability of paper made from wood pulp was greater than had been supposed.

—The Siberian railway has now been opened to Omsk, 2,200 miles from St. Petersburg, and it is possible to go from one place to the other in four and a half days. In building part of the line the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog 60 miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on poles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which 4,000 were bought for the purpose.

—As a sign of respect the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet in the street, and the Jews used to pluck off one of theirs to confirm a bargain. Throughout the east, when an inferior enters the presence of his superior, he leaves his shoes or slippers at the door. A great many people still follow the old custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple, but very few know the old significance of this. It is supposed to bring good luck, and those that throw it after a newly-married couple do so with the best intentions in the world. This custom, however, really came from the old Anglo-Saxon times, when the father invariably handed the bridegroom one of the bride's old shoes, which signifies the giving up of all authority over the girl to her husband, so that those who throw an old shoe after the departing couple nowadays are really signifying that she is his property, as in medieval times.

A FAMOUS PARIS CAFE.

One of the Fantastic Resorts of the Gay French Capital.

The cafe of the Black Cat was originally a sort of club where journalists and artists and poets met round the tables of a restaurant-keeper who happened to be a patron of art as well, and who fitted out his cafe with the canvases of his customers, and adopted their suggestions in the arrangement of its decoration. The outside world of Paris heard of these gatherings at the Black Cat, as the cafe and club were called, and of the wit and spirit of its habitués, and sought admittance to its meetings, which was at first granted as a great privilege. But at the present day the cafe has been turned over into other hands, and is a show-place pure and simple, and a most interesting one. The cafe proper is fitted throughout with heavy black oak, or something in imitation of it. There are heavy broad tables and high wainscoting and an immense fireplace and massive rafters. To set off the sombreness of this, the walls are covered with panels in the richest of colors, by Steinlen, the most imaginative and original of the Parisian illustrators, in all of which the black cat appears as a subject, but in a different role and with separate treatment. Upon one panel hundreds of black cats race over the ocean, in another they are waltzing with naiads in the woods, and in another are whirling through space over red-tiled roofs, followed by beautiful young women, gendarmes, and boulevardiers in hot pursuit. And in every other part of the cafe the black cat appears as frequently as did the head of Charles I. in the writings of Mr. Dick. Its stalks stuffed in its natural skin, or carved in wood, with round glass eyes and long red tongue, or it perches upon the chimney-piece with back arched and tail erect, peering down from among the pewter pots and salvers. The gas-jet shoots from the mouths of wrought-iron cats, and the dismembered heads of others grin out into the night from stained-glass windows. The room shows the struggle for what is odd and bizarre, but the drawings in black and white and the water-colors and oil-paintings on the walls are signed by some of the cleverest artists in Paris. The inscriptions and rules and regulations are as odd as the decorations. As, for example, the one placed half-way up the narrow flight of stairs, which leads to the tiny theater, and which commemorates the fact that the cafe was on such a night visited by President Carnot, who—so the inscription adds, rest the visitor should suppose the black cat was at all impressed by the honor—"is the successor of Charlemagne and Ne-

poleon I." Another fancy of the black cat was at one time to dress all the waiters in the green coat and gold olive leaves of the members of the institute, to show how little the poets and artists and the cafe thought of the other artists and poets who belonged to that ancient institution across the bridges. But this has now been given up, either because the uniforms proved too expensive, or because some one of the black cat's habitués had left his friends "for a ribbon to wear in his coat," and so spoiled the satire.—Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.

CONCEALING JEWELS.

Modes Adopted by Wealthy Women for Their Safe Keeping.

Emma Abbott, during her stage career, employed a jeweler to invent cunning concealments for carrying about her splendid collection of preloved stones. The singer's favorite mode of transporting them was in her puffers. Hip puffs were fashionable then and little chamois pockets were sewed inside for holding a great number of valuable ornaments. Miss Abbott declared she felt safer with her jeweled puffers on than if she had a body-guard about her.

Nowadays the crush collar, universally popular, is employed frequently as a temporary traveling safe. Its loose folds, usually made of velvet, provide many small pockets which, when lined with chamois skin, serve the purpose excellently. "But, possibly," said a jeweler who makes a specialty of these devices, "the chamois skin belt worn under the petticoat and over the corsets, is the favorite mode of concealment. The girde is preferably fashioned at a jeweler's. It does not fit at the waist line proper for then it would interfere with the curve, but clings to the hips. It has the same compartment method, is caught to the corsets with light steel pins, and is firmly fastened in the back with these pins. None of the jewels are placed in the extreme back, for sitting erect against a chair might prove uncomfortable."

"Large sleeves," said another jeweler on Broadway, "have proved a boon in this case to many diamond owners. We have had a number of these leg-of-mutton sleeves belonging to heavy cloth gowns sent us to have chamois cloth fitted in them. Here safety is absolute, for the pieces are distributed so that the weight will not pull down the cloth. The chamois is used as an inner lining, but cut equally as full as the sleeve. Each pocket is arranged so that the owner can get at them without ripping. I suppose we have fixed a dozen in this manner for European travelers."

All these designs are adopted for the woman out of doors. For the woman indoors there is usually the iron safe for the possessor of rare and numerous jewels. All the women of the Vanderbilt, Astor and Gould families have such deposits and guests who visit them are requested to put their jewels in the same deposit.

Women owning a fair sprinkling of good stones usually have a small combination safe to place on their mantels or in their wardrobes. This safe is screwed down from the inside to the woodwork, where it is placed, and a thief needs to know the combination to be able to get at the screws.—Pittsburgh Leader.

THE HUMAN STATURE.

Recent Investigations Show That There Has Been Little Change.

The results of recent scientific investigation neither tally with the ancient theory of stature, nor yet with the more modern one of a constant upward tendency. Dr. Rahon, a French scientist of considerable repute, has recently collected statistics on human stature, while working at the Musee Broca under Dr. Manouvrier, a well-known professor of anthropology. Yet, in estimating the value of the conclusions to which M. Rahon has come, it ought to be remembered that his investigations have been limited to one country—France. His master, Dr. Manouvrier, is the introducer of many corrections in the study of bones, both in the methods employed and in the co-ordination of calculations made in scientific parlance. "The coefficients of reconstruction," M. Rahon has based his calculations on some millions of prehistoric bones collected from all parts of France, and now preserved in the Paris anthropological museums. To establish a term of comparison between men of former times and men living now, it was indispensable necessary to have precise knowledge of the height of the latter. Dr. Manouvrier, therefore measured the bones of 205 men and 119 women who had undergone dissection at the Paris school of medicine. The average height thus obtained was 1.750 meters for men and 1.538 for women. On the other hand, the average height of adult men measured in the French criminal identification department by M. Bertillon is 1.648 meters, which is, moreover, the average French height, as ascertained in military recruiting. The criminal identification department gives 1.545 meters as the average height of adult women. Dr. Rahon's measurement of the bones of various prehistoric and ancient peoples supplies an interesting comparison. He studied, in succession, bones of the quaternary, neolithic, proto-historic periods, and as a result of Dr. Rahon's investigation it may be definitely stated:

- 1. That the skeletons attributed to the most ancient representatives of the human race belonged to individuals of stature at most normal, if not small.
- 2. That neolithic people—of the polished flint period, dating back more than three thousand years—constantly show us medium stature, lower than our present average height.
- 3. That the various proto-historic people, Gaul, Frank, Burgundian, Merovingian, present an average stature superior to that of French people to-day, but not so great as we have been led to expect; as a matter of fact, not exceeding 0.015 meter.—Chicago Times.

A DOG'S RESENTMENT.

The Animal Retaliated Upon His Mistress for an Insult.

A St. Bernard dog recently gave a remarkable and almost human exhibition of resentment and evil passion. He was a splendid creature, of rare intelligence and docility, with an air of royal dignity and condescension befitting the name—"His Majesty."

Although a king among dogs, he was his master's affectionate companion and willing slave, and so quick in discernment that he seldom needed an order; but his loyalty was reserved for his master alone.

One morning he was lying on a costly rug in the richly-furnished hall of his master's suburban home. His master's wife, descending the stairway, caught sight of his luxurious bed and sternly reproved him.

"You must not lie there on my best rug," she said. "A hardwood floor is soft enough for a dog with fur like yours. His Majesty must come off."

