



A FEMINE DEVICE.

BY HATTIE LUMMIS.



Miss Delamore's yachting party would prove a success was a foregone conclusion.

Those honored by her invitations were in the habit of accepting promptly, while those not so fortunate were properly evasive and cast down.

She found the young lady in the garden, languidly occupying a hammock, and attired in a negligee gown which the male observer would have thought enchanting.

"As for your not going, my dear," she said, plunging into the conversation with her usual impetuosity, "that's all nonsense, you know. It's got to be arranged somehow. I've depended on having you sing, and, besides, the yacht is a perfect dream now that it has been refitted. What's the matter, anyway, Kitty?"

"What absurdity—from Kitty Crawford!" thought Miss Delamore; but she only said: "Nonsense! Wear a veil. I'm going to have the jolliest sort of a crowd, Kitty. I want you to meet Miss Huntington, of Baltimore; she's really distractingly pretty. And Mr. Jack Walford—let's see. Do you know him?"

Miss Crawford, lowering her inscrutable lids, admitted having met the gentleman in question at her uncle's seaside residence. She neglected to add, however, that they had immediately and mutually fallen in love, a state of affairs culminating in an engagement after six weeks' acquaintance.

But when Kitty came on board the yacht next morning there was not in her manner the faintest trace of listlessness or languor. In her blue yachting suit, with a jaunty sailor hat perched carefully on one side, she was the very embodiment of girlish animation.

"The devil she here?" and walked to the other side of the yacht to recover his composure. For Jack Walford was still young enough to believe that love is eternal, and though he had no intention of making any unmanly fuss over the matter, he knew very well that his heart had been irremediably broken by the cruelty of this coquette in blue, now lavishing her dangerous smiles on all comers.

Jack looked out over the calm water and thought of the evening just a month before, when he and she had walked together under the sighing branches of the pines and the sea breeze had ruffled the bewitching little curls around her forehead.

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reasonably, that he had properly sustained the dignity of a much-injured man.

And now, though he had been taken by surprise and compelled to beat a temporary retreat, Jack, who was gruff by his nature, had no intention of surrendering without a blow.

After fifteen minutes of reflection he found himself able to approach Kitty and greet her with a careless cordiality; and then immediately devoted himself to making the acquaintance of Miss Huntington, who was almost as pretty as her enthusiastic hostess had declared.

And so the morning passed uneventfully, and the afternoon was well advanced, when Miss Delamore called upon Kitty to sing.

Kitty responded with the readiness which was one of her charms. She brought her guitar from the cabin, took her seat conveniently near the spot where Jack was carrying on a very fair imitation of a flirtation with Miss Huntington, and without preface or apology began one of the favorite ballads of the day.



Kitty's voice was like herself, piquant and sweet and full of charming surprises. She sang snatches of operas, rollicking college songs, and now and then one of those tender, plaintive little airs that compel neither smiles nor tears, but in some unaccountable way reach the heart.

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She turned away her head and a beautiful color burned in her cheeks as she struck a vibrating chord on the guitar. There was in her voice, too, a tremulousness which caught the attention of the listeners almost from the first word.

In spite of himself Jack writhed on his chair. The memories of one eventful night grew vivid at those words. Again he seemed to hear the weird music of the rustling pines, and the face of the singer grew misty before his blurring eyes.

Jack did not answer. In fact he did not even hear. For now into Kitty's voice there had come a poignant note of longing and entreaty, and her guitar, as if responsive to her mood, sobbed out its rippling accompaniment.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Torquemada estimates the number of temples in Mexico at the conquest to be at least 40,000, and other writers declare it to be much greater.

The Peruvian method of recording events was a system of knotted cords. It is, however, claimed by some that these were merely used as helps to the memory.

Matthew Boulton and James Watt's Soho foundry at Birmingham, where Watt worked out his idea of the steam engine, after an existence of 133 years, is now idle, and will soon be broken up and dismantled.

E. L. Coombs, of California, ex-minister to Japan, thinks opportunities for Americans in Japan are not good, as the Japanese are themselves back of every new enterprise like the introduction of electric ty, and other means to develop the empire.

A singular accident was told by Capt. Macfarlane, Twenty-fifth K. O. S. Borderers, on his return to Pindia, India, the other day. The gallant officer, who is now in the hospital suffering from wounds received during the storming of the Malakand pass, says that while the borderers were forcing their way under a storm of shot, a man near him was hit heavily in the chest and fell to the ground.

Poons Hindus have been offended by an order of the governor forbidding music after eleven o'clock at night. One of their deities, Peth Marati, has a statue by the wayside, where at certain periods they pray for three weeks at a time, with recitations of national legends and music going on from nine until one or two o'clock at night.

Some of the Christian missionaries have been specially permitted to penetrate the interior. A description of the Chinese Jew has just been derived through the Jesuit mission located in China, as reported to the Roman directory.

The Jews of China do not intermarry with heathens and Mohammedans, do not marry two wives, do not eat pork, do not associate with Mohammedans, must observe their religion with strictness and must keep the Sabbath holy.

Both Bishop Smith and Mr. Milne furnish descriptions of the eight Hebrew manuscripts which the messengers purchased at Kac-Fung-Poo. There is little difference between the two descriptions in some of the details, but they substantially agree.

The sect itself places its introduction into China at the commencement of the Christian Era, but the synagogue was not built till long subsequently. At first they consisted of seventy families, which have been scattered and reduced until seven only remain, numbering about two hundred persons and distributed about the neighborhood.

around the sacred writing, because they go in solemn procession around the hall of the temple.

"For fifty years they have had no competent teachers to instruct them in the fifty-three sections of the law and twenty-seven letters of the alphabet. As the Jewish alphabet has but twenty-two letters, the number twenty-seven is made up by counting as ten characters the five which have double forms.

Not till the time of Francis Xavier, however, is there anything upon the subject. As quoted by Rev. H. Venn, in his life of the great Jesuit missionary, Xavier thus relates what he has heard: "I met at Malacca with a Portuguese merchant who had recently returned from China. He told me that he had been asked by a grave and honorable Chinese resident in the royal city whether Christians fed on swine's flesh.

STUDIED MODESTY.

He Played a Shrewd Part on His Return From Italy.

On Bonaparte's passage through Chambery, he had been visibly affected by a shout from the multitude hailing him as the father of his soldiers. There were countless homes in France into which the letters of absent sons had sent the same epithet, and the nation at large thought of him in that part as a simple, benevolent man, devoted to his country and to her liberties.

At first sight, wrote Talleyrand, whose acquaintance Bonaparte sought immediately on reaching Paris, "he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion and a certain tired look."

The two counsels united in a great dinner to the hero of the hour. The public was overpowered by the harmony among the rulers. Bonaparte's studied modesty might have shown the directors how false was his position with reference to him. As had been said long before to Pepin, the title of king belongs to him who has the power.

Unconscious Sarcasm. "Handsome house you have here," Jones' friend observed, as they entered the gate.

A Gigantic Mind. Restful Reagan—Say, that Happy Hogan's got der intellock, I tell yer wot!

A Whispered Dialogue. The Husband—You are right! Ji must be burglar! Where is my revolver?

The Wife—Down in the library over the desk. You know I tied ribbons on it for an ornament.—Life

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LETTER?

Some Points Not Generally Known About Foreign Mails.

Most people have supposed that anything sealed against inspection and delivered to the post office constituted in effect a "letter," which at the regulation rate of two cents postage would be obliged to forward to its destination.

A Boston architect offered at the post office in that city a sealed roll addressed to the commissioner of patents at Ottawa, Can., on which the proper amount of postage, at letter rates, had been paid.

The matter was referred to the authorities at Washington for decision, the superintendent of foreign mails in due time forwarded a decision embodying the joint opinions of Canadian and American postal authorities, to the effect that "the term letter, in its usual and ordinary form, is to be construed to embrace sealed packages consisting of an envelope of any size, but of the usual letter shape, and its contents; but that rolls or a package not enclosed in an 'envelope,' as the word envelope is generally used, can not be considered to be a letter in its usual and ordinary form."

A FAST RUN.

Not Officially Recorded, but It Occurred in Montana.

The Railroad club met in the usual place, and after a short business session the boys drifted into 'shop' conversation. The recent fast run of the general manager's special from Hope to Missoula was commented on and the talk on fast runs became general.

"Speaking of fast runs," said he, "why that little Montana Union line lays over everything I ever saw. No Dutch clocks or anything else to hold a man down there. I worked for that road when Bob Smith was dispatcher, and when he told the boys to 'wheel 'em' we all knew what it meant. One day we were going north and were delayed in various ways until we reached Stewart. Bob wired the con. at that point that he wanted our train to get over to Garrison as quick as God would let us."

