

# THE IRON PORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL XXVI.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

NUMBER 44

## A REAL FAST TRAIN

FROM CHICAGO TO ESCANABA IN NINE HOURS.

The Chicago & Northwestern's New Fast Train a Decided Improvement in Railway Travel—May Again Shorten the Time.

The new time card which went into effect on the Chicago & Northwestern road Sunday breaks all previous records for fast time between Chicago and Ishpeming, and reduces time between Chicago and Escanaba to nine hours and twenty minutes. The change was made in order to compete with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line, whose time between Chicago and Republic was reduced an hour and a half a few days ago. According to the new time card the Chicago & Northwestern train leaves Chicago at 10:30 in the evening—two and a half hours later than previously—and arrives at Ishpeming only fifteen minutes later than under the old schedule.

Supt. Linsley was a passenger on the train Monday, and he, as well as a number of traveling men, held their watches and caught the time over portions of the route. Some of the traveling men said the ride was the fastest they had ever taken on any railroad. Forty minutes of the lost time was made up between Green Bay and Escanaba, and on the run between Escanaba and Negaunee, which is all up grade, it was also reduced somewhat. Not including stops between Escanaba and Ishpeming, the run was made at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Instead of losing time on this division, as might be expected on account of the heavy grades, time was made up. The run is now being made, with the numerous stops, in less than twelve hours.

A local ticket agent told a representative of the Mining Journal that he understood the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line intends soon making another reduction in its time between Chicago and its northern terminus. It proposes leaving Chicago at 11 or 11:30 o'clock and arrive at Republic the same time as now. In case this is done the Northwestern will doubtless make still faster time, to meet the competition.

### Rebecca McKenzie Coming.

Rebecca McKenzie and her excellent concert company will appear at the Peterson next Tuesday evening. The Duluth Journal of May 22d last has this to say regarding the company's entertainment in that city: "There was an unexpected treat for Duluth music lovers in the concert given for Miss Rebecca McKenzie in that city last night. Miss McKenzie sang three numbers, all of which were enthusiastically received and enjoyed. They were Ambrose Thomas' "Ophelia Aria," two songs, one by Tanning and one by Meyer-Helmond, and a duet from "Elixir of Love" by Donizetti. Miss McKenzie has really a wonderful voice and one that will win her fame. She is but 19, and has a magnificent physique. No such singer as Miss McKenzie, has been produced, it is believed, in the northwest, and a great future is predicted for her."

### Favors Abolishing the Seventh.

Alderman King favors the new charter law, and thinks it would be a wise policy to abolish the seventh ward, which he represents on the common council. To an Iron Port representative, on Wednesday, Mr. King said it would curtail expenses to a considerable extent. Last spring there were only fifty-three votes cast in the seventh ward, and at the recent special election only nineteen votes were polled. Mr. King does not believe more than nineteen or twenty votes will be polled at next Monday's election. The alderman thinks the city should be re-districted into five wards, according to the new charter law.

### Organizing a Colony.

Mr. A. M. Stromberg, of this city, has accepted the agency for lands along the Queen & Crescent railway in Alabama, and is now organizing a colony to locate thereon. The Queen & Crescent is anxious to secure a colony of Scandinavians as it is believed they would not only do well, but, being an industrious class, would make the "land blossom as a rose." On this account special inducements are offered them. Lands sell at from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per acre, on easy terms. The climate is excellent, the soil good, cultivation is easy, and profits large. For any information on the subject see Mr. Stromberg.

### Held For Trial.

The examination of Robert Beatty, charged with killing Alexander Erickson at Gladstone, was held on Tuesday afternoon before Justice Huber, prosecuting Attorney Jennings appearing in behalf of the state. Beatty was held for trial in the circuit court without bonds, and was returned to the county jail to await the convening of the January term.

### Shows Big Earnings.

The figures of the Chicago & Northwestern road for June, July, August and September are said to show that the

company earned the interest charges for the four months, the 3 1/2 per cent. for the preferred stock for six months, and more than 4 per cent. on the common stock. October, November and December will increase this showing, and it is expected that the company will show for the six months ending November 30th the full dividend on the preferred stock for the year, and close to 8 percent. on the common stock. During the spring months the road can easily earn its interest charges, and unless there is some unforeseen calamity the Northwestern for the year ending May 31, 1896, should show fully 8 per cent. earned on the common stock.

### A Farmers' Institute.

Mr. K. L. Butterfield, superintendent of farmers' institutes in this state, was in Escanaba Wednesday interviewing those interested in the matter of holding an institute in this county, and in conversation with a representative of The Iron Port expressed himself as being very favorably impressed with the future outlook for farming in the upper peninsula. The state appropriates \$5,000 annually to meet the expenses of the institutes, and provides that each county that so desires shall have one meeting each year. This year seventy institutes, or four times as many as during any previous year, have been held in various parts of the state, and Mr. Butterfield says they have been productive of no inconsiderable benefit to the farmers. The act authorizes the State Board of Agriculture to hold institutes and to maintain courses of reading and lectures for the instruction of citizens of this state in the various branches of agriculture and kindred sciences.

When twenty persons residing in Delta county organize themselves into a society, with a president and secretary, and a vice-president from each township, for the purpose of teaching better methods of farming, stock raising, fruit culture, etc., and adopt a constitution and by-laws agreeable to the state board of agriculture, then lecturers will be sent here by the state to hold an institute. Mr. Butterfield recently held an institute at Stephenson, which lasted two days, and was attended by over two hundred people interested in the work. It would be impossible to hold an institute in this county this fall, but it is important that an organization be effected as soon as possible that arrangements may be made for such a gathering.

Our farmers should organize; elect officers, and have an institute.

### Munising Will Boom.

The Sutherland & Innis Co. have just closed a contract with the Munising Co. for 35 acres of land at Munising bay, and for the erection and putting into operation on this ground, within one year, of three large mills, which will employ at least 100 men each. They will manufacture all classes of timber, both hard and soft wood, and are to ship at least 20,000,000 feet per season. Besides these, they intend to erect and operate a veneering factory.

Timothy Nester, sales agent for the Munising Co., is now contracting with two large furnace companies, which no doubt will locate at Munising. The large mill at Marquette, owned by George L. Burtis, is also being moved, and erected near Munising bay. The prospects for Munising are bright, and no doubt in a short time she will rank with many of the first-class cities in the upper peninsula.

### More Money For Miners.

The Chapin Mining company has announced another increase of wages, and other mines on the Mesominee range are to do likewise. Shipments from the Mesominee range have been retarded to some extent by the ore blockade in this city. A dispatch says large forces will be employed all winter. The outlook for the Mesominee range is decidedly rosy at present. Many properties which have been idle during the past three years, will be wrought and several new mines will join in the list of shippers.

### Sent Up For a Year.

Hilda Sjonberg, the young Swede girl who gave birth to a child early in October, and buried the bit of humanity under a woodpile, was sentenced on Saturday last to one year in the house of correction at Detroit. The girl claims that she was betrayed by her lover in the old country, and when her condition became known the couple arranged for a trip to America. When the steamer started across the lover was missing and she had to make the journey alone.

### The A. O. H. May Not Come.

From Mr. McKenna The Iron Port learns that the state convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which was to have been held in Escanaba next June, will probably be held elsewhere in March. The convention will be held in lower Michigan, which is more central.

### Look Like Cowboys.

The American express messengers on this division of the C. & N. W. R'y have something of the appearance of cowboys. An order on the part of the company compels them to have huge revolvers at their sides while on their runs.—Leader.

### Was In the Wreck.

Mr. W. Graves, who resides at Ford River, was in the Grand Trunk wreck at South Bend, Ind., last week, and sustained quite bad bruises about the head.

## FELL FROM A LADDER

J. P. METZGER, A SAILOR, MEETS A HORRIBLE DEATH.

The Top Rung of a Ladder On the Ore Dock Gives Way and the Unfortunate Sailor Falls a Distance of Forty Feet.

On Tuesday morning John P. Metzger, one of the dock crew on the Chicago & Northwestern ore docks in this city, met with a horrible death while assisting in loading the schooner Thomas Quayle. The vessel lay at No. 2 dock, and the contents of a pocket having been discharged into her hold, Metzger proceeded to ascend a ladder on the side of the dock, preparatory to opening another pocket. When nearing the top, a rung of the ladder gave way, and losing his balance the unfortunate fell to the vessel below, a distance of forty feet, striking face down, and meeting with almost instant death. The skull was fractured and the face split open.

Coroner Henry McFall summoned a jury for the purpose of holding an inquest, as follows: G. E. Baehrich, A. S. Warn, C. J. Embs, Frank Blair, Fred Hodges and C. J. Johnson. After viewing the surroundings and taking testimony of those who witnessed the accident, the jury returned a verdict "that John Peter Metzger came to his death by falling from a ladder, occasioned by the top rung of the ladder giving out."

The deceased was a married man, and leaves a wife and four children.

### Let Them Slide.

The Iron Port says, regarding the county seat matter, "It would be well to wait until the bay freezes; of course the Ann Arbor boats will keep the bay open in the middle but there will be room along the shore to slide the county buildings." The Port mistakes the character of Gladstone if it thinks this city covets the ancient structures tenanted by the halliwick in the present county seat.

When the court house is located at Gladstone it will be a bran new temple of Justice; something which Delta county can point to with pride, instead of viewing with regret and alarm. When the county abandons Escanaba the old court house may be donated to that municipality to be used as a ward school house. Now, there's a fair offer; Gladstone will build a home for the county officers and you shall have the present primitive structures for your very own to do with as you choose. You don't need a county seat anyway; you haven't anybody that can play on it. It will be much better to let a strong, young, vigorous town take it and do some good with it, and you can enjoy yourself much better quietly by yourself, in your own back yard where you won't be so apt to get hurt. Is it a go?—The Gladstone Delta.

### Novel Plan to Raise a Bonus.

The Green Bay Business Men's association has adopted a novel plan to raise the \$10,000 bonus asked by the Murphy Lumber company before it will rebuild its burned plant. The city will be divided into three districts and a committee of three in each district will assess taxpayers in proportion to their means as shown by the assessment roll. They will be urged by letter or in person by the committee to pay the amounts assessed against them. In this way it is expected the entire sum will be made up within a short time.

### No Respector of Person.

When a law is violated the plea of ignorance does not excuse the violator. The law is no respector of person. The new law concerning the killing of deer is plain, and one who violates it must not expect leniency. People who possess the idea that they can secure a license immediately after killing a deer may discover when to file that \$100 or ninety days in jail, or both, is the penalty for such an act. If you would hunt deer procure a license.

### A Narrow Escape.

A. Crebo, Sr., while helping unload the schooner St. Lawrence on Tuesday, fell into the hold, narrowly escaping death. He was bruised about the head, but soon recovered from his injuries, and is again at work.

### A Big Contract.

The Chicago & Northwestern railway company has awarded a contract for 4,000 cords of stone, to be used in the foundation of No. 3 dock, which will be rebuilt during the winter.

### Death of Charles Dick.

Chas. Dick, engineer on the ill-fated tug Morford, and who was known to many in this county, having fired on the Lotus and Owen, died at the hospital in Chicago Sunday morning.

### The Matrimonial Comedians.

The above theatrical company is booked to appear at the Peterson opera house on the 14th inst. It is said to be an excellent company.

### Reduced Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga.,

the Northwestern line is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

### Frightful Shortightedness.

The most popular fish of the great lakes, the whitefish, at this season of the year begin to feel the instinct of propagation strong within them and to show indications of obeying the natural law which impels them to seek a safe place to deposit their spawn and hatch the fry. According to Capt. John Lutz, an old fisherman in these parts, the whitefish choose shoal water, where there are moss-covered rocks or still pools, for the deposit of their spawn, and the captain says he has not infrequently watched the operation with considerable wonderment.

The whitefish is growing beautifully less each season, and the time is not far distant when they will be looked upon as a rare specimen in these waters if the present condition of affairs continue to exist. This is because of the frightfully shortighted policy of the market fishermen, who take the fish during the spawning time before the eggs have been deposited. Many efforts have been made in the legislature to close the season during at least the month of November, but a powerful lobby sent to Lansing by Chicago and other wholesale fish men has always succeeded in preventing the passage of a prohibitive act.

### The New Ore Dock.

The work of rebuilding the Chicago & Northwestern ore dock, mention of which was made in The Iron Port last week, will begin as soon as practicable. Mr. L. O. Peppard, the contractor, arrived here from Minneapolis this week, and arrangements preparatory to inaugurating work on the dock are being consummated. A crew of twelve men are engaged in unloading timbers for the structure, and nearly two millions are already on the ground. One carload of hoisting machinery arrived this week.

The present superstructure will be torn down, and the new dock will contain twenty-six more pockets than the present one. The dock will not extend further into the bay; dredging will be done near shore and pockets be added on the west end.