His Majesty stared at her and did not obey. She went up to him and repeated the order, giving his shaggy head a sharp cut with the back of her hand by way of emphasis.

His Majesty was displeased. He shook himself disdainfully, and slowly retreated from the rug to a corner near the front door. His pride was touched by the blow given him; his dignity was offended by contemptuous treatment. He remained in the corner all the afternoon, nursing his resentment.

At five o'clock the lady tripped down the staircase a second time, and passing into the library, took a book and lay down on a lounge for an hour's rest before dinner. The scene with the dog had passed out of her mind.

As she turned the pages, with her back to the door, His Majesty crept in, gave a quick leap, and in an instant was on the lounge, standing over her with his hot breath in her face and his eyes flaming with wrath. She was helpless and besides herself with terror. There were servants in the kitchen, but she did not dare to scream for them.

His Majesty kept his gleaming eyes fastened upon her, and showed his teeth and growled whenever she made the slightest movement. He stood over her, the avenger of his wounded dignity, not attacking her, but intimidating and frightening her in retaliation for the insult of the morning.

A cuckoo clock on the mantel struck the quarter-hour, the half-hour, the three-quarter-hour and finally six o'clock. Neither the dog nor the lady moved. A few minutes after six a familiar step was heard on the stoop. His Majesty jumped down from the lounge, and ran to the door to greet his master. The lady screamed, and her husband rushed into the library, to find her in a hysterical condition after her hour of exposure to royal displeasure.

His Majesty had the virtuous air of one who had taught a stupid person a useful lesson. But he had signed his death warrant. The lady could not look at him again, and his master ordered him to be shot.—Youth's Companion.

Bullets in the Body.

Investigation goes to show, and experiments on cadavers prove, that a pistol or rifle ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after "rimming" the object it is unable to pass through. In other words, a bullet turned from its course by a rib or other bone passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically directly opposite to the point where it entered the body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight. In case its initial velocity is far spent it remains imbedded in the flesh directly opposite the spot where it came in contact with the bone.—N. Y. Sun.

Pursued by 1999 Females.

Housekeeper—No able-bodied man like you has any excuse for tramping about the country.

Tramp—You'll not say that, mum, when you've heard my tale of woe. Once, when I was young and thoughtless, I accepted a position as judge in a baby show—two thousand babies—and I had to decide which was the prettiest. I did me duty, mum, but since then I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Man in a Million.

Kicksey—I am going to give my grocer a blowing up.

Nicksey—What for?

Kicksey—He's been selling me sanded sugar for years, and now I find the stuff he sends me for coffee is more than half roasted dirt. I'm no hog. I don't want the whole earth.—Philadelphia Record.

Easily Satisfied.

"Your room is preferable to your company," observed the landlord, severely.

"Yes," lightly rejoined the guest, who hadn't paid his board in two weeks; "but I didn't expect to find either very good, you know; and I don't mind a bit."—Puck.

In the Physiology Class.

Professor—Suppose you should drink a glass of water and a glass of whisky, what—

Student—I beg your pardon, sir; you have reversed the order.—Detroit Free Press.

About the Same Thing.

Manager (to stock-boy with impediment in his speech)—Are these boxes of mourning shawls?

Stock-boy—No, sir; those are just wellings.—Judge.

"Does Morrison know anything about music?" He knows that the correct pronunciation is 'Vogner.'—Brooklyn Life.

—Of late years Florida tobacco has acquired a reputation as an excellent variety of cigars.

—Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit.—Ben Jonson.

PITH AND POINT.

—Teacher—"Now, boys, if one of you were to find something petrified what age would you attribute to it?" Smart Boy—"Stone age."—Harper's Young People.

—"Col. Spouter claims that the woman supported him during his campaign, if the men didn't." "Yes; his wife took in washing and his mother plain sewing."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Cholly didn't have much luck with that Boston girl." "No; she froze him with her glances." "Then he's in a bad way?" "No; he was thawed out by an old flame."—N. Y. Sun.

—"How could you endure talking so long with that ugly old woman with that frightful costume without laughing in her face?" "Oh, that's easy. She is my wife."—Fillegende Elater.

—"Have you any idea what the relations are between Miss Welfoff and young Silmpurse?" "Er yes; a father and a mother. Both her parents are opposed to him."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Had Been Abroad—"And isn't Lake Como beautiful?" "Lake Como? Oh, yes; I remember it distinctly now—because my husband complained so much that the train was so slow in passing."—Vogre.

—"Some women can't believe a word their husbands say," she remarked. "Well," enquired the other, "I am not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Star.

—"The Priest—"This man is so tipsy he can hardly stand. I can't marry you to him unless he's in his normal state." The Bride—"Faith, thin ye'll have to hurry, for it's sobriety up he is this mornin'."—Harlem Life.

—"Fenderson—"Evidently my friends think I'm smart, whatever you may say. I know that whenever I say a bright thing they remember it for months." Foggy—"I should think they might."—Boston Transcript.

—"There's no doubt," said Mr. Dolan, "about there bein' wan great advantage in bein' born in this country." "An' phwat's thot?" inquired Mrs. Dolan. "It saves yer the price of a steamship ticket over."—Washington Star.

—"Dillaway—"Talk about your aristocratic descent! Why, my father often had ten thousand men directly under him." Caraway—"Ah! A general?" Dillaway—"Well, not exactly." Caraway—"A wholesale contractor?" Dillaway—"No; an aeronaut."—Tit-Bits.

—"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Texas hotel to a newly-arrived guest. "That's what I am afraid of," replied stranger; "the last time I was here I laid off my overcoat and I didn't feel it when I came out, and I haven't felt it since."—Texas Sittings.

—"Your account of the concert last night," said the musician, "omitted all mention of the very thing I wanted to see printed. The violin I played, as I was careful to tell your reporter, was a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the best ever made." "That's all right," said the editor. "When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper, it will cost him half a crown a line. Good morning, sir."—Tit-Bits.

—"Never," she said, haughtily, "never darken my doors again." He stood before her humbly and would have spoken, but she silenced him with a wave of her bejeweled hand, and went on: "I told you in the first place that I wanted them doors painted a robin's-egg blue, and here you've went and grained them. I know what I want and I'm going to have it." Wearily he got out his patty knife and sandpaper and began to rectify his error.—Buffalo Commercial.

THE TUNE PARTY.

An Entertaining Pastime for an Evening Indoors.

An amusing entertainment for a company of people, young or old, gathered in a parlor, is what is called a "Tune Party."

Each member of the company is supplied with a slip of paper, on which are twelve or more numbers, beginning at one, and following in regular succession; each player is also furnished with a pencil. A musical person next seated at the piano, and supplied with a list bearing the same numbers as those furnished to the rest of the company, with the difference that opposite each number is the name of some tune made familiar by age or present popularity.

The person at the piano begins to play, giving enough of the first tune to insure its identification by the quick-witted, and then passes with swift modulation, and without a pause, to the tune whose name is placed opposite the second number, and so on, until the list is completed.

The performer may be provided with the list long enough before hand to allow him to plan the method of joining the tunes one to another, and so prevent hesitation at the time. The listeners must keep their ears well sharpened, and quickly write the name of each tune opposite its number, as it is played. The player whose list is most nearly complete and has the fewest mistakes gains a prize.

Simple as this may appear, it is surprising to find how the name of a familiar melody eludes the grasp of recollection, and can not be caught before it has faded away into the notes of the next on the list. Most ludicrous mistakes are made, and "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Last Rose of Summer" have been assigned to wrong places on the lists of old-time singers in perfect good faith.

In one summer boarding-house, where there was no good piano, this game was played with great success on a rainy evening, the piano being supplanted by the sweet voice of one of the guests, who sang snatches of the appointed melodies and wove them into one another in such a skillful way as to elicit great enthusiasm, and puzzle her hearers quite as well as the piano would have done.—Youth's Companion.



BALANCED A PUMPKIN ON HIS HEAD AND WALKED OFF.

APPRECIATION OF BRAINS.

An Instance of the Advantages of Education in the Farm House.

