

THE IRON PORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXVI.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895.

NUMBER 30.

HE LIKES THE COUNTRY.

JOHN BIRKINBINE IS STUCK ON THE LAKE REGION.

The Gentleman is interviewed by a Mining Journal Reporter and Talks of Iron Ranges and Other Things.

"There is no section of the country where so many great works, from an engineering point of view, can be seen as along the great lakes. Start from Duluth with its flour mills and coal and ore docks, with the ore docks at Ashland, Marquette and Escanaba—all are the best of the kind anywhere. Then where can be found better machinery or deeper mines than at Calumet? Then the Soo with its great canals and locks. Then around to Chicago with its drainage canal. Then, saying nothing of factories and shipyards, around to Buffalo with the harnessing of Niagara. These things are along the lakes and on the water we have the great modern vessels, the whale-backs and other novel ideas, all equipped with some of the best machinery that ever came out of a shop. I think that many people along the Atlantic coast do not realize what a vast amount of things there are to interest an engineer around the lakes—more things, in fact, and closer together and set in more beautiful scenery and under a finer climate than I know of anywhere else. They call me a crank on the lake region in general and Lake Superior in particular at home and I admit the charge."

The speaker was John Birkinbine of Philadelphia, to a Marquette Mining Journal reporter, and certainly no man in the United States is better qualified than he to speak on matters of iron and engineering. In response to some questions on the Mesaba as developed by experience he said:

"The Mesaba certainly has great and wonderful deposits of Bessemer ore and still more ore that is not of Bessemer grade. I don't lay any stress on steam shovel mining, about which there has been so much talk. There are greater deposits of ore than can be of course be taken out with steam shovels but I doubt whether it will pay to press that method much farther. The cost of stripping is a great item and also the difficulty of sorting the ores mined. The deposits vary in quality and when they are mixed the quality of the compound is apt to follow that of the lower grade when you come to market it. I think the Mesaba mines will have to adopt some other method before very long."

"As to other ranges—well, there is room enough for all. Now here on the Marquette range—you are not going out of business on account of the competition of the Mesaba. I figure that the Marquette range now has to offset the greater mining cost here an advantage of sixty to seventy cents a ton over the Mesaba, in lower freights and royalties. This will cover a great deal of lower mining cost. The country is growing all the time and the uses of iron and steel are being extended and room will eventually be found for all the ore that a conservative policy will produce from all the ranges."

"Not Wisely But Too Well." Some days ago Chas. Wals of Gladstone, was arrested at the instance of Lydia Weddel, of this city, upon the grounds that he was the father of her unborn child, and he was brought here for a hearing. On Monday morning the couple were married in Justice Moore's court. Mr. and Mrs. Wals will make their future home in the would-be county town up the little bay."

Another Society Building In Prospect. Now that the Odd Fellows of Gladstone have commenced the erection of a building in that city the Masons have a like project under consideration, and it is not improbable that it will be brought to a successful issue. The proposed structure would be a credit to the Masonic fraternity and the city of Gladstone.

Chicago Ward Politicians Punished. Six ward politicians convicted of interfering with, and intimidating voters at the November election, have been sentenced in Chicago. Simon McNulta received one year in the penitentiary. Five others were fined sums ranging from \$2,000 down. A mysterious stranger with a fat pocketbook was present and promptly paid the fines.

The Work Commenced. Contractor Fred Harris commenced work on the new school building in real earnest Wednesday morning, and the handsome structure will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. Peter Gross is furnishing stone for the foundation.

The Zolian Club Can't Come. We regret to state that the Zolian Quartette Club was unable to make arrangements to visit Escanaba on the 5th, as advertised last week.

National Bicycle Tournament. August 15, 16 and 17 the National and State L. A. W. Bicycle Tournament will

be held at Marinette. This meeting will be the largest and most interesting bicycle event ever held in the west. All of the crack riders of the country will compete, and the large list of entries from Wisconsin and Michigan riders will give the meeting a peculiar spice and interest to bicycle enthusiasts of the section. The list of prizes aggregates nearly \$3,000.

Wants Its Value Determined. A petition protesting against the purchase of the plant of the Escanaba Lighting company until its appportionate value is determined by an expert will be presented to the common council at its regular monthly meeting next Tuesday evening. The petition was circulated by John M. Millar, representing the Selden estate, and is largely signed by the leading business men and property owners of the city. It is as follows:

ESCANABA, July 29, 1895. To the Honorable, the Mayor and City Council, Gentlemen:—The undersigned, taxpayers, respectfully protest against the purchase of the electric light plant by the city at the proposed, or any price until experts in the business estimate the value of the plant and the cost of putting in a modern system of equal capacity, these estimates to be submitted to the citizens at a mass meeting called for that purpose, and the discussion of the same:

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| Sarah L. Selden estate, per J. M. Millar | John Christie |
| Ed. Erickson | Theo. Farrell |
| George Young | Bitner Bros. |
| C. Palmer | J. K. Stack |
| A. S. Rowell | Richard Hoyler |
| J. N. Mead | Q. R. Hessel |
| F. H. Atkins | Rathion Bros. |
| W. J. Wallace | Sterling & Williams |
| A. C. Barras | M. A. Barras |
| W. L. Brown | G. H. Cook |
| L. Stegmiller | F. E. Harris |
| William Golden | Emanuel Olson |
| Pat Fogarty | E. C. Wickert |
| D. W. Morgan | John Wilson |
| T. J. Daley | A. H. Rolph |
| D. A. Oliver | W. R. Northrup |
| John Moe | E. M. St. Jacques |
| H. I. Benton | Peter Yungers |
| John M. Hartnett | Ed. Donovan |
| James S. Rogers | H. Salva |
| D. E. Glavin | O. V. Linden |

A Word to Subscribers. Those of our subscribers who are in arrears are urgently requested to liquidate their indebtedness to this office as early as possible. It takes money to publish a newspaper, and it likewise takes money to "eat," and we do not care about discontinuing either at the present writing. We endeavor to make The Iron Port worth the price asked for it, and if you consider that you are getting a bad bargain do business in a business-like way—pay up and stop it. If on the other hand you are satisfied with our efforts to furnish you with the local occurrences of the week and are in arrears, you are a pretty mean man not to pay the "poor printer." See? If you are behind with us and can not possibly pay at the present time, you will confer a favor upon us by calling at the office or dropping us a postal stating when you can pay. This is simply business.

The Champion Shuts Down. Definite orders have been received from eastern offices to close down the Champion mine, the 250 employes being on a strike. The Champion produces hard ore, which must be crushed before smelting. The mine was idle from the spring of 1892 until the beginning of this year. Employes were earning very low wages, but the mine was making little or no money.

Mine Abandoned. The pumps have been removed from the Cleveland Hematite mine and the workings will be permitted to fill with water, says the Mining Journal. The mine is practically exhausted and it was the intention of the company to abandon it at about the time the strike was started.

Cholera is Raging. Since the outbreak of cholera in Japan five thousand persons have been attacked with the disease and over five thousand have died. Advertis from the island of Porto Rico state that cholera has broken out among the garrison there. The daily mortality is 20 per cent. of the cases.

Crops Not Badly Damaged. Andrew Skaug, of Bay de Noc township, informs The Iron Port that crops are not suffering greatly in his vicinity, though the drought has effected them some. Grasshoppers have, however, made their appearance, but too late to materially damage the crops.

Will Fit Up Show Rooms. P. M. Peterson will fit up an office and show rooms in the opera house building, which will be ready for occupancy about the middle of the present month. Mr. Peterson will carry a line of pianos, organs and sewing machines.

"Black America." Al. G. Field's minstrel company held the boards at The Peterson Saturday evening last, and called out a large audience. It was advertised to be different from the usual minstrel performance and it was.

The Home Newspaper. A newspaper is the greatest help to the growth of a town that can be. It is a standing advertisement which always attracts. It gives more free advertisements and explanations of the place than

all others. It never lets pass a good opportunity to advocate the interests of its home enterprises. It helps all of the churches, and never fails to speak out for its schools; resents all insinuations against the character of the citizens and industries of the town, and lives but to benefit the community. To repay its untiring efforts it asks the support of the people, not in a begging manner, but as a recompense for its labor. It is entitled to a livelihood, because it gives more than it takes. It only asks for its rights, and those it should have.

Among the Churches. The Sunday school picnic of the Methodist church on Thursday was a very successful affair. The weather was all that could be desired, the drive to Flat Rock pleasant, the scenery delightful, the feast luxurious, the recreation healthful.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will have a "Fan" tea at the home of Mrs. L. A. Cates, Friday evening, Aug. 23. Be prepared for something dainty and novel.

Twenty-five families belonging to the membership of the Presbyterian church have left the city during the past fifteen months.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid society netted \$20 from the excursion given under its auspices last week.

There was a special meeting of the trustees of the Presbyterian church Monday evening.

The Milkmaid's convention, previously announced, has been postponed for a few weeks.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Henry McFall at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Eighteen converts to the Baptist faith were baptized last Sunday at Daggett.

Drowned at Marinette. Johnny LaPlant the eight-year-old son

RAGING FOREST FIRES.

GLADSTONE PEOPLE EXHIBITED UNEASINESS ON MONDAY.

It Was at One Time Feared That the Soo Line Round House Would Take Fire From the Woods.—The Wind Shifts—Fires.

Considerable uneasiness was occasioned in Gladstone on Monday afternoon by forest fires, and hundreds of men went out fighting the flames as best they could, the fire being beyond the reach of the city water service. Fire started along the bluff to the northeast of the city, and fanned by a brisk breeze augmented in volume until it assumed dangerous proportions. The residents "across the track" had drays ready to convey their household effects out of harm's way should occasion demand, but, fortunately, although the flames leaped skyward all around them they left unscathed the buildings in that section. As the fire neared the round house and shops of the Soo Line the employes of the company there worked diligently in "wetting down" the buildings and yards, and this timely move probably saved the company's buildings, for dense volumes of smoke and flying cinders were sweeping over them for an hour or more. As the sun went down the wind changed and danger was practically over, the fire shifting toward the railroad track. At the washboard factory, fully

half a mile from the fire but directly in its path, all hands were out "throwing water" and wetting things down generally. Families in South Gladstone became thoroughly frightened as large volumes of black smoke rolled around and about them, and some prepared themselves for a sudden move in case of necessity. While it was quite a scare the fire did little or no damage, but had not the wind shifted it is probable that the Soo Line's round house and shop buildings would have been destroyed.

On Wednesday afternoon fire crawled around and down the bluff near the Gladstone Washboard company's plant, and men were fighting the flames in order to save buildings. The residents of South Gladstone became alarmed and many prepared themselves to move at a moment's notice. This, however, was unnecessary.

The old Hammer homestead north of Gladstone was completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday, together with the barn and outbuildings. The fire in the vicinity of the stove factory was pretty warm and some danger to the Buckeye's plant was apprehended for a time.

Extensive fires have been raging across the bay, in Bay de Noc township, and are destroying much valuable timber. If the fires reach the farms the loss would be quite great. There has been no rain for many days and the swamps and slushings are dry.

Forest fires are said to have destroyed the beauty of Maywood. Fires swept through this favorite resort early in the week, licking up the underbrush, charring the stately trees and destroying the grass.

Opposite the I. Stephenson company's mill were forest fires early in the week, and also near No. 5 dock.

Fire raged near Chandler's Falls early in the week, but no damage is reported. Fire was burning over the plains west of Gladstone early in the week.

On account of forest fires in the south-

ern part of the city, the baseballists were obliged to abandon the ball park last Sunday, and the old grounds on the marsh were occupied.

Menominee suffered a serious loss by fire this week, in the saw mill district, the loss being estimated at \$400,000.

ACROSS THE BIG BAY.

The Iron Port's Correspondent at Nahma Writes a Newsy Letter.

The leading social event of the season was a farewell party given at the Hotel Stratton Wednesday evening, in honor of E. P. Campbell, by Mesdames Ellis and Stratton. Music was furnished by Hall's orchestra, of Garden. Feasting and dancing were kept up until 2:00 a. m. Having strangers present we noticed the Misses Campbell, Lillie and Belle McDonald, of Garden, and Mrs. C. J. McGee, of Two Harbors. A splendid time was voted by everyone present. The costumes were "out of sight."

Rumor has it that a well known home-steader north of here has been charged by one of his neighbors with the pater-nity of an unborn child. The mother-to-be is said to be less than fifteen years of age. The party of the first part is making arrangements to leave the country.

E. Campbell, bookkeeper here for a number of years, has resigned his position and left on Thursday. Sorry to see him leave. His successor, Mr. Davis, of Oconto, is fast making friends and is "looking for a house."

The Bay de Noquet company has purchased, in Chicago, the tug "Sunbeam." She is ten feet longer and two feet wider than the Anabel and will be used for pleasure as well as business.

Died, on Saturday last, Charlie Bush, aged two weeks, of cholera infantum, after an illness of a few hours. Funeral Sunday at Moss Lake cemetery.

One hundred fifty dollars worth of new books have arrived for the town library and appear to be industriously perused by our citizens.

One or two of the new men from Oconto appear to be quite fresh around the boarding house—ask Van about it.

Prof. Ulsar, of the South Manistique schools, is spending his vacation with his brother-in-law, Dr. Hafford.

Miss Edna Tucker, of Manistique, stopped here Monday night on her way to visit friends at Fairport.

Quite a number from here went to Garden last Sunday to see the Gladstone base ball club beaten.

Mrs. Cashen, who has been visiting her parents here, departed for her home in Gladstone Monday.

N. W. Young, formerly of Manistique, now cook on the barge Bahama, dropped in on us Tuesday.

Plenty of hay this year and of a good quality. The company has had to build new hay sheds.

Margaret, little daughter of John Scherer, fell Monday and fractured her right arm.

To-morrow forenoon the Nahma base ball club will cross bats with the Vans Harbor nine.

Born, August 1st, to Geo. Reniward and wife, a daughter—the first in seven children.

Miss Sophie Harkins is giving good satisfaction in the school at Indian Point.

Frank Martin, of St. Jacques, is disposing of many loads of hay here lately.

Rhoda Eyer, our energetic dressmaker, spent a few days in Garden last week.

Plenty of men from the fling room with emery in their eyes these days.

T. Edgar, of Hermansville, was a visitor here last week.

A new fire proof safe adorns Joe Jolly's restaurant and cafe.

Mr. Girvin, Manistique's baker, spent Monday night here.

Miss Hannah Anderson visited in Manistique last week.

establishing an infirmary for those afflicted with chronic complaints, and a home for the sick who can take refuge therein and place themselves under his skillful treatment, is stopping in Escanaba for a few days, and will be pleased to consult with the afflicted of Delta county while here. The doctor has the very highest recommendations from the leading people of the country, having successfully treated over 30,000 persons during the past thirty-three years of active practice. His charges are not extravagant, and he makes no charge for consultation. Dr. Pagin may be found at Mrs. J. E. Smith's, on Georgia street, until Aug. 10th, where you, afflicted one, are invited to call upon him.

General Local News.

The Delta suggests that Masonville township build a good wagon road to the furnace. Gladstone having already made a wagon road to the location, the extension would make neighbors of Rapid River and Gladstone folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laing, of Gladstone, lost an infant child by death the first of the week, in which affliction they have the sympathy of a large number of friends.

The patrol wagon was called out Tuesday afternoon to pick up a drunk at the corner of Wolcott and Hale streets.

The annual convention of the upper peninsula firemen will be held at Ishpeming next week.

Jo. Bennehamp bought a handsome \$150 carriage from Geo. Kaufman on Monday.

The telephone line between Escanaba and Ford River has been thoroughly repaired.

The office of the Delta County Agricultural society is at E. M. St. Jacques' store.