### Some Potatoes.

Noel Bissonett raised 859 bushels of potatoes this year from forty-six bushels of seed, on three acres of ground. This does not include about 100 bushels of small potatoes sorted out for feed. Mr. Bissonett dug 116 bushels on about a sixteenth of an acre, the variety being Pride of America. Had not the frost of August 19th last killed a large patch Mr. Bissonett would have had something over 1100 bushels of potatoes.

C. Grenier got 800 bushels of potatoes from ninety bushels of seed.

### To Raise Funds.

Gus Mathews is putting on a play at Gladstone to assist in raising money to finish the new Odd Fellows block, and in a communication to The Iron Port says he expects the Escanaba Odd Fellows to attend its presentation on Thanksgiving evening. The title of the play is "Handy Andy," a strong two act Irish drama, which will be followed by a side-splitting farce entitled, "A Night in a Medical College." The whole will conclude with dancing.

### Death of An Unknown Sailor.

The body of an unknown sailor was brought to Escanaba on the steamer Raleigh Tuesday night, and was buried in the Potter's field at Lakeview by Coroner McFall. The man fell into the hold of the steamer on Monday night, and although the remains were not found until the following day, it is supposed that he met instant death. He was about twenty-five years old, and shipped from Milwaukee.

### It Went Broke.

Last week The Iron Port stated that "Nya Medborgaren," Mr. Axelsson's Swedish paper, had gone out of business, but the statement was premature, as a paper was issued on Saturday last. It is now safe to assert without fear of contradiction that the "Nya Medborgaren" is a thing of the past, as Mr. Axelsson has not put in an appearance at his (The Mirror) office this week.

### "Well, I Guess Not."

Asked by a representative of The Iron Port if the reports published in the city papers regarding his donating the first half of his year's salary as alderman to "some poor widow," Mr. Hodges replied very emphatically: "Well, I guess not; there isn't the slightest truth in the statement." Mr. Hodges considers that he earned the \$37.50.

### Robbed the Till.

A boy of ten years entered Gunter's Charlotte street meat market on Wednesday while the attendant was at dinner, and robbed the money drawer of \$12.50. The money was afterwards recovered, and the lad was turned over to the police.

### A Merchants' Police.

Ex-policeman Oliver Raymond has been employed by several merchants of Escanaba and is doing "special" night-watching in the interest of those who pay him. He is a faithful officer.

### Ashland Shipments.

Shipments of ore from Ashland last week were: 33,728 tons, with a total of 2,209,738 tons for the season.

## EARLY DAYS IN ESCANABA

"OLD MAN" YOUNG'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THOSE HERE IN '68.

C. C. Royce Was Postmaster, John Semer Clerk in a Grocery and J. F. Oliver Was Paymaster—Other People—What they Did.

A representative of The Iron Port, in conversation with "Old Man" Young yesterday, gleaned some interesting information concerning the pioneers of this city. Mr. Young came to Escanaba from Chicago on July 24, 1868, and at that time W. J. Wallace conducted a hardware store in the Clark building on Tilden avenue; E. P. Barras had a dry goods store in the building now occupied by Frank Blair at the corner of Ludington street and Tilden avenue; C. C. Royce was postmaster and express agent in a building near the approach to the merchant dock. Mr. Royce also transacted a small drug business in the same building, and our informant says his entire stock might have been carried away in two bushel baskets. It would now be a difficult undertaking to carry C. C.'s wealth away in two bushel baskets if it were converted into silver dollars. John K. Stack was in the liquor business with his cousin, Pat. McKenna, under the firm name of McKenna & Stack. Mr. McKenna is now at Quinnesec. Sam. Greenhoot clerked for Strauss in a dry goods store on the site where the handsome Greenhoot building now stands. Mr. Greenhoot, now dead, afterwards engaged in business in a little building on Tilden avenue. Jacob Buchholz was in the liquor business, and Tim Killian kept a grocery store near where Joe. Embs now is. Mr. Killian is one of the earliest settlers, as are also E. P. Royce and David Oliver. The latter built and conducted the old Oliver House, coming here from Flat Rock, where he had been employed by the N. Ludington company for several years. The old Oliver house burned on the 22d of March, 1884, being the property of G. E. Baehrich at the time. A man named Clemens kept a jewelry store on the alley near the Oliver House, and had in his employ John Gagnon, who now conducts a fruit store here. In the spring of '70 one of Clemens' sons threw his aged father out of doors, and the old man dropped dead from heart failure. F. O. and F. D. Clark were also here, the former following his profession, that of attorney, and the latter being in the harness business.

J. H. Hiller worked for the railway company, but soon after '68 went into the grocery trade with Jim. Elliott. Mr. Hiller is now living in California. Mr. Elliott went to Dakota, where he died sometime during the '80's. C. E. Brotherton lived on the site of his present residence, and was landlooker for the C. & N. W. railway company. Mr. Brotherton is probably better acquainted with the lands within a radius of fifty or seventy-five miles of this city than any other living man, having followed the same business through all the intervening years.

S. C. Baldwin was divisional superintendent of the road, being succeeded by J. B. Mulliken. Mr. Baldwin left here early in the '70's, and died in Cleveland a few years ago. H. A. Barr was then foreman of the ore dock, the present No. 2, and had been since its completion. A. J. Perrin had charge of a construction train, and afterwards became roadmaster, being killed about nineteen years ago while going over the road. J. F. Oliver was paymaster on the Peninsula division. Other employees of the company in '68 were Wm. Manley, the present roadmaster; Gus. Page, conductor on the only train that ran between Escanaba and Negaunee; Joseph Symons worked in the machine shop, and afterwards was master mechanic; John Conolly worked in the machine shop, and was afterwards made foreman of the roundhouse. He is now master mechanic of the D. S. S. & A. at Marquette. Fred Tyler was foreman of the roundhouse. S. H. Selden was civil engineer. J. H. Macdonald was in the yards, and was afterward promoted to roadmaster. He was elected Lieutenant Governor in '86 and met death in a railway accident on the 19th of January, 1889. Peter Durancean kept a saloon where he to-day follows the same business, and John Coan was in the building where Kirstine now is. Pat. Murphy and Martin Golding (now dead) did draying. Michael Lyons, Owen Cleary, John Corbett, Frank Dunn, Wm. Alger, John Torney, A. A. Parkhurst, Pat. Finnegan, Jas. Nolan, Henry McFall, Mathew Stephenson, Chas. Weideman, John Reno, Jos. Cherrier, John Dinneen, Conrad Lins, Michael Stern, Mike Bond and Pat. Farley were among those who lived here in '68.

E. Gaynor owned the Ludington hotel, but the hostelry was run by a man named Morrison. John Semer clerked for Babcock, a grocer, and went to Green Bay in August, '68, returning to Escanaba in '70 or '71, when he engaged in the grocery trade on his own hook. Emil Glaser conducted a barber shop opposite the Oliver house. He was elected justice

of the peace about 1870 and has held the office continuously ever since. Mr. Young tells of some amusing incidents in connection with the early days, and one cannot fail to be interested in his reminiscences.

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### An Engine Built For Speed.

The high-speed engine built at the Baldwin works for the Burlington, at a cost of \$12,000, and to be used for hauling fast mail trains, with a view of competing for the carrying mail overland between Chicago and Omaha, has been delivered. The Chicago & Northwestern has also received from the Schenectady works an engine that is guaranteed to make 80 miles an hour. The test of speed to begin soon will therefore have a two-fold importance—supremacy as between these two roads, and a trial of the relative merits of engines made by the Schenectady and Baldwin works.

The novelty about the Burlington's engine is that it is the first one of its pattern ever purchased by a western road, and if it proves all that is expected of it a revolution of the speed of trains on western roads may be expected to result from its introduction. It is what is known as the Columbian type of engine, weighing 130,000 pounds, with four 84-inch driving wheels and standing 14 1/2 feet high. It is guaranteed to travel long distances at the rate of 80 miles an hour and can make sixty miles an hour with a heavy train as easily as an ordinary engine can make 30 miles an hour. The new machine embodies every improvement known to the Baldwin works, and repeated tests of its speed were made over eastern roads by its makers before turning it over to the motive power department of the Burlington system.—Menominee Herald.

### Shippers Can Get Few Boats.

Loss of time by low water and heavy weather is being felt in the freight market more and more every day. Cargoes are plentiful at both ends of the route, but brokers have very little tonnage to do business with, and owing to the uncertainty of when boats will get around, very little chartering is being done ahead of time. Coal men who have had a pretty easy time of it all season are now hustling for tonnage as hard as anybody, and the indications are that some fancy rates will be paid out of way ports before the close of the season. The feeling is strong all around, and owners are talking rates that would seem out of sight a few months ago.

Ore tonnage is very scarce, especially at the head of Lake Superior, and \$2 was paid for boats on Tuesday to clear up a small job of ore. That figure cannot be quoted as the rate but it shows the strength of the market, while there is some Escanaba tonnage to be had at \$1.25, shippers were unable to get boats below that figure on Tuesday. A stronger feeling was reported at Chicago, owners are hopeful of getting the rate they are asking at Escanaba. Nothing is doing at Marquette but to get boats to go there the rate will have to be marked up.

### High School Notes.

By Emily Reese and Flora Van Dyke. The General History class is preparing to take up a course of reading in connection with their history. Some of these books are: The "Iliad" of Homer, "Marble Fawn," by Hawthorne, Ebers Warda, "Emperor," "Daughter of an Egyptian King" and "The Sisters." "Last Days of Pompeii" by Lord Lytton, and "Charles Kingley's" "Hypatia."

Mr. Calvin Howard of Flat Rock gave to the zoology class a cocoon of a moth, and Mr. Turner gave some iron diamonds which he obtained from the iron mines at Michigamme.

There were only three cases of tardiness this month while in the corresponding month last year there were sixteen.

The English Literature class is beginning the study of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

### Stephenson Wants the Fair.

A gentleman from this city who attended the Farmers' Institute at Stephenson, Menominee county, this week, says "it possessed all the features of a county fair. Farming products of every description raised in the county, farming implements, wagons, sleighs, etc., of local manufacture were on exhibition." The gentleman also says vigorous efforts will be made to hold the next county fair at Stephenson. The farmers around that place are enterprising and progressive.

### The Mass Meeting.

The mass meeting last evening, called by the mayor to discuss the new charter law, was quite largely attended. Mayor Gallup spoke in favor of the new general law, and John J. Sourwine strongly opposed it, and in his remarks roundly scored the present municipal administration. The Iron Port goes to press early Saturday morning, and consequently cannot give a detailed account of the meeting.

### Seventeen Hours a Day.

Messrs. Rodd Bros., proprietors of the Golden Crown roller mill, at Barkville, are running the mill seventeen hours a day with a single crew, and then 'tis difficult to keep up with orders.

### A Close Call.

While hunting in Escanaba township last Sunday Geo. Trueman accidentally shot his companion, Arthur Barron, the ball, fortunately, making only a slight flesh wound.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, station director or his agent or who takes it to a subscriber is not responsible for the paper.

MR. CUTTER'S SURPRISE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.



It had been an intensely hot day. The thermometer had stood at ninety degrees in the shade at nine o'clock in the morning, and it had steadily mounted ever since.

I found him sitting in a chair on the platform of the station, moist, but cheerful.

"This is what you might call right smart of a hot day," he remarked. "You Englishmen, living in your everlasting fog, don't know much about our Montana weather. I tell you, when we start out to manufacture weather we can just beat all creation."

"Is this sort of thing usual in this part of the country?" I asked.

"Well, no!" he replied, "I can't exactly say as it is. I've seen the thermometer considerable higher than it is to-day, but I never saw a sky like that before, and I never wilted under the heat as I've been willing since morning. Come along inside. I'll telegraph up to Athensville and ask where No. 42 is, then we'll sit down and have a cigar."

The stationmaster went into the telegraph office and sat down at the desk. Suddenly I heard a sharp, crackling noise, and my friend ran out of the office with a startled expression of face.

"There's an electric storm in the air," he exclaimed, "and I don't want to be too near that instrument if I can help it. Besides, there's no use in trying to telegraph. The wires won't work, and now I think of it I haven't heard a message go through the office for the last two hours. Mighty curious weather this. I can't account for it now."

"Tell me something to pass away the time," said I. "My nerves are all upset, and I want to forget myself for awhile if I can."

"Let's see," said the stationmaster reflectively; "did I ever tell you about Jim Cutter, and the way he was surprised? It ain't so very much of a story, but perhaps it'll do all the better for that reason. A story that has got much to it is a mighty thirsty sort of thing, and there ain't anything to drink here just now except warm water. Well, here's the story, such as it is, and if you get tired of listening, just say so, and I'll put on the brakes."