In a prosperous farming community in one of these blessed United States lives a man who has a good-sized family of children, some of them quite young. The profits on farm produce have not been amazingly large for the past few years, and while he has managed to keep his head above the water, he has not been able to hire as much help as he would have liked. He has two daughters and a son, the younger of the three being about sixteen years old. They were bright youngsters, this trio, and a couple of years ago, when the district schools closed in the spring, the oldest girl sought an interview with her father, in the course of which she put some pretty plain business propositions before him. He had regretted that he was not able to hire necessary help both in the house and out of doors, and the daughter proposed that the father pay to her, her brother and sister about one-quarter of the sum that a couple of good men would cost, and they would do the work in the house, the dairy and the garden, and the boy take his share of the regular farm-work and the care of the stock. Half of the money was to be paid in cash at the end of each month; for the other half the father's note was to be given, or, instead of this, some farm animals that they might rear and sell on their own account, due allowance being made for keeping, etc.

They were all ambitious for more education, but found it impossible to obtain it at the adjacent school. They, therefore, devised a way for self-education that was worthy of a genius. Every month they sent to the city for books, papers and other literary matter, joined some summer schools and literary organizations that could be kept up with by letter, and among other things took a full Chautauqua course. There was always time for a couple of hours' study in the evening, the noon hour was utilized and every odd moment was made the most of. At the end of two years there were not three better informed young persons in their section of the country. Not only in general literary work were they thoroughly posted, but having taken to scientific study in one direction, they spread out into others. They investigated everything that was worth knowing in farming, gardening, fruit culture and the florist's art. The result was a great increase in the amount and value of the crops, and much better methods in the marketing and management of the farm and produce.

At the beginning of the third year the eldest daughter and the son had the refusal of excellent positions away from home; but the father, realizing the advantage they had been to him and the business, paid each one as a salary the amount over and above the estimated ordinary value of the products of such a place. This agreement was accompanied by the contract that whatever in excess of this they could make they were welcome to. Although the last bargain has been running less than a year, the results of their research and industry are so apparent that both are likely to realize a handsome sum for their work.

Instead of scrimping and depriving these young people of their pleasures and privileges, as many people in moderate circumstances in their vicinity have done, this man has appreciated something of the value of brains, and, realizing it, is willing to pay for it. Each of these three industrious young people has his own horse and goes about when his work is done at his pleasure; they have an admirable library, between them take all the popular publications, and their society is sought for by all the neighbors, who understand the value of the knowledge of an expert.

Many fathers would find their domestic and financial condition in much better shape if they would adopt this idea.—N. Y. Ledger.

PATIENCE AND INDOLENCE.

To Bide One's Time Is Not to Remain Inactive.

Patience is a virtue and indolence a folly, if not a crime, yet on the principle that "all things come to those who wait," there is some danger of confounding these terms. We must be patient and wait, not indolent. All things do not come to the lazy, indolent waiters. It is only to those who work while they wait that "all things will come." This difference can not be too clearly understood, and in teaching children the value of patience we must be careful to have them understand it aright.

To the young we would say: If you want to succeed in your life-work do not wait for "something to turn up," but turn up something yourself, no matter how humble it may be. It is better to be occupied, even if you get no pay, than it is to be idle. How often do we hear the expression: "I am willing to work if I am paid." And does not this expression usually come from those who are idle and indolent? We think so, for those who are naturally industrious can find something to do, even if it pays little or nothing. Employers do not hunt up the indolent people who are only willing to work when they are paid when they are in want of workmen or workwomen.

If you want to get profitable employment there is no better plan than to patiently keep on doing what it is possible for you to do, whether it gives a reasonable remuneration or not. Persevere in doing what you can as faithfully as if you were well paid, and patiently wait for a change of fortune. This is the kind of waiting that precedes and commands success. There are many people who possess ability enough to succeed in life, but who are always out of a job because they never learned the value of industry when they were young. Parents should understand this matter better than they do and warn their children against indolence.

Habits of industry or of idleness are generally formed during childhood and youth—if we say *always* instead of *generally*.

ually we should hit nearer the mark, for who ever saw an industrious child that turned out idle at maturity? Dissipation may change the life of a youth in this respect, but a child who loves to be industrious rarely becomes dissipated, unless driven to evil courses by despair. In such cases as these the remedy is always at hand with those who have been brought up to be industrious—with them kind treatment and employment supplies a sure cure. But how different it is with the young man who has "gone to the bad," if the seeds of idleness and indolence have been sown in his youth!

In this latter case the habits of youth have got to be overcome, as well as those of dissipation, and it requires a God-like patience on the part of those who undertake the job to perfect a cure.

Patience and perseverance are twins—they should go together—and the young man or the young woman who possesses them will surely succeed in life.—N. Y. Ledger.

HIS FACE SEEMED FAMILIAR.

That Is Why the Absent-Minded Girl Covered Herself With Confusion.

She was a very absent-minded young person, and the two girls who were with her in the car were not at all surprised when she leaned over and whispered:

"O dear me! who can that man be? His face is so familiar that I must know him, but I can't place him."

"He looks—well, rather showy," said the girl with the lognette. "I don't know where you could have met him."

"O, well, perhaps he is one of those rough diamonds her brother Edgar has been bringing to the house since he came back from the west," said the girl with the mountainous sleeves.

"Maybe that was it. He looks as if he knew me. O, dear, he will think me awfully rude! Girls, shall I speak to him?"

"Why, of course, if you are sure that you really know him, Lulu," said the girl with the lognette, "but do be careful, for you know you are—"

"Absent-minded—O, I know it! I shall certainly have to take one of those courses of memory development, or whatever they are."

"He is looking at you awful hard, Lulu," said the girl with the mountainous sleeves.

"O, I must know him. I shall have to speak."

She leaned forward and gave the flashily-dressed young man at the end of the car a charming nod and smile.

"I had to be more friendly than I would otherwise have been, because I did not speak at first," she observed.

"O, yes," returned the girl with the mountainous sleeves, "you know I never can remember names, and I am always perfectly lovely to people when I can't think of what to call them."

"Yes, for then they may not notice and—"

"Girls," interrupted the girl with the lognette, "do look at him! He has spoken to that awful-looking person with him and they are nudging each other and staring at us; they evidently fancy that we wanted to attract their attention."

"Look here, Lulu," sternly remarked the girl with the mountainous sleeves, "I want you to think whether you really know that man, and if so who he is!"

Then Lulu gave a little scream. "Good gracious, girls, stop the car," she cried, "I do know now just who he is! He—he is the young man who used to come to see our cook! No wonder his face is familiar, for he hung about the kitchen all the time and we had to discharge her on that account. O, girls let me out first or I shall faint!"—Chicago Tribune.

FACTS ABOUT FATIGUE.

Excessive Exercise Is Injurious to the Human System.

Dr. Tissie, a well-known French physician, has been studying the subject of excessive physical culture. He points out, in Science Siftings, that there is a similarity between the nervous fatigue which follows violent and prolonged exercise and certain hypnotic states. All fatigue is in the nerves; the muscles simply lose their power. In violent and prolonged physical exercise the waste of the body is rapid and extreme, and at the end its victim is in a state of poisoning from the accumulation of waste products in his system not yet thrown off. He is like a patient recovering from some disease. The muscular overstrain in the case is like that which results from such nervous shocks as are sometimes produced by violent emotions or by dreadful dreams. Dr. Tissie made a special study of the case of a runner in a "go-as-you-please" race which continued twenty-four hours. The first effect of the nervous exhaustion was a feeling of great fatigue, followed by loss of interest and disgust. Next came phenomena of illusion or hallucination, of double personality, loss of memory, and great need of sleep. The doctor claims that the real aim of every trainer for the ring is to produce an automatic state in the one who is to take part in the contest of physical strength. His whole science is to transform the man he trains into a being that will keep on automatically. Something of this occurs in all overstrain from prolonged physical exercise. The plodding action which results is akin to the constant repetition of the same word, over and over, until it becomes a fixed idea in the mind. The doctor's conclusions are that the abuse of athletic sports is an evil; that the players lose character and tend to retrograde from intellectual volition to a habitual automatism. Just as moderate exercise is good, so these intensive exercises are bad.—Scientific American.

As We All Well Know. Drummer—Whatever induced you to put in that line of neckties? No man east of the Rocky mountains would wear such scarfs. Haberdasher—Why, those are just the kind women pick out for presents.—Life.

BIT OF CHINESE HISTORY.

The Present Reigning Dynasty Is of Recent Date.