"Well, we put our train away and were resting ourselves, when we glanced up the track and saw a dark streak approaching at a lightning gait. We were astounded for an instant, but as it slowed up we readily recognized it as the shadow of the train we had just brought in."

"By the way," said his friend, "who lives in that queer little box of a place next door?"

"Oh, that's the man I rent from," Jones replied.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Wife—Down in the library over the desk. You know I tied ribbons on it for an ornament.—Life

PITY THE ABSENT-MINDED.

For These Are Some of the Accidents Which Daily Befall Them.

"It is a great misfortune to be absent-minded," remarked the young woman in gray.

"Indeed it is," groaned the girl with pompadour hair, "and I know all about it if anybody does. I went shopping with Jis this other day and we must have exchanged parcels in the first shop we entered. She found she had mine when she got home and brought it over to me, and—would you believe it?—the one I had wasn't here at all, and, as I may have exchanged it half a dozen times for all I know, her prospect of getting it back is not at all bright."

"I should think not," said the young woman in gray. "But my latest exploit is equally bad. I came up from Hyde Park the other day to go to a luncheon on the north side, stopping on the way for a pair of gloves. When I came out of the store I found I had only twenty minutes, so I took a cab. What was my surprise to find myself at home when we stopped, and yet I must have given the man my own address or he couldn't possibly have known it."

"Very true. I did a funny thing long ago, myself," said the young woman in green. "I paid a lot of calls and I noticed that everyone looked queer, but I wouldn't think why until I found that I had been leaving the cards I had left over when I was married. And now everybody is asking Harry when we were divorced."

"My goodness, that was awful!" said the young woman in gray. "Now, I often forget the name of the woman I'm calling on—it slips right out of my head when I ascend the front steps—and am reduced to asking for the lady of the house. It sometimes gives rise to complications, too," she added.

"I should think so," said the girl with pompadour hair, "but I can't sit in the seat of the scornful myself. The other day I wrote Mattie all about the breaking of Pru's engagement. My mind was so full of her that I actually addressed the envelope to Pru herself. She sent it back without a word, and now I'm busy dodging into stores and up alleys to avoid meeting her."

"No wonder," observed the young woman in green, "but I'm just as bad. The other day Clara and I were out together and on the way home I gave the conductor two nickels. 'What's this one for?' he asked. 'Why, for the other lady,' I answered. Then I suddenly remembered that she had left me before I got in the car."

"Yes, it is a real misfortune to be absent-minded," said the girl with pompadour hair. "The other day I told Evelyn an awful funny story, and couldn't imagine why she was so stiff about it until I remembered that it was about an accident which had fallen her own husband."

"You poor thing," said the young woman in gray. "But just listen what I did last week! I went to the milliners and tried on a lot of hats. None of them just suited me and I was preparing to go when the saleswoman handed me another. 'Oh, it's no use to try that one on,' I said. 'It's a perfect fright!' It is the one you were wearing when you came in," she replied politely, and my feelings may be better imagined than described."

"I should think so," said the young woman in green. "My goodness! What shall I do? I left my husband in the waiting-room at the hotel while I went to buy a veil, then I met you and forgot all about him. Do you suppose he is there yet?"

"If he is I shouldn't advise you to go after him," remarked the young woman in gray, "because our meeting happened a matter of four hours ago."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HE WOUNDS THE WATCH.

Practical Joke on One of the North Side Street Railway's Milions.

"Say, friend, can I trouble you to wind my watch for me? I mashed my thumb in a folding-bed and it bothers me badly," said a sedate old gentleman to the conductor of a north-bound limits car to-day, as the grip-ducked down into the tunnel.

The neat rubber oot on the gentleman's thumb confirmed his story and his benign dignity did not seem to admit of a refusal. Consequently, the conductor took the silver chronometer, grasped the stem and began to wind with cheerful alacrity. By the time the train had reached the dividing wall in the tunnel the "short-horsoon-curred" expression vanished from the face of the conductor.

"Guess this must be a Waterbury?" he grumbled.

NEW BRITISH MINISTRY.

A Strong Combination of Real Ability and Experience.

Salisbury's Return to Power Was Not a Surprise—Peculiarly Unfortunate Condition of the Liberal Party—The Unionist Programme.

[Written for This Paper.]

The passing-away of the Rosebery ministry in Great Britain was not a surprise to anyone. For months the liberal party had remained in power by grace of the opposition, whose leaders did not care to assume the responsibility of the government as long as the liberal platform stood the faintest show of success at the polls.



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

present time, but Lord Salisbury's ready acceptance of the premiership indicates that the party is in excellent condition to go before the country.

As soon as parliament adjourns—which will be in a few days—preparations for a general election will begin. The Tories and Unionists, under the leadership of Salisbury and Balfour, for the first time in some years, will be able to present a solid front.

The "grand old man" is not only out of politics, but has returned to the advocacy of many policies especially dear to conservative sentiment. He can, in no sense whatever, be considered a leader by the managers of the impending campaign, although he still clings to the Irish home rule doctrine laid down by him at the beginning of the present session of parliament; and this devotion may cause a number of Irish members to identify themselves with the liberals, in spite of the charge made by thousands of Irishmen that Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the liberal leader in the house, did nothing to promote the home rule cause.

The liberal party, although it pretends to represent progressive Great Britain, has done very little during the parliamentary session now drawing to a close which would entitle it to a vote of confidence. It was pledged to give home rule to Ireland, to ameliorate the condition of English workmen and to abolish the tithe system in certain parts of the United Kingdom.

Another ex-liberal who has accepted office under Salisbury is George J. Goschen, first lord of the admiralty. In the former conservative cabinet Mr. Goschen was chancellor of the exchequer. In 1871 he was one of Gladstone's closest friends and acted as lord of the admiralty. In the home rule campaign of 1886, however, he left the liberal party and became the brains of the liberal-unionist faction.

Lord Salisbury has shown great wisdom in the selection of his official advisers. He is a firm believer in discipline, experience having taught him that no ministry can maintain itself for any length of time unless dominated by one master mind.



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Next to Salisbury in influence will be Arthur James Balfour, first lord of the treasury. He is not only one of the brainiest, but also one of the youngest leaders in English politics. Born in 1848, he was made president of the local government board as long ago as 1885. In 1886 he was appointed secretary for Scotland; a year later became secretary for Ireland, and in October, 1891, was made first lord of the treasury and leader of the house of commons.

Salisbury's return to power was not a surprise to anyone. For months the liberal party had remained in power by grace of the opposition, whose leaders did not care to assume the responsibility of the government as long as the liberal platform stood the faintest show of success at the polls.

name first appeared in print; although he has been flattered and honored by the great men of many nations. He is the clearest debater in the house of commons; a student of occult philosophy and comparative theology, and a confirmed bachelor. Americans who have met him praise his gentlemanly demeanor, under which, however, he hides an unlimited amount of class prejudice and traditional pride.

Chamberlain is the shrewdest member of the Salisbury ministry. He is not quite as scholarly as Balfour, but what he does not know about the ways of politicians and their tricks is not worth knowing. Not so many years ago he was, next to Gladstone, the most influential man in the liberal party and looked upon as the coming leader of the forces collected by the venerable sage of Hawarden.

The new president of the council, the duke of Devonshire, is better known to Americans as the marquis of Huntingdon. Like Chamberlain he is a distinguished ex-liberal. In 1875, when Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of giving up the party leadership, he was chosen leader in the house of commons.

The duke of Devonshire, after the fall of the conservatives, invited him to form a liberal cabinet, but he declined in favor of Mr. Gladstone. When the latter espoused the cause of Irish home rule in 1886, the marquis identified himself with the unionist party coalition, but would not accept office under Lord Salisbury.

The other gentlemen composing the Salisbury ministry have had ample experience in public life, but it is hardly necessary to mention their names and achievements excepting perhaps a reference to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the new chancellor of the exchequer, whose fame is international.

The marquis of Salisbury has assumed the portfolio of secretary of state for foreign affairs, to the great satisfaction of every court in Europe. He is recognized as a power in international politics, and his utterances receive far more attention than did the correspondence of his predecessor, Lord Kimberley.

Kullack, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoe-maker in his time.

Kullack was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterward the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots. "What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man. With a gentle smile Kullack replied: "Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

G. W. WEIPPERT.

A Fair Exchange.

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CONFIDENTIAL RELATIONS.

Should Always Exist Between Mother and Daughter.

In this era of change the girl at home, seeing other girls abroad earning money and spending it, developing their powers, winning success, recognition, sometimes fame, and at all events what looks like happiness, feels that it is impossible for her to remain placidly among humdrum duties that others could perform as well at less sacrifice.