The grand lodge of the order of Sons of Herman is in session at Menominee.

The Delta thinks Gladstone will have a large tannery in the near future.

Marquette's new hotel will be formally opened next Thursday.

Note the advertisement of Henry & Lind to-day.

Marquette county has a population of 27,107.

Brassel Gets a Verdict.

The jury in the case of Henry Brassel, Jr., against the "Soo" railway company rendered a verdict for \$5,683 in favor of the plaintiff on Tuesday, the trial of the case having extended over a full week. This is the case, it will be remembered, brought from Schoolcraft county on a change of venue, detailed account of which was published in The Iron Port last week. The case will probably go to the supreme court.

Thursday afternoon Judge John W. Stone sentenced Lettie Burley, found guilty of keeping a disreputable resort, to one year in the house of correction in Detroit. Nels Peter Nelson was sentenced to one year in the branch state prison for grand larceny, and Joseph Jarves got a like term for the same offense.

The jury in the case of Ed. Ledue vs. Zedic Martel rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding him a judgment for \$49.83.

The case of Alex. McIntosh vs. Fred Hodges, assumpt, resulted in a verdict of no cause for action.

Arrested On a Grave Charge.

On Tuesday last B. Clark, Jos. E. Cavett and A. Sheets, all witnesses in the somewhat celebrated case of Henry Brassel against the M. St. P. & S. Ste. M. R. Y. company, were arrested on the charge of perjury, and upon being arraigned in Justice Glaser's court gave \$300 bonds for their appearance for examination on the 27th inst. County Prosecutor Jennings will conduct the case against the men, who were Brassel's witnesses, and Hurst & Sullivan, of the Soo, will defend them.

Among the Farmers.

Noel Bissonette, together with two helpers cut over twenty tons of hay by hand this season. They also planted forty bushels of potatoes with a hoe, and expect to harvest a good crop.

Chas. Meyotte, one of Escanaba township's industrious farmers, is erecting some needed buildings.

Grasshoppers are doing no inconsiderable damage in the grain fields.

A Seventy-Mile Ride.

Three Gladstone gentlemen—Messrs. Merriam, Hall and Voorhis—rode their bicycles from that city to Marquette on Saturday last, a distance of seventy miles, in eleven and a half hours. The Mining Journal says their time surprised the Marquette wheelmen.

Crops In Escanaba Township.

Mr. Geer, of Escanaba township, says grasshoppers are getting in their work to an alarming extent in that locality. The wheat and oats have suffered greatly, while the barley, being further advanced, is less affected. The hay crop was very poor.

He Used Profane Language.

Frank Schimberg used profane and abusive language in the presence of ladies on a street car on Saturday last, and upon arraignment in Justice Moore's court relinquished his hold on two dollars for his unwarranted display of "nerve."

A Show in the Rural Realm.

A slight-of-hand performer pitched a tent at Flat Rock and gave an exhibition to a "full house" on Saturday evening last.



TOMB OF PERE MARQUETTE.

of Mr. and Mrs. Henry LaPlant, was found at the bottom of the river near the Boom company's office Sunday. The boy had been absent from home since Saturday night, and the finding of the boy's hat in the water led to the discovery of the body.—Menominee Herald.

Fire at the Fair Grounds. On Tuesday evening last as Jos. Hess was driving on the Ford River road he discovered the fence around the fair grounds to be on fire, and hastening to the spot succeeded, with the aid of Sam Stonhouse and others, in extinguishing the flames before much damage was done.

Cancelled Their Date. "A Clean Sweep" will not appear at The Peterson on the date heretofore given in these columns, the company having cancelled its date on account of the dusty condition of the roads and the consequent unpleasant walking. The company stranded.

Dunkirk Pierhead Light. The Light-house Board gives notice that, on or about August 15, 1895, the color of the sixth-order fixed light on the easterly end of the pier, southwest side of the entrance to Dunkirk Harbor, will be changed from white to red.

Frank Long Gets a Sheepskin. The state board of dental examiners, after a three days' session at Jackson, granted diplomas to John A. Auld, Charlevoix; Frank T. Long, Gladstone; J. L. McCarthy, Monroe. There were six candidates.

Death of Mrs. O'Donnell. Died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. McCafferty, on Tuesday, July 30th, Mrs. O'Donnell, of St. James, aged seventy years. The remains were taken to St. James on Wednesday for burial.

A New Law Firm. Messrs. Munro & Naylor, Gladstone attorneys, have opened an office in the Daley building, which will be in charge of the former gentleman, Mr. Naylor remaining in Gladstone.

HOSEA LURVEY.

"That man with the walking stick? Why, that's Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq. Looks like he owned the hull town and part of the next, don't he?"

he looked his wife full in the face, like one who meant to be master. "They had it back and forth for a week, Jane told me, before Mrs. Lurvey would give him a mite of peace, but Hod was as firm as a rock. She might go or stay, as she chose, but he was going to be plaster in his own house. But such a life as she led him!

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Small Pasha, the late khedive of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Resina, on the bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are very fond of shopping and of the theater.

A CLEAR CASE OF FOOL.

The Widow Was Color-Blind, and Would Have Taken Him Anyway. He came into the smoking-car and sat down opposite and lighted his pipe. I took notice that he was a man of at least sixty and that he had his hair and whiskers dyed and made other efforts to disguise his age.

A CHIVALROUS SHERIFF.

He Wanted to Levy on the Young Lady's Kistchen. It was a dull day, even for Alexandria. A chill wind, rustling the dead leaves, twirled in the open doorway, and about the reluctant form of the little deputy sheriff.

WONDERFUL DAHOMEY.

Land of Amazons, and Wholesale Human Sacrifices. An interesting book on Dahomey is written and published by Henry Marcel, which name is the pseudonym of a well-known French resident of Philadelphia.

SELLING A PIANO.

The Salesman Often Displays a Good Deal of Tact in Making a Sale. "Casualty persons are more particular in selecting a piano than they are in choosing their friends," said a piano dealer.

LIFE IN ARMENIA.

A London Correspondent Tells How Those Distant People Live. I have seen a very large number of Sassanians from all the villages that suffered during the massacre. I have eaten, drunk, traveled, and lived with them, studying their ways, their views, their desires, hopes and fears, and I have no hesitation in saying with emphasis that a more quiet, peaceful, God-fearing people is not to be found in any part of the world.

WHISKERS AND WIND.

A Further Contribution to the Literature of an Interesting Affair. "That fellow," said the man with the ginger beard, as the smooth-shaven new settler drove by, "that fellow when I knowed him out in Kansas, had a set of goat trimmings that would discount Heffer. And he lost 'em in the funniest way."

FINGER NAIL BITING REVEALS WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER.

One of the most disagreeable of the petty bad ways that children may acquire is the habit of biting the finger-nails. Such a habit should be taken in hand at the moment it begins, and before it has become confirmed, when it is difficult to get rid of.

REINDEER IN ALASKA.

Some Hitherto Omitted Facts About an Interesting Experiment. It was a happy moment when a plan suggested itself that would solve the problem of the Eskimo's daily meal, and might prove as profitable to citizens of the United States as the destruction of whales and seals.

as it is impossible in winter to drive a stake into that frozen ground, the deer men select a small hammock, which they chop with the hatchet, so as to leave a sort of upright head, over which they slip a loop on the end of the sixty-foot tether.

NO USE FOR "FURRINERS."

Mrs. Mulrooney's Pride of Race Amuses Her Neighbors. Old Mrs. Mulrooney, who came here in the early '50s, ere the various nationalities of Chicago had yet learned to mingle and combine in edifying cosmopolitan harmony.

A Summer Night.

The warm, long day is ended, The cooler night prevails; In blue seas, calm and splendid, The new moon, star attended, A white gondola, still;

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE. Men witnessed baseball, and was sane! Seen football teams kick off; But died from softening of the brain brought on by games of golf.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or wait to, all the time. Nerves tingling, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS

To COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. FIRST TOUR. Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 29. To the Yellowstone Park by way of Denver, Marshall Pass, Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, etc.

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.

BUY THE ORIGINAL FISH BROS. WAGON. THE ONLY GENUINE. MADE ONLY AT RACINE, WISCONSIN. The easiest running and best made wagon. Write us for prices if your dealer does not have it.

UNEQUALED AS A HEALTH RESORT. ST. CLARA'S ACADEMY. Situated five miles from Dubuque, Ia., and ten miles from Galena, Ill. Water works, perfect sewer system, and telephone connection with neighboring cities.

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.

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVESTIGATE THE SAINT PAUL AND DULUTH COUNTRY. GOOD LAND. SURE CROPS. GOOD MARKETS. Do not BUY LAND anywhere until you see what we have to offer you.

Lake Shore and Southern Michigan's OUTRIP SERVICE. 800 AM DAILY. 10:30 AM DAILY. 3:00 PM DAILY. To the Eastern Mountain, Lake and Sea Side Resorts.

DAVIS HAND OR POWER CREAM SEPARATOR. One-third more butter and of higher quality than by other known systems. SAVES MONEY AND SAVED LABOR.

UNCLE SAM'S OWN FARM.

One Patch of 450 Grasses—New Ideas in Growing Plants. Back of the big brick seed barn of the department of agriculture is a very funny kind of a garden, which has just begun to sprout. It covers about half an acre, which is divided up into over so many little rectangular patches.

WINTER WHEAT, 80 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

Did you ever hear of that? Well! there are thousands of farmers who think they will reach this yield with Salzer's new hardy Red Cross Wheat; and Rye 60 bushels per acre Crimson Clover at \$3.60 per bushel.

THE BUTTERFLY'S TOLLET.

Oh, butterfly, how do you, pray, Your wings so prettily array? Where do you find the paints from which To mix your colors warm and rich?

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI. Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

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The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO., Publishers
L. W. A. GATES, Editor and Manager

Subscription Rates:
One Year, by Carrier or Mail, \$2.00
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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Subscribers to The Iron Port will confer a favor on the publishers if they will notify them of any irregularity in delivery by mail or otherwise.

PLACES OF SALE:
The Iron Port may be found on sale at the following places after 4 o'clock each Saturday afternoon: Squire & Hartnett's, and on the street Sunday morning. Price, 5 cents.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

As will be seen by the name mailed to the mast-head of The Iron Port to-day the paper is now published under a different editorial and business management, Col. J. C. Van Duzer, the venerable editor, and a gentleman of wide intellect and large experience, having retired from the editorial management of the paper a fortnight since. And right here we wish to correct an erroneous impression that seems to have gained currency through an erratic notice published in a local sheet, intimating that Col. Van Duzer was "forced" out of the concern. For several months past the gentleman in question has expressed a desire to disentangle himself from the laborious duties connected with the editorial and business management of The Iron Port, the writer being temporarily engaged in other business, and his retirement from the paper is by mutual consent of the parties financially interested in this company.

It is unnecessary to state that we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of The Iron Port as an exponent of republican principles, and its excellence as a local newspaper. We have already made a number of important improvements in the paper with a view of better serving our city and county readers, and we hope and trust that our efforts will be appreciated. With this and no more, we take off our coat and go to work.

"THE BEST-GOVERNED CITY."

In some important respects the people of Glasgow, Scotland, have earned for their city the reputation of being perhaps the best governed in the world. They have done this by taking the administration of municipal affairs out of politics and putting it into the hands of business men who not only have the ability to manage well but take a pride in administering the finances of the city economically, improving the physical and moral health of their constituents, and putting as much brightness and happiness into their lives as seems possible under the conditions they have to deal with. The public is supplied with water, gas, electric lighting, parks, baths, city railroads, and clean streets, as well as police and fire protection, at a minimum of cost, all the business being conducted as economically as it could be if done without profit by private corporations. The secret of this almost anomalous success is stated to be that politics, political pulls, rings, etc., are entirely unknown. The solid business men of the municipality are willing to assume the cares and burdens of office as aldermen with no other remuneration than the good they share with other citizens and the consciousness of doing their duty, regarding themselves as directors of a great co-operative undertaking with high duties and responsibilities, and not as professional officeholders continually scheming to obtain places for friends and keep their own.

Glasgow has the best water in the world, obtaining it from Loch Katrine, and Dublin is the only city that gets it cheaper. It supplies twenty-two candle-power gas to the people at the rate of sixty cents per 1,000 cubic feet. Six years ago it bought out the city railway companies, and immediately after the purchase put on 300 new cars, 3,000 horses, and 1,700 new men. It now is carrying per week 300,000 one-cent fares, 600,000 two-cent fares, 95,000 three-cent fares, and 20,000 four-cent fares, and it is contemplated to make a uniform fare for only two cents for all distances. The other departments are well managed, and all for the best interests of the citizens, good service being given at the lowest paying cost.

The sinking fund plan is applied to every enterprise under municipal control in Glasgow, and it is stated

to be the secret of success in its financial management. The present liabilities aggregate about forty million dollars, thirty per cent. of which is invested in the water service, and the assets are rated as worth fifty million dollars, the difference of ten millions standing on the pleasant side of the profit and loss account. It is expected that within the next quarter of a century a large part of the indebtedness, if not all of it, will have been cleared off, leaving the people to pay nothing more than the cost of current maintenance and repair. That is, provided the bad element does not obtain control in the meantime, which probably it will not. The corruptionist would find "fat pickings" there if he should ever get into power and dared to encounter the consequences of robbing the "canny Scot" by means of political jobbery. It goes without saying that a similarly economical management of municipal affairs would be impossible in the big cities of the United States so long as the bad classes exercise so much power as they now do in filling places by dictation and misguiding for boodle on the one hand and immorality on the other.—Chicago Tribune.

THE QUESTION OF ISSUE.

Again there is an outbreak of democratic anxiety to make issues for republicans. This is nothing very strange, for it is good tactics to force an enemy to fight on grounds of your own choice, if you can. So there is another anxious and evidently concerted effort, in democratic papers likely to be steered from headquarters, to convince republicans that the money question must overshadow all others, and that the tariff question will have to take a secondary place, because with business revived and active nobody will be willing to have the issue reopened. It is a specious and cunning argument, but should not deceive anybody, says the New York Tribune. The truth is that issues are made for parties, and not made by them. The things about which the plain people, who are not mere politicians nor mere partisans, actually have the greatest interest and the strongest desire, necessarily become the predominant issues because the politicians and party are forced, in spite of themselves, to seek the preference and the votes of those not certain to support one party or the other. Now it is the fact that a considerable but apparently diminishing minority of the people want a change of currency, in the direction of free silver coinage, more paper, State banks, or "soft money" in some form. The decided majority of the people, apparently increasing from week to week, desires no such change, feeling that the money we have is absolutely safe, and in quantity ample for all real necessities. It seems probable that this opinion will so far prevail that the money issue cannot predominate in coming elections. The only voters who want change, and whose support politicians might seek to gain, demand measures which are so overwhelmingly opposed by the sound sense of the great majority that an attempt to court the favor of these voters would be fatal to any party.

It is natural that Democrats are anxious to have their action on the tariff forgotten and shoved out of sight. In that way, they calculate, the tariff may gain a sort of popular acquiescence which can be interpreted as approval. The business of this great country has such wonderful recuperative power, and adjusts itself so marvelously to almost any conditions, that Democrats hope it will thrive even under a tariff which they have most savagely denounced as a surrender of all their principles, a barter and a botch. Then they can cry, "See how we prosper under reduction of duties!" The facts will have to dictate, however, in spite of all politicians and plan-makers, and if business and industries do actually prosper, giving to industries greater development and to labor better wages than were ever attained under any other tariff, the Republicans will have to face that fact, for in that case the desire of the people for a change of tariff will fade.