"Jim Cutter was the conductor of a freight train on the West Huron railroad, and he was one of those chaps who think that they know it all, and you can't surprise 'em do what you will. One night, about ten years ago, we had one of the most tremendous storms that ever blew in the lake region, and the West Huron track, which runs for thirty miles or so alongside of the lake, was six or ten feet under water. The day after the storm let up, Jim started out with his train, and went feeling his way along the line, looking out for washouts, and drift wood, and such, and finding rather more of them than he wanted. Just hold on a minute till I light the lamp. It's grown as dark as a winter evening, and it's only five o'clock. This weather clean beats me!"

A sudden darkness had fallen over Jericho, and while the stationmaster was lighting his lamp I went out on the platform for a look at the sky. The coppers that had nearly disappeared, and a vast cloud of inky black had overspread nearly the whole heavens.

"Jim was nearly all day running from Chicago to Ithaca Center; and just a little after sundown, as he came around a curve, he saw a big schooner lying directly across the track. He stopped his train and walked up to the schooner and hailed her. There was a man on the quarterdeck leaning over the rail, and says Jim to him:

"Who are you?"

"I'm the schooner Matilda G. Smith," says the man. "Who might you be?"

"I'm the express freight," replies Jim, "and I'd like to know what you're a-doing on my track."

"Looks as if I was anchored here, don't it?" says the man. "The schooner dragged her anchor last night, and came ashore here where there was about six feet of water at the time. If you'll give a look around you'll see that my anchor's down, and that I've got a riding light in my fore-rigging, all regular and shipshape. I'm the anchor watch just at present, my men having allowed that they'd had enough fun last night to last them for some time, and having gone on to the next town in hopes of finding something to drink. I've got a little old Jamaica in my cabin, and if you'll come aboard we'll sample it."

"I don't want none of your Jamaica nor yet none of your hip," says Jim, putting on more or less airs, as was his general style. "What I want is to know when you cal'late to get off my track and let me take my train up the road."

graph to Chicago for a wrecking tug. If he didn't forget to do it before he found any whisky, that there tug will be along in about two days, and then we'll see what we can do about getting the schooner into water again."

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to wait here for two days and more?" says Jim. "I'll do nothing of the kind. You get your blasted schooner out of the way, or I'll make kindling wood of her."

"Considering that I'm at anchor with a proper light displayed," replied the man, "it's your business to keep clear of me, and I've no concern about it. That's the law of the road, and if you don't believe me, come aboard and I'll show it to you."

"Well, the captain stuck to it that in case of anything running into him while at anchor he'd collect big damages; and Jim kept on talking sharper and sharper, and getting madder and madder all the time.

"If you want the schooner moved to-night you'll have to do it yourself," says the captain, "for you can see that I'm short-handed, even if I wanted to accommodate you, which I'm free to say I don't."

"I can move you easy enough," says Jim, "and that's what I cal'late to do. If I was to run into you at full speed with my big engine and a heavy train of thirty-nine loaded cars we'd go through your dirty little schooner as if she was made of wrapping paper."

"Did you ever have a collision with a schooner?" asked the captain.

"No, I never did," says Jim. "But it's about the only thing I haven't run into in my time. I've run into a brick house, owing to getting off the track with that identical engine and smashed the whole concern into smithereens without turning a hair of the machine."

"What had happened," continued the station master, pausing for a moment to throw a potato at the dog, who had begun to howl in a most depressing fashion, "was this: That the schooner was loaded partly with dynamite and partly with petroleum; and when the engine struck the dynamite it went off and blew that engine into scrap iron. It seemed to Jim about five minutes before it quit raining pieces of iron and billets of wood; and when it had quit, the wreck was in full blaze in consequence of the petroleum having caught fire. As for the engineer and the fireman, there never was the smallest particle of them found in the shape of remains; and where the engine had struck the schooner there was a hole as big as a cellar scooped out in the ground.

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"The vessel was to sail in the evening, and the last of the goods had been placed on board and the slaves had been ordered ashore, and before they had reached it the big ship had spread her sails and was scudding homeward, and the horrors of the slave pen were left behind. The return trip was made in safety, but young Aufdenhauss was not satisfied, and entered the employ of the Red Star line, and remained with that company for a period of six years in the capacity of cook and butcher. While thus engaged he crossed the Atlantic sixty-five times, winding up his last voyage by winning a wager of five hundred dollars by swimming from his vessel to a point at one of the piers in New York harbor, reaching the goal ten minutes ahead of time, having been in the water two hours and twenty minutes.

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HABITS OF THE MANATEE.

A Harmless Monster that Feeds Under Water on Grasses.

A manatee belongs to a mammalian order called Si-renia, or sea cow, which contains only three species—our manatee, that of west Africa, and the dugong of Australia. As its clumsy form suggests, it is an animal of quiet and even sluggish habits, entirely harmless, and easily tamed when once its haunts are known. When at home its food consists of tender aquatic plants and grasses, always eaten under water, and its presence generally revealed by the bits of broken stems and grass which escape and float to the surface above which it is feeding.

In captivity it feeds on cabbage, lettuce, the leaves of the canna, celery tops, watercress, spinach, and also certain kinds of ocean sea-weed. In the St. Lucie river, its favorite food is a luxuriant, trailing, aquatic grass, called manatee grass, in which the manatee finds not only good food, but good hiding places from its human enemies.

The bones of this animal are massive, solid, and quite heavy (some hunters will tell you its bones are "solid ivory"), and its skin is as thick and tough as that of a hippopotamus. I have seen very good canes made of strips of manatee-skin, twisted like a lightning-rod, and dried. Its flesh is very good, and to me it tastes quite like lean pork. Curiously enough, this strange creature actually sheds its outer skin every year, as does a serpent. The living specimens that from time to time have been captured and kept for exhibition in Demerara, Philadelphia, New York and London, have in all cases been of small or medium size, varying in length from four to seven feet. The one which was shown in the Central park menagerie, in 1873, was six feet nine and one-half inches in length, and weighed four hundred and fifty pounds.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Mamma's Advice.

"Mamma—the sordid coil grazed anxiously at his dam—the chestnut filly wants me to run away with her the next time we go driving together."

He looked down shyly.

"What shall I say?"

The mare bridled up.

"Turn to her, my son, and whisper gently, 'Neigh, neigh, Pauline!'"

And, with a horse laugh, they resumed the discussion of their table d'ot.—Jewish Times and Observer.

A Literary Man.

She—I understand Mr. Kinks is quite literary.

He—Not that I have heard of.

"Why, some one told me he wrote for the magazines regularly."

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SOLD HIMSELF.

An Incident in the Life of a Man Now Living in Pennsylvania.

John Aufdenhauss is the proprietor of a hotel in Braddock which bears his name. He is to-day a very successful business man, but his life has been filled with incidents of a startling character. Though only forty years of age, he has crossed the ocean sixty-five times. Mr. Aufdenhauss was from the castellated city of Culm, on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, in Germany. His education was liberal. When he was thirteen years old both of his parents died and he entered one of the big iron mills of the fatherland. A couple of years later he became imbued with the spirit of travel and set out for Brazil, having in his possession four hundred dollars, the result of his frugality while employed in the mill.

He had not been in that country long before his money ran out and he found himself penniless and hungry. Slavery existed in Brazil at that time, and in a fit of desperation he sold himself as a slave for two hundred milreis, equivalent to two hundred dollars in United States coin. His disposition of himself in this manner meant that for the balance of his life he was the property of another, and as such could be transferred just the same as an animal. His master sent him along with two hundred other slaves out to a coffee and fruit plantation, where he labored along with his fellows, most of whom were negroes, and in return for his labor received what he could eat and the necessary clothing, and nothing else. Fortunately for the young man, he retained possession of two watches, and, giving one of them to the overseer, was made slave-driver.

One day, eight months after becoming a slave, he was sent to the coast with one hundred slaves in his charge with loads of fruit, dye wood and coffee. Arriving at the coast young Aufdenhauss found that the little vessel to which the goods in his care were consigned was the same vessel on which he had come to Brazil, and he lost no time in explaining his situation to the captain, who agreed to take him back provided he could escape.

The vessel was to sail in the evening, and the last of the goods had been placed on board and the slaves had been ordered ashore, and before they had reached it the big ship had spread her sails and was scudding homeward, and the horrors of the slave pen were left behind. The return trip was made in safety, but young Aufdenhauss was not satisfied, and entered the employ of the Red Star line, and remained with that company for a period of six years in the capacity of cook and butcher. While thus engaged he crossed the Atlantic sixty-five times, winding up his last voyage by winning a wager of five hundred dollars by swimming from his vessel to a point at one of the piers in New York harbor, reaching the goal ten minutes ahead of time, having been in the water two hours and twenty minutes.

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And, with a horse laugh, they resumed the discussion of their table d'ot.—Jewish Times and Observer.

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She—I understand Mr. Kinks is quite literary.

He—Not that I have heard of.

"Why, some one told me he wrote for the magazines regularly."

"Of course he does. He's our news-dealer and supplies the trade."—Detroit Free Press.

PITH AND POINT.

"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife."—Life.

—He (coming out of the warm theater)—"You look like a broiled lobster." She—"Well, I just feel like something to eat."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Franklin, for months I have carried this thought in my head." "Oh, the poor thought must be lonesome to be entirely without company."—Fleeting Blatier.

—"Why shouldn't I be happy? I love you, and you know all the world loves a lover." She (in alarm)—"But then, suppose you should return it."—Boston Transcript.

—"Never," began the philosophical drummer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the drummer from Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

—He used to say, "Will you be mine?" No more the style endures. Of woman "new," still divine. He asks, "Can I be yours?"—Washington Star.

—Counsel for the Defendant (sarcastically)—"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness for the Plaintiff (cordially)—"I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you."—Tit-Bits.

—"Politics," said the self-made man, "always reminds me of something I noticed when I set out in life as a sailor." "What was that?" "There's no good knowin' the ropes unless you've got a pull."—Washington Star.

—"I desire," said the scientist, "to inform myself as to the mean temperature of this region." "Well," replied the native, as he shook the rain off his overcoat, "you couldn't have come in a better time. This is it."—Washington Star.

—Miss Watson—"That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?" Novelist—"I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry."—Vogue.

—"What's the matter, Rastus? You look angry." "I is, suh. I is. Dat ordinary Col. Peppergrass done called me a nigger, suh." "Well, Rastus, what are you?" "I is a nigger, suh, an' dat's what done make me so mad, suh."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken." "Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now." "Why, you said this morning that it was never too late to mend."—Harper's Round Table.

—The president of one of our colleges near the beginning of the school year, made this announcement at evening prayers: "Up to noon to-day one hundred and fifty-seven freshmen had been admitted; the largest class on record." Then he read the chapter in Psalms beginning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

—Climbed It with Scripture.—A minister who had not been paid his salary according to contract, in tendering his resignation said: "Brethren, I have accepted a call to a better position—that of chaplain of the state penitentiary." Then he read the Scripture: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

THEY CALLED HIM VENUS.

A Funny Christening Incident in an English Church.

Sometimes in English country parishes, where the clergyman has been accustomed to have his own way, he protests rather vigorously if the name proposed for a child about to be christened does not suit him. Occasionally, however, he does so upon false premises.

The late Dean Burgon, when in a curate in Berkshire, was requested by a village couple to christen their boy "Venus," or as they called it "Vanus."

"Are you aware," he said, "that you are asking something ridiculous as well as exceedingly wicked? Do you suppose I am going to give a Christian child, a boy, the name of a woman in heathen mythology? How did such a monstrous notion get into your heads?"

"Please, sir," said the father, "we want him called after his grandfather."

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

The Basis of That Vanderbilt Reconciliation.

Mrs. Cleveland Not "Modern"—Some Reasons Why Senator Hill Will Not Have the Vote of New York State Next Year.

Copyright, 1895.

The repeatedly-made announcements that Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt will be remarried...

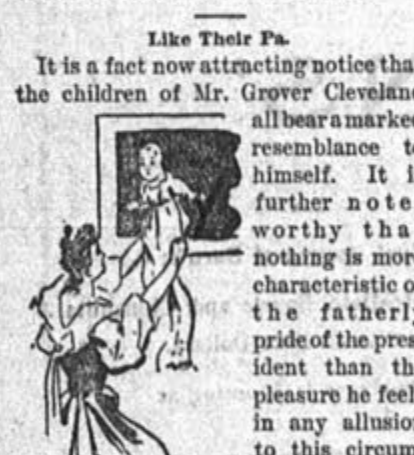
MONACO EST NOBILITAS. Mr. Vanderbilt. But the idea that any remarriage will take place within a short time is based upon a misapprehension.

The Beau. Mr. Perry Belmont has now become the leader of fashion so far as men are concerned in the metropolis.



BELMONT.