The Ost-Asiatische Loyd, Shanghai, publishes a very interesting article to show that the present reigning dynasty of China is of comparatively recent date; that many of the Chinese hold it in contempt, and that, having gained its position by force of arms, it may lose its power in the same way. The people of China do not consider themselves bound to this dynasty by the ties of loyalty or affection. The paper says:

"The ancestors of the Shin dynasty are entirely unknown. They suddenly came into prominence at the end of the sixteenth century. In the year 1583 a certain Ai-Shin, Ka-Ku-va, raised the standard of rebellion at Chio Ha-Ku San, in the east of the empire. He conquered a large part of China, and called his new empire Manchuria.

"The Min dynasty then reigned in China and Gen. Chio Kio Sei was sent to quell the rebellion. He was a very able man, whose political essays are read with much interest to this very day. But, unfortunately for the Mins, he was killed in the first battle, and there was no one to take his place. The then shogun of Japan, Hideyeshi Toyotomi, made use of this circumstance to attempt the conquest of Korea, and succeeded in his aim. This served to lessen still more the prestige of the Mins, and they sought to regain it by an active war against the Manchus. An army of two hundred and fifty thousand was mustered in 1619, but it was beaten in one terrible battle at the Lian-ho river, and Tai-so, the son of Ai-Shin, was enabled to make Moukden his residence. His son, Tai-so II, again beat the old dynasty in 1650, and proclaimed himself emperor of all China, calling his dynasty the house of Shin. But the old emperors held their own until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and some of their descendants at last fled to Formosa. To-day all trace of the Mins has vanished. History relates a very curious incident with regard to the capture of Pekin by the present dynasty. Another powerful rebel established himself there during the seventeenth century. His name was Ri-ai-sei, and he endeavored to establish a separate empire. The Mins, who had not yet ceased to regard themselves as the only legitimate rulers, dispatched an army against him; but the commander of this army did not think himself strong enough—and called in the help of the Shins. The allies took Pekin in 1668. But the Shins did not become sole masters of China until the conquest of Nankin, which followed a few years later, and they then decreed that the hair of all Chinese subjects should be worn long and in a plait, which resulted in the familiar pigtail of to-day."—Chicago Times.

Legend of the White Sky Calf.

When Wilson and Thomas visited what is now western Kansas, away back in 1841, the Kiowa Indians told them the queer story of the "white sky calf." According to the legend, that portion of the American desert was formerly very fertile, supporting large herds of pure white buffaloes, each having a black tail. These creatures were held sacred by the savages, and never killed for any purpose. Finally an old medicine man, Ne-ki-ta-mah, vowed that he would have a tepee built from the sacred white skins. The chiefs of the tribe tried to dissuade him from the notion, but all to no purpose—he declared that he would commence to collect the skins on the morrow. During the night a great white light appeared in the sky, and in its center a white buffalo calf. The calf slowly descended to the earth took charge of the herds, leading them to the northwest, and from that day to this the Kiowas have never seen a white buffalo.—N. Y. World.

A Wonderful Western Moss.

One of the most wonderful specimens of vegetable life known to the botanist is the "life moss" of Jamaica, Barbados and others of the West India islands. There are several species of tropical plants which have remarkable tenacity of life, but the "life moss" and the story of its vitality are almost beyond belief—its powers to live under adverse circumstances being certainly beyond that of any other known plant. It appears to be absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or the application of a red-hot iron to its roots and branching vines. It may be cut up and divided into infinitesimal particles and then the very smallest shred will throw out roots and soon grow and form new branches and buds. Specimens of this extraordinary plant have been suspended in the air in a dry, hot room; they have been placed in close, air-tight, dark boxes, without moisture of any sort, and yet they lived, grew and flourished.—St. Louis Republic.

Owls That Go Fishing.

Did anyone know that owls did a right smart business in the fishing line when they had the chance? The fish commissioners of New Hampshire have discovered that owls have been stripping the spawning saibling off the beds in their state. Naturally the fishing is all done at night, and the water on the midlake spawning grounds being very low has given the owls the chance which they have improved. Quite likely the saibling expose some portion of their bodies above the water, and the noise they make in the water attracts the night birds, and every morning the spawn-takers have found evidence of their visit.—Forest and Stream.

The Chaperon Question.

Little Miss Mugg (haughtily)—My sister never goes out without a chaperon.

Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister.—Good News.

A peculiar Sobacco, the nicotiana repanda, is raised in Cuba especially to make a certain brand of cigars.

As the train drew up at a country station on the South Eastern railway, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air enthusiastically observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it's Caterham," replied the guard.—Wander.

Fastest Time Ever Made from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. Ry) has placed in effect the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla. Train leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:35 a. m. the second morning, making direct connection at that point with the morning departure of all diverging lines, and arrives at Lenoir and Southern Florida Points by Daylight; St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Barlow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bedtime. The trains are vestibuled, Pintsch lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world.

For further information regarding Rates, Pamphlets and Through Sleeping Car Tickets, address FRANK J. ARND, G. P. A., Chicago.

THE JUDGE—"I hope I shall not see you here again." Prisoner (who is arrested weekly)—"Not see me! Why, yer ain't goin' to resign yer position, are yer?"—Truth.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama Railroad cost a life for every life. What an idea of pain and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady is very much like the break-bone fever in certain parts of America.

Mrs. SIRR—"Why, you are home quite early, for a change." Mr. SIRR—"Yes, my throat's swollen so I can't swallow anything."—Puck.

THE QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

He—"I think you love me. Am I right?" She—"No; you are left."—P. & S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar-coated pills are most effective. They get about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequalled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mrs. SCRUPLEIGH (angrily)—"Just look at the money you lose every Saturday night playing poker!" Mr. SCRUPLEIGH (calmly)—"Yes; and just look at the money you lose every Monday morning buying 'bargains.'"—Puck.

That Old Reeper. Father Time, who "reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

COLLEGE TRUSTEE—"Say, we are in bad luck. Only twenty-five new students coming in at the next term." Head of the College Faculty—"Never mind! I'll send the football team and two glue clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year."—Chicago Record.

\$6.00 to California. Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Seaside Route. Write for particulars to A. F. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

"TELL US," cried the group of maidens, "how to remain always young and attractive." "That is easy," replied the sage, without even raising his eyes from his book. "Get a fortune and stay single."—Indianapolis Journal.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. "Shore Acres," originally produced in Chicago by its author, James A. Herne, is booked for a four weeks' run, commencing January 27. Seats by mail.

TEACHER—"Can any of you tell me why flannel is comfortable in winter?" Bright Boy (in new underwear)—"It makes yeh hitch about and wriggle around, and the exercise keeps yeh warm."—Good News.

"You say you made money in business?" "Certainly," replied the New York policeman. "What was your stock in trade?" "It wasn't a stock in trade. It was a trade in stock."—Washington Star.

LIKE OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MERCHANT—"Clerk, why do you leave that yardstick lying in the sun! Didn't you learn in school that heat expands bodies?"—Fleegende Blister.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

What Women Know About Rubbing, Scouring, Cleaning, Scrubbing, is no doubt great; but what they all should know, is that the time of it, the tire of it, and the cost of it, can all be greatly reduced by Santa Claus Soap. Sold everywhere THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Chicago.

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A BOLD CANINE HERO.

How Old Ferguson's Dog Saved His Master.

Was the Apple of His Master's Eye—Story of an Exciting Battle in the St. Francis Basin—A Tremendous Bear.



THAT beast reminds me of a chase after one of his kind and about his size," said the man from the St. Francis basin, stopping, says a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in front of a game dealer's establishment and viewing with the eye of a connoisseur the carcass of an enormous black bear.

"There were a great many bear that year, but they kept in the swamps pretty close, and only a few were killed. Along in August, however, they began to get troublesome, invading fields of late corn and carrying off great loads of roasting ears. There was one big fellow who visited nearly every plantation in the neighborhood. Giles Orerton watched for him one night, and claimed next day that he saw him gather an armful of corn, then balance a pumpkin on his head and walk off on his hind feet. Giles said the bear acted so like a man he couldn't shoot him, by which I take Giles' story to be somewhat exaggerated, particularly as Squire Hesen claims he saw Giles asleep on his stand just before day, the squire having ridden on his way to the lake to fish for speckled perch, which were biting freely. I caught ninety-nine one morning before breakfast and killed a rattlesnake that—"

"What the nation has that got to do with the bear story?" interrupted a man with a tremulous hand who objects to snakes.