That state of facts has not come, and we do not believe that it will come. The people do now desire and demand a restoration of intelligent and consistent protection in place of the infamous barter and disgraceful botch Democrats have enac-

ted. They know that at this time, after all the improvement of the last three months, their wages are by no means as high as they were in 1892. This is the necessary consequence of another fact, which the people also know, that the industries of the country are not yet by any means as prosperous as they were in 1892. The more severe competition with foreign producers in a great many branches makes the restoration of former wages and of former production as yet impossible. Thus several thousand workers in carpet mills at Philadelphia are on strike now, because the manufacturers feel unable to grant a partial restoration of wages, amounting to only 7 1/2 per cent.

Predictions are cheap, but the actual results will inevitably turn the scale, and the people will know those results by their own personal experience. They are not satisfied today, and would vote by overwhelming majorities in every Northern State for overthrow of the Bill of Sale. If they are not satisfied to far greater measure next year, all the clatter of Democrats organs will not persuade them to drop the tariff question, and accept the tariff of "perfidy and dishonor" as a finality. They know that they have no occasion to fear Republican revision, which means greater protection, less foreign competition, better wages and more business. The country always thrives when a change of that character is in prospect. The people do fear, and with great reasons, any Democratic revision, which invariably means worse business and lower wages for Americans, and more business and better wages for the people of other countries.

The prospects now are that Delta county will have a fair this fall, in which case every farmer within the boundaries of this county, as well as every merchant, mechanic and laborer, should put his shoulder to the wheel for the unqualified success of the undertaking. Our agriculturalists should make a special effort to exhibit the products of their realm, in which case there will doubtless be much surprise on the part of spectators over the kind, quality and quantity grown. Comparatively few people are aware of the general excellence of the vegetables grown hereabouts. A good exhibit may be the means of inducing others to engage in tilling the soil, thus opening up new and unimproved lands, increasing very materially our population and our wealth. The merchant is doubly interested, and if we all combine to make a success of the fair, there is no reason why the first annual fair of the Delta County Agricultural society should not be a memorial event in the history of this county.

The design for the official Souvenir Medal of the Cotton States and International Exposition was forwarded to Washington last week, where the medals will be minted from the government coin press. The medals will be made from bronze and will be the exact size of a silver quarter. On the face of the medal will be a bale of cotton, on which is perched, with outstretched wings, a phoenix. Under the bale of cotton are shown the rays of the fire of 1895, with the year 1895 printed. Above are the figures 1894. Around the edges of the medal are printed the words, "Cotton States and International Exposition," and at the lower side of the coin are the words, "Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A., September 18th, December 31, 1895."

On the back of the medal will be a vignette of Henry W. Grady, and around the edges will be, "Official Souvenir Medal."

The medal will be very handsome in design and will be coined by the million.

Blessed are they who scorn to borrow their neighbor's paper, but come into the sanctum and lay the price of a year's subscription on the desk and say in cheerful tones: "Put me down on your list. I like your paper very much." Yes, verily, they are happy and the publisher is happy. Such as they are entitled to a front seat next to the band.

The Railroad Gazette announces that railroad companies have ordered this year 22,929 freight cars; and have bids out for 3,000 more. The passenger cars ordered amount to seventy-two, with thirteen more to



GEN. FRANCIS M. DRAKE,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Iowa.

Francis Marion Drake, nominated for governor, was born in Illinois. The Drake family removed to Davis county, Ia. in 1832 while Francis was about one year old. He picked up an education and in 1855 he was married to Mary Jane Lord and removed to Centerville, which has since been his home. He enlisted as a private in 1861 and was promoted until he became brevet brigadier general. In 1868 he was badly wounded at Marks Mills, Ark. After the war he engaged in railroad construction and has since been largely interested in railways. He is now president of the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa, and is interested in several Iowa lines. He is the founder of Drake university of Des Moines.

come. This represents an expenditure of over \$10,000,000, which is worth considering among the influences working to make times better. The Railroad Gazette says it is unlooked-for improvement in car building. The record for less than five months exceeds that of the entire year of 1894 by over 5000 freight cars. The passenger car output makes a very different comparison, 500 cars having been built in 1894. In 1893, the car companies built 51,000 cars, and in 1892 the output was 43,000 freight cars.

The forthcoming report of Dr. D. Day, of the geological survey, on copper, will show that during the calendar year 1894 the copper mining industry resisted the tension of the year better than other branches of trade, both in base and precious metals. The export of copper was not so large as in 1893, but it was almost entirely in the form of refined product, the American producers having attained the aim of working at home all the furnace material of domestic origin. The product of American ores aggregate 960,844,218 pounds, as against 337,417,848 pounds in 1893.

The report says there were no notable discoveries of new deposits in 1894 and no indications of a sudden addition of consequence to producing capacities. There was, however, a steady development in spite of adverse conditions and unless the output is artificially restricted or reduced by accidents the production of 1895 promises to record a further advance under more favorable auspices commercially. The Lake Superior country outranks all others in production and is followed by Montana and Arizona, the three localities yielding nine-tenths of the copper of the United States. The world's supply of copper in 1894 was 319,391 long tons, of which North America supplies 175,290 tons and the United States continues to be the heaviest contributor to the English market.

There is one notable exception to the lamentable general rule of American girls of wealth exchanging it all for a foreign title, and that one is Miss Rockefeller with her \$35,000,000. She is to marry young McCormick, who possesses good sense as well as wealth. Consequently her means will not go to pay some rouse's gambling debts or to be used to recuperate the fortune of a spendthrift. But a title, like a new bonnet, is frequently irresistible to a young and aspiring woman, to whom position is the acme of ambition. But the ashes of subsequent experience is frequently bitter to the taste.

It seems strange to the New York Advertiser to think of the ubiquitous bicycle extending its progress over the classic grounds of Greece and Macedonia, made sacred to the student by the writings of Homer and the conquests of Xerxes, but it seems still more strange and incongruous to think of it intruding in places made dear to our recollections through New Testament association; and yet the bicycle is in these countries.

Baby Marion Cleveland will start the machinery at the opening of the Cotton States exposition at Atlanta.

A wire will be run into Gray Gables and another into the exposition grounds. The signal will be given from Atlanta and the baby will touch the button.

Thanks to the good offices of L. M. Johnson, general manager of the Michigan Central railroad, the unfortunate negroes of the Tiahuala colony who are making their way home to the United States from Mexico, have been saved from present starvation. Mr. Johnson is feeding these negroes at his own expense and all is going well now. The Eagle Pass officials have quarantined forty-six of the negroes at that point, where United States Consul Sparks had landed them Friday night. Twenty-five are sick in Mexico with smallpox; eight seriously.

The Iron Port is indebted to Ed. Jones, the enterprising and progressive publisher of the handsome pamphlet, entitled, "City of St. Ignace and Mackinac County," for the handsome illustrations in connection with its article on Pere Marquette. Ed. is always ready to assist a brother in distress.

According to a statement made by Congressman Latimer a convention will be called to meet at St. Louis in September for the purpose of forming a national silver party.

There were many parched throats in New York last Sunday, the excise law being enforced by the police. Even the swell clubs observed the law.

The music of the reaper as it cuts and gathers up the ripened grain, is sweeter to the ears of the farmer than the jingle of free silver.

If Grover Cleveland is not a candidate for a third term in the presidential chair he is giving his friends the worst of it.

Hurrah for the governor of Texas. He says the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight shall not take place in his state.

The Georgia watermelon crop is so large that it cannot be shipped. And yet the small boy is unhappy.

Baseball.

Manager Cleary has secured two games of ball with the excellent Chilton club; to be played on the 10th and 11th insts. The Chiltons put up a good game.

The Flat Rock baseball tossers defeated an Escanaba team last Sunday to the tune of 24 to 7.

The Peterson.

THE PETERSON,
Thursday Night, August 8th.
DENIER'S
Imperial Opera Co.

Richard Stahl's Romantic Opera
"Said Pasha"
With Large Cast and Chorus.
30-PEOPLE-30
Gorgeous Costumes, Scenery, Etc.

Sale opens at Mead's on Tuesday.
85, 50 and 75 cents.

Professional Cards.

F. A. HANES, D. D. S.
DENTAL OFFICE,
501 Wells 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. ROWELLS,
DENTIST.
Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Office in Masonic block.
Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.

REYNOLDS & COTTON,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Homeopaths. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Masonic block, Escanaba.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office 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 Counselor 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. J. C. BROOKS,
Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.
RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.

FRED. K. 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 Hotel's building, 607 Ludington St.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

MRS. C. PETERSON GULLANS,
GRADUATED MIDWIFE.
307 Jennie Street.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

ESCANABA DENTAL PARLORS
Drs. Fraser & Thibault, Dentists.
Office at corner of Ludington and Georgia.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Groceries.

SPECIALS

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| 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.

1008 Ludington St. Escanaba, Mich.

Laundry.

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.

Miller & Wolf,

Telephone 39. 516 Ludington St.

Groceries.

James S. Doherty.

Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of

CHOICE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

Crockery and Canned Goods.

Butter, Eggs and Cheese

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.

426 Penno Street.

A BOTTOMLESS PIT.

Exploration of a Peculiar Cave Formation in France.

Among the most remarkable of nature's wonders the subterranean pit at Jean Nouveau, near Valenciennes, France, which reaches a depth of five hundred and forty feet, while nowhere more than twelve feet wide, has only recently been explored.

The descent made into the shaft was exceedingly difficult; it established the fact that there must be a further cave far below the one now known, but the cave through which it is accessible is choked up with debris and bowlders so that it will be a very difficult matter to penetrate further into the cave than has been done.

USES FOR OLD RAILS.

A Great Amount of Barbed-Wire Fencing is Made of Them.

In speaking of the use of old rails recently, says the Railway Reviewer, an official of the Pennsylvania railroad stated the life of a rail on the Pennsylvania lines west is about eleven years and on the Pennsylvania railroad only nine years.

The old rails that are taken out from time to time are gathered up every month and sold to junk and scrap dealers at twelve dollars a ton. It can readily be seen that the company pays only twelve dollars for the use of rails per ton. The price received from the scrap man is a good figure, when it is known that the rails, when sold, are of no use to the company.

A CANINE CURIOSITY.

"Rover," a Big Newfoundland Tramp Dog of Put-in-Bay.

There is a Newfoundland dog at Put-in-Bay that is certainly a curiosity. His name is Rover and he is known at every house and hostelry on the island. Years ago he was named by Mr. Jay Cooke, the millionaire banker and owner of Gibraltar, the cliff-girt little island that nestles in the bosom of Put-in-Bay, hardly yet separated from its parent mother by a narrow line of shoals.

Her Conundrum. It is often hard to determine hit from "good wit" in the case of children, and some of their flashes of precocity seem not to be unconscious, but rather the fragment of some remembered knowledge. A little maid of five, who had been listening quietly to the puzzles and conundrums of the older children, seemed at last to divine the method of their construction, and, after some thought, asked: "What could you get on a very high, steep mountain?"

A Bamboo Organ. A bamboo organ has been built for the Jesuits' church at Shanghai, and is said to surpass organs made of metal. As bamboo can be obtained of all dimensions, from the thickness of a pen to pieces of a foot in diameter, this natural material costs little more than the simple labor, and the notes are beautifully soft and pleasant to the ear.

A TOUCH OF KINDNESS.

The Tramp's Humane Impulse Brought Him No Reward.

He sat slouching upon the end of the park bench, his head hanging listlessly over his breast, says the New York World. There was complete dejection in his attitude. An old hat resembling a piece of "culle" in a rag shop lay on the ground, where it had fallen from his head.

Twice he had been moved on by the "sparrow cop" and he had made his way to a bench that was secluded and shaded by a tree. He had gone to sleep.

In the tree the sparrows hopped and twittered in the shade of the foliage. Suddenly through the branches came twisting a tiny featherling, striving hard to make its tender wings bear up to the weight of its body. It failed and fell on the gravelled walk at the old tramp's feet, stunned and breathing with difficulty. Something caused the tramp to open his eyes and they lit on the little sparrow. He looked at it stupidly for a minute, then, drawing his hand across his forehead, he leaned over and picked it up tenderly.

He drew the bench a little closer to the tree and climbed upon it. That put him within reach of a lower limb. He laid the little bird carefully on a forked branch and, with a strength surprising in one so feeble, he drew himself up and sat on the limb. Above him, within reach, he saw a nest. It was tipped over so that he could see in it two downy bits of birds like the one he had. He gently placed the bird he carried in the nest, let himself down to the ground, drew the bench back to its original place and turned to go just as a "gray coat" called out to him: "Come, now, get on. You've been around here long enough!"

A VALUABLE PEBBLE.

The Accidental Good Fortune of a Hunter in India.

Precious stones are still numerous in certain districts of India, and occasionally a fine gem is found by a sportsman or traveler. A young English officer, returning from an unsuccessful hunt on the estate of a petty chief, picked up a stone which lay in his path, and idly threw it against a rock. It broke in a dozen pieces and out fell a brilliant pebble. The Englishman picked it up, looked at it, and was about to throw it away, but changed his mind. "I'll keep it," said he, "as a memento of a day's hunt when I didn't shoot so much as a rat." Some days later, in Bombay, while having his watch repaired, he showed the stone to the jeweler, and asked its worth. "I'll give you twenty pounds for it," said the jeweler, after a careful examination. Had he offered a shilling he might have been told to take the stone and keep the shilling, but the offer of twenty pounds aroused the officer's suspicions, so he responded, with a laugh: "I dare say you would give me that and a trifle more, but I'm going to take it to England." He did so, and sold his "pebble" in London for \$15,000.

A WONDERFUL AUTOMATON.

It Took Its Inventor Twenty-Seven Years to Build It.

In the year 1770 the most wonderful automaton that has ever been constructed was exhibited at Exeter exchange, London. This automatic wonder represented a country gentleman's house, and was of such intricate and elaborate construction that no one disputed the claim of the exhibitor when he declared that he had worked twenty-seven years in perfecting it. It showed the regulation English country house, with parks, gardens, cascades, temples, bridges, etc., besides over one hundred appropriately clad human figures in the gardens, on the bridges, chopping wood, and at various building operations. In the park were several deer moving naturally about and four horses and a coach following the meandering road. Besides the above the figures of boys were seen fishing from the bridges, while a boat load of ladies and gentlemen regularly rowed across an enlargement in the brook, much to the consternation of the natural-looking figures of geese and ducks which were paddling about in the water. The whole of these animate and inanimate figures were inclosed in a space only four and a half feet square.

Old-Time Football.

Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stubbs says about it in his "Anatomic of Abuses," published in 1583. For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a sport or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in wait for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes; sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out.

The Cayuse as a Pest.

The Indian cayuse is the worst pest that inflicts this country. The Indian horses spread all over the ranges, and are not confined within the reservation limits. It is estimated that fifteen thousand worthless wild ponies range unrestrained over the hills of this country and devour the good bunch grass. These cayuses each eat enough good fodder to fatten a four-year-old steer, and one steer is worth more than ten glass-eyed broncos. If we could enact a law to declass every pony of an assessed value of less than one dollar a public nuisance, it would add materially to the prosperity of this country.

Farm Comprising 2,400 Acres.

Probably the largest and finest farm in the state is the one located at Clark, one mile from the boundary of Chippewa county, says the Soo News. It contains 2,400 acres and is being operated by James A. Hough and his brother, W. B. Nance, of St. Ignace, is also interested. The land is owned by Galbraith & Plummer. Sixteen years ago it was started to burn the timber on it for charcoal. At the present time 1,000 acres of the land are cleared. Last year 10,000 bushels of potatoes were raised on seventy-nine acres, 13,000 bushels of which were sold at a profit of \$4,000.

Notice to Teachers.