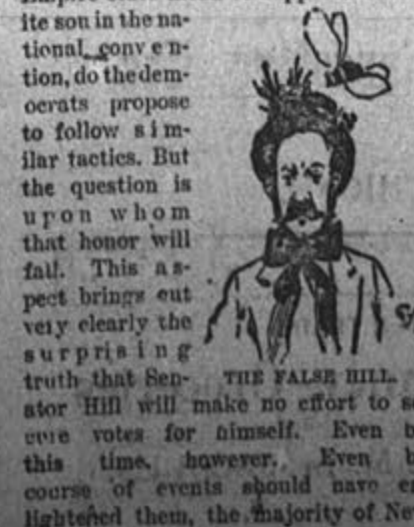
Like Their Pa. It is a fact now attracting notice that the children of Mr. Grover Cleveland all bear a marked resemblance to himself.



LIKE HER PA.

Marion is more like her father than any of the others. She engrosses all her mother's time, and the lady of the white house will be very little in evidence socially this winter.

Hill Out. Precisely as the republicans of the Empire state mean to support their favorite son in the national convention...



THE FALSE HILL.

Yorkers refuse to believe that Hill no longer has the presidential bee in his bonnet. On the contrary it is assumed that he is as eager for the nomination as ever.

Mrs. Cleveland and the New Woman.

The refusal of the president's wife to have anything to do with the new woman has caused much annoyance to various coteries in New York.

The Coming Prince.

The arrival of the shahzarda in New York is awaited with eager interest by all classes. It is asserted that he proposes to spend no less than a million dollars in the metropolis.

The Imperial Stud of Lippiza.

The gift of a stallion to the maharaja of Jodhpore by Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, in return for the hospitality he received from that Rajput prince during his recent Indian tour, calls attention to the oldest stud in Europe.

One of Buffalo's Four Hundred.

One of the millionaires of Buffalo lives in a castle on a resplendent avenue, but he and his aged wife retain many of the simple characteristics of their hard-wrought youth.

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

A Lover of the Birds Raises a Point of Interest.

Facts Are Stubborn Things—The Season's Novelties in Fur, Feather and Frig-pery—Between Season Wraps—The Latest Fashions.

Copyright, 1895.

Just a month ago a lady in a distant town wrote me the following letter. In my flitting from place to place it remained unnoticed until now; but the point it raises is as good as ever.

It is the business of a writer upon the fashions, as upon any other topic, to state facts as they are, and leave comment, leave the consideration of "oughts" and "shouls" and "musts," to the editorial page.



COLD DAY AND WARM DAY.

For autumn use, especially, very chic are the tiny fur or velvet and fur capes they are wearing this season. They are little more than deep collars, have no value whatever as a protection against cold, but do smarten up a gown in the most amazing way.



AN ODD JACKET FOR FALL.

little furry beasts; fashion chases them to their hiding places and carries them from their homes; but— But it is the business of the chronicler to chronicle. Among other things, to set forth, as an encouraging thing to Audubonians and others, the rapidly increasing use of ostrich tips and ostrich plumes...

Let us suppose our plumed picture hat to be of dark green, the plumes black. A dark green velvet cape is furnished in shades to match. Let the trimming be of black fox's fur—as foxes eat birds, no Audubonian can object to this—so arranged in front as to form a muff. The collar of the cape is shaped almost like a monk's hood, but no monk ever had his mantle lined with brocaded satin, pink or pale green, or decked along the collar with ornaments of paste and jet.

GOMPERS AGAIN A POWER

The Labor Leader Will Be Re-elected to His Old Place.

Has Had Wonderful Success—What He Says About the Coming Labor Convention and His Observations in the Labor Field Abroad.

Copyright, 1895.

So far as the wishes of a million organized wage-earners have anything to do with the matter, Samuel Gompers will resume his official leadership of the vast American Federation of Labor this winter.

Samuel Gompers is a small, dark man. He is decidedly below medium height. He has thick, curly hair, slightly graying. He wears a mustache, and is very soldierly in appearance.

For autumn use, especially, very chic are the tiny fur or velvet and fur capes they are wearing this season. They are little more than deep collars, have no value whatever as a protection against cold, but do smarten up a gown in the most amazing way.

Not for nothing is it that fashion begins with an "f," like "frivolity," "furbelow," "folly," and many another word of uncomplimentary effect. The fur garments of the season fearfully and wonderfully illustrate the "f"ness of fashion with their velvet, their lace, their chiffon, their beads, spangles, passementerie and even artificial flowers, all combined in one gown or wrap.

The blues are not as simple as their name, but run to embroidery and lace, sheer pale green silk with threads of black, and other riotous things that are fluffy and festive in appearance. The waists are round, and often covered by jackets fitted as closely and reaching only to the waist line, opening in front to disclose fancy vest fronts of white cloth or light tints of satin.

Many people are often at a loss how to express themselves neatly, but deaf mutes as a rule have their words at their fingers' ends.—N. Y. Journal.

REAL MARINE MONSTER.

Caught in Monterey Bay by a Spanish American Fisherman.

In Monterey bay a fishing sloop was trolling for salmon, when one of the men felt a jerk on his line that made him think salmon fishing was very tame sport, indeed.

Copyright, 1895.

The creature flew through the water on the end of the line. He darted under the boat and started for the bottom, as if he were dropping through space. The jerk when he came to the end of the line rocked the boat. Then he came up, and finally leaped clear of the water.

The fight lasted until the brilliant fish was tired out, and laid aside on the sea, the sun making the colors on its broad side dance like the rainbows in spray. They got it into the boat without injuring it with a gaff, and tried to classify it, but so far without success.

It is a trifle less than four feet from jaw to tail, while six inches represent its thickness. It has long scarlet fins, starting from almost anywhere that a fish could use a fin, and when the colors were dimmed and dulled it looked more like the gong they beat outside of railroad eating houses at meal times than anything else.

The red of it ranges from the pink of a rock cod to crimson and back again, so as to miss none of the shades. It does not limit itself to the red even, but shows magenta, lavender and a dozen other hues. Over the back and half across the sides are scattered mother-of-pearl spots, like a trout's, only these spots are never the same color from two different points of view.

Its eyes are big, bulging things, two inches across, and its mouth is not in keeping with the artistic composition of the rest of the fish, being snoutlike and larger than it ought to be. The fish swims on edge, and is not like a flounder, but is finished on both sides.

The fishermen say another fish like this was caught on the coast some years ago, but they thought it was the only one of them in the sea, and did not bother about naming it.

great privation and misery of the working classes. There is no getting over that fact, and that fact counts in favor of the socialist every time. You may contest the theory of socialism all you please, but you cannot contest the fact of human misery which gives the movement all its strength.

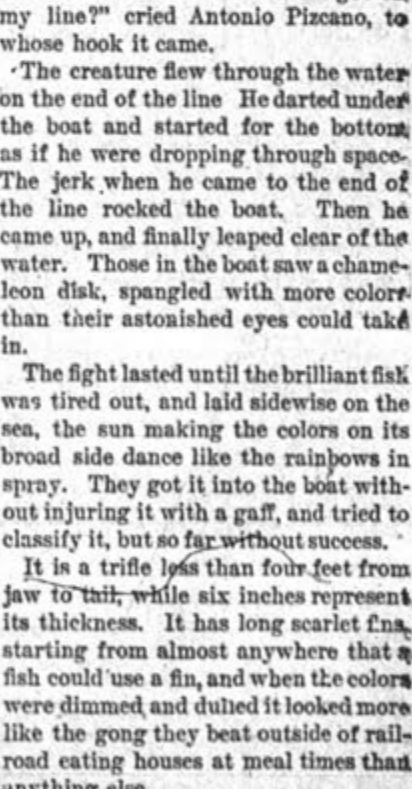
The next question put to Mr. Gompers had reference to the immediate future of labor. "It is my belief," said he, "that the workingman is tired of mere rhetoric and theory. He is weary of connecting himself with movements that mean long agitation and a remote amelioration of his condition. It is an old complaint that most social reforms will not come to pass until we are all dead. We want to do something here and now. That something, it appears very strongly, should take the form of an increase of wages. That is my philosophy for the present. Increase the workingman's purchasing power."

"How about the money question? Do the workers favor silver or gold?" "I do not see that that question means anything. Understand me, I am not hedging. But I have no authority to speak for the workingman on that point. As I told you before, the workingman wants more purchasing power. He wants wages that will buy him a lot of the things he needs. Whether those wages be gold or silver or paper is another question, and a question for each man to settle as he thinks best. But there must be something wrong with a social system that is unable to settle its own money matters. And when anything is wrong with the social system the workingman gets the worst of it."

Mr. Gompers could not be induced to say anything about the presidential campaign next year. Nor would he say much about strikes. He was very warm on the subject of Debs, however, and declared that that leader was a very much wronged man. The convention of the American Federation of Labor will be in session about a week. Every prominent labor leader in the country will take part in it. It is not improbable that Keir Hardie will sit as an honorary delegate.

WHAT GOMPERS NEVER DID.

For instance, the anti-socialists write long articles to demonstrate what they are pleased to term the fallacies of socialism. Very good. Now what does the socialist do? Simply points out the fact upon which his argument is based—that fact being the



WHAT GOMPERS NEVER DID.

After gazing rapturously upon the new baby little Elsie whispered: "Say, Bob, is she a sister or a brother?" And he replied contemptuously: "Why, goosy, you never could tell unless they're named."—Judge.

# The Iron Port

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

## THE CHARTER QUESTION.

On Monday next the qualified electors of this city will be given an opportunity to accept or reject the new general law governing cities of the fourth class, which includes Escanaba, and although The Iron Port has heretofore made extended mention of the most important features of the general law, it may be well at this time to again go over them briefly. It is the general impression that under the general law the city would necessarily be divided into four wards, but this impression is erroneous, as the text of the law on this point is four wards for a city of 5,000 population and an additional ward for every additional 2,000 of population. And this is not compulsory, either. The city may retain seven wards if the common council so elects.

The mayor, city clerk, treasurer and two justices of the peace, shall be elected at large, and two aldermen, one supervisor and one constable shall be elected in each ward, as at present. No person shall be eligible to the office of city treasurer for more than two terms in succession. The following officers shall be appointed by the mayor, subject to the approval of the council: City attorney, marshal, street commissioner, surveyor, assessor, and chief of fire department, and such other offices as the council shall create from time to time.

The city is not deprived of its present representation on the county board, for the common council is empowered to appoint any suitable person to represent the city upon such board, the law providing that "any city now having a greater representation upon the board of supervisors of any county than is provided by this act, shall continue to have such representation as it may have at the time of such reincorporation, and if the office of any officer now representing any such city upon the board of supervisors is abolished by this act the council of such city may annually appoint some suitable person being a resident elector of such city, to represent the city upon the board of supervisors in the place of such officer whose office has been abolished."

The mayor and aldermen shall not receive more than \$50 per annum, the city officers to receive such compensation as the council shall determine; supervisors to receive \$2 per day as at present.

The law provides for a Board of Public Works, which is practically an auxiliary body to the common council, which shall be created by the council and consist of five members to serve without compensation. The board shall be, as nearly as may be, non-partisan, no more than three members to be appointed from any one political party, appointments to be made by the mayor. The board's duties would be the construction, management, supervision and control of all water works and lighting plants, sewers, sewer and drainage systems, and such other public improvements as the common council may by ordinance place under their management. They have power to govern their own body by by-laws.

The aggregate amount which the council may raise by general tax (exclusive of tax for schools and school-house purposes) shall not exceed one and one-fourth per cent. of the assessed valuation. An additional tax of one-fourth of one per cent. for street purposes; for sewers, curbing, grading, etc., a tax not exceeding five per cent. of assessed valuation may be raised; also a tax not exceeding three mills on the dollar to provide an interest and sinking fund.

The features of the law regarding the board of education is one of the most important to this city, its provisions being especially commendable. The Board of Education shall consist of six trustees to be elected at large on the first Tuesday of September of each year, to hold their offices for a term of three years.

The council under the general law would have the power to regulate wharf-boats, tugs and other boats used in and about the harbor, and to regulate and prescribe the rates and charges for landing, wharfage and dockage, at all public and private wharfs, docks and landings. A harbor master shall be appointed by the

mayor, whose duties shall be prescribed by the council.

The new general law has many ardent supporters, but whether or not it would be wise for Escanaba to accept the blanket charter or not is a question that must be determined by the people. There are several commendable features worthy of careful consideration, and every elector should familiarize himself with the questions at issue that he may cast his vote intelligently.

## THE FARMER AND SUGAR.

The cultivation of beets as a garden vegetable is almost as old as the nation itself, but the production to any extent in this country of the variety of beets that yield sugar, prior to the passage of the McKinley act, was a novelty. So much so in fact, that comparatively few farmers were aware of the value of a beet crop. It is true that to raise this crop for sugar at a profit factories must be established within a reasonable distance of the beets, but there is really no more reason why this could not and would not have been done in this country than in France, Germany, Russia or Sweden, where the farmers have long realized handsome profits from a sugar beet crop.