Others who could perhaps be paid with a title of what she might earn if she had her way. If she gives voice to her unrest, she is frequently reproached for her unwomanly spirit, her pretensions are denied, and her conclusions ridiculed, and help to change the current of her life is refused.

For the hope of almost every mother is to see her girls do exactly as she did, repeat her experiences, her triumphs, her happiness; and even if she herself did not find happiness, then, in the revenges of time, she is all the more sure that happiness will come to her daughter. She can not rid her mind of the idea that to be womanly is to do exactly what all women have done before, and no more.

Now to some extent the mother has herself to thank for the trouble which has overtaken her when the girl rebels, thinks herself oppressed, begins to have her own opinion of her mother's poor spirit, limited sphere, and narrow outlook. Long and long ago she should have made herself the friend and intimate of her daughter, no matter at what trouble. She should not have allowed herself to be centered in her own more personal affairs.

He Lacked the Nerve to Make Her Happy. Upon receipt of your address we will mail free a package of beautifully illustrated transparent cards, picturing and explaining just how and why men frequently suffer from nervous troubles that prevent their doing the right thing at the right time.

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Queen & Crescent Route to the Atlanta Exposition. It will be one of the greatest fairs ever known in America. Many features of the Chicago World's Fair and many additional and new ones.

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The moonlight crossed my path to-day; A brown flash on a hawk's broad spray Swung back and forth across the blue; The hop vines leapt an inch or two Along their poles to try the sun;

Yes I recall a time of pain, A shadowless gray day of rain, And soundless, save the sobbing storm, With cold no breath fire or warm. A cold that lies against the heart;

Where to Locate in the South. Of the thousands and thousands of Northern families who contemplate locating in the South this fall, in the hope of improving their health and bettering their financial status, the vital question is which point in the South is the best to locate in.

It was this belt that originally attracted the eyes of the world to the South. It is about fifty miles wide and two hundred miles long, and reaches from the Northeast corner of the State as far south as Tuscaloosa. Within the mineral belt lie all the coal, iron, limestone and other mines; all the furnaces and most of the manufacturing of the State, thus providing employment for immense numbers of operators of all kinds.

The land throughout the mineral region is high and dry, though watered by many rivers and rapid streams. Its elevation is such that it enjoys the luxury of a pure atmosphere derived from its altitude, thus giving to all this region the uniform climate of the South with the benefit of the seasons.

Birmingham is the center of this mineral belt, with the beautiful city of Fort Payne, on the Alabama River, in the South, at the North and Tuscaloosa at the South.

Once, at least, ridicule was of great benefit to the human race. "When was that?" "When Edison made light of electricity."

Ten Thousand Miles or Thirty. It matters not which may subject you to sea sickness on the "briny deep." Whether you are a yachtsman, an ocean traveler, out for a day or two's fishing on the salt water, or even an inland tourist in feeble health, you ought to be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a valuable remedy for nausea, colic, biliousness, acidity of the stomach, malaria, rheumatism, nervousness and sick headache.

Wax's that terrible cry! "Oh, that's our college yell!" "It must be a college of dentistry!" -Puck.

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Royal Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

My big brother belongs to the Seventh regiment, said little Nell, proudly, "and my, how noble he looks when he's all dressed up in his uniform!" - Harper's Round Table.

Knowledge. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Lake Shore and Southern Michigan's Best Mountain, Lake and Seaside Resorts. 8:00 AM DAILY, 10:30 AM DAILY, 3:00 PM DAILY, 5:30 PM DAILY, 8:45 PM DAILY.

FARMING LANDS FOR SALE CHEAP ON "800" RAILWAY. TIMBERED LANDS in Michigan and Wisconsin. Prairie Lands in Minnesota and North Dakota.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS FOR ONE WRAPPER OF ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI. Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

GO TO the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral.

DENVER and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates.

IN JULY, 1895. BEST IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unparalleled.

LEWIS' 98% LYE POWDERED AND PERFECTED. The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use.

The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO., PUBLISHERS. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, by Carrier or Mail, \$3.00 Six Months, \$1.50 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Peffer's platform is all right and deserves notice. Here it is: "1. Get the people to work; pay them for what they do."

Marine underwriters are beginning to fight shy of steel ships on the lakes. A writer representing a foreign company says: "There are on the lakes about 110 steel and composite boats, the premium on which at current rates amounts to about \$370,000."

It is interesting to note that, two years after closing the Indian mints to the manufacture of the silver rupee, Great Britain has resumed in them the coinage of the white metal on a considerable scale.

Drunkness is absolutely no defence for a criminal. The saloon commits no crimes without the deliberate participation of men.

Writing to the editor of an English engineering journal, Andrew Carnegie gives with characteristic pith and directness the cure for the high freight rates that are handicapping manufacturers there:

There are two principal reasons why both the beet and cane sugar industries of the United States should receive ample protection at the hands of congress.

to train and ship to the furnace yard. The situation as to freights continues unchanged. Escanaba boats are perhaps plentier than for Lake Superior ports, but the fifty-five-cent rate is unchanged, with Marquette charters at seventy-five cents and the Duluth rate eighty-five cents.

A million and a half tons of ore moved an average of about 850 miles, and most of it unloaded direct into railway cars for shipment to furnaces, all in thirty days!

The story of Albert Sidney Johnston's watch, just now going the rounds of the papers is sheer nonsense. Gen. Johnston's body was not left on the field for any one to plunder.

The average age of the presidents of the United States has been 56. Grant, who was elected at 47, was the youngest man ever elected to the presidency, and the first Harrison, who was inaugurated at 68, was the oldest.

It is not generally known that the Canadian Pacific railway has for years past refused to sell its lands immediately adjoining its stations except upon conditions which preclude the sale of liquors thereon.

Leiter, the Chicago drygoodsman, is a democrat but he says of the tariff-tinker: "I look upon Mr. Wilson as foolish. A man must be foolish to have made such a tariff bill as he originally passed, and which the president approved of."

The people of the land favor "protection to American industries" but they're opposed to "trusts." This is as true of democrats as republicans, and yet the 53d congress was ruled and directed by the sugar trust and the president and his secretary of the treasury did its bidding.

They have some good laws and ways in Canada. One Rowe, who outraged a girl of twelve years gets four years in the penitentiary and twelve lashes with the cat.

The Defender, Herreshoff's new yacht, was tried against the Vigilant last Monday and proved herself very fast and very staunch—worthy at all points to defend the trophy against the new British racer the Valkyrie III.

Cleveland doesn't seem to have made any decided hit in changing his weather prophet. Cyclones are more plentiful and destructive than ever.

President Cleveland finds his married life "one grand, sweet song," and says so. The Iron Port congratulates him, heartily.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church will give a moonlight excursion on the steamer Lotus, Friday evening, August 2d, weather permitting.

The W. C. T. U. has under preparation for the latter part of August a unique and novel entertainment entitled "The Milkmaids Convention."

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. L. A. Gates on Saturday, July 27th, at four o'clock.

The pressure upon dock room at Lake Erie ports is becoming greater with every week, the lack of cars making it impossible to transfer directly from boat

The heavy smoke from the forest fires is making navigation dangerous at the foot of Lake Michigan. Captains of steamers arriving this morning report that the pall of smoke is fully as heavy as during the fires of last summer.

There was a pretty race on Lake Superior last week Wednesday between the steamers Masaba and Samuel Mitchell. They came abreast off Eagle river, and both were desirous of making the Soo first.

The tug Torrent ran into the towline between the steamer Sika and the schooner Yakon in St. Clair flats canal at 9:30 on the night of the 17th.

The steamer Nyanza, bound up with coal, collided Tuesday morning with the Northern liner Northern King, down bound, with merchandise, in a fog at the foot of Sugar Island, in St. Mary's river.

The year before they had been inseparable chums, with the same tastes, the same habits. Now everything was changed.

His nerves were at high tension, and he sat watching the door pathetically, expectantly, like the felon awaiting the coming of his executioner.

"Here he is," said the married one. "Here's my son and heir. Isn't he a beauty, Jack, eh?"

Jack made some idiotic remark about the baby's sex. "Oh, yes," said the father. "Hadn't you heard? It's a boy, of course."

"Certainly, I might have known," Jack gasped. "It's got hair on its head."

"Baby's got a tooth," said the father, proudly.

"Only one?" queried the bachelor, and then he had a bright idea.

"Of course, that needn't worry you," he said; "I should think you might get a false set pretty cheap. Such a small kid, y' know."