GLADSTONE, MICH., July 25, 1895. Notice is hereby given that at the regular examination of teachers to be held at the city of Escanaba on Thursday, Aug. 15th, next, questions will be submitted to any candidate who may desire to enter the Michigan Agricultural College; said examination will be held under the provisions of an act of the legislature of the state of Michigan entitled "An act to provide for the examination of candidates for admission to the Agricultural College by County Commissioners of Schools." A. P. SMITH, County Commissioner of Schools. Aug. 3-2t

Half Rates To Boston.

On account of the Triennial Conclave, Knights Templar, at Boston, Mass., the North-Western line will, from August 19 to 24, sell excursion tickets to Boston and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip; tickets good for return passage until October 6, 1895. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Half Rates to Colorado.

On August 11th and 12th, the North-western line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip, tickets good for return passage leaving Colorado points August 20th to 25th, with privilege of further extension until September 1st. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-western railway.

Teachers' Examination.

GLADSTONE, MICH., July 19th, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the regular examination for the purpose of examining all persons who may offer themselves as teachers for the public schools of Delta county will be held at the court house in Escanaba, August 15th, commencing at the usual hour. A. P. SMITH, County Commissioner of Schools.

Uncalled For Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Escanaba postoffice for the week ending July 27th, 1895: John Alleman, W. Cobb, Pat O. Cornes, Henry Dunn, Mr. Freeman, Ohle Hansson, Anton Hanson, H. E. Hayes, George Linquist, Karin Lidfeld, Arthur Montzheiner, Selma Nelson, Ed. Osborn, Frank Penne, H. W. Tabor. Pabs' beer, for table use, by Stack & Cleary. See their price list in this paper.

Transportation.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Co.



Low Rates. Quick Time. New Palace Steamers

City of Alpena and City of Mackinac

For Detroit, Toledo, Port Huron, Sand Beach, Oscoda, Alpena, Cheboygan and all points east south and southeast. Leave St. Ignace Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 a. m. Thursday and Saturday at 2:00 p. m. Between Detroit and Cleveland, daily (except Sunday) 11 a. m. Sunday trips during June, July, August and September only. Through tickets to all points and baggage checked to destination. Ask your agent for information or address

A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A. DETROIT. - MICHIGAN

Half Rates To Boston.



Is the proper route to Boston, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Buffalo, Portland, Halifax, St. John's. Round trip tickets on sale to above and many other eastern points. If you are going to Liverpool, Queenstown, London, Hamburg, Glasgow, Christiania, Gothenburg, Jacobstad, Havre, Paris, Naples, Genoa, or any other European point, we can sell as low as any one. Baggage called for checked at residence and hotels, company's passenger buses to and from all trains. Time and equipment unsurpassed, trains vestibuled.

LEVI PERRIN, General Agent, Telephone. 614 Ludington St., Escanaba

Restaurant.

G. W. SMITH Has Opened a

Restaurant AT 721 Ludington Street.

And is now prepared to serve meals to order in first class style. GIVE HIM A CALL.

Lumber.

W. S. LORD MANUFACTURER OF

Pine, Hemlock and Hardwood LUMBER Long Bill Stuff and Sidewalk Lumber a Specialty.

Orders left at M. L. Merrill's Store will receive prompt attention. ESCANABA, MICH.

Flour and Feed

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.

Oil Burner.



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.

Building Materials.

JAS. DRUSH & CO., Wholesale and Retailers In

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

Douman St., Near the Engine House.

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. This soap has been made especially for us by the Cincinnati Soap Co., whose soaps have been the standard for over a quarter of a century, and to introduce this soap thoroughly in Escanaba and vicinity they permit us to sell it at 2 cakes for 5 cents, which gives us power to save money for all persons.

This soap has a phenomenal sale in all large cities of the country, and we intend to give to the people of Escanaba, Mich., the same advantages as New York, Chicago and other cities have.

It is so cheap that it can be no cheaper, and it is so good that it can be no better, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, meet on one level, the poor can afford a nice toilet soap at this price and the rich can get no better. This is an excellent pure toilet soap and is really worth 10c a cake.

ED. ERICKSON, AGENT FOR ESCANABA.

Lumber Yard.

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

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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

Best Goods at Low Prices

All along the line. We are at your service on these terms,

A. H. ROLPH,

509 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Mich.

WOMEN IN WAR TIMES

THEIR PRESENCE A RAY OF SUNSHINE IN THE HOSPITALS.

How the Colonel's Wife Endured Herself to the Soldier Boys by Her Sweet Singing.—An Old Veteran Admires Woman.

To say that men are void of sentiment is to state an untruth. They are full of it, and given the occasion to call it forth can display more sentiment to the square inch than any woman who ever lived.

There never was a woman on earth who treasured a battered old tin cup because her particular chum had helped her drain it, or who ever recalled the memory with greater pleasure than any one of the thousands of other incidents of her life. These old veterans have packages of letters tied with the yellow ribbons that came around Uncle Sam's cigars. Letters penned by hands they never so much as saw, let alone pressed, written to a "soldier lad," and filled with girlish exuberance. And they have old sabers and faded sashes, brass buttons and dilapidated shoulder straps. Among those old traps will often be found a "housewife," its tiny pockets filled with needles, thread, pins, buttons and an old thimble.

How the sight of that little bag sets that old fellow's tongue to flying. If you just have time to listen to him he will give you the whole history of the war, and it will all center around that little comfort bag. He was in the hospital waiting for his stump of a leg to heal when it came to him among the stores of the sanitary commission. There was a letter in it, and he will tell you, word for word, every line that was in that letter, and then he will maunder on for a whole half day on the women who visited the hospital, what they said, what they did and how they sang.

"Their singing," exclaimed a veteran recently, as he related his army and hospital experience. I remember one little woman who used to sing this and he lifted up his cracked voice and sang:

"Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide. When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away. Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changes not, abide with me."

His teeth were gone and he mumbled dreadfully, and he couldn't have been much of a singer at any period of his life, but one forgot that in the earnestness of his manner and "the tender grace of a day that is dead" that filled his eyes as he wandered back in the track of the past set so thick with whiteness of memory where comrades had dropped from his side to

"Rest where they wearied, And lie where they fell."

"It was at Gettysburg that I got this scar," he said, touching his disfigured face. "I never was very pretty, but that saber slash spoiled my beauty for life. While I was in the hospital for repairs the wife of our colonel came down to nurse him. He was wounded through the chest in the same battle. It was sad enough to see her there. She was a bride of a few months when her husband was sent to the front, and now he was dying. The hospital was plumb full of dead and wounded and dying men. The accommodations were bad, and the poor fellows were dying of neglect as much as anything else."

"The colonel's wife came in there like a ray of sunshine. Her husband was off his head and imagined he was a child again, and kept teasing his wife to sing, but Lord! she couldn't raise a note at first, her heart was so full. But the colonel fretted and a young fellow in the next cot cried because he wanted to hear his mother sing, so she tried it. I remember it as though it was yesterday. We hadn't seen many women down there, and you don't know how hungry a man's heart gets for the sight of a woman's face, the sound of a woman's voice. Well, she sat on an old cracker box beside the colonel's cot and, holding his hand, sang:

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight, Make me a child again just for to-night. Mother, come back from the echoless shore; Take me again to your heart as of yore. Press from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair, Over my slumbers your loving watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"She sang it all, every word. Her voice wasn't very strong, but sweet as my mother's used to be," and the veteran's voice trembled a little. "The hospital was a great big barn of a room, dingy and dirty, with hundreds of cots along the sides and down the center, and men just tumbling around everywhere waiting to be 'sliced up.' Some were groaning, others crying, and a lot of them cursing like mad. Poor fellows, they didn't know what they were doing or saying, they were so crazed with pain."

"When the colonel's wife began to sing her quavering notes could hardly be heard ten feet, but little by little the boys began to listen. 'Sing,' said the colonel when her voice died away. His eyes were shut and she saw that the knots on his forehead had smoothed out. She noticed, too, that her voice had a soothing effect upon the others, so she sang again, the first thing that came into her mind.

"Just as I am, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

"And away down the room some fellow with a splendid tenor voice joined in. As he hobbled up the aisle on a crutch I saw it was Bill Wilson, an Iowa boy. He had ripped and sworn enough to consign him to purgatory for a century since he had come to the hospital with a bullet through his leg. He was a big, handsome fellow, but was a bad lot. That little woman found his heart, though, and when after that they sang

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me—"

Bill broke down and cried, but the fellows who could sing between groans joined in, and it wasn't long till you'd almost thought a camp meeting was in progress.

"I reckon you've heard that old hymn a thousand times,—

"By cool Siloam's shady rill, How fair the lily grows, How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose."

but you've never heard it under circumstances like that. One sweet woman, holding her dying husband's hand and singing home songs to ease his pain, while all around her were men whose breath grew shorter every second, and hundreds of others whose chances of life were not worth the toss of a copper, listening to her singing, forgetting for the moment that there was anything as horrible as war, and a dozen, maybe, who had crawled close to her and were trying to help her.

"The colonel was very quiet, and I saw his face getting gray. I knew the sign, but she didn't, and when he smiled a little and said under his breath, 'Asleep in Jesus, mother used to sing it,' she kissed his closed eyelids and said, 'Yes, dear,' and she and Bill Wilson and Jim Winters sang it.

"'Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

All hail the power of Jesus name, Let angels prostrate fall." They slept easier for saying the childish prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"And up from many a bearded lip, In whispers soft and low, Arose the prayer the mother taught The boy long years ago."

One of the songs most sung in hospital wards was "Home, Sweet Home," and the tender sentiment took on yet deeper pathos amidst such fearful surroundings. Many a poor fellow's soul drifted out into the unknown as his nurse sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of life be past, Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last."

And surely in the fight he fought the "Rock of Ages," to which he still clung through his faith in his mother's God, proved a safe anchorage for him.

If the brave lads, now grown gray and grim, who braved the battle's perils and lived through months of hospital experience could have their way about it, every woman who ever set foot inside the hospital doors with a view to comforting and administering to the sick would be canonized to-day. There isn't a saint in the list who would stand a ghost of a show beside an "army nurse."

The cleanest, purest memories of some soldiers' lives cluster around the gentle women who went amongst them to heal and help, and not the least of the accomplishments of most of them was the ability to sing. Not the frivolous trills and runs of the opera or the maudlin melodies of the comic stage, but the songs of home and mother, so rich in sentiment, so touching in expression, so altogether comforting.

"One time," said an old veteran who lost a leg at Resaca, "I was in the hospital for the second time. My leg was taken off below the knee at first, and I got out with it, but it got bad and had to come off above the knee cap. I was blue and disheartened. I was but twen-

snowy flesh; and the next sweetest thing to a woman and the flag is a woman's musical voice.

To Examine Under the New Act. In another column of The Iron Port may be found a notice issued by County Commissioner of Schools, A. P. Smith, stating that at the regular examination of teachers, to be held here on Aug. 15th, questions will be submitted to any candidate who may desire to enter the Michigan Agricultural College. The examination will be held under the provisions of an act of the legislature, entitled "An act to provide for the examination of candidates for admission to the Agricultural College by County Commissioners of Schools." The act is as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the state superintendent of public instruction to secure, at least twice each year, from the president of the Michigan Agricultural College, a set of examination questions in all the studies required for admission to said college. It shall also be the duty of the state superintendent of public instruction to send a printed list of said examination questions to each county commissioner of schools.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of each county commissioner of schools to give public notice of this examination at the time of all regular teachers' examinations, and to submit the questions aforesaid to any candidate who may desire to enter the Agricultural College. The examination shall be conducted in the same manner as are the regular teachers' examinations of the county. The work of each and every candidate, together with the name and address, shall be forwarded by the commissioner, within five days from the date of the examination, to the president of the college, who shall examine and grade the answers and report to the candidate within five days of the receipt of the paper, the result of the examination. A standard of seventy per cent in each branch will admit to freshman class of the college without further examination.

Escanaba's Fast Steppers. A few years ago there were comparatively few horses in Escanaba that exhibited any speed worth mentioning, but the construction of the race course was a signal for an increased number of steppers, and now almost any pleasant evening one may see speeding at the



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—WHERE THE COLONEL WAS WOUNDED.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee, Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep."

"Heaven didn't seem so very far away from us old fellows just then, and down under the covers more than one man was crying as he had not since a child. And the colonel, with her hand on his, her voice to lull him to rest, had slipped away from his pain like a little child going to sleep. His soul had gone straight home to glory borne on her voice. She was a brave one. When she saw that his heart had stopped she caught her breath a little, then slid down on the floor and laid her head on the hand she held and said a prayer. She didn't cry. The tears were burned up before they got to her big bright eyes. She looked like one struck with death herself, but she didn't die. She saw her husband decently buried and then came back to help take care of us. She was made of the right kind of stuff and was as brave a soldier as there was among us, but the best medicine she measured out was when she sat down and sang to us the tunes we all learned at our mothers' side."

The veteran was right, too. The bright faces of the women nurses and their tuneful voices were worth a drug store of doctors' stuff. The boys in the hospitals didn't care a great deal for war songs. They were heartsick and heart hungry for home faces, home voices and home care. The women reminded them of sweethearts, wives and mothers, and the impression was deepened when they sang the old hymns and household songs.

The wounded men and those racked with various other ailments were like little children. They cried at trifles. They wanted women about. They wanted to be sung to sleep and kissed on a waking.

"They liked the old familiar air, Sweet as the bugle call,

ty-one, an only child, with my mother depending on me, and I couldn't bear to think what the future held for me. That day I woke from a stupor to hear some one singing:

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary; The day must dawn and darkness night be past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

"I lay there with my eyes shut, too weak to even raise up and see who the woman was. Her voice was soft and round and clear, and fell on my heart like balm. She stopped for a minute to catch her breath, and then through the long ward, with its suffering inmates and horrible sights and smells, came stealing

"From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat."

I forgot Resaca and the rebellion. The years slipped away from me, and for a few brief minutes I was a little lad again in the old brick church in the edge of the woods, where, on drowsy summer Sundays, I used to lean against mother's shoulder and listen, half asleep, as her musical voice joined with the impromptu choir in singing:

"There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat."

Out under the cool shade of the trees I could see again the cattle lazily chewing their cud, and I even heard the bee droning his song close to my ear as he tried to sip honey from the rose in mother's hair. Then the song ceased and I went back to hell again. I tell you five minutes of such succor of sorrow as that song brought to me in the midst of the purgatory of pain repaid any woman for the sacrifice she made in coming among us. God never made anything prettier than a woman, any way, unless it was the colors of the flag, and you can see the union and the stars in her eyes, the red in her lips and the white in her

Drugs and Medicines.

J. N. MEAD,

PIONEER DRUGGIST

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines

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410 LUDINGTON STREET.

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Always Carry a Full and Complete Line of

Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

AND PROVISIONS.

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

A fine line of Canned Goods always on hand.

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Merchant Tailor.

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Suits in Any Style

But a Bad One.

Suits of Any Material

But Shoddy.

Suits at Any Price

But a High One.

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PETER OLSON,

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Merchant Tailoring.

For a Suit of Clothes or THAT WILL FIT

Pair of Pants

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SUITS MADE FROM \$20.00 UP.

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Bottled Beer.

Escanaba * Brewing * Co's

BOTTLED BEER.

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

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Francis Walker, of Chicago, assisted by Mr. A. W. Collins, of Fond du Lac, organized a musical and literary club at the home of Rev. F. F. W. Greene Monday evening, and although the charter membership is quite small the society will doubtless assume handsome proportions ere long the objects of the organization making it particularly interesting and instructive. The local club is a branch of the Derthick Federation of Musical and Literary clubs, of which there are now over two hundred, with a membership of over 5000. The principal objects of the club are to educate its members into a wider knowledge of, and a deeper interest in the history and literature of music and art, and to afford social and musical entertainments. Mr. Walker thoroughly explained the advantages of the organization in an interesting and instructive lecture, after which a musical program was carried out, participated in by Messrs. Walker and Collins, Mr. Shaddick, Mesdames Talbot, Atkins, Randall, Miss Stack and others.