There is no one foreign article that costs our people more money than sugar, and yet with a soil and a climate better adapted to the cultivation of the raw material than any abroad we are confronted with the fact that, while the great nations named have long been exporters of sugar, the United States remains in about the same relative position as to sugar production that it held half a century ago. There is no good reason for this. It is true that we cannot produce as much sugar from the beet in California, Utah or Nebraska, nor as much from cane per acre as can be obtained from Havana or Cuba. But, all things considered, the price of land, climate and our superior intelligence go far to make up for the difference in crop product abroad and the low price of labor.

The people most interested in the beet industry are the farmers, for the cost of sugar is largely an agricultural item. It is the raw material from which the profit proceeds and which furnishes a larger field for labor than any other. The profit to the intelligent beet raiser is much larger than that from wheat, corn or oats. The beet crop is safer from storm or drought than many other crops, and it should be the effort of our farmers, as is done in Germany and in France, to combine to erect small sugar factories in order to furnish a market near at hand for their beets.

## WE NEED THE MONEY.

Not infrequently has The Iron Port urged upon the citizens of Escanaba the importance of patronizing home institutions, but nevertheless it again desires to call attention to that imperative duty which they owe the city. There is a class of citizens who patronize to no inconsiderable extent the large establishments of Milwaukee and Chicago, sending money thither at almost regular intervals, receiving therefore goods which might be purchased of our local merchants at a very slight advance, if any. Each individual transaction, perhaps, amounts to comparatively little, yet in the aggregate the thousands of dollars that are annually sent outside would assist very materially in the advancement of our municipality, and would necessarily, directly or indirectly, enhance the interests of the person who makes a practice of buying in the larger cities. A slight difference in prices should not prevent any public-spirited citizen from patronizing their home merchant; people living in country towns do not expect to enjoy the same advantages in this respect as residents of cities. Some may say, our merchants do not keep what they want, out this is no reason why they should trade outside. The Iron Port does not believe there is a merchant in Escanaba who would not use his utmost endeavors to accommodate a patron by ransacking the markets of Milwaukee, Chicago or even New York to get exactly what a customer wanted.

The way to build up a town is by patronizing home industries; boycotting the merchant is the surest way of keeping a town "hard up."

The Boston Traveller thinks Gen. R. A. Alger is slated for the vice-presidency if Reed is nominated for

president. The General has the friendship and confidence of Quay, Piatt, Clarkson, Carter, Manley, Fessenden, Elkins and other big chiefs and, as the silver men are friendly toward him, it is not at all unlikely that he may, in the case of a deadlock, gallop away with the rich prize.

The Iron Port greatly regrets that Escanaba numbers among its citizens one who is so narrow-minded that he not only excludes from his home a certain local paper, but absolutely refuses to admit carriers to his place of business for the purpose of disposing of the "product of the press." The newspapers assist materially in the advancement and upbuilding of the city, and they should receive the liberal support and hearty encouragement of every public-spirited citizen within its borders. To boycott a newspaper is like sticking one's finger in the water and after pulling it out looking for the hole.

It is reported from Washington that Secretary Carlisle will recommend in his annual report an additional tax of \$1 a barrel on beer. If the treasury must have certainly and speedily an added \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 a year, there is no better way to get it. But if such a tax is laid, or even recommended by the secretary it will be a curious illustration of the way we do things in this country.

James Whitcomb Riley has completed a new series of poems in which he varies the treatment of each one to such an extent that they are said to show the Hoosier poet's versatility to a remarkable degree. He has given the series to The Ladies' Home Journal, in which the first is about to be published. A. B. Frost has been engaged by the magazine to illustrate the poems.

It is a striking illustration of the rapid changes of temperature in South Dakota that a week or so ago it was necessary to close the schools there on account of the intense heat, and two days later the same schools had to be closed because of the excessive cold. It must be difficult to enforce the compulsory education laws in Dakota.

Escanaba parents should bear in mind that if the ruination of their boy is desired, let him roam the streets at will. There is nothing that will ruin a boy so quickly as unwatched liberty. It is during these night carousals that he learns vulgarisms which later on will grow to something worse, and the idea of having so little respect for himself or those around him.

It is estimated that the electric railways have displaced 275,000 horses that consumed 125,000 bushels of corn and oats a day, or 45,000,000 bushels of grain a year. The crop of corn and oats this year was about the largest on record. With an increased supply and a decreased demand, a fall in the price was inevitable.

Judge Beach orders the rooster, the emblem of the New York state democracy, removed from the official ballot. A rooster like the newspapers used to "run" to emphasize the defeat of a political party would be quite appropriate, and the judge should modify his decision.

With John Wanamaker using some of his money in building and equipping a hotel in which good meals can be bought at a low price and his son giving \$20,000 dinners, one comes to the conclusion that the Lord uses more than one grade of dust in creating human beings.

Found, at Marquette on Saturday, October 20th, 1895, a railway on paper, supposed to be one that hovered in the neighborhood of Escanaba in '91. If Polasky's, he should identify and take away at once.

If a man needs a new overcoat and his wife needs a new cloak and the household income will warrant the purchase of only one, which gets it?

The man who sang "Four Years More of Grover" couldn't stand it until the four years expired. He is dead.

It is now definitely settled that "the country editor is all right." The Times-Herald says he is.

Carlisle has gone to Kentucky. He will vote and return to Washington next Tuesday.

The boys' play in the French cabinet still continues unabated.

It is easy enough for us to advise

the farmer to "hold his potatoes for a higher price," etc., but perhaps that farmer also holds something else—a mortgage with interest due. That decides the potato question, even if they bring only twenty cents a bushel.

Is it not strangely inconsistent among intelligent men to discontinue the visits of the newspaper, which perchance fails to reflect the views of a man or a body of men upon an economic question, and yet other men have daily differences of opinion upon the same matters without in the least affecting their business interchange of daily occurrence or their social relations as friends and neighbors. Why should the newspaper man be made exempt from the foregoing rule? He expresses himself according to his best convictions as he has as much right to do as neighbors in conversation, and does not use the denunciatory language that many neighbors do in their wordy encounters of discussion, but where the neighbor's expletives are forgotten almost as soon as uttered, the editor is that dreadful man who ought to be burned alive, as it were. These inconsistencies in life are hardly susceptible of reasoning out in justification of them.

It is to be hoped that Tom Platt will not write a book.

What did Sherman really say?

Horses.

# HORSES!

I have just received two car-loads of horses, including

A Fine Lot of

# HEAVY DRAFT

Horses,

And will hold a special sale on Monday and Tuesday next.

An Opportunity To Buy Cheap.

# A. SPOONER.

NOW IS THE TIME

to have your

# Blankets

Lace Curtains

AND

Pillow Shams

done up at

# THE STEAM LAUNDRY

Dry Goods and Clothing.

# MILLINERY!

Anything you want at the Right Prices. : : : :

CAPES, JACKETS AND FURS.

Our Second Invoice Now Open!

CALL AND SEE OUR LINE OF

Extreme Novelties

IN MIDWINTER GARMENTS.

# THE FAIR

1004 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.

Cloaks, Jackets and Capes.

Cloaks  
Jackets  
Capes

AT

# BURNS'

New Nobby Lot of Up-to-Date Cloaks Just Opened at Burn's:  
We sell a Choice Nobby, Crisp, Up-to-Date Boucle and Chinchilla Jacket, one-half lined with best silk at from Five to Nine Dollars.

Full Silk Lined from \$10.00 up. Cloak business is booming at

## BURNS' NEW DOUBLE STORE.

Lumber Yard.

# THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

GEORGE T. BURNS, Mgr.

# LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries

Which I wish to keep in the more and my prices will do it.

E. M. ST. JACQUES.

Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts.

# THE IRON PORT

WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL XXVI.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

NUMBER 44

## TRAIN BANDITS.

### Suggestions as to How They Should Be Dealt With.

Need That Government Methods Be Simplified—Train Robbing Unknown in Canada, Where They Have a Mounted Police System.

Train robberies have been so frequent and have been carried out with such comparative ease during the last five years that railroad and express companies have almost given up in despair the long and often futile attempts to catch the bold land pirates. The bold dynamite outrage at Wau-paca, Wis., the other day is an example of the daring and the extremities to which the land pirates will go. A dastardly plan was formed and carried out to wreck the train, and then to loot the express car. The lives of the passengers were not for a moment taken into consideration by the robbers. Only by the prompt action of the engineer were the passenger coaches saved from destruction, the engine, baggage and express cars having been derailed. The robbers were unable to blow open the safe, but their diabolical design placed the lives of the passengers and trainees in great peril.

During the last five years there have been 111 train robberies. Some of them have been successful, while others have failed because the trainmen have met force with force and shot down the land pirates before they could do any damage. Thousands of dollars have been carried off, mail has been rifled, and passengers have been terrified or murdered in resisting the robbers. Notwithstanding stringent laws have been passed by most of the states against train robbers, and the penalties named have been severe, train robbing has increased. The hanging of a bandit, who had shot down the man who tried to protect the property of his employers and their clients, has seemed to have had no deterrent effect on the emulators of Jesse James and "Black Bart." Several train robbers are now serving long terms in penitentiaries for their crimes, but the fact that they have been caught and punished has not proved terrifying to their successors.

The Chicago Times-Herald has asked the governors of the states, railroad men and presidents of express companies for their views as to the best way to prevent train robberies and as to whether they thought the federal authorities should be called upon to protect passengers and mail from the bold and unscrupulous marauders. The answers to these queries are both numerous and varied.

Nearly every answer urges the strict and immediate enforcement of the law against the perpetrators of train robberies. President Hill, of the Great Northern railroad, says it is impossible to construct cars which will resist successfully the attacks of the land pirates. He claims that the law and its enforcement would prove a terror to the bandits and prevent crimes of this nature.

President Valentine, of Wells, Fargo & Co., is afraid nothing can be done until federal methods are simplified. He thinks the federal authorities should take the matter in hand, but with new and quicker machinery. Another correspondent suggests a state mounted police system to crush the land pirate. This is the plan adopted in Canada, where the train robber is now an unknown criminal quantity.

Missouri has a death penalty for robbing a train, yet attempts have been just as numerous as before the law was passed. J. C. Fargo, president of the American Express company, holds that train robbers when caught should be hanged or shot on the spot or transferred to the federal courts for trial. Heavy penalties are suggested by all. The escape of train robbers is nearly always due to the sympathy of the residents of the district in which the crime is committed, and the substitution of a federal jury would insure swifter and heavier punishment.

## GETTING AROUND A TREATY.

How a Detroit Firm Will Find It Possible to Construct Government Gunboats.

When bids for the six composite gunboats were opened at the navy department on Monday last, it was thought that the proposal of the Detroit Drydock company would have to be rejected, owing to the obligations of our treaties with Great Britain which provide that neither the United States nor Great Britain shall construct war vessels on the Great Lakes. A careful examination of the bid of the company shows that this treaty provision was considered before their bid was made. The company proposes to construct the hull of the vessels at Seattle, Wash., and the machinery and other parts at their works in Detroit.

## A Blunt Man.

An intensely reserved man, Ibsen is not at all fond of talking of himself or of his works. At a dinner some time ago the wife of a well-known artist,

being seated beside him, insisted on conducting the conversation to that end and finally maintained at length that his "Hedda Gabler" was an impossible woman. "But, madam," he answered, "I draw her from the life." "Yes, Herr Doktor, but I am a woman. I should know. I say again that it is impossible that such a woman should exist." This was too much for Herr Doktor; like a flash he turned on her. "Idiot!" he ejaculated, which was naturally the end of that conversation.

## MARRY THEIR JUNIORS.

A Number of Reasons Why Some Women Do So.

A late conversation between a number of women chanced to fall upon the common occurrence of women marrying their juniors, says the New York Times. It was remarked that these marriages were almost invariably happy ones. One of the group ventured the opinion that the reason for this lay in the wisdom gained with years by the wife, and in the knowledge thus attained as to how to manage her husband. Another thought that a man always wanted his wife to "mother" him, and was best satisfied when she did, while she was naturally satisfied by his satisfaction. A third was sure that to take care of others was a woman's true vocation, and the secret desire of her heart, and that this calling was most entirely entered upon when the selfishness of extreme youth was past, and when the husband was younger than herself. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that of all these matches, which do seem to be made in heaven, almost all make a little heaven here below.

One of the talkers contributed her quota to the stories of remarkable differences in years between man and wife. A one-time bishop of Maryland, she said, married a woman who had been one of his mother's bridesmaids, and who had made his own christening rope. He was so devotedly attached to her that when she died from extreme old age he mourned her memory, with no thought of filling her place, all the rest of his life.

## IN A NIGHT.

The Suddenness of a Potato Blight in Ireland.