A German lover of figures has made the following curious calculations, says the Berliner Abend Post: A man smoking a pipe of medium size blows out of his mouth for every time he fills the pipe 700 smoke clouds.

If two lovers spend four hours together and the lover takes or receives 300 kisses—low calculation—and each kiss lasts ten seconds, in five years' time the lover would have 265,000 kisses, and their lips would have been united for the space of forty-six days and six hours.

If the entire population is considered to be 1,400,000,000 the brains of this number of human beings would weigh 1,929,713 tons, or as much as ninety-six ironclads of the ordinary size.

The air pressure on a person of ordinary size is thirteen and a half tons. A man of fifty years of age has in ordinary cases undressed himself 18,000 times, and, of course, dressed himself just as many times.

When a person on the street raises his hat, makes a bow, the work of a second, he is carried by the movement of the earth 500 meters round with the planet, three miles round the sun, and nearly a mile forward with the sun.

"The most beautiful girl I ever saw either in face or in form," said a bachelor doctor to the New York Sun. "was over in the good old Pennsylvania Dutch county of Lebanon. I met her at a party and fell in love with her before I knew that she was worth one hundred thousand dollars in her own right and before I had been introduced to her."

The moment I saw her I resolved to marry and win her. I was dead gone. I couldn't rest until I was introduced. An embarrassing silence followed the introduction. I had expected a friend at the party, and I hadn't seen him. I broke the embarrassing silence by asking my enlaver if she had noticed whether he was present. A flush deepened her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes grew brighter. Teeth of matchless white gleamed between her red lips as she opened them to reply.

And this was what she said: "I haven't seen him yet. I guess he hasn't come already. That was good Lebanon county English, but I didn't try to win the girl."

Professional Cards. F. A. BAKER, D. D. S. DENTAL OFFICE, 501 Walla Avenue, Escanaba, Mich. Office hours 9 to 4. Established 1877.

DR. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Young's bakery, 605 Ludington St. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

DR. D. H. ROWLETT, 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 110 South Georgia Street. 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. E. 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. PETERSAN GULLANS, GRADUATED MIDWIFE, 207 Jeanie Street. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Groceries. SPECIALS. Flour and Feed.

- Canned Corn .07
Canned Corn good .10
Canned Corn better .12
Canned Corn best .15
Canned Tomatoes 3 cans .25
Kirkoline washing powder per package .18
3 crown Raisins per lb. .06

M. L. MERRILL, 1005 Ludington St. Escanaba, Mich. Shoes.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING. D. S. COEDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURER. \$4.95 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.95 POLICE 3 SOLES. \$2.95 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.49 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.95 \$2.95 \$2.49. BEST FRENCH. W. L. DOUGLAS. MADE IN U. S. A.

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 prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by E. HOFFMAN.

No. Not Strange. That so many LADIES have their SHIRT & WAISTS done up at the ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY. Just try them once and you will find out why. —Filler & Wolf, Telephone 29. 316 Ludington St.

Soap Sale. An Astounding Soap Sale. The Eighth Wonder of the World now on exhibition in our show window, an exact reproduction of the great U. S. Administration Building, built out of 26,176 cakes of fine MEDICATED TOILET CASTILE SOAP, making the largest and finest display of Toilet Soap ever attempted in the world and is the greatest soap bargain ever offered in America. 2 Cakes for 5c. Everybody welcome to all they want of it for a limited time at this price.

ED. ERICKSON, AGENT FOR ESCANABA.

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.

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.

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries. I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE. Which I wish to keep in the move and my prices will do it. E. M. St. JACQUES. Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts. Building Materials. JAS. DRUSH & CO., Wholesale and Retailers in Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Brick, Tile, Etc. ESCANABA, MICH. Deansman St., Near the Engine House.

UPPER PENINSULA NEWS

Gathered From Our Exchanges and Condensed.

**Iron County Poor Commissioners Bounced**  
—Strikes at Negaunee and Ishpeming  
—Suicide at Ingalls—Drowned at Houghton—No Water Works for Manistique.

The little strikes at the Lillie and Pratt mines were but preliminaries. The miners of Ishpeming and Negaunee held a mass meeting at Union park, which is situated between the two cities, Monday morning and decided to strike for higher wages. Five thousand men have gone out and the strike is likely to spread to other districts. If the strike is not quickly settled shipments of iron ore from the Marquette range will be greatly curtailed.

Joe Sandburg made five miles on his wheel, at Menominee, on Monday last, in twelve minutes and twenty seconds, beating the state record for that distance. Of another wheelman the Leader says: "Oshinsky is out of it—Oshinsky did a very foolish thing—Oshinsky was warm—Oshinsky had just been riding hard—Oshinsky put his head under a water faucet—Oshinsky turned the water on—Oshinsky had the pleurisy."

The poor of Iron county are in a very critical financial condition as the charges against the deposed commissioners state that the poor fund has been over drawn to the amount of several thousand dollars and the stores of the county refuse to furnish supplies on poor orders. This makes bonding the county almost a necessity, as the poor must be cared for and cannot be without money.—Drill.

The board of supervisors of Iron county last week bounced the three commissioners of the poor and appointed other men in their places. The commissioners take appeal, however, and the matter goes to the circuit court.

Dr. C. E. Wray, of Ingalls, Menominee county, took an overdose of chloral hydrate last Sunday night and was found dead Monday morning. He had been drinking to excess and had mania a potu Sunday.

The men employed at the Lillie mine went on strike for an increase of wages last Saturday and were told to come and get their pay, the agent, Mr. Matiland, saying that the company was making no money, and would as soon close the mine as work it.

The Menominee Herald takes in earnest the suggestion that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight be brought off on the decks of the Ann Arbor boats, and thinks the mill will take place "between the mouth of the river and Chambers Island."

Manistique tax-payers voted no on the proposition to borrow \$40,000 and spend the money for water works. There was a majority for the issue of bonds but a two-thirds vote was necessary and that could not be had.

The trammers at the Platt mine struck for an advance in wages—from \$1.40 to \$1.65—last Saturday. The advance being refused and their money offered them about half returned to work at the old rate.

Paul Heydens, a lad of five years lost the fingers of his left hand and was otherwise severely wounded by the explosion of a dynamite cap at Norway last week. He was fortunate to escape alive.

That Continental match factory does not come our way. The secretary of the company notifies the Business Men's association of Menominee that the factory will be located at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The Cleveland company has raised the wages of its employes, or a portion of them. Those who received \$1.10 have been raised to \$1.25 and those who were paid \$1.25 will get \$1.50 hereafter.

A dock at Houghton gave way under a load of coal last Saturday and a boy named Ollinger went down into the lake with the coal and was drowned.

A four-year-old girl at Calumet got a peanut into her windpipe last Sunday and her life was only saved by prompt work—tracheotomy—by the doctors.

Homer McGinnis and F. E. Roberts, of Bruce township, Chippewa county, are held for trial on charge of illegal practices at the spring election.

John Quimby, one of the pioneers of Menominee, died last Monday. He came there when only six years old and had lived there fifty years.

A miner named Chipman suffered fractures of both legs by a fall of ground in the Lake mine of the Cleveland company, at Ishpeming, on the 17th.

Ewen is becoming orderly and respectable, having driven LeClair and his gang of thugs and prostitutes out of town.

The Champion mine, so long idle, is now working over 200 men and mining about 10,000 tons per month.

Westlake's store, at South Ontonagon was robbed and burned last week.

Menominee "turners" propose to build an opera house.

**General Business News.**  
Get your Pictures and Picture Frames at Wilson's Studios, Escanaba and Gladstone. The only first-class galleries between Menominee and Ishpeming.

Wanted two men to canvass the city and vicinity. Apply at 713 Ludington street. 19tf  
A safe, medium size, a cash register and a six-year-old horse—all good articles—for sale by P. M. Peterson. 19tf  
B 4 U by anything in the flour and feed line see Pat. Fogarty, at 600 Ludington street, and get his prices.  
Furnished rooms to let. Inquire at 214 North Mary street.  
Pabst's beer, for table use, by Stack & Cleary. See their price list in this paper. 27-4t

**SWELL PEOPLE'S SERVANTS.**

They Are Far More Patronizing Than Their Masters.

"I wonder if I'm more of a snob than most people," remarked little Mrs. Candour, confidentially, to the New York Tribune man, "for I must plead guilty to being dreadfully afraid of smart servants. The only set of individuals before whom I usually quail are the ladies' ladies and the gentlemen's gentlemen. With their masters or mistresses I can hold my own fairly well; their wealth and grandeur do not awe me a bit. But the servants distinctly depress and in a way humiliate me, for I feel so vexed with myself that I have so little self-respect as to mind them. Nevertheless, I do, and I fancy a good many other people do, too, if they have the frankness to acknowledge it. The other evening, for instance, we were dining at the Midases' and I began to feel uncomfortable as soon as we left the cab.