Tuesday morning members of the club met, Mr. Walker being present, and elected C. J. Shaddick president and Mrs. Morrell secretary, leaving the other officers to be selected at the next meeting, which will be held at the home of R. E. Morrell.

Following is the membership: Mrs. S. H. Talbot, Mrs. I. C. Jennings, Miss Catherine Oliver, Mr. C. B. Oliver, Mrs. E. T. Randall, Mrs. A. C. Booth, Mrs. C. G. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Shaddick, Mrs. R. E. Morrell, Mrs. Dr. Geizer, Miss J. Linsley, Mr. H. E. Ellis, Mrs. F. H. Atkins, Mrs. Stack, Misses Stack, Misses McHale, Rev. and Mrs. F. F. W. Greene, Mrs. A. Parkhurst.

Frank Bartley and Miss Hatlie McMartin, both estimable young people of this city, were married by Rev. C. G. Sten, the Swedish Baptist minister at Marinette, last Monday afternoon. The North Star of that city says no one who knew the young people witnessed the marriage and it was all one of Cupid's sly and pretty pranks that the world forgives just as often as the incident is heard of. Miss McMartin accompanied Mrs. H. A. Reed to Marinette on the Methodist church excursion last week Thursday, and a few days later Mr. Bartley went thither. The actions of the loving couple were trending towards the culmination that would eventually unite heart and hands. While Mrs. Reed was doing her best to make the course of true love as free from jolts and jars as possible the lovers in turn served her an ill trick by quietly slipping away together and getting the nuptial knot tied without the presence of a chaperone.

The bride and groom are well and favorably known to this community, both having resided here for many years, and although their marriage may come as a surprise to many, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley will be welcomed to a favorite seat among "us married folks," and have the hearty congratulations of a host of friends. The bride is the young lady who served as O. V. Linden's deputy at the court house for some months past, while the groom is a son of Capt. Bartley, of the big tug "Monarch."

Their numerous friends will be surprised to learn that Henry Adams and Miss Nora Sullivan were joined in wedlock in Marinette, Wis., last March, but it is nevertheless a solemn fact and congratulations, although somewhat late, are in order. Mr. Adams is the tonsorial artist with John Vassaw. Miss Sullivan's parents reside at Caspey, but she has been a resident of Escanaba some little time.

Mr. D. C. Charles and Miss Lizzie Kennelly were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning, Rev. Fr. William performing the ceremony. The bridal party partook of a wedding feast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kennelly, after which the newly wedded pair left on a bridal trip.

Mrs. Mattie Smith, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, is visiting Mrs. E. S. Clark. Mrs. Smith has a very interesting and unique family in which there are two sets of twins, one of boys, the other girls. They are bright, happy little people and are thoroughly enjoying their visit here.

John Finnegan will return to Montana next week where he will engage in the drug business at Butte. John has hundreds of warm friends in Delta county who will wish him success in his new undertaking.

Mr. A. Gilmet recently bought a farm near Green Bay, and will move his family thither some time in August. He will soon erect a handsome house on the farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Erickson; Mr. and Mrs. Christie and Ed. Erickson contemplate visiting Boston this month to attend the Masonic doings.

A. E. Young has been at L'Anse on his annual fishing trip. Mr. Young enjoys angling for trout fully as well as in days of yore.

Dr. Atkins, wife and daughter, of Fond du Lac, Wis., visited here this week, being the guests of the doctor's brother, Samuel Atkins.

Jo. Beauchamp spent a portion of the present week in and around Green Bay, buying horses for his new livery.

Miss Alice Gunter was a recent Iron River visitor, being the guest of her uncle, Mat. Buchholz.

Hon. T. B. Barry, known to every Maccabee in this section of Michigan, spent Sunday in the city.

The Iron Mountain Tribune calls Mayor Gallup the Pingree of the upper peninsula.

Rev. Mr. Greene conducted funeral services at Iron Mountain last Saturday.

Wm. Baker, of Rapid River, was a Sturgeon Bay visitor this week.

don, Wis. After spending several days in town he returned to New London the first of the week.

Supt. Tracey saw Gladstone defeated by the Garden ball-tossers last Sunday.

J. A. Stewart, he of washboard fame, was in Milwaukee this week.

Mrs. Ed. Voght is visiting relatives near Sturgeon Bay.

Miss Ellen Johnson is visiting friends in Cedar River.

Mrs. James Todd has been quite ill during the past week.

Mrs. Jas. Robertson has been ill the past week.

Rev. Frs. Mesnard and William returned from their pilgrimage to Canada on Friday last, where they had a most pleasant time, both the reverend gentlemen besides enjoying the occasion getting much good out of the journey and their visit to the holy spot—St. Anne de Beaupre.

Rev. Dr. Todd regretted exceedingly that he was unable to attend the Caledonian celebration at Marinette on Tuesday. No one enjoys meeting his countrymen in their annual festivities more than the Doctor.

Capt. Rickerson fell and slightly injured himself while coming through the railway yards from his steamer on Tuesday. He was laid up at the New Ludington a day or two.

Will Daley, of Laramie, is here visiting his mother, brother and numerous friends. He is accompanied by Mrs. Daley.

J. A. Stewart, better known as "Doctor," came over from Gladstone after church last Sunday to see the ball game.

Miss Maggie Lennan, after a delightful visit with Mrs. Jas. Tolan, returned to her home in Waupun this week.

Del. Ray got a nice lot of trout up the line Monday. He has our thanks for a dozen of the speckled beauties.

Supt. S. S. Beggs returned to the city Thursday morning. He had a pleasant visit in Pennsylvania.

Wm. Meier, driver in the fire department, was off duty several days this week on account of sickness.

Miss Virginia and Josie Laveigne visited their sister, Mrs. Joseph Blair, at Gladstone last Sunday.

Rev. Fr. Manning, of Gladstone, spent a few hours in Escanaba Monday.

Miss Nannie Reynolds returned from Menominee on Tuesday.

Geo. Mathews, of Gladstone, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Rev. G. H. Whitney returned to Negaunee Tuesday morning.

Bert Ellsworth and wife visited Gladstone on Wednesday.

Mrs. Geo. Shaffer is home from an extended visit in the east.

John McGinnis was an Appleton visitor this week.

John Sipchen, of Iron River, was here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Young is visiting in Marinette. Lillie Blanchette is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Kratz departed on Thursday for the east, where they will be extensively of fall goods. They will be absent about three weeks, during which time the business will be conducted by Morris Goldman.

Misses Jessie and Glory Rogers returned Thursday from a month's visit at Racine. Mrs. Rogers, who is now at Racine, will be home next week, being detained by the illness of her mother.

A lady friend received a letter from Miss Anderson, formerly a teacher in our schools, on Thursday. She is now at Ann Arbor, enjoying good health and is in the very best of spirits.

Rev. J. A. Eckstrom, formerly pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church in this city, after spending several days in Escanaba returned to his home in Rockford, Ill., on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum and their two children, of Elmwood, Mich., spent a few days in the city this week, visiting in the family of D. H. Ray.

Frank Legage and family have moved to Rhineland, Wis. Mr. Legage will engage in the saloon business at that place.

J. A. Burns, one of the most enthusiastic fishermen in this metropolis, angled successfully near Shay's a few days ago.

R. C. Flannagan, of Norway, one of the brilliant legal lights of this peninsula, was in town on business this week.

Peter Jordan came down from the head of the bay last Sunday to get acquainted with his family.

J. T. Wixson, accompanied by Dr. Brooks, of Rapid River, is visiting Bay View and Petoskey.

A. P. Smith, of Gladstone, transacted legal business in the county town Wednesday.

man is much pleased with Escanaba and its people.

Joe. Kenney, Ed. Paradise, Geo. Boyer, Chet. Boyer and Joe. Leberge, all masons, came up from Marinette this week to work on the new school building.

A permit to marry was issued to Louis Mack and Sarah Venderville, the former of Wells township and the latter of this city, this week.

Mr. Geo. Power and Miss Caroline Hamacher took leading parts in the drama, "Beyond Pardon," at Gladstone Thursday evening.

Geo. T. Burns returned from his trip to Marinette and Chicago on Monday, and expresses himself as having had an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Yockey and children arrived home from Fond du Lac last Saturday. Chauncey has so far recovered that he is able to be out again.

Mrs. J. K. Stack and daughter Mollie went to Quinnesec Thursday, called there by the death of Blaise McKens.

Eva Hoskins and Carrie Kihn went to Fayette Thursday where they will remain a week visiting friends.

Allen Tyrrell, who now resides in the Windy City, has been in Escanaba a portion of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Greene, of Marinette, visited in the family of Jas. Greene this week.

Paul Kelly has been in Chicago this week buying fixtures for his new saloon.

Chris. Roemer has severed his connection with the Escanaba Lighting Co.

Poor Director Warn has been suffering for the past ten days with a felon.

Miss Gertrude Erickson was the guest of Menominee friends this week.

A child of Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Linden is quite sick.

W. C. LaBelle took in Daggett Wednesday.

Mrs. Roehl is visiting friends in Kaukauna, Wis.

Mr. J. B. Frey, who has been a resident of Metropolitan for the past decade, writes The Iron Port that he has leased the Hoffman House at Green Bay, and will hereafter conduct the same. Mr. Frey is a good "hotel man" and we are pleased to know that he has selected a location where he can "throw himself."

Miss Ida Payne entertained a large party of friends and companions last Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. J. S. Lindsay. It was a surprise gotten up and successfully carried out by the Methodist Sunday school scholars.

Col. J. C. Van Duzer, for years editor of The Iron Port, and a newspaper writer whose ability is recognized by the fraternity of the state, is now doing editorial work on the Journal.

Richard E. McLean, better known to us all as "Dick," attended the Caledonian picnic at Marinette. It goes without saying that he enjoyed the occasion.

Misses Florence and Sadie Nearman will leave for Chicago this evening for a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends.

Flora and Anna Coffey, of Fairport, are visiting friends here this week. They are accompanied by Miss Eita Camp.

Mrs. Geo. M. West and party returned from their extended stay in the south on Tuesday. The Iron Port regrets to chronicle the serious illness of Mrs. Gus. Brigman.

Frank Long, of Gladstone, visited his mother at Menominee this week.

C. B. Meseran, of Mautistique, spent a few hours in town Tuesday.

The Bicycle Girl.
The wheel! The wheel! Oh, steed of steel,
You swiftly wing your way,
On every side, both far and wide,
Your triumph is to-day!

Quick as a flash you by us dash,
A gleam and you are gone;
Both man and horse keep out your course,
As you go flying on.

And how we like when on her "bike"
The cycling maid will whir;
No languid miss could ride like this

The wheel was made for HER,
Who swiftly goes, checks like the reas,
And smiles—would we could win them!
Bloomers she wears—but then, who cares?
She looks so stunning in them!

Annual Clearing Sale.
As will be seen by the announcement of The Fair on the eighth page of today's Iron Port, a clearing sale is now in progress at that enterprising store. Mr. Salinsky bought largely of fall goods while in the eastern marts, and in order to make room for the daily arrivals of these goods he now offers some extraordinary inducements to his customers. Just what these inducements are may be seen by reference to his advertisement, which you should read.



ED. JONES.
(Prominent in the note to honor Pere Marquette)

Said Pasha Coming.
Said Pasha, that bright, tuneful comic opera by Richard Stodd, will have its first presentation in this city on Thursday, August 8th, at The Peterson. The company producing this opera is a large one consisting of thirty people, all artists of merit, grafted together for a summer season from all of the well known opera companies—the chorus being large and strong and thoroughly trained. The opera "Said Pasha" gives a rare chance for some clever acting as well as singing. The choruses are pretty and numerous, costuming quaint and picturesque. Sale opens on Tuesday at Mead's drug store.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARY

PERE MARQUETTE'S MEMORIAL TO BE FITTINGLY PERPETUATED.

Some Interesting Facts in Connection with the Explorer's Life in this Immediate Vicinity—Illustrations.

Inasmuch as arrangements are now being consummated by the citizens of St. Ignace to more fittingly honor the resting place of that eminent Jesuit missionary and fearless explorer, Father James Marquette, some historical matter in connection with his life in this immediate vicinity may not prove uninteresting at this time.

As every student of history knows Father Marquette first saw the light of day in Laon, France, in the year 1637. In 1664 he was ordained priest. Two



Father Marquette in St. Ignace, Mich., 1679.

years later found him at Sault Ste. Marie, a resident pastor among the Indians, but he remained only a twelvemonth, going to the other end of Lake Superior. War, however, soon obliged his people to leave, and they settled on Mackinac Island. Comparatively few people are aware that Father Marquette over 225 years ago explored what is now Delta county, and trod the sandy shores of beautiful Little Bay de Noquet, and encamped upon its verdant banks. He likewise discovered St. Martin's Island, and tradition tells of his visiting the Indians in their tepees at the Whitefish river and Gardien. His last visit was made when Frontenac took possession of new France and selected Marquette and Joliet to push for the exploration of the Father of Waters, there to spread the gospel of Christ and plant a cross on the nearest hilltop. His friends both at St. Martin's, Gardien and Whitefish endeavored to dissuade him from making the perilous journey, on which he must necessarily encounter hostile Indians, but he was determined, and passing down Green Bay and up the Fox he proceeded on his historic exploration, planting crosses as he went. Of his route all know, and also are they familiar with his exposures—in making the perilous journey. Health failed and in 1675 he expressed a desire to return from his Illinois, where then was, to St. Ignace, and a start was made, but death overtook the saintly missionary near the mouth of the Marquette river, the month being May and the day the 9th. A decade later his remains were disinterred and taken to St. Ignace for burial, the exact spot being only recently discovered, and is shown in the accompanying illustration.

To the late Rev. Father Jaeger, who labored unceasingly among the Indians, their guide and advisor, is due the honor of discovering the last resting place of Father Marquette. He commenced to verify that Marquette's remains were to be found at St. Ignace soon after his arrival there in 1873, says a writer in the Delta. He found to his surprise the existence of the Indian tradition that East Moran Bay washed the shores of the spot where the old church and the father's grave had once been placed. By comparing this with what the great Father Richard, of Detroit, the pioneer newspaper man of the state as well as the organizer of the first parishes formed under American regime, had discovered while trying to find the spot that held all that was left on earth of the missionary's remains, and with the tradition of the existence of a large cross that was said as far back as 1821 to mark the spot where the church stood he was led to re-read the "Relations" the best authenticated authority on early explorations, in a new light. He was at once convinced that St. Ignace was the place designated in the Relations as receiving what the Indian had brought from near the mouth of the Pere Marquette river. He then made a systematic search on the higher ground or bluff overlooking Vide Poche, north of the present city. He found traces of the palisaded villages inhabited by two tribes, midway between which place the church should have stood. They sought only on the higher ground; nearer the shore, lines of palisades had been discovered and even one grave unwittingly disturbed by the owner of the land, revealed the existence of gold bordering and silken stuff marking the buried person one of distinction.

Quite near this spot much nearer the bay than the bluff site, a foundation of a large building was uncovered in 1877. Father Jaeger, on being notified, speedily discovered the site of the church with other buildings, workshops and the like adjoining and the search was begun on the spot. The old chart in Le Houtan's Travels was examined and comparison showed the similarity between the old site and the new one just uncovered. It was known that the rude bark chapel

that first received Father Marquette's body had been replaced by a large wooden church, and that this church had been destroyed by the Indians to prevent its desecration when the Hurons and Ottawa had to flee from the victorious Iroquois. Did the fathers carry away the relics to Canada with them? Father Jaeger naively says we would have done so, but the missionaries left the remains of their fallen brethren where they laid them to rest on the field as it were of battle.