The famine that decimated Ireland fifty years ago was caused by the blighting of the potatoes—then the staple food of the peasant. The blight literally walked in darkness, though the sickness destroyed at noonday. Says Frances Power Cobbe in her "Life": "I happened to be able to recall precisely the day, almost the hour, when the blight fell on the potatoes and caused the great calamity. A party of us were driving to a seven o'clock dinner. As we passed a remarkably fine field of potatoes in blossom the scent came through the open windows of the carriage and we remarked to each other how splendid was the crop. Three or four hours later, as we returned in the dark, a dreadful odor came from the same field and we exclaimed: 'Something has happened to those potatoes! They do not smell at all as they did when we passed them on the way out!'

Next morning there was a wall from one end of Ireland to the other. Every field was black and every root rendered unfit for human food. And there were nearly eight million people depending principally upon those potatoes for existence.

## Reasoning Power of Robins.

A robin's nest and a kingbird's nest were situated in adjoining trees, each containing young birds. When the kingbirds saw the robin bringing a worm to feed its young they would attack it and make it give up the food intended for the young robins. After being robbed a few times the robin appeared with a worm, accompanied by two other robins, and when the kingbird made his appearance the two extra robins pitched in and gave him a sound thrashing, while the one with the worm fed its young and seemed to be laughing all the while. The game was played until the kingbird gave it up, and now the robin feeds its young without help.

## Would Go Well with Steak.

One of the largest mushrooms seen there in years was brought to St. Thomas, Ont., the other day by a Michigan Central railroad employe. It weighs seven pounds and measures 44 inches in circumference. Railroad employes report that there are tons of mushrooms all along the line of the Michigan Central railroad, but particularly in such the case between Ridgetown and Highgate, where car loads could be had for the picking.

## Bumped His Chin.

William Vorheis, of Richmond, Ky., while feeding his cow got his face in a position directly over the cow's head. The animal suddenly threw up her head and struck him on the chin. His tongue was caught between his teeth and about two inches of it was almost entirely cut off.

## His Devinity.

I sit within the cushioned pew,  
But must confess my thoughts pursue  
A rather worldly course, in lieu  
Of penitential fire.  
Yet none within the edifice  
In worshiping are less remiss—  
My thoughts are tinged with heavenly bliss,  
For Nellie's in the choir.

A witching figure, straight and trim,  
She stands and carols forth the hymn,  
She blushes 'neath her broad hat brim,  
To see how I admire.

I watch her lovely, pulsing throat,  
Her dimples and her curls I note—  
Celestial music seems to float,  
For Nellie's in the choir.

In through the chancel window slips  
A rosy sunbeam, and it sips  
The sweetness of her laughing lips,  
And never seems to tire.

And while the pastor does expound,  
And lull his flock to slumber sound,  
'Tis love that makes my world go round,  
For Nellie's in the choir.

—Detroit Free Press.

## JAPANESE COPPERS.

Their Process of Detecting Criminals Is Prompt and Simple.

Mr. James R. Morse, of Yokohama, happened to be spending the night with his friend, Mr. Denison, in Tokyo, when a sneak thief entered the house and stole his pocketbook containing seventy dollars and a number of valuable papers. The matter, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record, was reported to the police in the morning, with a description of the purse and its contents, and within forty-eight hours the papers were recovered and the thief had begun a term of six years' imprisonment at Ishikawa, the national penitentiary.

The process of his detection was very prompt and simple. The crime was reported at police headquarters at eight o'clock in the morning. By nine the

Mediterranean he was so impressed with the beauty of the sights offered that he concluded to make some effort to represent them by pictures as well as by words. His first experiments were made at a slight distance under the surface of the water, where the intensity of the light is still sufficient for the production of photographs; he constructed a camera and an instantaneous shutter especially adapted for use in water. Finding it desirable to take pictures at greater depths, Mr. Boutan resorted to the employment of artificial light, and employed an apparatus whose construction is shown in the cut.

The apparatus comprises a barrel, T, containing oxygen and carrying a glass globe, C, in which is placed a lamp, A, having a wick impregnated with alcohol. The operator by pressing the bulb, P, at the end of the tube, H,



POLICEMEN AND A PRECINCT STATION.

theft and description of the property had been telephoned to every precinct in the city and to all the suburban towns and were known to every officer on duty. In a little village about ten miles from the center of Tokyo a man entered a tea house during the afternoon and showed a card upon which Mr. Morse's name was engraved. Tea houses in Japan correspond with saloons in the United States as resorts for loafers and the crooked classes, and the policemen watch them accordingly. The nesans, as the waiter girls are called, coquette with the policemen and often aid them in the performance of their duty. So it was perfectly natural for the policeman on that beat to tell the nesans the story of the robbery and it was equally so for this nesana to report to the policeman about Mr. Morse's card. The circumstance was suspicious enough to justify an arrest, and before night the thief was in the central station at Tokyo. He had the pocketbook and all the papers on his person, but had spent most of the money in a spree the night before and had been robbed of the remainder during a drunken stupor that followed.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDER.

A Frenchman's Apparatus for Taking Submarine Pictures.

Mr. Louis Boutan has made some interesting experiments in submarine photography. He is an ardent student of zoology, and during the investigations he made on the shores of the



SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

may throw some magnesium powder into the flame, or otherwise produce a flash light within the globe C. The operator puts on a diving suit provided with the usual air supply pipe, S, and places his camera, M, which is watertight, in proximity to the oxygen barrel, T, so that he can readily actuate the shutter and the flash light apparatus.

## A JUMBO LOBSTER.

Monster, Weighing 34 1-2 Pounds, Caught Off Connecticut.

James P. Clark, of Niantic, caught a lobster the other day which, judging from the size, must be the ancestor of all the lobsters, big and little, in the sound, says the Hartford Courant. It weighed 34 1/2 pounds. The lobster was brought to this city by Fred R. Loydon, and it was an object of much curiosity as it weighed its immense claws around at Flynn's market. It measured 8 feet 6 inches from the end of the claw to the tip of the tail. This is undoubtedly the largest lobster ever brought to Hartford, and no one who has seen it recalls ever having seen one so large as this anywhere.

## THEY DON'T RAY SMALL CHECKS

Reasons Why Some Business Houses Mail Trifling Amounts in Bills and Stamps.

A seaside hotel proprietor wishing to close his season's account with one of the largest upholstering establishments in this city wrote for his balance a few days ago, requesting a check for the four dollars and thirty-two cents that stood to his credit. He was surprised the day following, says the New York Herald, to receive a registered letter containing four one-dollar bills and sixteen two-cent postage stamps.

He made inquiries of his neighbors and learned that not only this particular business house, but many others in New York city, were in the habit of paying small amounts in cash, rather than by checks.

"The reason for mailing cash instead of checks in settlement of small accounts," said the manager of one of these houses, in answer to my question, "is twofold. For one thing, our banks object to small checks. We have accounts only with big banks, doing a business of many hundreds of thousands or millions a year, and a mass of small checks would tend to bother them greatly. Some banks won't take accounts except with the understanding that small checks will not be drawn upon them except occasionally.

"The principal reason, though, is to guard us against the raising of checks. Any check under ten dollars is very easily raised, and there are so many petty sharpers engaged in that business that we are apt to be greatly bothered and fretted by these little frauds. We find that it is much cheaper for us, in these days of cheap registry, to settle such accounts in bills and postage stamps, and pay the registry charges, than to run the risk of loss and trouble by sending a lot of little checks all over the country."

## A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

The Old-Time Breakfast of Which Newly Married Ones Partook.

The old-fashioned wedding breakfast was a training in fortitude for others beside the bridegroom, says a London journal. It was the nurse of many virtues for some half-dozen or more of his friends. Little do the unthinking youths who nowadays assemble at a wedding to "guy" the "best man" suspect that a generation ago a victim of this description would not have had to "dree his weird" alone. His weird would have been dreed conjointly with him by a "second best," a "third best," down sometimes in a descending scale of excellence to an "eight best" man.

To every bridesmaid there was a "groomsman," and to the youngest groomsman there was a speech, the response to the toast of the bridesmaid's health. It was an effort of oratory demanding extraordinary tact—a demand which, we need not say, was very rarely satisfied—in the youth who would steer successfully between the Scylla of sheepishness and the Charybdis of vulgar jocularity; and many were the groomsmen whom one or other of these twin whirlpools swept away. But the survivors—nay, even the submerged—arose the stronger for their plunge.

They had familiarized themselves in imagination with the position of a bridegroom, often even assisting their imaginative powers by a flirtation with their allotted bridesmaids; and they sometimes returned home nerved for future feats of matrimonial daring of which their degenerate descendants seem incapable.

## THE BRAVE LITTLE PECCARY.

A Very Plucky Fighter When He Is Angry Despite His Size.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect, the colored peccary is one, says a writer in the Century. Although he is little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the wild west he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that anyone should dare to go a-gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker of the Washington "Zoo," points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas peccary can do when he is very angry.

This species has a very wide range being found from the Red river of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas he is no longer abundant save in the low jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves, like a white-lipped peccary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than now; but, like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear man and his deadly firearms.

## Anarchists in Europe.

About 2,000 persons in France are marked as anarchists, and are constantly watched by the police of the various European countries, according to La Figaro, of whom 500 are French and 1,500 are foreigners, Italy leading with 540, followed by Switzerland with 300, Germany and Russia with 240 each, Austria and Belgium with 60 each. As regards occupation, shoemakers, car-

penters and day laborers of all nations furnish large proportions of the anarchists, while the educated professions hardly appear. German tailors and printers, Swiss watchmakers and farmers, Italian clerks and bakers, and French waiters and persons without avowed business tend more to anarchy than those of other nationalities. The Russians differ from all the others in that 30 per cent. of the persons under surveillance are students, another 30 per cent. professional men, and hardly 1 per cent. have occupations requiring no education.

## He Numbered His Footsteps.

There is a good deal of information given to the world that is quite unasked for. A curious statistician has put himself to the trouble of counting the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,100, or an average of 26,744 steps a day. Going still further into the details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs. The learned gentleman neglects to state, however, what benefit he and his fellow creatures will derive from this careful computation.

## Oil on Troubled Waters.

Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like a shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a bomb filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The bladder will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.

## Her Great Scheme.

Father—Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live? Sweet girl—We have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?

"Yes."

"Well, I've been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next season there will be twenty-one hens, and as each will raise twenty more, that will be 430. The next year the number will be 2,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000. Just think! At only twenty-five cents apiece we will have over \$500,000. Then, dear old papa, we will lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."—Boston Traveler.

## He Was Puzzled.

Every expression of the child showed eager curiosity. On the way down town the boy frequently and persistently asked questions.

Finally the car passed Baldwin's and the youngster caught a glimpse of a locomotive boiler outside. "Papa! papa! what is that?" he cried. "That's a locomotive boiler, my son." "Thus answered, the juvenile was lost in reverie. He was thinking it over. "Did you say that was a locomotive boiler, papa?" he suddenly blurted out. "Of course, I said so." "Well, then, why do they boil locomotives?"—Philadelphia Call.

## A Reasonable Suspicion.

"Howdy-do, judge!" saluted the able editor of the Hawville Clarion, addressing Judge Stringer. "Is there any news of interest this afternoon?"

"None that I think of," replied the jurist, "except that the dude tourist who introduced the fashionable high English handshake into this community has mysteriously disappeared. Foul play is suspected."—N. Y. World.

## A Heavy Blow.

"Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"Heavens! How did it happen?"

"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."—Erie Messenger.

## An Expansive Smile.

Hostetter McGinnis—Did you give the bouquet to the young lady?

Sam Johnson—Yes, sah.

"Did she smile?"

"She did, sah."

"Did she smile pleasantly?"

"Yes, sah, she smiled jess like I mout if you gives me half a dollar."—Texas Siftings.

## Hardly Worth While.

"You are now thirteen years old, Miss Fanny, and you can hardly write your own name."

"That's a fact; but it will be such a short time before I get another name that it is hardly worth while learning to write my present one."—Texas Siftings.

## He Still Hoped.

Mrs. Quiverful—Forty years old, Mr. Singleton, and never been married? What a singular thing! But, surely, you have not given up all hope?

Mr. Singleton—No, indeed! I hope I am safe for another forty years, any way.—N. Y. World.

Ladies' Coats and Jackets.



Marvels of Fashion,  
Marvels of Fit,  
Marvels of Workmanship,

and what is more the

**PRICES ARE MARVELS  
OF ECONOMY**

and that is the reason we are retailing more  
**COATS, JACKETS AND CAPES** than any other  
house in the city. The department is a busy  
one.