"Wait until we are inside of the house," I said to the driver, feeling guiltily conscious that I wanted the footman to see that we did not arrive in the 'bus.

"Why?" inquired my husband, innocently (men are so stupid, they never suffer from these aristocrats of the kitchen).

"Oh," I answered, feebly, "perhaps it's the wrong night, or— Why can't he stay?" I exclaimed, petulantly.

"Why, certainly, Tessie, if you want him to; I don't mind," said poor Jack, bewildered.

"Inside the door was another footman and Mrs. M.'s own maid, who looked critically at my home-made gown and shook out my skirts with proud humility. You know the Midas house and how the room in which they receive their dinner guests is beyond the big drawing-room; so, although I was longing to ask Jack if my hair was all right and receive the comforting assurance, which he always gives, dear fellow, that I looked 'awfully fit,' I felt rather than saw that the butler was waiting patiently and reproachfully to usher us through the anteroom and announce us. 'Come,' I said to myself as my glove wouldn't go on and I felt that the battery of observant, calmly critical eyes was more than I could endure, 'do remember, you snobbish little thing, that you are as good as Mrs. Midas' butler, anyway,' and, rallying my self-respect, I deliberately finished buttoning my glove and swept haughtily through the rooms.

"By Jove, Tessie," said Jack afterward, "you looked like a regular little queen of Sheba. What made you so grand?"

"It was the instinct of self-preservation," I answered. "I simply had to assert myself to keep from feeling utterly overwhelmed."

**HOW HISTORY IS MADE.**

**A Curious Story of a Recent Important International Episode.**

The following interesting little story appears in a London weekly paper called Society:

"Talking of the present ministry, let me give the true story of Sir E. Grey's making the grave statement in the house of commons. A friend of mine, a rather brilliant man, was called upon by the editor of a weekly paper to write the leader for him. The editor had not yet got thoroughly over his influenza, and the friend agreed to it. He wrote the leader on the French aggressiveness in Africa, sent it to the printer, where it was set up and forwarded to the editor. The latter, not approving of the subject, transmitted the proof, and said: 'My dear boy, you agreed to write on Armenia, not Africa. This is of no interest to the general public. The wires about the French on the Niger and the reported march on the Soudan are probably pure inventions. In any case, the attack on Sir E. Grey for his vague generalities is hardly the thing,' and so on.

"My friend simply took the proof, and writing on it: 'This is going into an important paper, and is the true feeling of the English people,' popped it into an envelope, and sent it down to Sir E. Grey at the house of commons. It was posted in the Strand at 4:15 p. m., and would be delivered at Westminster probably about 9:30 p. m. At 8 p. m. the meeting of the cabinet was hastily convened by Sir E. Grey, and at 10 p. m. he made the statement which has shaken all the bourses of Europe. The following morning came the editorial wire to my friend: 'I see the importance of your article now and shall use it.'"

First publication July 20th, 1895.  
**MORTGAGE SALE**—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated October 31st, A. D. 1887, executed by William J. Martin, Jr., and Augusta Martin his wife, Nellie J. Weisart, Jennie F. Martin and Gertrude M. Jager, of Escanaba, Michigan, to Josiah Symons of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the county of Delta, in lib. "E" of mortgages, on page 303 on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1887, and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at date of this notice is the sum of two thousand six hundred twenty-five dollars and seventy-nine cents (\$2652.79) of principal and interest, and the further sum of thirty-five 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 the said bill of sale contained in said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by 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 (that being the place where the circuit court for said county is held) on the fourth day of November, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in the premises described in said mortgage as follows, to wit:

All that piece or parcel of land-lying and being in the city of Escanaba and county of Delta, state of Michigan, to wit:

Lot number one (1) of block number twenty-nine (29) of the village (now city) of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated July 18th, 1895.

MARY A. SYMONS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Josiah Symons, deceased.  
A. R. NOYBURY,  
Attorney for Mortgages.

First Publication May 18th, 1895.

**MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE**—Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 12th, 1893, executed by Almon Spang (twice), and John H. Korman, which said mortgage was on November 22d, 1893, recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Delta county, Michigan, in lib. "E" of mortgages as page 351.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage the note accompanying the same the sum of \$300.

principal and interest, and no proceedings at law have been instituted to recover the debt so secured or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by reason of said default in the payment of the sum so secured whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein and hereinafter described to satisfy the amount now due thereon with interest on the principal sum at the rate of 10 per cent, to the date of sale and all legal costs of foreclosure including an attorney fee of \$15.00 provided in said mortgage and authorized by statute at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, Delta county, Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county is held) on the 19th day of August, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described as the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirty-two (32) in township forty (40) north of range eighteen (18) west, lying in Garden township, Delta county, Michigan.

Dated May 18th, 1895.

EMILE KORMAN,  
Mortgages.  
C. W. DUNTON,  
Attorney for Mortgages.

**MORTGAGE SALE**—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, executed by Joseph Nelden and Paulina Nelden, his wife, of Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan to Lowell C. Royce of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Delta, in Lib. "E" of Mortgages, on page 196, on the fourth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, at eleven-fifteen o'clock in the forenoon, and whereas, the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Lowell C. Royce to Adell N. Royce of Oberlin, Lorain County, Ohio, by assignment bearing date the fourth day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county of Delta, on the twenty-fifth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in lib. "L" of Mortgages on page 101.

And whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Adell N. Royce to Lowell C. Royce, by assignment bearing date the nineteenth day of April in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county of Delta, on the twenty-first day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in lib. "L" of Mortgages on page 101.

And whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Lowell C. Royce to Lowell C. Royce, by assignment bearing date the twentieth day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county of Delta, on the twenty-fifth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in lib. "L" of Mortgages on page 101.

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, that being the place where the circuit court in said county of Delta, on the eighth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows to wit: Lot number nine of block numbered fifty-three, of the city of Escanaba.

Dated July 10th A. D. 1895.

LOWELL C. ROYCE,  
Assignee and Mortgagee.  
ROYCE & BARRAS,  
Attorneys for Assignee.

First Publication June 8th, 1895.  
**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE**—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Leitzen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Peter Leitzen, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Delta, on the third day of June, A. D. 1895, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Monday, the 25th day of July, A. D. 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of making said sale, the following described real estate, to wit: The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter (s.e. 1/4) of a 1/4 of section three (3) township thirty-nine (39) north of range twenty-three (23) west situated and being in the township of Wells, Delta county, Michigan.

PETER SCHILS,  
Administrator of the estate of Peter Leitzen, deceased.

Merchant Tailor.

**\$20.00 Suits**  
**\$25.00 Suits**  
**\$30.00 Suits**

**Suits in Any Style**  
But a Bad One.

**Suits of Any Material**  
But Shoddy.

**Suits at Any Price**  
But a High One.

CALL ON  
**PETER OLSON,**  
801 Ludington St. MERCHANT TAILOR.

**UP AND DOWN!**

The first word Refers to the Quality of our Groceries  
The last refers to our Prices,

**OUR SALES**

Have been constantly going Up for several years, the result of constant Bargain giving. We do not hold out a few articles as baits to sell high priced articles, but our motto has been

**THE BEST GOODS**

At low prices all along the line. We are at your service on these terms.

**A. H. ROLPH,**  
509 Ludington Street - Escanaba, Michigan.

Bottled Beer.

**PRICE LIST**

OF

**Pabst Brewing Co's**

**MILWAUKEE BEER.**

Case of 2 dozen quarts, \$2.00  
" 1 " " 1.00  
" 3 " pints, 2.00  
" 1 1/2 " " 1.00

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**STACK & CLEARY.**

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At Wholesale and Retail.

**Choice Brands of Flour**

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**CARPET**

200 samples of 1 yard each In-grain. **SALE NOW ON. 12cents each.**

**CARPET**

40 samples 1 1/4 yards each Tapes-try Brussels. **SALE NOW ON. 50cents each.**

**CARPET**

35 samples 1 1/4 yards each Wilton Velvets all very choice rug pattern. **SALE NOW ON. 95cents each.**

**CARPET**

25 samples 1 1/4 yards each, Body Brussels, very best quality goods. **SALE NOW ON. 98cents each.**

**CARPET**

23 samples 1 1/4 yards each Moquette Carpet and Borders, most elegant designs and colorings. **SALE NOW ON. 1.05 each**

The above are all new and clean, and well worth one-third to one-half more.

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Drugs and Medicines.