The man from the bottoms growled out something about not seeing the sense of interrupting a gentleman who was delivering instructions gratis, and continued: "We measured the tracks of the big bear several times, and they were eleven inches wide. The niggers on my place saw the bear once or twice, and said he was as big as a house. Everybody was too busy picking cotton and setting with the hands to hunt bear, besides the critters ain't any good until after a hard frost. So the big fellow lived high until about the middle of December, by which time he was rolling in fat, as we could tell by his tracks. In a track made by a poor bear the claws leave a very deep impression, whereas when the animal is fat the ball of the foot leaves a more prominent impression. Finally we concluded to have a bear hunt and, if possible, get the big fellow. We sent over on the ridge and got old man Ferguson and his bear dogs—twenty-nine in the pack and most of them well trained. A bear dog is a composite canine creation. He ought to have enough bound in him to make him a good trailer, enough bull to make him gritty, and enough fleec or cur to make him cautious. His business ain't to go in and pull down a bear. It is to nip him on the legs and bring him to a standstill, so the hunter can come up and shoot him.

"That's the kind old Ferguson's dogs were mostly, although there were a few full blood deer or fox hounds and a big brindle half mastiff and half greyhound, who weighed seventy or eighty pounds, and thought no more of strangling a wildcat than a fox terrier does of slaughtering a rat. His name was Bull, and he was the apple of old Ferguson's eye.

"We started one morning just before day, six of us, besides the dogs, all mounted, and some carrying shotguns and some rifles. I had a needle gun, such as is used in the army, a sweet weapon for big game, but very wearing on a man whose shoulder can't stand a hard kick. We started a bear about seven o'clock, and after a chase of half an hour got up with him and the dogs. It was in a piece of open woods, and it wasn't much trouble to knock him over. He wasn't the big fellow, however, and the horses and dogs being fresh, we hung him to a sapling and



CARRIED A PUMPKIN ON HIS HEAD AND WALKED OFF.

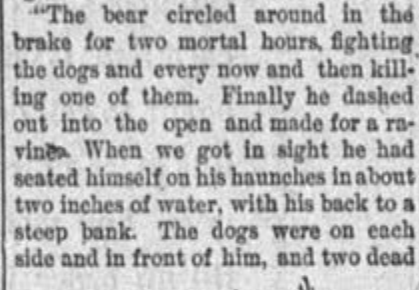
continued the hunt. About ten o'clock the dogs struck a trail in a dense cane-brake and away we went. Old Ferguson and I undertook to follow the dogs, while the others scattered and took positions at various points where the bear might show himself. It was the roughest ride I ever had. The canebrake had grown up in the track of the hurricane, where there were hundreds of fallen trees. We couldn't see further than our horses' heads for the cane, and occasionally our horses would collide with a log, or get tangled in a green briar vine, and then there would be language. The bear and dogs were not more than fifty yards ahead of us, and of all the yelping and snarling every hour I heard it, and above

the din was the crash of the cane as the bear dashed through it.

"He's headin' for Grass lake," said old Ferguson, "a' if he ever gets there we'll never see him this good day."

"Finally we got out of the heavy cane on a ridge where there was only a growth of switch cane and spice bushes. Then we saw the bear. There was no doubt about his being the big fellow who had been stealing our corn and pumpkins. He looked as big as an ox, and he rolled along at a great rate, paying little attention to the dogs that were nipping at his heels. Ferguson and I each took a shot at him and he stopped. Bull, the big dog, nipped him by the hind foot, and the others dashed in and out, taking a pinch here and there wherever they could. Bull kept his hold in spite of the efforts of the bear to strike him, and we dismounted, thinking to get a shot. When the bear saw us he gave a growl and made another swipe at Bull that was so close the big dog had to let loose and make a run for it. He headed right toward Ferguson, with the bear close behind. Bull dodged to one side, and Ferguson fired. I saw the bullet plow a furrow in the bear's back, but it was too high to do any good, and before either of us could shoot again the brute was right on Ferguson. He was very active for an old man, and he gave a leap to one side that Dunham might be proud of. The bear slapped at him as he jumped, and one of his claws caught in the old man's boot. It split the leather like a knife, and when Ferguson scrambled to his feet he had only one boot, and there was a gash in the calf of his leg half an inch deep and four inches long. The dogs were crowding the bear close, and he didn't stop to finish Ferguson. I took one shot at him as he dashed back in the thick cane, and wounded him, but not seriously. Some of the others had joined us by this time, and old Ferguson, having found that his leg was not torn off, as he at first swore it was, pushed into the cane again.

"The bear circled around in the brake for two mortal hours, fighting the dogs and every now and then killing one of them. Finally he dashed out into the open and made for a ravine. When we got in sight he had seated himself on his haunches in about two inches of water, with his back to a steep bank. The dogs were on each side and in front of him, and two dead



THAT CUR'S HUNTING DAYS WERE OVER.

ones lay under the shadow of his mighty frame. Blood and foam were oozing from his mouth; his coat was all muddy and bloody; his eyes were ablaze with the Berserk light of battle, and it was evident that he intended to run no further. Occasionally a dog would dash at him, and he would swing one of his mighty paws with force enough to kill an ox. If it struck the dog, that cur's hunting days were over, but usually the dog would dodge and another one would engage the bear on the other side. It was difficult to shoot the bear without striking the dogs, although every few minutes somebody would send a rifle bullet into the brute, but lead seemed to have no power to kill him.

"Old Ferguson was limping around yelling like an Indian and swearing like a pagan. He was trying to get the dogs off, so we could give the coup de grace without danger to them, and, with the exception of Bull, they paid no attention to him. Bull was eager to sail in and have it out with the bear, but he was too well-trained, and stood by Ferguson with one paw uplifted and quivering with excitement. After the bear had killed his ninth dog old Ferguson crossed the stream, and getting on the bank above the bear, tried to get a dor'n shot at him. The bank was slightly overhanging and the earth was loosened by recent rains. Just as Ferguson had drawn his bead at the top of the bear's head, which the muzzle of the gun nearly touched, the bank caved. Ferguson and about two hundred pounds of dirt fell on the bear, who rolled over on his back. Ferguson was up first, and started to run. The bear saw him, and with a demoniac growl rushed at him. There was not two feet space between Ferguson's coatails and the bear's nose, and they were headed toward us. So, of course, we couldn't shoot. I thought it was all up with Ferguson, and so it would have been but for the dog Bull. That noble animal knew as well as I knew that if he grabbed that bear in front he was a dead dog, but he also knew that he couldn't save his master by an attack in the rear at that stage of the game. With a growl as fierce as that of the bear he dashed between Ferguson and the infuriated beast and secured a throat hold. In thirty seconds the bear crushed the dog's ribs with a blow of his paw, then mashed his skull with one bite of his tremendous jaws, but in the same thirty seconds Ferguson was out of harm's way, and a fifty-six-caliber bullet from my rifle passed through the bear's brain.

"Well, sir," continued the man from the bottoms, after blowing his nose as a tribute to old Ferguson's dog Bull, "to show you what a lot of killing that bear took, we found when we dressed him that there were nineteen rifle bullets in his body, and six of them had passed through his heart. Get a bear hunted up and he's awful hard to kill. Yes, sir."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The chemical examination of the stains on the holy coat at Argentueil, set on foot by the bishop of Versailles, has resulted in a report by the two scientific experts engaged that the spots are of human blood, and are very old.

—In Berlin the rush to call boy babies Aegir since the appearance of the emperor's "Song to Aegir," has brought trouble on the registrar of births, who is forbidden by law to receive Pagan names. The matter has been referred to the court chamberlain.

—Owing to the opposition of archaeologists the plans for the proposed reservoir at Assuan in Egypt have been modified so as to make the top of the dam twenty-six feet lower. This will save the temples at Philae and other monuments, but will only supply water enough to irrigate either middle or lower Egypt instead of both.

—Coffee has been found by a German investigator to possess marked germicidal properties. Pure coffee, of the ordinary strength in which it is utilized as a beverage, killed cholera bacilli in three hours and typhus bacilli in twenty-four hours. The anti-bacterial substances seem to be developed in the coffee bean by the roasting process.