In the hollow of the largest building there came into view the debris of a building destroyed by fire, and underneath the supposed floor of this seeming basement in a space evidently dug for burying something, partly charred remains of a bark cover and the sides of a box, in which the bones had evidently been laid. And in this grave were found what was subsequently shown by specialists to have been once the part and parcel of a human being. Most of these were recently placed under the modest monument that marks the spot where the discovery was made.

Few men dying at the age of thirty-eight have accomplished so much in that

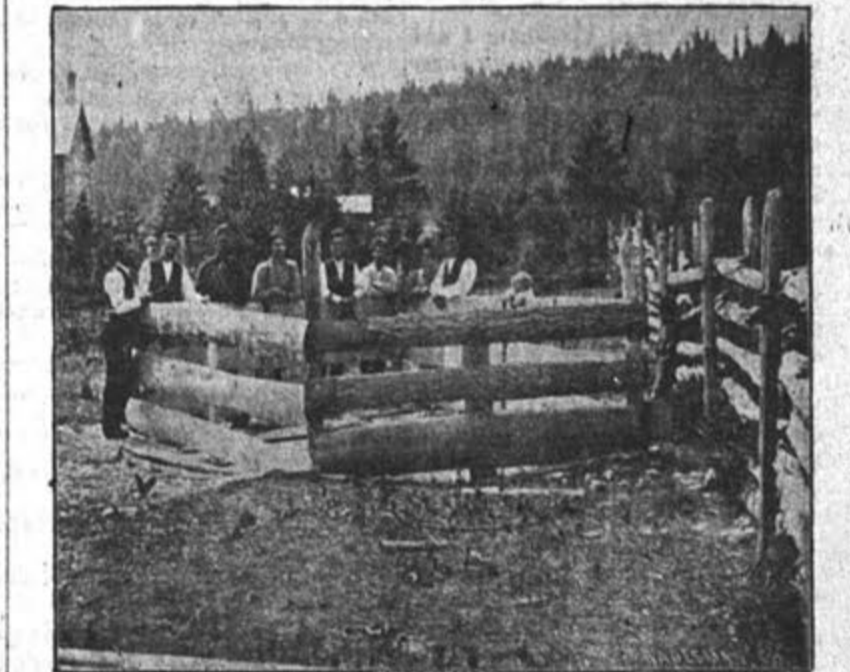
A FEW THINGS.

Undoubtedly many of Escanaba's sportively-inclined citizens have wondered why we so suddenly discontinued speeding our horse on Wells avenue. There was a time when we could not go down Wells enough, and there is no person who ever breathlessly watched our old pile driver loosen up but will admit that he is real spry. We at one time possessed a sneaking idea that our quadruped was real sudden, but somehow or another that idea has been relegated to oblivion, and is succeeded by another that exhibits signs of having come to stay. It may be incidentally mentioned in this connection, that it requires no inconsiderable executive ability for a man who has a four-minute stepper to refrain from getting in a class too speedy for him. One must be something of a judge, and when he comes across some cripple that he can knock the tar out of stick to him. We supposed we had the thing down pretty fine, but a few days ago Hessel's horse, driven by a man with an apple-face and side-bar whiskers, stole up behind us, evidently bound for the slaughter house, and sidled us into a heat. We spat on our tan gloves, pulled up on the old horse, and he seemed to grasp our meaning and speedily got his legs untangled and lit out. But the apple-faced individual was out on our curve, for he touched his horse on a raw spot and whether you believe it or not Hessel's homely old animal climbed past our beautiful and costly stepper, leaving us to inhale an odor like unto that of a sausage factory. We could have killed that driver. Not that we were beaten, because we are always beaten in one way or another, but as he turned a corner a block ahead of us, he turned around and with a sort of a Gladstone smile on his face, beckoned to us. Hereafter we shall trot our pile-driver with no delivery wagons. We are dead willing to meet "Sandy" Oliver, George Kaufman, Alex. Roberts, Jas. Powers, or John Vassaw in the horse arena, but we are not calculated to associate with delivery wagons, and we won't do it, either. As long as reason maintains her throne we will never go upon the track with a butcher's horse, we don't care a red who the butcher is. We have not discontinued racing altogether, but hereafter we shall scan the field pretty closely before we get into any entanglements of this sort.

There are a number of people in Gladstone—real respectable and supposedly intelligent people, too—who are possessed of the decidedly erroneous idea that the paragraph of this paragraph is wholly incompetent to umpire a common, ordinary, every-day game of baseball, and they have made no bones of giving their opinions publicly. So much has been said about our "poor eye" that patience has ceased to be a virtue, and we hereby serve notice upon our suburban neighbors that unless they conceal their animosity toward us we shall be obliged to discontinue favoring them with our occasional visits to their would-be county town. They cannot expect even one of our prominence in baseball circles to be strictly accurate regarding foul balls when Gus Mathews has third base under his arm talking to the Escanaba ladies in the grand stand—but we did the very best we knew how under the circumstances and the condition of the score at that particular moment. Even such prominent citizens as Mayor Mason, Banker Fass, Judge Huber, Manager

Trusted Employees Go Wrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Vanlow were arrested on the charge of theft at the Soo on Monday. Vanlow was head clerk in Preslar's store. His wife also helped out in the store occasionally. Goods were missed from the store and suspicion pointed to them. Goods valued at over



PEOPLE OF MARQUETTE TOWN.

\$100 were found in their house. Their peculations will reach several hundred dollars. Both are high rollers in society and their downfall created a sensation. They both pleaded guilty and were fined \$95 and costs, which they paid.

A Chance for the Standard.

Here is the opportunity for the Standard Oil Company to monopolistically grab another infant oil industry. A well sunk on the property of John Nickols has resulted in striking oil. It comes up from the depth of 175 feet and there is about a quart of it to every gallon of mud and water. Samples of it have been sent to the aforementioned monopoly.

Struck a Rich Lead.

Some one—presumably Ed. himself—sends us a copy of the Albuquerque Citizen, which contains an article stating that Ed. M. Dinnee, formerly of Escanaba, together with three others, are owners of a "claim" in Arizona which has a ten-inch vein carrying free gold. An assay shows this ore to run from \$43 to \$50 per ton. Good for Ed.

It is interesting and amusing to listen to J. A. Burns relate his experiences with porcupines while fishing, last week, near Shay's. Everything about camp had to be placed within the tent in order to save them from the ravages of the almost famished animals. Mr. Burns says they would have eaten the buckboard had it remained in their domain much longer. As it was they ate a portion of it.

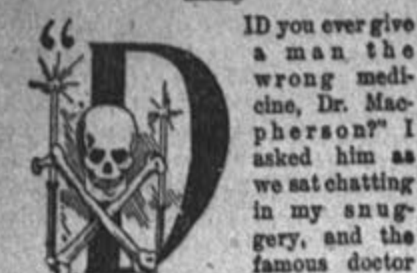
Sixteen hundred tons of iron ore have been shipped to Gladstone by the Traders mine.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to his name or whether to a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that, referring to the newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, of receiving and leaving them unopened, for a crime under various of the laws of the United States.

A MEDICAL TRIUMPH.

BY H. FLOWERDEW.



“ID you ever give a man the wrong medicine, Dr. Macpherson?” I asked him as we sat chatting in my snugery, and the famous doctor trusted me to many curious reminiscences of his early career. “I should think that most medical men must make slips of that kind at least once in a lifetime.”

Macpherson shook his head. “I do not remember doing so. But I once gave a man an overdose of a drug for a sleeping draught which nearly killed him. It was his own fault, though, as you will see when I tell you the story.”

I was glad to hear that there was another story coming and settled myself to listen, for Macpherson's reminiscences are always interesting.

“It was when I was quite a young man,” he began, “and soon after I started a practice of my own at Chelsea. I had taken a pretty large house there, as a doctor is bound to do if he wants to get on, and kept a couple of servants. On the night, however, when my adventure happened both the girls were away. One of them had become so ill that I thought it best for her to go home to be nursed, and the other girl had traveled with her to take care of her and was to return the first thing next morning. So that when a violent ring came at the front door bell about midnight, when I was just thinking of turning in, I had to go and answer it myself. I did so with a bad grace, for I had had a hard day's work and was looking forward to bed. The violence of the summons suggested that somebody was in urgent need of my services, and I sighed to think of the probability that I was to be called out again.

“When I opened the door I found that it was as I expected. A small boy, breathless with running, informed me that I was required at once at an address he gave me in a street about half an hour's walk from my house.

“What am I wanted for?” I asked, but the boy could not tell me. He had been passing the house, he said, when an old gentleman opened the door, gave him half a crown, and told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest doctor.

“But I am not the nearest doctor,” I said, feeling for once that I could have spared a patient to one of my rivals. The boy looked surprised.

“You are the only one I could think of, sir,” he said, which was flattering, for it tended to show that I was becoming known in the place.

“Of course it was no use questioning the lad any further, and I could only regret that he knew my house better than my rivals,” put on my overcoat and start, carrying with me a few things on the chance that they might be necessary, including a strong soporific which I might have to use if I found my patient in great pain which I could not immediately relieve.

“I had concluded that my services were made necessary by some accident, and used as much haste as possible, therefore, in getting to the address which the boy had given me, and which I had copied down into my pocketbook before he went away.

“As I approached the house I was surprised to find it in complete darkness, and I could not help wondering whether I had been made the victim of a practical joke, especially when my ring at the bell remained unanswered. I had expected to find the house lighted up and everybody on the alert, awaiting my appearance, and I was prepared with an apology for my intrusion when I heard steps descending the stairs and coming along the hall in answer to my second ring.

“The door was opened by a genial-looking old gentleman in a flowered dressing-gown, who carried a lamp in his hand, and whose first words set my

“The man performed a short calculation on his fingers.

“Then we may call your average visit thirty-two and a half minutes,” he said, quietly. “Well, I am quite prepared to pay you ten shillings for every thirty-two and a half minutes that you remain with me. You came in at exactly twenty minutes past twelve. Allow me to pay you up till seven minutes to one.” He gravely handed me half a sovereign as he spoke, and went on: “If you prefer it, I have not the least objection to your giving me medical advice all the time you are here, although that is quite immaterial to me, so long as you talk about something and keep me from the loneliness that I dread. Do take a cigar and help yourself to the whisky.”

“His tone was so businesslike and matter of fact that it was impossible to quarrel with him. Besides, his evident dread of being alone, which so many victims to insomnia have, appealed to my sympathies.

“I was not successful enough then to disregard the chance of gaining a rich and eccentric patient, the very class who make the profession worth practicing, from a pecuniary point of view.

“I made no demur, therefore, but determined to stay at least until I had given him directions for curing his want of sleep by systematic exercise and plain living, and I lighted one of his cheroots, which were, indeed, excellent.

“At the end of half an hour I rose to go. But my strange patient pleaded with me so earnestly to ac-

cept another fee and stay half an hour more that I scarcely had the heart to leave him. A fresh idea occurred to me.

“I will stay on one condition,” I said: “that you lie down and let me try to get you to sleep.” I feel that if I could succeed in doing so I should have done something to justify my visit, and should be able to get back to my own bed without any danger of offending a possible remunerative patient.

“He agreed instantly, and drew up a comfortable-looking couch to the fire in place of his chair.

“Now, if I do my level best to sleep will you promise not to leave me till I am off?” he said, and, feeling pretty confident of my powers, I rather unwisely consented.

“I began by reading aloud to him in a soft, monotonous tone which I have generally found effective, and at the end of half an hour was congratulating myself on my success, when the old gentleman jumped up, wide awake, and, fishing in his pocket, produced another half-sovereign.

“I was getting desperately sleepy myself, and more than ever anxious to succeed and get away, when my patient roused himself again suddenly.

“This won't do,” he said quite anxiously. “If I go to sleep how on earth shall I know what I owe you?”

“You can trust that to me,” I said shortly, and continued the reading again with what seemed like complete success, till at two o'clock my patient jumped up as lively as ever to present me with my fourth fee.

“The want of success made me desperate, and I was already regretting deeply the promise which prevented me leaving the old gentleman to his fate and getting home when another thought suggested itself to me.

“The sleeping draught which he had refused was lying on the table before me. He admitted having taken large quantities of every known drug, but this was a very strong one, and might affect him more than he expected if I could get him to take it. He had refused so point blank before that I did not ask his consent, but slipped it

quietly into a glass while I was reading.

“Perhaps another glass of whisky will help you,” said I, filling it up; “try drinking it straight off.”

“He obeyed me without a suspicion, and took the whole dose, which, of course, I should not have ventured to give anybody unaccustomed to drugs.

“It appeared to me to take effect very quickly, but I did not flatter myself on the point until my next fee became due, when, finding my patient did not stir, I rose softly, put on my hat and coat, and, turning down the lamp, felt my way downstairs in the dark and let myself out of the house.

“As I walked home I told myself that I had secured a desirable patient, and had already given him some reason to have faith in my powers. The four half-sovereigns jingled pleasantly in my pocket, and I had still time left to get a good sleep before it was necessary to begin the day's work.

“But rest was not for me yet awhile. As I opened my own door with a latch-key a single glance at the hall was sufficient to put another complexion on the case, and I strode rapidly through the house to find that it had been ransacked from top to bottom.

“My old friend with the insomnia was simply the accomplice of a gang of burglars, who had taken this means of keeping me out of the way while his friends removed the greater part of my portable property. It seemed to me as if they must have taken it away in a furniture van.

“I hurried off at once to the neighboring police station, and the inspector in charge looked serious.

“It seems to me like the work of a gang that we have been hearing of for some time, but that we can't get hold of,” he said.

“Well, I think I can take you to a house where you will find one of the gang,” I said, and told him briefly of my patient.

“The policeman smiled a superior smile.

“He is one of the gang, without doubt, as well as the lad who brought his message, but you won't find him at the house now. You will find that he has taken the room furnished for a day or two, and vanished the instant you left the place.”

“I have no doubt that was the plan,” I said; “but I happened to give the gentleman a dose which, if he isn't as used to drugs as he pretended, will keep him asleep for a week.”

“And did you find him?” I asked when Macpherson had reached this point in his story; and the famous physician nodded.

“Yes, exactly as I left him. I had some trouble in bringing him round. As we thought, he was a notorious criminal, and his arrest led to that of the whole gang, and what was of more importance to me—the recovery of my furniture. It has often made me smile to think of my little sleeping-draught effecting what the whole police force of the metropolis had been trying to do for months. I call it a triumph of medicine.”—New Budget.

IT WAS MARIE'S MIRROR.

And She Got It Back as Her Wedding Present.

Young Mr. Smithers, having eaten an excellent dinner, sat down to smoke a good cigar while his wife ran upstairs to make her toilette for the theater.

So peaceful was his state of mind that he did not even look accusingly at his watch when, after the promised “minute” dropped into sixty, she entered the room.

“Seems to me that you are looking very nice to-night, my dear,” he remarked.

“I am so glad you think so, my darling. Of course I care more for your admiration than that of anyone else. Besides, the Skinners' sit right behind us this evening, and this dress will give her a bad headache before the second act is half over.”

Mr. Smithers looked anxious. “So this is new, is it? Wasn't the old one good enough?”

“N-not quite, my dear. Besides, I earned the money for this one myself.”

“But how did you earn it?”

“Oh, after you left, I fell to thinking what a lot of money twenty-five dollars was to spend upon a wedding present for Marie when I really needed so many things. Then an idea struck me. I remembered all those pretty things I found in your big trunk after we were married—the ones that horrid girl, whoever she was, sent back when the engagement was broken. I wouldn't have one of them myself, but it seemed a pity for them to lie there, so I went up stairs and looked them all over. I selected that lovely silver-backed mirror and cleaned it up until it looked just like new; and then I—”

“Sold it to buy the dress. I see!”