**Carpets**

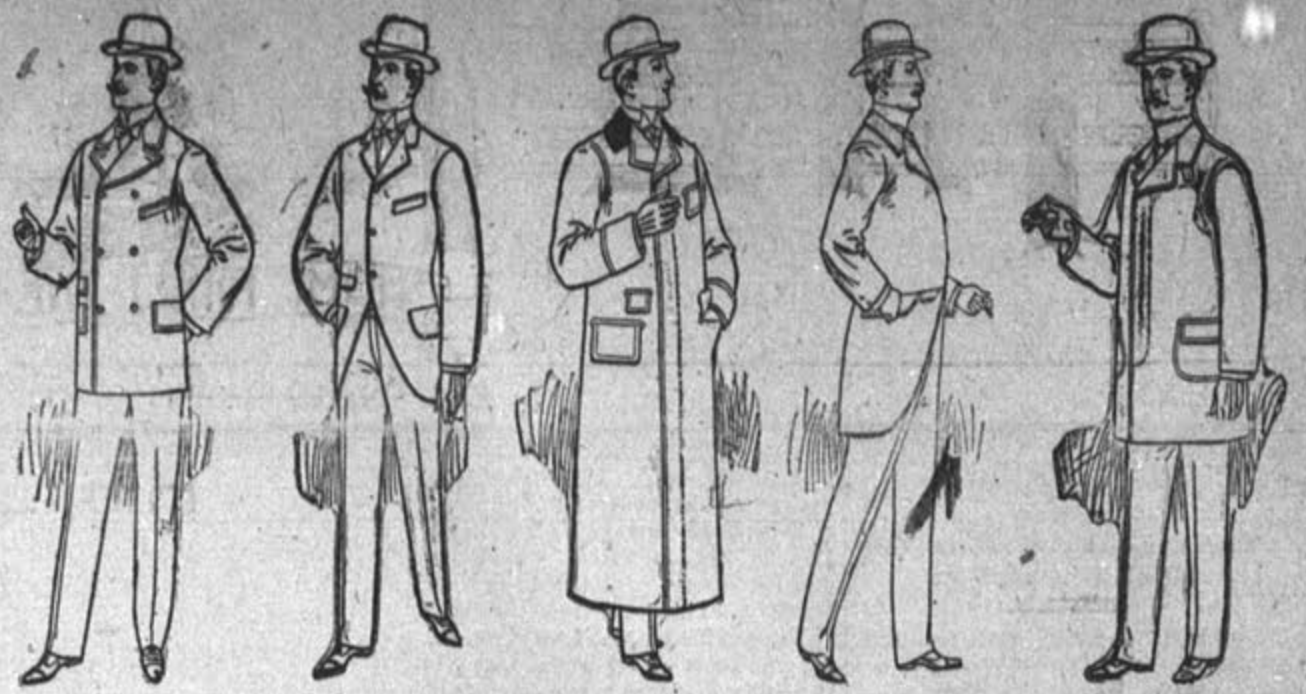
Styles that need no advertising—All the newness of the season's latest ideas—Patterns and qualities triumphs of faultless floor coverings. You pay no more for such goods than you are asked for old shop-worn stuff. We are prepared to meet any and all competition and go them one better.

**Dress Goods**

The people recognize genuine money-saving Bargains in these specials, and why not? They are the best that have been offered anywhere this season.

**ED. ERICKSON.**

Fall and Winter Overcoats.



**A TEN DOLLAR BILL**

goes a long ways at our store.

We haven't built up our reputation by selling  
cheap goods, but by selling  
**GOOD GOODS CHEAP**

In fact we have only



**HIGH STANDARD UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING**

made by the Stein, Blich Co., whose reputation is world-wide.  
We are now showing a large line of

**Fall and Winter Overcoats and Suits**

and also **UP-TO-DATE FURNISHINGS.** Come in and see us.

**ED. ERICKSON.**

Groceries.

**ERICKSON & BISSEL,**

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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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.**

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**FLOUR, FEED, HAY and GRAIN**

All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.

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

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Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.  
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Col-  
lections payment of taxes, etc., promptly  
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Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber  
Lands. Township Diagrams, City Plans and Gen-  
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story Hessel's building, 607 Ludington St.  
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**ESCANABA DENTAL PARLORS**  
Drs. Fraser & Thibault, Dentists.  
Office at corner of Ludington  
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ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

**HENRY & LINN,**  
**WAGONMAKING**

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DEALERS IN

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, CUTTERS,  
SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, ETC.

Mr. Linn gives special attention to  
horseshoeing, and guarantees  
satisfaction.

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**James S. Doherty,**  
Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and  
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**CHOICE AND FANCY  
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Crockery and Canned Goods.

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

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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.

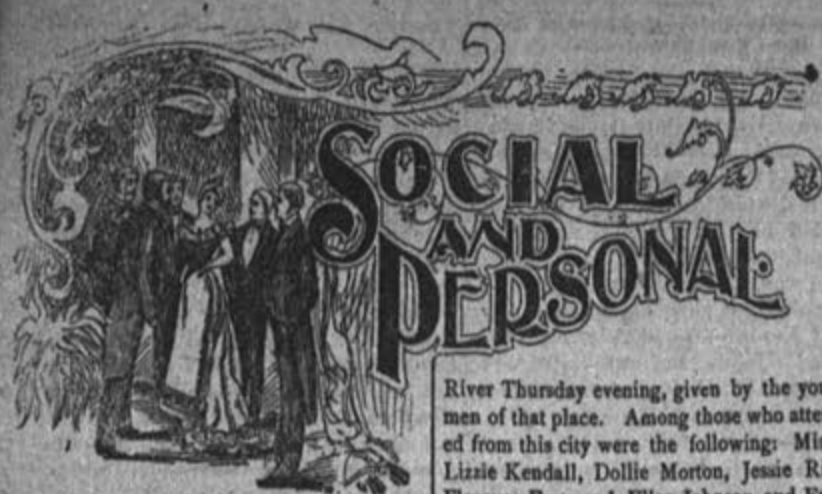
Flour and Feed.

**FLOUR**

Feed, Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.

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

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



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Thursday evening the festivities of Halloween reigned supreme. It is on that night when the young maidens in many ways the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of her lover. Tricks almost without number are tried and re-tried; ghost stories, strange and weird enough to make one's hair literally stand on end, are told, and many a timid girl has glanced suspiciously about her room, under her bed, behind all the pieces of furniture and on tops of lamp shades, to assure herself that she is safely domiciled alone in her room. Dreams are expected to come true that night, and it would be amusing to know the number of girls who retire to their couches with their garters fastened about their ankles, and who have previously turned the toes of their boots to the north. A great deal of fun and frolic is usually planned for Halloween and especially is the time looked forward to by the youngster who amuses himself by changing his neighbor's gate for one belonging to some one perhaps a mile away. It is astonishing to know of the trouble this mischievous urchin will put himself in order to make himself hated by the public at large. Strings he stretches across sidewalks, fills some one's key hole with soft molasses candy, chalks a death's head on the steps of some enemy's house, climbs, at the peril of his life, to fasten a tick-tack on the window of some youthful sweetheart that he may frighten her out of a year's growth. This youngster is capable of turning an entire neighborhood upside down in a very short space of time if his fancy dictates. To the peeling of an apple a young girl looks for the initial of her future husband's name as she twirls it carefully three times about her head and eagerly watches it as it assumes a shape on the floor. Again a number of apples may be put into a tub, each one named for a male acquaintance, and the one she succeeds in grasping between her teeth she is bound to marry. Another trick is to place an apple seed on each eyelid and naming each; the one that clings the longest will be the happy, or perhaps, the disappointed man.

The next meeting of the Derthick Musical Club will be held at Mrs. Alice B. Talbot's studio, on Elmore street, next Monday evening, of which the following is the program:
MRS. ELIZABETH EVERTS.
Piano Solo.....Rev. F. W. Greene
a Barcarolle.....Miss Palmer
b Consolation.....Miss Palmer
Vocal Trio, Lift Thine Eyes.....Mrs. Talbot
.....Mesdames Atkins, Jennings and Morrill
Piano Solo.....Mrs. Talbot
a Spring Song.....Miss Loretta Stack
b Singing Song.....Miss Loretta Stack
Vocal Solo, On Wings of Song.....Miss Benedict
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mrs. Randall
Vocal Duette, I Would That My Love.....Mrs. Talbot
.....Mesdames Atkins and Morrill
Piano Solo, Capriccio in Minor.....Mrs. Talbot
Vocal Solo, Slumber Song.....Mrs. Atkins
Piano Duette, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mrs. Talbot and Miss Stack
Vocal Quartette.....Mrs. Talbot and Miss Stack
a Farewell to the Forest.....Mrs. Talbot
b The Sky Lark.....Mesdames Atkins and Morrill and Messrs. Morrill and Shadick
All the analysis read by Miss McHale.

About thirty-seven people assembled at the Presbyterian parsonage on Thursday evening, for the purpose of "perpetrating" a surprise party upon Mrs. Henry McCall. The lady was very much surprised, not having received any hint of what was to befall her, and when Dr. Todd, on behalf of the church people, presented her with an elegant silver bread plate, in token of their appreciation of her long years of faithful service in church work; her surprise was complete. It was a very merry company assembled, and much laughter was provoked at the complete annihilation of Mr. Rathson's and Mr. Ed. Erickson's dignity when compelled to sit upon the floor while playing "buzz." After a bounteous lunch the company dispersed wishing their hostess many years of usefulness still, abounding in good works as in the past.

Sam Collins, who has been in charge of the mechanical department of The Iron Port for some months past, contemplates going to Wisconsin. He is a good printer, an industrious fellow, and we wish him success. The writer is interested in Sam's career, having given him his first instructions in the "art preservative" eleven years ago.

Frank J. Fish has returned from Garth, where he has been inspecting about a million feet of lumber recently shipped to Tonawanda and Chicago by his father, John Fish, of this city.—Menominee Herald.

Miss Marnie Finnegan read Will Carlton's "A Lightning Rod Agent" and "Brier Rose" by Borgesen, at the Hoelscher concert at Marquette Monday evening.

Jos. Langlois, of Gladstone, was in Escanaba Wednesday. He has sold his blacksmith shop to W. A. Miller, and will go to Canada to take up his residence.

The basket social given under the auspices of the Equitable Aid Union, at A. O. U. W. hall last Saturday evening, was a decidedly pleasant affair.

Miss Hanson, of Green Bay, has accepted a position as bookkeeper with Erickson & Bissell.

Contractor F. E. Harris has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to attend to business.

River Thursday evening, given by the young men of that place. Among those who attended from this city were the following: Misses Lizzie Kendall, Dollie Morton, Jessie Rice, Florence Eastwood, Ellen Johnson and Ethel Rice, and Messrs. George Eastwood, Lyman Beggs, Mert McKee, C. J. Carlson and John Kennely.

W. W. Stoddard, who a few years ago was connected with this office, will again assume the management of the mechanical department of The Iron Port on Monday next. Mr. Stoddard comes from one of the foremost job printing offices in Chicago, and is well up in the latest arts of printing.

The Iron Ore has this to say of Rev. Mr. Clemo, recently of this city: "Mr. Clemo has the appearance of a gentleman of considerable scholastic attainments, is a keen observer and a faithful worker, and will doubtless give the Methodist interests at Ishpeming efficient service."

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith took their departure on Thursday for Marquette, where they will conduct the railway eating house in the future. They have many friends in Escanaba, who wish them unbounded success in their new undertaking.

Mr. Erik Wicklund and Miss Alma Gauvin were married Saturday evening last at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. J. K. Owen, pastor of the Swedish Methodist church, performing the ceremony.

P. B. Sullivan, Mrs. L. Griffen and Miss Bray of Escanaba spent Sunday in Ishpeming. They came up to look about the mines here.—Mining Journal.

Miss Gertrude Wade entertained a party of young friends last Monday evening, the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of her birth.

Alderman Hodges authorized City Clerk Wilke to give his first half year's salary, amounting to \$37.50, to some poor widow.

Rev. Mr. Seymour, about ten years ago pastor of St. Stephen's church in this city, is now located at Ashtabula.

Will Buchholz, of Norway, spent Sunday in Escanaba, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Buchholz.

Miss Dollie Peterson, who spent some days in Escanaba, went to Ishpeming Monday.

Miss May Buchanan, of Gladstone, visited Manistique friends this week.

Mrs. J. Loell is at home after an extended visit in Milwaukee.

James Rogers spent the week in Chicago and Racine.

James Corcoran went to Iron River Wednesday.

Geo. T. Burns thoroughly enjoys a meeting with veterans of the "late unpleasantness," and takes an active part in relating amusing reminiscences in connection therewith. On Thursday afternoon a number of gentlemen adorned with the G. A. R. button met in this city, and enjoyed an hour with army stories, among the number being Geo. T.

M. E. Gleason, of Norway, and Miss Josephine McDermott, of Marquette, are soon to be united in marriage. The prospective groom is a son of Mr. Gleason, of Gladstone, and is well known here in baseball circles, having chased the sphere with the Escanaba on several occasions.

Walter J. Power, who recently opened a law office at Ontonagon, is making a reputation for himself. He has a murder case on his hands for trial.