—A correspondent recently sent us a clipping from a German trade paper regarding the durability of paper made from wood pulp. The article stated that the first book made from wood-pulp paper had been sent to the testing institution in Berlin for examination. The book was made in 1892 and was found to be in good condition. The article stated that the test showed that the durability of paper made from wood pulp was greater than had been supposed.

—The Siberian railway has now been opened to Omsk, 2,300 miles from St. Petersburg, and it is possible to go from one place to the other in four and a half days. In building part of the line the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog 60 miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which 4,000 were bought for the purpose.

—As a sign of respect the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet in the street, and the Jews used to pluck off one of theirs to confirm a bargain. Throughout the east, when an inferior enters the presence of his superior, he leaves his shoes or slippers at the door. A great many people still follow the old custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple, but very few know the old significance of this. It is supposed to bring good luck, and those that throw it after a newly-married couple do so with the best intentions in the world. This custom, however, really came from the old Anglo-Saxon times, when the father invariably handed the bridegroom one of the bride's old shoes, which signifies the giving up of all authority over the girl to her husband, so that those who throw an old shoe after the departing couple nowadays are really signifying that she is his property, as in medieval times.

A FAMOUS PARIS CAFE.

One of the Fantastic Resorts of the Gay French Capital.

The cafe of the Black Cat was originally a sort of club where journalists and artists and poets met round the tables of a restaurant-keeper who happened to be a patron of art as well, and who fitted out his cafe with the canvases of his customers, and adopted their suggestions in the arrangement of its decoration. The outside world of Paris heard of these gatherings at the Black Cat, as the cafe and club were called, and of the wit and spirit of its habitués, and sought admittance to its meetings, which was at first granted as a great privilege. But at the present day the cafe has been turned over into other hands, and is a show-place pure and simple, and a most interesting one. The cafe proper is fitted throughout with heavy black oak, or something in imitation of it. There are heavy broad tables and high wainscoting and an immense fireplace and massive rafters. To set off the somberness of this, the walls are covered with panels in the richest of colors, by Steinlen, the most imaginative and original of the Parisian illustrators, in all of which the black cat appears as a subject, but in a different role and with separate treatment. Upon one panel hundreds of black cats race over the ocean, in another they are waltzing with naiads in the woods, and in another are whirling through space over red-tiled roofs, followed by beautiful young women, gendarmes, and boulevardiers in the most of colors, by Steinlen, the most imaginative and original of the Parisian illustrators, in all of which the black cat appears as a subject, but in a different role and with separate treatment. 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APPRECIATION OF BRAINS.

An Instance of the Advantages of Education in the Farm Home. In a prosperous farming community in one of these blessed United States lives a man who has a good-sized family of children, some of them quite young. The profits on farm produce have not been amazingly large for the past few years, and while he has managed to keep his head above the water, he has not been able to hire as much help as he would have liked. He has two daughters and a son, the younger of the three being about sixteen years old. They were bright youngsters, this trio, and a couple of years ago, when the district schools closed in the spring, the oldest girl sought an interview with her father, in the course of which she put some pretty plain business propositions before him. He had regretted that he was not able to hire necessary help both in the house and out of doors, and the daughter proposed that the father pay to her, her brother and sister about one-quarter of the sum that a couple of good men would cost, and they would do the work in the house, the dairy and the garden, and the boy take his share of the regular farm-work and the care of the stock. Half of the money was to be paid in cash at the end of each month; for the other half the father's note was to be given, or, instead of this, some farm animals that they might rear and sell on their own account, due allowance being made for keeping, etc. They were all ambitious for more education, but found it impossible to obtain it at the adjacent school. They, therefore, devised a way for self-education that was worthy of a genius. Every month they sent to the city for books, papers and other literary matter, joined some summer schools and literary organizations that could be kept up with by letter, and among other things took a full Chautauqua course. There was always time for a couple of hours' study in the evening, the noon hour was utilized and every odd moment was made the most of. At the end of two years there were not three better informed young persons in their section of the country. Not only in general literary work were they thoroughly posted, but having taken to scientific study in one direction, they spread out into others. They investigated everything that was worth knowing in farming, gardening, fruit culture and the florist's art. The result was a great increase in the amount and value of the crops, and much better methods in the marketing and management of the farm and produce. At the beginning of the third year the eldest daughter and the son had the refusal of excellent positions away from home; but the father, realizing the advantage they had been to him and the business, paid each one as a salary the amount over and above the estimated ordinary value of the products of such a place. This agreement was accompanied with the contract that whatever in excess of this they could make they were welcome to. Although the last bargain has been running less than a year, the results of their research and industry are so apparent that both are likely to realize a handsome sum for their work. Instead of scrimping and depriving these young people of their pleasures and privileges, as many people in moderate circumstances in their vicinity have done, this man has appreciated something of the value of brains, and, realizing it, is willing to pay for it. Each of these three industrious young people has his own house and goes about when his work is done at his pleasure; they have an admirable library, between them take all the popular publications, and their society is sought for by all the neighbors, who understand the value of the knowledge of an expert. Many fathers would find their domestic and financial condition in much better shape if they would adopt this idea. -N. Y. Ledger.

PATIENCE AND INDOLENCE.

To Bide One's Time Is Not to Remain Inactive. Patience is a virtue and indolence a folly, if not a crime, yet on the principle that "all things come to those who wait," there is some danger of confounding these terms. We must be patient, and wait, not indolent. All things do not come to the lazy, indolent waiters. It is only to those who work while they wait that "all things will come." This difference can not be too clearly understood, and in teaching children the value of patience we must be careful to have them understand it aright. To the young we would say: If you want to succeed in your life-work do not wait for "something to turn up," but turn up something yourself, no matter how humble it may be. It is better to be occupied, even if you get no pay, than it is to be idle. How often do we hear the expression: "I am willing to work if I am paid." And does not this expression usually come from those who are idle and indolent? We think so, for those who are naturally industrious can find something to do, even if it pays little or nothing. Employers do not hunt up the indolent people who are only willing to work when they are paid when they are in want of workmen or workwomen. If you want to get profitable employment there is no better plan than to patiently keep on doing what it is possible for you to do, whether it gives a reasonable remuneration or not. Persevere in doing what you can as faithfully as if you were well paid, and patiently wait for a change of fortune. This is the kind of waiting that precedes and commands success. There are many people who possess ability enough to succeed in life, but who are always out of a job because they never learned the value of industry when they were young. Parents should understand this matter better than they do and warn their children against indolence. Habits of industry or of idleness are generally formed during childhood and youth—if we say *always* instead of *generally*.

BIT OF CHINESE HISTORY.

The Present Reigning Dynasty Is of Recent Date. The Ost-Asiatic Lloyd, Shanghai, publishes a very interesting article to show that the present reigning dynasty of China is of comparatively recent date; that many of the Chinese hold it in contempt, and that, having gained its position by force of arms, it may lose its power in the same way. The people of China do not consider themselves bound to this dynasty by the ties of loyalty or affection. The paper says: "The ancestors of the Shin dynasty are entirely unknown. They suddenly came into prominence at the end of the sixteenth century. In the year 1583 a certain Ai-Shin, Ka-Ku-wa, raised the standard of rebellion at Chio Ha-Ku San, in the east of the empire. He conquered a large part of China, and called his new empire Manchuria. "The Min dynasty then reigned in China and Gen. Chio Kio Sei was sent to quell the rebellion. He was a very able man, whose political essays are read with much interest to this very day. But, unfortunately for the Mins, he was killed in the first battle, and there was no one to take his place. The then shogun of Japan, Hideyoshi Toyotomi, made use of this circumstance to attempt the conquest of Korea, and succeeded in his aim. This served to lessen still more the prestige of the Mins, and they sought to regain it by an active war against the Manchus. An army of two hundred and fifty thousand was mustered in 1619, but it was beaten in one terrible battle at the Lian-ho river, and Tai-so, the son of Ai-Shin, was enabled to make Moukden his residence. His son, Tai-so II, again beat the old dynasty in 1650, and proclaimed himself emperor of all China, calling his dynasty the house of Shin. But the old emperors held their own until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and some of their descendants at last fled to Formosa. To-day all trace of the Mins has vanished. History relates a very curious incident with regard to the capture of Pekin by the present dynasty. Another powerful rebel established himself there during the seventeenth century. His name was Ri-sai, and he endeavored to establish a separate empire. The Mins, who had not yet ceased to regard themselves as the only legitimate rulers, dispatched an army against him; but the commander of this army did not think himself strong enough—and called in the help of the Shins. The allies took Pekin in 1668. But the Shins did not become sole masters of China until the conquest of Nankin, which followed a few years later, and they then decreed that the hair of all Chinese subjects should be worn long and in a plait, which resulted in the familiar pigtail of to-day. -Chicago Times.