**FOR DRUGS THAT ARE PURE**

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**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.

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Oil Burner.

**OIL BURNER**

TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR COOL. CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.

**WANT AGENTS** on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.

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**BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, Clover Seed**

Hay Seed, Beans, Peas, Etc.

Every article the best of its kind, and prices at the Lowest Living Point. South east corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Contractors and Builders.

**KEMP & WILLIAMS.**

Window and Doors, Store Fronts, Bar Fixtures, Etc.

Balustrade work, Turning, Band Sawing, etc. Plans furnished and contracts taken.

Shop and office corner Charlotte and Hale. Escanaba, Mich.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the newspaper from the press, whether ordered, or in violation of the law, or by any other means, is liable for the same.

A FIRM DISSOLVED.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Even a stranger to the big town walking for the first time through London sees on the sides of the houses many names with which he has long been familiar.

When you come to ponder over the matter, it seems strange that there should ever be any real man behind the names so lavishly advertised; that there should be a genuine Smith or Jones whose name justly celebrated medicines work such wonders, or whose soap will clean even a guilty conscience.

Such a condition of things, incredible as it may appear, exists in London. There are men in the metropolis, utterly unknown personally, whose names are more widely spread over the earth than the names of the greatest novelists, living or dead, and these men have feeling and form like unto ourselves.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong, for instance. The name may mean nothing to any reader of these pages, but there was a time when it was well known and widely advertised, not only in England, but over the greater part of the world.

Curiously enough, during the time the firm was struggling to establish itself, the two members were the best of friends, but when prosperity came to them causes of differences arose, and their relations, as the papers say of warlike nations, became strained.

Strong was a bitter man when aroused, and could generally be counted upon to use harsh language. Danby was quieter, but there was a sullen streak of stubbornness in him that did not tend to the making up of the quarrel.

We are all rather prone to be misled by appearances. As one walks down Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Fleet street and meets numerous irreproachably dressed men with glossy tail coats and polished boots, with affable manners and a courteous way of deporting themselves towards their fellows, we are apt to fall into the false belief of believing that these gentlemen are civilized.

In London for a day, during which time none of us would be held answerable for any deed then done, how many of us would be alive next morning? Most of us would go out to pot some favorite enemy, and would doubtless be potted ourselves before we got safely home again.

The law, however, is a great restrainer, and helps to keep the death rate from reaching excessive proportions. One department of the law crushed out the remnant of the business of Messrs. Danby & Strong, leaving the firm bankrupt, while another department of the law prevented either of the partners taking the life of the other.

When Strong found himself penniless, he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to a friend in Texas asking if he could get anything to do over there. He was fired of a country of law and order, he said, which was not as complimentary to Texas as it might have been. But his remarks only go to show what extraordinary ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts.

One day, when he least expected it, the subject was brought to his mind in a manner that startled him. He was in Galveston ordering supplies for the ranch, when in passing a shop which he would have called a draper's, but which was there designated as dealing in dry goods, he was amazed to see the name "Danby & Strong" in big letters at the bottom of a huge pile of small card-board boxes that filled the whole window.

As he stood there a new interest began to fill his mind. Was the firm being carried on under the old name by some one else, or did this lot of collars represent part of the old stock? He had had no news from home since he left, and the bitter thought occurred to him that perhaps Danby had got somebody with capital to aid him in resuscitating the business. He resolved to go inside and get some information.

"You seem to have a very large stock of those collars on hand," he said to the man who was evidently the proprietor.

"Yes," was the answer. "You see we are the state agents for this make. We supply the country dealers."

"Oh, do you? Is the firm of Danby & Strong still in existence? I understood it had suspended."

"I guess not," said the man. "They supply us all right enough. Still, I really know nothing about the firm, except that they turn out a first-class article. We're not in any way responsible for Danby & Strong; we're merely agents for the state of Texas, you know," the man added, with sudden caution.

"I have nothing against the firm," said Strong. "I asked because I once knew some members of it and was wondering how it was getting along."

"Well, in that case you ought to see the American representative. He was here this week—that's why we make such a display in the window, it always pleases the agent—he's now working up the state and will be back in Galveston before the month is out."

"What's his name? Do you remember?"

"Danby. George Danby, I think. Here's his card. No, John Danby is the name. I thought it was George. Most Englishmen are George, you know."

half as long as my arm. Now I've traveled all over this state, and never carried a gun, but I couldn't get Danby to believe his route was as safe as a church. Of course, now and then in Texas a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's more often his mouth, and I don't believe there's more killing done in Texas than in any other bit of land the same size. But you can't get an Englishman to believe that. You folks are an awful law-abiding crowd. For my part I would sooner stand my chance with a revolver than a lawsuit any day."

On Thursday morning Strong set out on horseback from Broncho Junction with his face towards Felixopolis. By noon he said to himself he ought to meet his former partner with nothing but the horizon around them. Besides the revolver in his belt, Strong had a Winchester rifle in front of him. He did not know but he might have to shoot at long range, and it was always well to prepare for eventualities. Twelve o'clock came, but he met no one, and there was nothing in sight around the empty circle of the horizon.

It was nearly two before he saw a moving dot ahead of him. Danby was evidently unused to riding and had come leisurely. Some time before they met, Strong recognized his former partner and he got his rifle ready.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted, bringing the rifle butt to his shoulder. Danby instantly raised his hands above his head. "I have no money on me," he cried, evidently not recognizing his opponent. "You may search me if you like."

"Get down off your horse; don't lower your hands, or I fire."

"I assure you I have on only a few dollars with me, which you are quite welcome to," said Danby.

Strong did not answer. Seeing that the shooting was to be at short range, he selected a six-shooter from his belt, and, cocking it, covered his man, throwing the rifle on the grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his rapidly beating heart, and leisurely disarmed him, throwing Danby's weapons on the ground out of reach. Then he stood back a few paces and looked at the trembling man. His face seemed to have already taken on the hue of death and his lips were bloodless.

"I see you recognize me at last, Mr. Danby. This is an unexpected meeting, is it not? You realize, I hope, that there are no judges, juries nor lawyers, no mandamuses and no appeals. Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol and no legal way of staying the proceedings. In other words, no cursed quibbles and no confounded law."

Danby, after several times moistening his pallid lips, found his voice: "Do you mean to give me a chance, or are you going to murder me?" "I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands drop to his sides, and swayed gently from side to side as a man does on the scaffold just before the bolt is drawn. Strong lowered his revolver and fired, shattering one knee of the doomed man. Danby dropped with a cry that was drowned by the second report. The second bullet put out his left eye, and the murdered man lay with his mutilated face turned up to the blue sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short, sharp and echoes. The silence that followed seemed intense and boundless, as if nowhere on earth there was such a thing as sound. The man on his back gave an awestruck look of the eternal to his stillness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began to realize his position. Texas, perhaps, paid too little heed to life lost in fair fight, but she had an uncomfortable habit of putting a rope round the neck of a cowardly murderer. Strong was an inventor by nature. He proceeded to invent his justification. He took one of Danby's revolvers and fired two shots out of it into the empty air. This would show that the dead man had defended himself, at least, and it would be difficult to prove that he had not been the first to fire. He placed the other pistol and the knife in their places in Danby's belt. He took Danby's right hand while it was still warm and closed the fingers around the butt of the revolver from which he had fired, placing the finger on the trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give effect and naturalness to the fabricu he was arranging for the benefit of the next traveler by that trail, he drew up the right knee and put revolver and closed hand on it as if Danby had been killed while just about to fire his third shot.

Strong, with the pride of a true artist in his work, stepped back a pace or two for the purpose of seeing the effect of his work as a whole. As Danby fell, the back of his head had struck a lump of soil or a tuft of grass which threw the chin forward on the breast. As Strong looked at his victim his heart jumped, and a sort of hypnotic fear took possession of him and paralyzed action at its source. Danby was not yet dead. His right eye was open, and it glared at Strong with a malice and hatred that mesmerized the murderer and held him there, although he felt, rather than knew, that he was covered by the cocked revolver he had placed in what he thought was a dead hand. Danby's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Strong could not take his fascinated gaze from the open eye. He knew he was a dead man if Danby had strength to crook his finger, yet he could not take the leap that would bring him out of range. The fifth pistol shot rang out and Strong pitched forward on his face.

The firm of Danby & Strong was dissolved.—Black and White.

WHY SHE LOVES A WHEEL.

It is Never Cross or Jealous and Cures the Gossiping Habit.

It is interesting to note the care and consideration that wheelwomen bestow on their machines. "I just love mine," said a girl in one of the academies yesterday, "and it nearly breaks my heart to lend it."