“Nothing of the kind. I bought the dress with the money you gave me. The mirror I sent to Marie with our best wishes. Won't she be surprised—why, Freddie, are you ill?”

“Not at all, my dear. You are quite right; Marie will, no doubt, be much surprised, for, you see, she herself was the girl who returned those presents—that is all.”—Baltimore Herald.

WHAT SLEEP WILL DO.

Watch Children That They Do Not Assume Many Attitudes.

Sleep is regarded as the time when only good arrives to the sleeper, and in the case of adults this is so; with children, however, the matter is different. The actual fact of sleep is good, but the manner of sleep is not always so by any means, for during these periods of repose a child may contract a habit of position which will cause a lasting deformity.

In the first place, children are often put to sleep always upon the same side. The mothers find them less restless so, and thoughtlessly lay them that way. Sometimes this restlessness is caused by physical defects, but it mainly arises from habit. No creature on earth is more liable to habits than a tiny, soft baby that you wouldn't think could possess any distinct quality. A mother, for some reason peculiar to herself, finds it most convenient to place her little one on its left side, we will say, for about three days; when the fourth day arrives Master Baby decides that there is something wrong if he be put upon his right side, and forthwith begins to squirm and twist until he fidgets himself awake. Mama places him on the other side and he serenely settles himself.

Constantly lying on one side will make a difference in the size of the limbs upon that side, and will even cause that side of the face to remain smaller than the other. Children will also draw up one leg in their sleep. This, too, becomes a fixed habit, and by the time the child has learned to walk, a difference in the length of the two lower limbs will be noticed, a misfortune which might have been avoided had the mother been careful to watch the habits of the sleeping baby.

In the bringing up of children it is not so much the care over larger things that counts, but the constant watchfulness against the “little fires that destroy the vines.”—St. Louis Republic.

Economy in Spelling.

Some French statisticians have turned himself loose on the subject of wasted words and letters. The French and English languages are, as he proves with many figures, especially open to criticism in this matter, and money is lost every year by lack of verbal economy. The French language contains 18 per cent. of useless letters. There are 6,800 journals published in the language, and they print 108,000,000 letters every year, so that 14,200,000,000 words are printed, not because they are needed, but because they have come to be used in the French language as it is spoken. The writer computes that \$1,988,000 is the annual cost of this useless expenditure of printers' ink in France alone. Of journals printed in the English language there are 17,000, and they are larger. Twelve per cent. of our printed letters are skipped over by the tongues in pronouncing the words, and so \$7,000,000 is thrown away. Useless letters, he goes on to say, fill up a large amount of space on paper, and in this way is lost \$15,600,000 among English-speaking people and \$3,600,000 in France. The time taken up in writing these useless letters, if estimated at \$5 a day per journalist, is worth \$4,500,000. Grand total, \$32,600,000.—Baltimore Sun.

His Own Barber.

Figg—I should think you would find it a terrible bore to shave yourself.

Fogg—On the contrary, I enjoy it. All I have to do is to ask myself if I will have a hair cut, a seafoam and a shampoo; whether I will have my moustache dyed or curled, and whether I have a razor that wants to be put in order; and then I fill the rest of the time in an interesting conversation with myself in regard to all kinds of things which I know nothing about. Why, I assure you, I hardly know the difference from being in a barber shop.—Boston Transcript.

PITH AND POINT.

—The wounds made by a friend never heal.—Ram's Horn.

—“You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, George, were you not?” “Yes, I owed over \$30,000.”—Life.

—I love to swing upon the gate, Say, just at twilight. That is, if it will bear the weight of some one else beside.

N. Y. Herald.

—“Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence,” said one friend. “Yes. And right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment.”—Washington Star.

—“Hello, Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?” Bingley—“Oh, easy enough; he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes.”

—Magistrate—“The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man.” Mrs. McDuff—“An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him.”—Tit-Bits.

—“How does Maud like life in the country?” “First rate. She's trimming grape vines this week.” “Really. What with—ribbon?”—Illustrated Fashion Review.

—Smallwort—“Well, I have to hunt up another cook. Our latest one left yesterday.” Ford—“Did she basely desert you for gold?” “No. Copper.”—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—“My expenditures never exceed my receipts,” said Hawkins. “Mine do,” sighed Wilkins. “In fact, I am very much afraid I shall never have any receipts for some of my last year's expenditures.”—Harper's Bazar.

—A little girl heard that people were made of dust, and, after watching heaps and columns of it eddying about the street, exclaimed: “Oh, mamma, I just thought there was going to be another little girl.”—Boston Transcript.

—“Why, father,” cried the young man earnestly, “she's worth her weight in gold.” “That may be,” the millionaire carefully returned, “but even in that case you will bear in mind she wouldn't foot up above thirty-five or forty thousand dollars.”—Rockland Tribune.

—In the Dark.—Clara—“I met Mr. Tutter on the train the other day, just before we got to a long tunnel.” Maude—“Yes, so he told me.” Clara—“Oh, did he?” What did the dear boy say about it?” Maude—“He said he would rather kiss you in a tunnel than anywhere else.”—N. Y. Herald.

—Easily Remedied.—“Say,” said the city editor, “it seems to me that this expression of yours about showing a clean pair of heels is not just the thing in a bicycle race.” “All right,” answered the lazy reporter. “Just stick in a ‘w’ and make it a clean pair of wheels.”—Cincinnati Tribune.

—An Aquarelle.—They were in a little boat on the great Mississippi. “The river is rising,” she said, as she looked at the water. “Yes,” he responded, as he mopped his brow, “and it is going down at the same time.” He then stopped trying to row up stream and let the boat float.—Detroit Free Press.

WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

They Are Not Hygienic, and Should Be Worn Only When Needed.

All waterproof garments have the disadvantage of keeping the moisture in as well as out, and when we remember that the insensible perspiration of the skin amounts to about two pounds per day we can but see how rapid must be the accumulation of this moisture when its escape is prevented. If brisk exercise is taken under a waterproof garment the perspiration is increased, and the drenching from the inside is often greater than it would have been from the outside moisture.

Even the best ventilated waterproof garments do not obviate this difficulty. If you are obliged to stand or sit out of doors in a heavy rain, then you may wisely protect yourself by wearing your water-proof. If you are walking, and the wind is too obstreperous to admit of the use of an umbrella, wear a waterproof, and make the best of it; but in general put on a woollen wrap, and trust to a good, large umbrella to keep you dry.

Waterproof wraps are now made in such pretty colors and fashions that many ladies wear them when there is only a hint of rain in the air. In these cases, the “ounce of prevention” is the prelude to the “pound of cure.”

Waterproof, lined with linen, and a kind of woollen goods so woven as to be nearly waterproof, are, for obvious reasons, preferable.—Dr. Lucy Hall-Brown, in American Woman's Journal.

A Means of Disinfecting Wells.

Heavy rains are apt to contaminate wells and spread disease, hence Dr. French has brought under the notice of the Polytechnic society of Berlin a means of disinfecting wells, which he employs with success. It consists in suspending in the mouth of the well an earthenware dish containing fifty to one hundred grammes (a gramme is about fifteen grains) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, forms a dense vapor that fills the well, and is absorbed by the water, thus disinfecting it. The water, it is true, has a slight taste of bromine for a time, but is wholesome enough.—London Globe.

A Sure Thing.

Exasperated Husband—I am tired of this everlasting quarreling. I've a notion of jumping off the dock.

Provoking Wife—O, don't do that! You may be rescued and brought to again. Say! what's the matter with getting employment in an electric light company, or umpiring a baseball game? You want something that can be relied on.—Texas Sittings.



“OH! YOU ARE THE DOCTOR, I SUPPOSE”

heart at rest as far as my fears of a hoax were concerned.

“Oh, you are the doctor, I suppose,” he said. “Will you walk upstairs, please?”

“He was chatting all the while as he preceded me up the broad staircase in a voice that certainly did not show any anxiety.

“I was beginning to think that the young urchin I sent had played me false and made off with my half-crown without doing anything for it,” he said; and I explained that he had fetched me from two miles away.

“I am sorry that you have had to come so far,” he said, politely. “I thought that he would be able to find



HE OBEYED ME WITHOUT A SUSPICION.

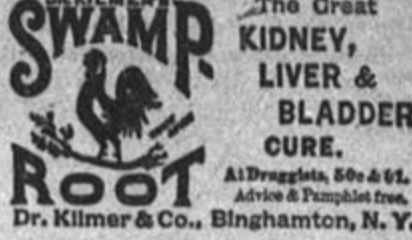
A Good Appetite

Indicates a healthy condition of the system and the lack of it shows that the stomach and digestive organs are weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power to tone and strengthen these organs and to create an appetite. By doing this it restores the body to health and prevents attacks of disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently before the public eye to-day.

Hood's Pills



Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK

THE BEST SCHOOL SHOE MADE



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5 to 7 1/2 - \$1.25 8 to 11 1/2 - \$1.75 11 to 13 - 2.00

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR INVALIDS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

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THE BLACK CHAMBER.

An Interesting Department of Russia's Secret Service.

How the Czar's Agents Open Letters in Transit Between the German Frontier and Russian Post Offices—Clever Work Well Done.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.]

It is astonishing how little really is known about Russia outside of it. Who, for instance, has ever heard of the "Black Chamber?" And yet this is a well-organized department of the Russian secret police, and its workings are known to every Russian of education. I had the good luck to become acquainted recently with the chief of the black chamber, M. Nicanor Novotitch, and with his assistant, M. J. Konti, during an official visit they paid the German postal authorities in Berlin. From them I learned something about this most remarkable institution; possible only in a vast country ruled autocratically. I confine myself to repeating, in what follows, substantially what those gentlemen told me themselves, and I presume that may be accepted as truth.

As a preliminary remark I need only say that the manner in which the Russian government views the press is pretty well known. It was soon after the accession of the present czar, a few months ago, when the leading journalists of Russia drew up a petition asking for a reform of the worst abuses they were suffering from, such as the severe penalties inflicted for publication of unpalatable facts, the confiscation of whole issues or the entire suppression of newspapers that had dared to indulge in outspoken language, etc. This petition reached the young czar, but it was indignantly rejected by him, with the remark that newspapers enjoyed all the liberty they deserved in Russia as it was. Some of the petitioners, too, were reprimanded for their boldness. As it is with the press, so, too, it is with private correspondence in Russia, only worse.

Each letter which passes through the Russian mails is subject to a system of espionage which is more thorough than anything the world has ever seen. And it is the province of the black chamber to see to it that nothing offensive to the government be carried by the postal authorities without first being noticed and remembered by the employees of the black chamber. In most instances mail matter which runs counter in its contents to the demands



M. NICANOR NOVOTITCH.

of the "censor" is withheld and never reaches its destination, while the senders of it are reported to the police for punishment. Exceptions, however, are made when it suits the purposes of the authorities to leave the addressee and the sender both in the belief that they have remained undiscovered. The Russian laws on censorship are very severe and comprehensive. They forbid the mention of the czar and of his family in private correspondence as well as in the press, and they forbid critical remarks of a religious, philosophical or military character. The black chamber is intrusted with the duty of watching that these prohibitions are complied with.

It is, of course, impossible to open and examine every letter that is conveyed by Russian mails. But the agents, inspectors and examiners of the black chamber number in all several thousands, and they are skillfully distributed in all those towns and cities where dissatisfaction with the prevailing order of things is known to exist, and very little escapes their lynx eyes which is worth seeing. By the government they are empowered to commit any act of indiscretion whatever which seems to be necessary to accomplish their purpose, and the employees of the black chamber are notoriously callous, shrewd and cunning. That instinct which is a part of every man's nature they bring into the service when raw, but experience and trained observation strengthens the original amount of instinctive knowledge as to which letters to open and which to leave alone to that extent that they become almost unerring in their judgment.

The number and percentage of letters thus actually opened and read by these agents differs, of course, considerably, being much larger during periods of political excitement than during more quiet times, and the amount of work done by them after some particularly atrocious political plot has been hatched or executed is said to be herculean. Generally speaking, though, about every tenth letter sent in the mails is opened by the men of the black chamber.

The particular field worked by these agents is, of course, the correspondence that passes between Russian and foreign parts. As about nine-tenths of this correspondence goes by way of Lydt-Kuhnen and St. Petersburg, a specially trained corps of agents is always on the express that runs in the direction indicated, and during the twenty-four hours the mail is in transit between the German frontier and the Russian capital, not a piece of it is not fingered or broken open and examined as to its contents. On arrival, of course, there is no delay in delivering this mail, unless withheld for reasons stated above, for them an-

spulations rendered necessary for this mass of letters is rapidly attended to by those expert hands. Now and then it happens, however, that mistakes are made, as when a Russian residing in Berlin, M. Leskuloff, received an envelope duly addressed to him, but inclosing a letter evidently intended for a French diplomat in Rome. Errors of this kind occur rarely, and wherever it is possible to ferret out the unskillful agent guilty of it he is subsequently punished for it.

The black chamber methods of opening letters are astonishingly simple and effective. During the time of Napoleon I, when Foucher's agents also closely supervised all correspondence reaching or leaving France, steam was used in loosening one flap of the envelope. The Russian agents proceed more rapidly. They cut open one side of the envelope with peculiar-shaped knives, and the opening, after putting the letter once more where it belongs,



M. J. KONTI.

is then pated over with a tiny slice of paper, a camel's hair brush and some gum arabic being the only utensils used. So deftly, however, do these men operate that only a practiced eye can detect the fact that the letter has been interfered with. In a few instances it becomes necessary to open a letter where the back of the envelope meets in its center, that being the seal carefully affixed by the sender. But that also presents no difficulty to the Russian agents. They first use a hollow cylinder whose interior contains innumerable steel needles, and the soft pressure of one finger on the spring at the side of this cylinder suffices for a cushion to drop and to group these steel needles exactly in the same shape as the seal or the wax. The wax is now carefully scratched off, and the paper is subjected to steam. After the contents have been examined the steel cushion does its work once more on sealing wax of the right hue dropped in the same spot where the old impression was. The reproduction is perfect, and it proves that there is absolutely no way to avoid the scrutiny of the Russian postal spies.

This system of letter censorship extends, naturally enough, to the diplomatic correspondence going to and from Russia, and the foreign missions at St. Petersburg have often enough complained to their respective governments about the rigorous espionage kept up there. To enable them to send to their own governments diplomatic news and to receive instructions of importance without first having satisfied Russian curiosity, the various embassies and consulates have been forced to adopt private postal facilities of their own. Both the German and the Austrian, as well as the French and Italian, embassies thus receive and send their mail matter from St. Petersburg by trusted express messengers from the German border on to the capital.

The facts which I have cited above seem almost incredible at this late day, yet coming from so unimpeachable a source, they must, nevertheless, be accepted as truth. A member of the Russian embassy in Berlin told me a little occurrence neatly illustrating the exact methods of the black chamber men. While stationed at Sofia, Bulgaria, during the last Russian war with Turkey



WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

this gentleman, whose court connections had at that time rendered him slightly suspicious, sent a private letter to a friend in Moscow, sealing it with a Bulgarian crest and securely fastening the envelope outside with a net of fine twine, again sealed in four places. Before dropping the sealing-wax on the envelope he made his dragonam inscribe on the space below a chiffré in Turkish characters. The letter was duly delivered, and as the friend in Moscow scratched off the seal he found the Turkish chiffré, too, but somehow it was turned upside down.

A Farm Larger Than a State.