FACTS ABOUT FATIGUE.

Excessive Exercise Is Injurious to the Human System. Dr. Tissie, a well-known French physician, has been studying the subject of excessive physical culture. He points out, in Science Siftings, that there is a similarity between the nervous fatigue which follows violent and prolonged exercise and certain hypnotic states. All fatigue is in the nerves; the muscles simply lose their power. In violent and prolonged physical exercise the waste of the body is rapid and extreme, and at the end its victim is in a state of poisoning from the accumulation of waste products in his system not yet thrown off. He is like a patient recovering from some disease. The muscular overstrain in the case is like that which results from such nervous shocks as are sometimes produced by violent emotions or by dreadful dreams. Dr. Tissie made a special study of the case of a runner in a "go-as-you-please" race which continued twenty-four hours. The first effect of the nervous exhaustion was a feeling of great fatigue, followed by loss of interest and disgust. Next came phenomena of illusion or hallucination, of double personality, loss of memory, and great need of sleep. The doctor claims that the real aim of every trainer for the ring is to produce an automatic state in the one who is to take part in the contest of physical strength. His whole science is to transform the man he trains into a being that will keep on automatically. Something of this occurs in all overstrain from prolonged physical exercise. The plodding action which results is akin to the constant repetition of the same word, over and over, until it becomes a fixed idea in the mind. The doctor's conclusions are that the abuse of athletic sports is an evil; that the players lose character and tend to retrograde from intellectual volition to a habitual automatism. Just as moderate exercise is good, so these intensive exercises are bad. -Scientific American.

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Legend of the White Sky Calf.

When Wilson and Thomas visited what is now western Kansas, away back in 1841, the Kiowa Indians told them the queer story of the "white sky calf." According to the legend, that portion of the American desert was formerly very fertile, supporting large herds of pure white buffaloes, each having a black tail. These creatures were held sacred by the savages, and never killed for any purpose. Finally an old medicine man, Ne-ka-ta-mah, vowed that he would have a tepee built from the sacred white skins. The chiefs of the tribe tried to dissuade him from the notion, but all to no purpose—he declared that he would commence to collect the skins on the morrow. During the night a great white light appeared in the sky, and in its center a white buffalo calf. The calf slowly descended to the earth took charge of the herds, leading them to the northwest, and from that day to this the Kiowas have never seen a white buffalo. -N. Y. World.

As this train drew up at a country station on the South Eastern railway, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped on to the platform, and inhaling the fresh air enthusiastically observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir," the "Caterham" replied to the guard. -Wonder.

Fastest Time Ever Made from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. Ry) has placed in effect the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla. Train leaves Chicago at 8:30 p. m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:35 a. m. the second morning, making direct connection at that point with the morning departures of all diverging lines, and arrives at Interior and Southern Florida Points by Daylight; St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa in the afternoon; Titusville before bedtime. The trains are vestibuled, Pintsch lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. For further information regarding Rates, Pamphlets and Through Sleeping Car Tickets, address FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama Railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in that sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's why the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malarial fever is very much like the break-bone fever in certain parts of America.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida.

Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

She—"I think you love me. Am I right?" He—"No; you are left." -P. & S. Co.'s Bulletin.

A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequalled. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help. A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY-MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Legend of the White Sky Calf.

When Wilson and Thomas visited what is now western Kansas, away back in 1841, the Kiowa Indians told them the queer story of the "white sky calf." According to the legend, that portion of the American desert was formerly very fertile, supporting large herds of pure white buffaloes, each having a black tail. These creatures were held sacred by the savages, and never killed for any purpose. Finally an old medicine man, Ne-ka-ta-mah, vowed that he would have a tepee built from the sacred white skins. The chiefs of the tribe tried to dissuade him from the notion, but all to no purpose—he declared that he would commence to collect the skins on the morrow. During the night a great white light appeared in the sky, and in its center a white buffalo calf. The calf slowly descended to the earth took charge of the herds, leading them to the northwest, and from that day to this the Kiowas have never seen a white buffalo. -N. Y. World.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mrs. Scraphigh (angrily)—"Just look at the money you lose every Saturday night playing poker!" Mr. Scraphigh (calmly)—"Yes, and just look at the money you lose every Monday morning buying 'bargains.'" -Puck.

That Old Reaper.

Father Time, who "reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

COLLEGE TRUSTEES.

"Say, we are in bad luck. Only twenty-five new students coming in at the next term." Head of the College Faculty—"Never mind! I'll send the football team and two glee clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year." -Chicago Record.

\$6.00 to California

In price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Seaside Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

"TALK US," cried the group of maidens,

"how to remain always young and attractive." "That is easy," replied the sage, without even raising his eyes from his book. "Get a fortune and stay single." -Indianapolis Journal.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago.

"Shore Acres," originally produced in Chicago by its author, James A. Herne, is booked for a four weeks' run, commencing January 27. Seats by mail.

TEACHER—"Can any of you tell me why

flannel is comfortable in winter?" Bright Boy (in new underwear)—"It makes yeh hitch about and wriggle around, and the exercise keeps yeh warm." -Good News.

"You say you made money in business?"

"Certainly," replied the New York policeman. "Was your stock in trade?" "It wasn't a stock in trade. It was a trade in stock." -Washington Star.

LIKE OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS IS HALE'S

Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MERCHANT—"Clerk, why do you leave

that yardstick lying in the sun! Didn't you learn in school that heat expands bodies?" -Leisurely Blatter.

TO NEW ORLEANS THE QUEEN & CRESCENT

Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

What Women Know About Rubbing, Scouring, Cleaning, Scrubbing, is no doubt great; but what they all should know, is that the time of it, the tire of it, and the cost of it, can all be greatly reduced by Santa Claus Soap. Sold everywhere THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Chicago.

A GREAT OFFER A year's subscription to Scribner's \$3.00 The last bound volume (July-December) \$1.90 Total..... \$4.90 Both sent prepaid for \$3.90 Scribner's Magazine. THIS SUPERB VOLUME contains 800 pages, and nearly 600 beautiful illustrations by the very best artists. It is handsomely bound in blue cloth, with title in gilt, and a valuable addition to the library. The reading is of permanent value. It retails for \$1.90 but, under this special offer, may be obtained together with a year's subscription for \$3.90. Important Contributions from: Rudyard Kipling, F. Marion Crawford, H. C. Sumner, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Grant, Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, James Russell Lowell, Octave Thanet, Mrs. James T. Fields, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Harriet Prescott Spofford and many others. Illustrations by A. B. Frost, W. T. Snedley, C. S. Reinhardt, A. E. Steiner, A. Castaigne, Irving R. Wiles, A. Robb, Albert Lynch, C. Delort and many others. This volume also contains the sumptuous HOLIDAY NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S. Scribner's Magazine For 1895 Will be unusually attractive. Robert Grant will write the best series of articles he has ever written, on "The Art of Living," "The Income," "The Dwelling," "Household Expenses," "Education of Children," "The Summer Problem," "Married or Single Life," etc. George Meredith, the great novelist, will contribute an intensely interesting serial, "The Amazing Marriage," and there will be articles too numerous to mention here, all beautifully illustrated. ... Now is the Time to Subscribe ... CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS Publishers, : : : NEW YORK.

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., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

UPPER PENINSULA NEWS

Gathered From Our Exchanges and Condensed.

Killed in Mine and Camps—Ontonagon Wants the School—Calumet Orderly. Cave-In at the Cambria Mine. Martin Tracey Killed.

The mining school correspondent of the Houghton Gazette wrote that Donald Cameron, a graduate of the school, was connected with the Toledo Bridge company, but the types made it appear that Mr. Cameron was officially connected with the Toledo Bridge company. There's "ax" open account between Judkins and that correspondent the settlement of which, in some quiet place, with five-ounce gloves, might be interesting to onlookers.