"Lend it!" fairly screamed a bloomer girl who thinks nothing of riding sixty miles a day. "Why, I wouldn't lend my wheel to the dearest friend I have. It gives me infinitely more pleasure, and it is never cross, ugly, mean or jealous. I really think I'm a better woman since I took to wheeling. It seems to have strengthened by character as well as my muscles, and after you're ridden as much as I have you'll understand what I mean."

"What do you mean?" inquired an elderly, grave-looking woman.

"I mean simply this: Often things come up to worry me, and I feel myself giving way to my temper. The time was when I couldn't resist this feeling, but would raise Cain, as the saying goes. Now I bite my lips, jump into my bloomers, mount, and am off like the wind. If I haven't much time, I ride three or four miles out from home, which means an hour of fresh air, wholesome exercise, and a complete change of scene. I return in perfectly good humor, and with that satisfaction which comes with the conquering of the spirit."

"Since you've made that admission," said a meek little mother, "I'd like to make one—mine is more of a confession. I never was one of the advanced women, and used to be perfectly content to talk of nothing but my neighbors and their clothes, and I really enjoyed a tiny bit of gossip if it wasn't too wicked, but—"

"Who'd ever have thought that of you, you innocent-looking little thing!" interrupted another bloomer girl.

"You wouldn't let me finish," continued the little mother. "I was about to tell you that since I've become a devotee to cycling I don't care anything about my neighbors or their clothes. Why, only yesterday, when one of them dropped in just for a minute to tell me something in strict confidence about another, I hadn't the slightest desire to hear it, so excused myself, telling her that I had engagement to go on the road."

"Good for you!" cried a beginner who is sixty-three years old and has children and grandchildren riding with her.

"Yes, I love my wheel almost as much as I do one of babies."

"Speaking of that," put in a buxom matron, "the head instructor here told me that he was desperately ill six weeks with fever, and while he was delirious nothing would do but that he must have that wheel in the room. His mother would bring it to the bed, and then he would order his nurse to oil it and rub it up, and even went so far as to have the tires inflated. Then he would beg to get on. He said he had the feeling that a spin would cure him, and he craved it just as a toper does rum. When able to sit up, he mounted the wheel, made his brother lead him a block or two, and in a few days he could ride a short distance by himself, though he would return utterly exhausted. He claims that the exercise infused new life into him with lightning-like rapidity, and that he simply couldn't stay off the machine. When he was too tired to mount it, he sat by it and stroked it as a woman would a pet cat."—N. Y. Sun.

The Practical Question.

"I think it only fair to warn you, Hiram," said the aged politician to his son, a promising young man who had been elected to the legislature and was about to start to the capital of the state to enter upon his duties, "that measures deeply affecting the public welfare will come up for consideration before the body to which you have been elected, and corrupt, designing men will seek to influence your vote. They will try to bribe you, Hiram. They will offer you money. Be on your guard against them, my boy, and remember that the reputation of the family whose name you bear and the honor of the district you represent are at stake."

"I will, father," replied the young man, deeply moved. "How—how much will they probably offer me?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Scientific Declaration.

Gent—Mademoiselle, you are the star of the evening!

Young Lady—you are the first to tell me so.

MISS PITHOANS POINT.

—It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it.—Cecil.

—Don't throw old shoes at a bride. Make a neat package and send them to her three years after her marriage. They may be acceptable.—Athenion Globe.

—"De man dat hab de mos' advice ter gib away," said Uncle Eben, "doan' generally look like he had done hisse'f much good wid it."—Washington Star.

—No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. He is rich—according to what he is, not according to what he has.—H. W. Beecher.

—Johnnie (surveying his small piece of pie)—"I'm blame glad I'm not twins." Mamma—"Why?" Johnnie—"Cause there's not enough pie even for half a twin."—Judge.

—Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen)—"Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?" Bridget—"Well, mum, sure an' ye wouldn't hev me lay me self opin to arrest for resistin' an officer, mum."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Do you know that Fender-son is a regular lady killer?" Cass—"I suspected as much from what he said about the woman in the big hat just in front of him at the theater the other night."—Boston Transcript.

—"Tom seems to have lost all interest in painting since he went to Chicago." "Why, that is strange. I thought he was wedded to his art." "So he was; but, you know, everyone gets divorced in Chicago.—Brooklyn Life.

—Cobwigger—"You seemed rather amused over the idea of your wife's wearing bloomers." Smith—"You'd be amused yourself if you could see her when she tried to find something in her work basket and emptied it into her lap."—Judge.

—"Ye can't believe half you read in books," said the newcomer to the warden. "What's the matter?" "I see in the library a book that says a man order be the molder of his own fortune. I tried to be, an' here I am, juggled fer counterfeiting."—Washington Star.

—The celebrated Dr. Dumoulin, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplored their loss, said to them: "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Every one, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them, upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, exercise and moderation in eating."—Sacred Heart Review.

—"The little dear is lost again," she said as soon as he got home. "Oh, that pug!" "Yes, that pug, if you want to talk like a brute, and I want you to advertise for him." And this is the ad. as it appeared: "Lost—A sausage-shaped yellow dog, answering when hungry the name of 'Baby.' A reward will be paid for his return to 37 Blank street, dead or alive."—Indianapolis Journal.

ALL DOUBT DISPELLED.

How the Question of the Sex of a Suspect Was Finally Settled.

"There is every reason to believe that she is a woman masquerading in male attire," said the detective in making his report, "but we have no proof of it and dare not make the arrest without it."

"She looks like a woman, does she?" asked the captain.

"Yes; and she walks much like one. Her feet are small, her hands are small and her voice and her features are womanly. In figure she resembles a swimmer, too, and I think she is the swindler we have been after for a month."

SEILED LIZON.—Friend—"I'm told that most prescriptions cost little or nothing to make up." Druggist—"Yes; but we charge for deciphering the penmanship and translating the Latin."—Puck.

All Out of Sorts Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are a sufferer from dyspepsia and great misery awaits you if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to tone and strengthen the stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. The Great SWAMP KIDNEY & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50 & 61. Wholesale and Retail. Dr. Klinger & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many News Items Gathered From Our Various Exchanges.

All Sorts of Items, From All Sorts of Places, Concerning All Sorts of Persons and All Sorts of Haps and Mishaps.

Inspector Bird recommends the abolishment of the Fort Howard postoffice, and the consolidation of the business of that office with the Green Bay postoffice; the extension of the free delivery system to the west side of the river and the establishment of a sub-station on the west side.

The results of the British elections so far held are 164 conservatives (tories), twenty-two liberal unionists (anti-honourables), twenty-seven liberals (whigs), twelve McCarthyites, four Parnellites and one labor.

The prospective yield of wheat in Minnesota and the Dakotas has been cut down by the drought of the last two weeks from one hundred and forty million bushels to one hundred and fifteen millions or less.

The attorney-general of Wisconsin lets up on ex-treasurers Bantz and Kuehn, against whom there are judgments for large sums, for interest on state funds collected by them during their terms of office.

The secretary of war has notified all the concerns that use the water of Fox river to shut down until further notice. There is not water enough for them and for navigation.

Jo. Cook, at Honolulu, on the 4th of July, attacked the president of the United States and was called down by Minister Willis. Jo. always would shoot his mouth too much.

Cal. Brice gives way for Congressman Sorg, as candidate for senator from Ohio. He really fancies that he has a chance for the democratic nomination for president.

For the first time in history the water of the Rock river is so low that the mills have to turn the wheels.

Stambuloff, the Bulgarian minister of state, was attacked by assassins last Monday and wounded so that he will probably die. Later: He is dead.

Col. G. H. Dyer, who explored the west shore of lake Michigan in 1835, died on Friday of last week. He was eighty-two years old.

In the English elections the tories and unionists (semi-tories) have it all their own way; the whigs (liberals) are not in it a little bit.

The attorney-general of Texas says the law is against prize-fighting and that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest can not come off at Dallas.

A crazy man attempted to blow up J. P. Bliss, of Columbus, Ohio, with a dynamite bomb. He is in custody and has confessed.

An American woman named Malby has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the university of Göttingen, Germany.

A French statistician gives the wealth of the United States at the largest figure of any nation, England second and France third.

George McKenzie, in jail at Green Bay charged with robbery of the cars of the St. Paul road, has escaped and is at large.

A hot water pipe in the engine room of the torpedo boat Erickson burst on Wednesday and five men were scalded to death.

The steamer Normandie was on fire on her last voyage but the passengers knew nothing of their danger until it was past.

In a "boom town" in East Tennessee a hotel which cost a million was this week sold for \$9,000, to be torn down.