The largest ranch now running in full blast in the state of Wyoming is that owned by ex-Senator Warren. The dimensions of this mammoth "farm" are of such proportions that figures on its area appear almost fabulous and beyond belief. Its dimensions are 75 by 100 miles, and it is stocked with upwards of 300,000 animals of various kinds, including horses, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs and half-breed buffalo. The itemized inventory shows that 400 horses, 30,000 cattle, and over 150,000 sheep daily graze on the ex-senator's "broad acres." Compared with the state of Rhode Island, this gigantic farm is as a four-horse bus to a baby cab. The state mentioned is only 37 miles one way and 47 the other. The farm is 75 by 100 miles

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Bits of Advice Born and Bred of Experience.

Holding a Government Office at Washington Kills Ambition, Strangles True Manhood and Dwarfs the Intellect.

[Special Washington Letter.]

The civil-service law has been a blessing in disguise to many thousands of our people. Prior to its enactment and enforcement we were apparently before a nation of office seekers. There was no barrier in the way of the seekers after public position save the limitations of appropriations. It is true that the annual appropriations were sometimes in excess of the necessities of good government, because of the hungry horde of place hunters who were invincible, but none the less tangible, urging their representatives to provide places for them. Senators and



NOTHING BEFORE HIM BUT GLOOM.

representatives were without protection from this class of constituents. It was the general impression that a statesman could get an office for a constituent by merely asking for it. Therefore those who were active in political participation claimed public office as the reward of their political services. Not infrequently the treasury was invaded on this account. The civil-service law provided a check which abashed the office seekers, and proved a protection to the statesman. It was also intended to prove potential in protecting good clerks in their places; but in this particular it was incomplete. While the law prevents indiscriminate appointments, it does not prevent dismissals. It provides no alternative for the clerk, who is removed without cause. He has no court of appeals. He must go.

Very many clerks have been dismissed during the past year; and there is consequently considerable suffering in this city by these additions to the army of the unemployed. The majority of the dismissals have been caused by the reduced appropriations, and the secretaries of the departments have been compelled by law to make reductions in the clerical force. It is exceedingly unfortunate that, in addition to removal from office, many clerks, who have been for years engaged in departmental work, should feel themselves humiliated by the causes assigned for their removal. Of course every clerk has had some friend in congress who has appealed for his or her retention in office, but the heads of departments have been unable to keep them all and consequently there can be no reinstatements. When members of congress have asked why their friends have been dismissed, and others retained, they are informed that "only the best clerks have been retained." This is an implied reflection upon the clerical abilities of those who have been removed, and each of them regards it as a deep humiliation.

There is an old man here—sixty-five years have passed over his head—an old man of scholarly attainments and splendid clerical record, who was dismissed a few weeks ago from a position which he has held for twenty years. He is too far advanced in life to begin anew in some other kind of labor, and he realizes his helplessness. He writes a good hand and understands his business thoroughly, and yet he cannot understand why others should have been retained while he was sent forth with nothing before him but gloom and nothing behind him but an alleged record for inefficiency. As a matter of fact, although a good clerk, there are others, younger than he, who are more efficient; who can do more work and do it better. His removal is not intended to be a reflection upon him, but he so feels it, and told me this evening, with tears in his eyes and with quivering voice, that his wife and children feel the humiliation more keenly than they will feel the deprivation of comforts and necessities during the coming winter.

This venerable and unfortunate man is but a sample of a class; and it is a large class in this city. Wage earners in all other places realize the uncertainty of continued employment, the caprice of employers, the certainty of the coming of "a rainy day," and they save money, buy homes, and in other ways make preparation for the future. Employees of the general government, however, although they may at first bring to Washington with them proper ideas of economy and thrift, speedily imbibe and absorb the carelessness and prodigality of the class of people with whom their lot is cast. The government pays almost twice as much for clerical labor as any private establishment or corporation can afford to pay, and will pay. Moreover, the government always pays the employees in the executive departments regularly on the 15th and the 30th of each month. The money comes from the treasury, and the notes are bright and new and fresh. It is first handled by the federal officials. The employees know that as long as the government lasts there will never be a pay-day skipped. The money will al-

ways be ready; and the employees usually dispose of it with but little delay. Very few of them are economical or provident. The money "comes easy and goes easy," to use a common expression concerning such affairs. Therefore, when old age comes, as it always does, if employment ceases suffering ensues.

The civil-service law contemplates permanent employment to the worthy; but when the expenses of government are reduced, from any motive whatever, removals from office are necessitated. The government clerks who are imprudent, and imagine that the holding of office is a permanency, on account of the civil-service law, forget that every rule has its exceptions.

It was with these facts in view that I stated at the outset that the law has been a blessing in disguise to thousands of our people. It has soothed the craze for office, and every reading man or woman who becomes conversant with the situation will be wise and prudent, and banish thoughts of office-holding in any of the executive departments at the national capital.

Human nature is so much alike in every city, town, village and hamlet, as well as upon the farm, and history repeats itself because we are practically reproductions of our fathers and mothers before us. Hence the natural conclusion of any mind bent upon office seeking will be prone to be: "But if I had an office, I would save my money for a rainy day." But you would do nothing of the kind. You would do just as other men and women like unto yourself have done.

Circumstances control us in so many things. We naturally fall into the ways and customs of those with whom we commingle. No matter how strong the inclination, how perfect the resolves, how powerful the will, we succumb before we know it. Therefore, when you realize the strength of temptation and the weakness of human nature, and when the thought of office getting takes possession of your mind, it would be well for you to sincerely incorporate in your prayers that Divine emanation: "Lead us not into temptation." You may imagine that you want a government office, but you should shun it. It is an ignis fatuus; a bauble as rapid as fame; a glittering of iron pyrites which shines bright and yellow, but is not gold. Say unto the inclination: "Get thee behind me."

Very many young men have sought and obtained office here for the purpose of becoming students in our night schools and colleges. That is a worthy motive, and might seem worthy of encouragement. But if you have real ambition to attain unto excellence and eminence in any profession, shun a government office. I have known scores—I had almost said hundreds—but no matter about the number, I have seen a host of young men, one after another, who came to Washington with that worthy motive, and with all sincerity, but they have never carried out their intention. The exceptions are rare. As a practical example, let me tell you that Secretary of War George W. McCrary gave me an appointment many years ago, because I wanted to study law, as so many others have done. I studied law, went through the entire course, was graduated, received a diploma signed by President Hayes and members of his cabinet, as well as by the eminent professors of the university; but I did not resign my office and go into the practice of the law. On the contrary, I held onto that office, just as others have done, and just as others will do who have the same experience. That regular pay day was a seductive and illusive deterrent from all ambition. I



"GET THEM BEHIND ME."

thought of the long struggle for clients, the scarcity of patronage, the probable hardships, and I held fast to the office. The day of reckoning came, as it always does, and I was out of office, with a family on my hands. It was good fortune, mere luck, that a previous newspaper training proved my salvation. The office was a snare, a delusion and a pitfall against which I would warn all others; particularly all young men. Scorn and spurn it. You may think you need a federal office, but you will do well to hearken unto the words of wisdom which are born and bred of experience. Go to your schools and colleges at home. If you are poor, work all the harder for your education. But stay at home, and remain with the friends who are always willing to help the worthy and ambitious young people in every community. Avoid politicians and the allurements of their promises of patronage. You do not need the government to lean upon and support you. It will always be found a broken reed which will pierce your hand. The federal government is your strength and your shield, just as your state and municipal governments are your protection, for the upholding of law, and the maintenance of order. You do not need its official employment. Later in life you may want a prominent position, and can command it; but you cannot afford to commence life as a civil service clerk at the national capital. Leave such places to those who are less aspiring than yourself.

SMITH D. FAY.

WOMAN AND HOME.

BRAZILIAN ZEBRAFISH.

A Real Novelty for Ladies Fond of Pretty Aquarium Pets.

This new aquarium fish was first brought to Germany by an enthusiast a year ago and was successfully propagated last summer. We saw the original imported fish, with their fry. Our picture, which we reproduce from Natur und Haus, is a good representation.

The fish attains a size of about five inches in length by two inches in width. The general appearance is that of a sunfish; the ground color of the body, which is entirely covered with small scales similar in size to those of the Paradise fish, is a brassy yellow marked with a number of irregular vertical bars or stripes of black; the dorsal and anal fins are large and long, being composed of a great many rays of which about one-third are spinous; they are black in color; at times, however, when the fish is excited, the yellow of the body becomes brighter and runs in streaks into the black dorsal fin, making this appear as if it was a continuation of the body; the ventral fin is colorless and transparent; the caudal fin is rounded. The eyes are yellow, flashing like fire on some occasions, and resembling those of the mosquit bass.

The fish is very attractive, especially when excited, it reminds one of a herald of the middle ages, whose dress used to display the colors of their masters in stripes. At other times the fish will assume a very plain grayish color with only one irregular black spot on each side of the body, midway and near the ends of the dorsal and anal fins. Young specimens show these peculiar markings even more distinctly than the adults.

The habits of the zebrafish are very much like those of our mosquit bass; they are very pugnacious and display the same motions when attacking one another as the mosquit bass do, but their point of attack is the mouth, and if they succeed in grasping it, they hold firmly, like much fighting male Paradise fish do, until the weaker gives up. But although they fight a great deal we have not yet seen one that was seriously hurt. They seem to be on friendly terms again soon after.

Their breeding habits, too, are much like those of the sunfish family. They pair off during the summer and prepare a nest on the bottom of the tank, where



BRAZILIAN ZEBRAFISH.

the female deposits her eggs, which both guard. Four days after spawning the young hatch. These are as carefully guarded as the eggs were, and later on the fry are instructed for their future career by both parents, who swim about with them as a hen walks around with her chicks. We find that the zebrafish stand captivity well, immensely enjoying their meals, consisting of scraped raw beef or I. X. L. fish food. Their native home is La Plata valley. The South Americans call them "Chanchitos," which means "pig," either because in form they are somewhat like that animal or because they fight in a manner similar to young pigs. In Germany the name "chameleon fish" is proposed, owing to the ability of the fish to change its colors. This, however, we consider no denominative feature, as nearly all of our sunfishes, and also the Chinese Paradise fish, possess this ability, in cases even to a greater extent than the zebrafish does. We selected the latter name for them because we find that through their color and stripes this fish resembles a zebra more than anything else, especially when the fish are most brilliant in colors and the yellow appears in the dorsal fin, then even the markings of the mane of the zebra are represented.

Rice Soup a la Creme.

A rice soup that is valuable in these high priced meat days is made without stock. Let two quarts of water, in which an onion has been sliced and a bunch of celery tops thrown, boil for an hour; remove the onion and leaves, and add a half cup of rice that has been carefully washed and looked over. Cook for three-quarters of an hour, stirring often, or until the rice is well swollen and tender. Just before serving beat up in the tureen itself the yolks of two eggs, with half a tumblerful of rich milk—cream is better—and a pinch of nutmeg, if liked. Pour the boiling soup over this mixture from a height, beating it still with a whisk, to mix all thoroughly, and serve with toast squares.

How to Relieve Colic.

For relieving colic one eminent physician recommends simple bicarbonate of soda, of which one-half teaspoonful is to be dissolved in half a tumblerful of water, and a teaspoonful of the solution given to the infant every fifteen minutes. This, by the way, is a very good preventive of colic, and may be safely administered half a dozen times a day to children predisposed to the trouble. In addition to giving this simple medicine, the abdomen should be gently massaged with the hand, the movement being from right to left; or, if this fails to alleviate the distress, hot flannels may be applied to the stomach and bowels.

Bran Bags for the Bath.

Bran bags are delightful adjuncts to summer baths. They soften and sweeten the water and add a new power of refreshment to the rites of ablution. They are rather expensive when bought, but when made at home they are among the cheapest of toilet luxuries.

A SUBTLE POLITICAL JOKE.

How Frontenac County Acquired a Treasurer.

"Did you ever," asked Maj. Hotchkiss, "hear about the best joke concocted in Frontenac county, Dakota? A semi-political joke in which both democrats and republicans can take an intellectual pleasure, but which ought to make a mugwump fairly shout for joy."

"Well, here are the facts: In 1881 there was the usual county-seat fight between rival towns. One got it by ballot, but the other went after it by ruse. Got it, too, and took it home. The courthouse was a small, light building, almost the only weight about it being the bullets fired into it by the citizens of the town it was taken from, and eight spans of lusty territorial mules handled it easily.

"It was a dozen miles to the other town, so it took three or four hours. Of course, so the county officers were left behind, since they sympathized with the town which was abandoned. The little party in charge of the building were talking over who would probably occupy the various offices now vacant, when they were suddenly hailed by a man who came out of a small 'claim shanty,' and shouted: 'Hi, there!' in peremptory tones. The driver, who was mayor of the town they were approaching, drew up, and the man came in and took his seat on the stool at the desk formerly occupied by the county treasurer. He waved his hand and said:

"Gentlemen, allow me to announce that from this moment I am treasurer of Frontenac county. Drive on."

"The man was recognized as a not particularly popular settler of no-political importance.

"What does this mean?" demanded the editor of 'The Prairie City John L. Sullivan,' a local sheet.

"It means just this," said the man, vigorously, "that I have long wanted this office, but have never made a move to get it because I've been following the preaching of your paper that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. When I saw you coming down the road I says to my wife: 'There comes that office-a-seeking me at last, and I'll just go out and accept it.' Gentlemen, those of you that owe taxes will please walk up and settle."

It was considered so good a joke that the man was allowed to keep the position. He held the place two years, cleaned out the safe one dark night and went to South America.—N. Y. Tribune.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

Tenants of National Cemeteries of the United States.

If all the cemeteries and burial lots owned by the government in the United States, with their silent occupants, were gathered within one inclosure, it would be a city of the dead with about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly victims of the civil war.

In humane regard for the dead the government was always equally kind to both sides. Even when the storm of war was raging the fiercest dead confederate, whether death came on the battlefield or in prison, was treated precisely the same as a dead Union soldier. "Love can level rank and station," runs the song, but death is the great equalizer. From the first the government identified every grave, and where personal identification was impossible, a memorial slab told the passer-by that a dead soldier, Union or confederate, as the case might be, slept beneath that sod. The old method of thrusting the dead into great holes, like so many stones, and calling that burial, was too barbaric for American sensibility.

The first government cemetery is just outside the City of Mexico, and dates back to 1851. That monument of national gratitude paved the way to the cemetery policy of the next decade. Of the soldiers of the last war on both sides who lie buried in these cemetery lots—320,092—more than half, 190,233, are identified. The government has expended fully \$9,000,000 on these resting places. The first of these war cemeteries, after the one in Mexico, date from 1863, namely, the ones at Chattanooga, Gettysburg and Stone River. The number of confederate or Camp Douglas prisoners who were buried in Oakwood cemetery, Chicago, is nearly 6,000, enough to have justified a separate and distinct cemetery. There would have been no advantage, however, in that. On the contrary, the grounds are now sure to be kept in good condition all the time by the Oakwoods Cemetery Co. There are 1,304 confederates buried near Alton, and 1,938 in Rock Island. Although Illinois was not ravaged by war it thus has 9,000 confederate dead sepulchered within its borders, and all in graves owned by the very government they sought to destroy. Such are some of the amenities of American civilization.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Invitation.

"Dear grandma," wrote Johnny, "we are all well except sister Kit. She has had the scarlet fever awful bad, but she has got better now, and we want you to come and see as just as soon as we get the house perfumigated."—Chicago Tribune.

Caesid.

Mix—Does your wife ever play jokes on you?

Rix—She only played one, and that nearly bankrupted me.

Mix—What was that?

Rix—She married me.—N. Y. World.

A Good Point.

Mrs. DeFadd—She is magnificently dressed, but her hands are not very aristocratic, are they?

Mr. DeF.—No, they look as if they might be good for something.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Salvator Ross liked any kind of poetry, but more especially that relating to the country or to country scenes.

—The largest diamond found in this country weighed over 23 carats.