William M. Gray, aged thirty-three years, was killed about 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon while scaling logs for Sambrook at Chocoley. In some manner not precisely known the pile of logs started and before Gray could escape two had fallen across him. He was soon extricated but his back was broken and he died in a few minutes.

At Calumet there is a population of over 23,000 people within a radius of four miles. On evenings and during holidays the streets are crowded. And yet no necessity has been found to supply the village with more than one peace officer, and fights and disorder are less frequent than in cities of its size with a dozen policemen.

Messrs. Zane & Hogan, managers of the Oden avenue ice rink, by their enterprise and kindness have won the esteem of the citizens of Menominee and they deserve it.

A cave-in occurred at the Cambria mine at an early hour Wednesday morning. The

ground came in from surface and settled on the sixth level, which is about five hundred feet from surface. A couple of men were thrown a hundred feet by the rush of air and received severe but not fatal injury.

The plant for supplying Marquette with water is not properly equipped for winter service and on Monday night the city was without water for eight hours. As the city owns and operates it there is no chance to cure a "monopoly"—the people, themselves, are at fault.

The company which has lately bought much hardwood timber in Alger county will bring it, when it is ready for market, to lake Michigan or Bay de Noquet, not take it to lake Superior. The company is not building hotels or booming towns.

On Monday a man named Martin Tracey, at work in the woods for the Girard Lumber company at Dunbar was instantly killed by a log rolling over his head. The remains were sent to his former home in Green Bay.

The Houghton county Law and Order league seems to be a somewhat mythical affair, and it is feared that its organization was what in profane circles would be designated a bluff. So says the Mining Journal.

The report that a date has been fixed for the shutting down of the Weston furnace turns out to be untrue. The managers say "not until the present stock of ore and charcoal is exhausted."

Remember if Representative Chamberlain's bill to establish a Normal school on this peninsula becomes a law that Ontonagon will be in the field with a site. So says the Herald.

Calumet clerks have brought about "early closing" and the fire bell rings "curfew" at 8:00 p. m. every night except Sunday.

The passing of trains shakes down the plastering and breaks the glass in the windows of St. Mary's church, Norway.

Calumet & Hecla is reducing its output.

Hancock wants a city organization, so that it shall rank with Ishpeming, Ironwood and

Marquette instead of Newberry, St. Ignace and Ontonagon.

John Anderson, a carpenter, fell seven hundred feet in the Chapin mine, and was dashed to pieces of course.

John H. Coryell, of the force of the Maritime Tribune, died last Saturday at thirty years of age.

The plant of the Calumet Conglomerate was seized on a chattel mortgage a day or two since.

James Toner, one of the pioneer residents of Marquette county, died on the 25th at Neegauc.

Martin Kopp was held for trial, at Crystal Falls, on charge of rape of a girl of thirteen years.

Negauc liquor dealers have organized a branch of the state Protective Association.

Iron Mountain proposes a race track and the Range-Tribune urges action.

Mrs. George W. Hayden died, of pneumonia, on Monday evening.

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 matter, 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.

Saved His Life.

The Alger County Republican tells this story:

"A man, whose name we have been unable to learn, walked from Seney to Munising on Monday during the terrible storm. He reached the latter place about dark and soon after he started to walk to a camp several miles out. Another man who was walking in from camp met the Seney man, who was completely played out, two miles from town. He tried to assist the man back to town, but he soon found that it was impossible as he had not much strength left himself, so he dug a hole in a snow bank, placed the man in it, covered him well with brush, then added a thin covering of snow. He then walked on to town and the next morning headed a party of men out to see how his man was getting along. They found him just as he had been left, and he was sleeping soundly and was as "warm as toast." He certainly owes his life to the man who had the presence of mind to bury him in the snow."

Lost on the Chicora.

Mr. James R. Clark, who was lost on the steamer Chicora, was known to many persons in this vicinity. Mr. Clark was United States marshal of this district under the Harrison administration and as such attended the court sessions regularly. He was related to the owners of the Chicora and on the expiration of his term as marshal became clerk of that

vessel. He was a genial and companionable man and quite an enthusiastic fisherman and his death will be mourned by a large circle of friends throughout the state. He was an associate of the editor of this paper in the military telegraph service of the United States in the 60s, and his death further contracts a fast-narrowing circle.

Legal Notice.

First Publication Dec. 22, 1894. STATE OF MICHIGAN.—Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.

Security Savings and Loan association, complainant, vs. Charles A. Morrison and Sarah D. Morrison, defendants. Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Delta, in chancery, at the city of Escanaba, on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1894. In this cause, it appearing from a affidavit filed that defendant Charles A. Morrison is not a resident of this state, but is a resident of Virginia, in the state of Minnesota, and that the defendant Sarah D. Morrison is not a resident of the state of Michigan, and that her residence can not be ascertained or in what state she resides. On motion of complainant's solicitor, A. P. Smith, it is ordered that the appearance of said non-resident defendants, Charles A. Morrison and Sarah D. Morrison, be entered herein within five months from the date of this order, and in case of their appearance they cause their answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and in default thereof said bill will be taken as confessed by said non-resident defendants. And it is further ordered that within twenty days the complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in the said county, and that said publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that it cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendants at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance. J. W. STONE, Circuit Judge.

A. P. SMITH, Complainant's Solicitor. I hereby certify, that the above and foregoing is a true copy of the order entered in the above entitled cause. Dated this 19th day of December, A. D. 1894. O. V. LINDEN, Register in Chancery.

Amusement.

CHARLIE'S AUNT!

AT

The Peterson,

ON

Wednesday, Feb. 6.

A First Class Attraction by a First Class Comptny.

THE HOUSE WILL BE WARM.

SEATS AT USUAL PLACES.

Ice Rink.

ESCANABA CITY

Ice Rink

SEASON TICKET.

For Couple 87.00

For Gentlemen 5.00

For Lady 3.00

For Children 2.00

SINGLE ADMISSION.

For Gentleman 15cts

For Lady 10cts

Skates to rent at 10 cents per pair.

Carlson & Austin,

Proprietors.

Contractors and Builders.

Kemp & Williams, Storm Windows & Doors

STORE FRONTS, OFFICE & BAR FIXTURES

Balustrade work, Turning, Band Sawing, etc. Plans furnished and contract undertaken.

Shop and office at the corner of Charlotte and Hale streets.

Escanaba, Michigan.

Medical.

W. N. SALISBURY, M. D.

Diseases of

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

ONLY

432 Main Street

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN.

Blacksmiths Supplies.

ASK YOUR HORSESHOER

FOR THE

NEVERSLIP

THE ONLY

SHOE FOR WINTER USE.

It ABSOLUTELY prevents slipping, and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver. Shod with the "Never Slip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE.

Steel-Centered and SELF-SHARPENING

When worn out new Calks can be easily inserted without removing shoes, saving a immense amount of time usually lost at the blacksmith shop.

On receipt of postal will mail free our descriptive circular containing prices of Calks, shoes, ready to be mailed on, for trial, offers this winter at very low prices.

Dunning Bros. & Co.

Hardware, Blacksmiths' Supplies, Etc. Sole Agents, Delta County.

Veterinary Surgeon.

DR. E. D. SHEVALIER, Veterinary Surgeon Escanaba, Mich.



Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College and treats all diseases of and injuries to domesticated

IMPROVED METHODS.

By the Latest

ANIMALS

Day calls left at Main & Wilson's livery and night calls left at the Oliver house will receive prompt attention.

Escanaba, Michigan.

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Dry Goods.

THIS IS THE LAST GREAT CLEAN-UP

ONE GRAND EFFORT!

Our Dress Goods Stock must be cleaned out in order to make room for Spring Goods.

IN OUR

GREAT FEBRUARY SALE!

Commencing February we shall offer our entire Dress Goods Stock without reserve, at a reduction averaging 40 per cent. This means the slaughter of our entire stock of Dress Goods.

Everything Goes! We must Have More Room.

And if prices are any object you cannot afford to miss this greatest of all great sales. We shall also close out all our broken lines of

Corsets, Hosiery, Underwear and Remnants of all Kinds.

ED. ERICKSON,

Ludington Street.

Escanaba, Michigan.