Francis Schlader cures blind men and paralytics by the laying on of hands—or somebody lies like Ananias.

By the breaking down of a railway bridge on the Santa Fe road, in Kansas, on the 17th, twelve lives were lost.

James McHenry, Mrs. A. M. Brede and R. P. Hudson have been given clerkships on the state board of health.

A census of Mexico is to be taken in October, the first ever taken with any approach to fulness or accuracy.

Indians liquor-dealers propose to fight the "Nicholson" law in the courts and to disregard it meanwhile.

A sharp switchman at Springfield, Ohio, ditched a passenger train to prevent a collision with a freight.

Dr. Seaman was finally convicted of having caused the death of Emily Hall "by means unknown."

Viola Grant was bitten by a dog at Saginaw six weeks ago and died of hydrophobia last Saturday.

A gang of counterfeiters was raided in New York Wednesday and the members arrested.

John Sherman avers that he would not accept the presidency under any condition—is too old.

Wisconsin deer are so well protected by game laws that they eat up farmers' oats and turnips.

The steamer Cibola was burned at Lewiston last Monday morning. One man was burned in it.

Nicaragua now threatens to cancel the concession to the Maritime Canal company.

The Pacific express has lost a package containing \$6,000, the managers don't know how.

The registration of students at the summer school at Ann Arbor has already reached 150.

Mackinac Island, next to the St. Clair Flats, is the favorite summer home for Detroiters.

A destructive wind storm stripped Berrien county orchards of their fruit last Tuesday.

Monroe Christians are going to stop Sunday hall playing there, or know the reason why.

Wisconsin Pythians, of the uniformed rank, were in camp at Green Bay this week.

The president bans cycling and golf playing for Mrs. Cleveland, as undignified.

The Horr-Harvey debate is on but it is too much for the listener or the reader.

Green Bay is making an aggressive fight for the school for the feeble-minded.

Cuban revolutionists are buying war balloons and dynamite cartridges.

Georgia sent McKinley a watermelon weighing eighty-seven pounds.

The Harvey-Horr debate is on at Chicago and will continue for ten days.

The hay and oats of Illinois are but half crops but the corn is immense.

Readstreet makes the shortage of the world's wheat crop 3,171,000 bushels.

One tenth of the population of Chicago received public aid last year.

Wallin, Mich., was burned last week by a forest fire. Loss \$300,000.

Some one broke into the pound at Newbury and stole all the locks.

Another issue of bonds is impending, to stop the export of gold.

Nails have advanced in price 100 per cent. in the last sixty days. Typhoid fever is inclined to be epidemic at Howard City.

The A. F. A. Shows Good Sense. The supreme executive board of the A. F. A. in session at Chicago this week promulgates the following:

Whereas, Many ex-priests, ex-Romanists, and ex nuns are traveling over the United States as public lecturers, and frequently claim to be lecturing under the auspices of the American Protective Association; be it Resolved, By the supreme executive board of the supreme council, that it recommends to the local councils of this order that they refrain in the future from allowing such persons to deliver public lectures under the auspices of this order.

It also inaugurates a system of life insurance for the members of the order, practically taking the order out of politics and making it merely benevolent.

Marquette Will Be Here.

The Marquette club will be here to-day and to-morrow and play the return games due the Escanabas. That the games will be close and therefore interesting there is no doubt, and there is ground for hope that the Escanabas, on their own grounds, can "even up" with the visiting club. In any event the games will be worth seeing and the grounds should be crowded.

Somehow, and in course of time, he grew to be a cowboy. He grew expert with his revolver, his mustang as well as with his gun. He had such an animal in London, Zoo. The life of a cowboy ranch leads to the forget things as linen shirts and strong hats.

Saw Mill For Sale. The saw mill at Lathrop station, having a capacity of twenty thousand feet a day, is for sale or may be rented. Apply to A. Lathrop, Lathrop, Michigan. 26-31

TALMAGE ON HEREDITY.

A Thousand Years Cannot Obliterate Family Characteristics.

Now, the longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood, writes Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Ladies' Home Journal. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in the little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to anyone who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large lip of the house of Austria is seen in all the descendants and is called the Hapsburg lip. The house of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II., and all the others of that imperial line.

Scotch blood means persistence. Dutch blood means cleanliness and good breeding. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea. Indian blood means roaming disposition. Celtic blood means ferocity. Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says: "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same family characteristics.

A MIXED-UP FAMILY.

Story of a Man Whose Son Is His Brother-in-Law.

Here are the raw materials for a headache:

Dr. King, of Adelaide, a widower, married a Miss Norris. Shortly after the doctor's honeymoon the doctor's son married a sister of the doctor's wife.

Then a brother of the doctor's wife married the doctor's daughter. In other words, the doctor's son became his stepmother's brother-in-law, and the doctor's daughter became her stepmother's sister-in-law.

The doctor, by the marriage of his son to the sister of the doctor's wife, became the father-in-law to his sister-in-law, and the doctor's wife, by the marriage of her sister to her stepson, became stepmother-in-law to her own sister.

By the marriage of the brother of the doctor's wife to the doctor's daughter the doctor became father-in-law to his brother-in-law, and the doctor's wife became stepmother-in-law to her own brother.

What relations, asks Pizaroon in Pall Mall Budget, are the children of the contracting parties to each other?

A Good Ome.

Not long ago there was a Frenchman who had a large family, and who was haunted by the idea that when he died there would be no one to look after his children. While thinking of this, one spring day, he noticed two nests in a hedge close by each other. Each contained half-fledged birds, whose parents were lying dead. He went away sad, thinking that the young birds must die. What was his surprise, however, a few days after, to see them quite happy and apparently well fed. He stood apart and watched, and presently he saw the parent birds of other nests come to the young birds and feed them. They had adopted the little orphans—a fact which the Frenchman naturally accepted as a good omen with regard to his own little ones.

Difference in Voices.

One's surprise in the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority that, though there are only nine perfect tones to the human voice, there are the astonishing number of 17,592, 113,044, 413 different sounds. Of these, fourteen direct muscles produce 16,382, and thirteen indirect muscles produce 178,741,838.

ACCORDING TO HIS CREED.

How Li Hung Chang Paid Reverence to His Mother's Memory.

A Chinaman, be he king or coolie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies, custom ordains that the sons shall resign all honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb and mourn there for a long period.

Our former minister to China, John Russell Young, tells in the Review of Reviews how the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, was prevented from punctiliously observing the custom by an imperial decree.

The aged mother of the great Chinese statesman died, and he hurried to celebrate the rites at her grave, accompanied by his brother, the viceroy at Wuchang. Everyone was expecting the premier's resignation, and his enforced retirement from all official positions. His enemies thought that Li had gone finally; his place would be filled by another, and his power become a memory.

Suddenly there came a decree from the throne commanding Li to lay aside mourning and, at the end of three months, resume office. His brother was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverence. The decree was without precedent; but the emperor was sacred and his command supreme. Li Hung Chang returned to Tientsin, his home.

When Mr. Young saw the premier's yacht anchored in the harbor of Chefoo he went on board to pay his respects. The premier looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and forehead had not been shaved, and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy.

The first man in the empire, noted for his carefulness in raiment and cleanliness of person, appeared as the meanest subject, that he might, by privation and penance, do reverence to his mother's memory, according to the creed of his ancestors. A few days later, when Mr. Young met Li at Tientsin, the beggar's mien had vanished, and he was again the well-appointed nobleman.

WHITTIER AND HIS POETRY.

John Vance Cheney Says He Was the Burne of America.

"The homespun work of John Greenleaf Whittier will outlast the finer fabrics of Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant and Emerson," was the belief voiced by John Vance Cheney the other night, in his lecture on the Quaker poet. Despite Whittier's occasional crudeness and stiffness of style and diction, notwithstanding he had essayed to make "banner" rhyme with "insquehanna," "cotton" with "fortune" and had attempted to force "onward" and "looking" into rhythmical juxtaposition in the same line, yet his spontaneity, simplicity, strength, enthusiasm, warmth of color, humanity and granitic intensity dwarfed his muse so richly as to make these minor blemishes but as spots upon the splendor of a sun. More than any of America's native bards he had the gift of the lyric muse. He was and is the American Burns, singing songs to the hearts of the plain folk.

Whittier's anti-slavery poems, his lyrics of New England, his songs of labor were reviewed by the lecturer, their faults pointed out and their clustering beauties commended. Not so finished in his style as Longfellow, not gifted with as lofty imagination as Bryant and not showing such dazzling flashes of genius as Lowell, still Whittier surpassed them all in pathos, simplicity and that indescribable witchery of melody that leads captive the hearts of the people.

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