Mrs. John Schmidt departed last Sunday evening to make an extended visit with friends and relatives at Lexington, Mich.

Mrs. Geo. Musson has decided not to spend the winter in Canada. She will remain in Escanaba.

The Lethrick club will meet at the home of Mrs. S. H. Talbot next Monday evening.

Mr. O. R. Hardy, principal of the Ishpeming public schools, was in town this week.

month for Rockwood, Tenn., from which point he will go to the Atlanta Exposition. Mr. Carlson will locate in the south, but has not yet determined upon a location.

The social dancing party of the B. R. T. at North Star hall next Wednesday evening, promises to be a pleasant affair.

Miss Lucy Burns and Miss Frances Blake entertained a party of young friends at the home of the latter last evening.

Miss Lizzie Dinneen is home from Boone, Iowa, where she had been visiting with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Hamm.

"Doc" Burns is employed in The Bank of Escanaba during the absence of Mr. Corcoran in the east.

Mrs. John Hancock and Mrs. T. W. McDonough drove over from Gladstone on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Barnes will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wixson. Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Bissell entertained a small party of friends Thursday evening.

E. Olson and Wm. Loeffler, of Barkville, were Escanaba visitors on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. Boyd and children, of Racine, visited with relatives here this week.

Alderman King has severed his connection with the Wrecking company.

Miss Minnie Goodwin was a Gladstone visitor last Sunday.

Mr. Safford has severed his connection with the Mirror.

Miss Alice Young is at home, after a visit to Milwaukee.

John Gorman has charge of a cedar camp near Whitney.

S. R. Kaufman, of Marquette, was in town Thursday.

Clifford Barron was a Spalding visitor this week.

J. J. Jolly, of Nahma, was in town Wednesday.

Blark River News. Alex B. Fleming is doing an extensive blacksmithing business at "50" this fall. He is working day and night to keep up with the rush and raking in the duets accordingly. He finds time, however, to put in a good word occasionally for "the best paying insurance on earth," which he handles on the side. He is soon to move into a new residence recently erected.

Mrs. Cutting, who has served as teacher here most acceptably for three years and whose friends are numberless, is we regret to say, soon to leave us. She will finish only the present term with us as the alien law compels her to leave Michigan for the present. We hope her absence from us will be of short duration. She is a Canadian.

Mrs. George W. Deloughary was violently thrown to the depot platform a few days ago, while attempting to alight from a moving train. Fortunately, however, she is uninjured, save a bad shaking up.

Barkville has the distinction of having the only exclusive postoffice building in the county outside of Escanaba. It has also the most attractive postmistress.

Miss Mary McLean, of Escanaba, is visiting here, the guest of the Misses Loeffler, having stopped off here for a few days on her way home from Milwaukee.

T. F. Follis, of Escanaba, drove in from Schafer last Tuesday with Henry Coburn. He thinks Henry's "circus horse" is a dandy.

J. B. Freschette has recently added a large warehouse to his already extensive establishment.

GLIMPSSES OF CITY LIFE

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

Municipal Matters of Minor Importance Briefly Chronicled.—Upper Peninsula News Condensed for Easy Reading.

An exchange says a mind reader, having demonstrated to a party of ladies and gentlemen his ability to read a newspaper through two thicknesses of horse blanket, one of the girls left the room with the remark that she "wasn't going to stay here any longer with this calico dress on."

At a meeting of the Scandinavian Benevolent and Fellowship Society of America held at Ironwood, recently, a ladies auxiliary was organized and is known as the society of the Leading Star. P. M. Peterson represented the North Star society, which is a branch.

The annual meeting of the Delta County Agricultural society will be held at Perron's hall next Wednesday evening, at which time the financial condition of the society will be made known.

Boyd McGowen, formerly employed by the Water Works company in this city, died at Washington, Ind., last Sunday. The deceased was a brother of P. C. McGowen.

A representative of one of the largest cloak manufacturers in America is showing the latest styles in these garments at Erickson's to-day.

If you contemplate going south you will do well to see A. M. Stromberg. He offers some excellent inducements to settlers in Alabama.

Hodges will have a billiard hall on the second floor of the Adler building, and the common council must find other quarters.

Our lady readers who are interested in the latest fashions should not fail to peruse Ellen Osborn's letter on another page.

No person residing outside of the state has taken out a deerlicense in this county as yet. Outsiders hunt along the state line.

Carlson & Ostman will conduct a skating rink again this winter. The ground has been ploughed, leveled and rolled.

The season in which it is lawful to kill deer in this state began Friday and continues until the 25th, inclusive.

"Mr. Cutter's Surprise, by W. L. Alden, will be found an interesting story. It appears in to-day's Iron Port.

One hundred and twenty-eight marriage licenses have been issued in this county during the past year.

Two boats chartered this week for ore from this port to Lake Erie get \$1.15, a slight increase.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons should pull off their fight on the Luts island, near Ford River.

The common council will convene in regular monthly session next Tuesday evening.

Russell & Williams have commenced the manufacture of mattresses in Escanaba.

The new Oddfellows block at Gladstone will be dedicated on Thanksgiving evening.

The Sawyer-Goodman company will put in 22,000,000 feet of logs this winter.

The aldermen drew their salary for six months' services this week—\$37.50.

Wanted, a good second-hand cutter; must be cheap. Apply at this office.

land at Quinnesec Falls, including an extensive water power, for a consideration of \$50,000, for erecting a mammoth paper and pulp mill.

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Residents of Bay de Noc Township Isolated By the Heavy Gales.

On account of the heavy gales prevailing without intermission during the last week we have had no intercourse with the outside world and have not received or sent any mail, and those of us lured by the charm of a residence in a cottage by the sea had all the romance and fancied security rudely dispelled, as the seas breaking on the shore shook the earth while the cottage, and the bed on which you lay, rocked and vibrated as though it were a cradle. Then, as you uneasily slept, the roaring and whistling of the gale and the sea as it broke on the reefs would curiously intermix and mingle in your dreams the scenes of your former and recent life; at one time imagining you were crossing the Atlantic in mid-winter in an old line packet ship, as in the forties and fifties, with five hundred passengers battered down under the hatches, and as the seas rushed over her decks and the good ship rolled down, down in the troughs of the sea until they were afraid she would never rise again, they prayed for their lives, interspersed with curses at Tapscott as bad luck to him. Sure he promised me a ship that would neither pitch, rock, or stumble, while the seaman, who in the darkness and gale had to climb aloft to shorten sail, begrudged them their case, and as they hauled together on the ropes to enliven their toil cheerily sang: "While we poor sailors are working up aloft the landmen are all down below." Then you would be regretting that potatoes were only twenty-five cents per bushel and other produce in proportion. And while the Flat Rock farmers were pleasantly joggling along to market regardless of seas or gales, we were here at the mercy of the elements, fearing that our boats would be all smashed up and we would have nothing in which to carry our produce to market. Then a fearful gust which shook the house to its foundation and made everything rattle, aroused you from your restless dreaming while you lay in fearful suspense, wondering whether it would take the roof from over your head or whether it would be satisfied with the haystack; but would finally compose yourself to sleep regardless of the gale, remembering that it is said that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and that if we were to be shorn thanks be to God we were not sleeping in a hotel in Escanaba, while our boat was being pouched to pieces behind the steamboat dock, and that we would not have to take the Lotus to Maywood and walk from thence home in the morning. But all things come to an end. The gales will subside and the sun shine again. Then if there is water enough to get there we shall all be found again at that safe and commodious landing place called the gravel dock, loaded with potatoes, onions, cabbage and other truck, all of Bay de Noc's best, all of which will be gladly disposed of at reasonable prices.

C. J. S.

Rock Ripples.

While out surveying the other day Mr. J. T. Bagnall had the misfortune of meeting a huge black bear, which attacked him. The gentleman had no means of defense but a small hatchet, but he used this in such an efficient manner that "Bruin" turned and fled. Shortly afterward a party started out to hunt for the bear, but no trace of it could be found.

Pupils deserving of honorable mention, for attendance and punctuality at school during the past month, are: Josephine Perry, Ardavan Kirby, Albert Bridges, Tessie and Frankie Johnson, Mable, Roy, Charles and Alice Hayward. Both teacher and pupils wish that parents would visit the school.

Ed. and James Curran, of Lathrop, and Ed. Garland, of Escanaba, registered at one of our uptown hotels Sunday.

H. and U. Le Beau left Tuesday for Turin, where they will remain for an indefinite period.

Mesdames H. Sayen and Louis Trombly visited with Defiance friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Willette, of Defiance, spent Sunday with friends in this vicinity.

Mr. H. Sayen and son Joseph, were at Flat Rock Sunday.

Basil Lenzi, of Defiance, transacted business here yesterday.

Mr. F. Kennel drove to Gladstone Tuesday, returning the same day.

Thos. Farrell was looking after his interest in our vicinity Monday.

Wesley Miller, of Lathrop, shook hands with friends here Tuesday.

Charley Hayward called on Lathrop friends Saturday.

May Have a Light House. A government official went to Gladstone yesterday to "look over the lay of the land" with a view to soon erecting a lighthouse at that point. He was accompanied by A. R. Moore, who is also an "authority" on light houses.

Attended the Mass Meeting. The Board of Education met in regular monthly session last evening, but adjourned without transacting any business in order that the members might attend the mass meeting. The Board will meet Tuesday evening next.

Will Resume Operations. The Lake Superior Iron company will resume operations at its Hematite mine, Ishpeming, which has been idle for the past ten months. About 150 men will be employed. The company has a big showing at this property.

Another Drug Store. Sourwine & Hartnett have leased the building this week vacated by J. N. Mead and will open a drug store therein in a few days.

The Churches.

Mrs. Hancock, who gave an address at the Baptist hall on Monday evening last, was the first woman ever sent out by Michigan women to represent them in mission work on heathen soil. Her special field is Mandalay Burma, where she has labored almost incessantly for over twenty-one years. At this place only thirty years ago 700 people were put to death to celebrate the accession of King Thebau to the throne of Burma. At the present time there are flourishing christian schools for native boys and girls, and it is the site of a beautiful and costly Memorial church, the money for whose erection was mostly given by a Burman woman on her dying bed in honor of the labors of Adouram Judson, the great Burman missionary. The Baptist Burman Mission is one of the oldest and most flourishing of modern times. There are over 33,000 native Burman Baptist church members to-day.

An entertainment will be given at the Episcopal parsonage on Wednesday evening Nov. 6th, by the members of the "Willing Workers." The following programme will be given: Piano Solo.....Miss Helen Mead "Willing Workers and Their Work".....by Miss Laura Slaughter Recitation.....Miss Malvina Taylor Song.....Members of the Society Recitation.....Miss Kathleen Greene Duet.....Misses Ida Greene and Daisy Banks Recitation.....Miss Vaughan Shadick Piano Solo.....Miss Ida Greene Recitation.....Miss Jennie Oliver Reading.....Miss Daisy Banks Recitation.....Master Norman Greene Entertainment to begin at 8 o'clock. A silver collection will be taken up, the proceeds to go to the Episcopal church.

The departure of Rev. Fr. William, of St. Joseph's church, for new fields of labor is sincerely regretted by his entire congregation, but no one more deeply regrets his removal to Kentucky than the ladies of the Holy Family society of his church, for which organization he has done not a little. The society in an address to the reverend gentleman thanks him for appropriate words on every occasion; pleasant words in their joys, words of encouragement in their trials and consolation in their sorrows.

A class has been organized to take the Christian Culture course as mapped out by the Baptist union, the organ of the B. Y. P. U. It includes Sacred History, Bible Study, and History of Missions, and is designed to qualify those who take it for efficient gospel service. The class meets for the present on Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Anyone who wishes, without reference to church preference, may join the class.

The usual services will be held at the Presbyterian church to-morrow. Morning subject, "The secret of spiritual decline." Evening subject, "Life's Rescues." Sunday school at 12; Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m.; Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Good music of a special character at both church services. All are cordially welcomed.

A meeting of the vestry of St. Stephen's church was held Monday evening for the purpose of electing delegates to represent that church at the convention at the 14th inst. H. M. Booth, R. E. Morrill and H. M. Noble were chosen delegates, and C. R. Williams, W. L. Hill and John Stonhouse, alternates.

The ladies of the Swedish Methodist church will give an oyster supper and entertainment at the church on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14th. Rev. Axel Anderson, of Marquette, will be present, and will probably deliver a brief address.

The Iron Port will next week publish an interesting article on the organization and progress of St. Stephen's Episcopal church of this city, prepared by Mr. H. M. Noble especially for this paper.

Preaching at Baptist hall, on corner of Charlotte and Ayer streets, to-morrow at 10:30 a. m.; also in the evening at 7:30; Sunday school at 12:00 m.; Young People's prayer meeting at 6:30.

There will be a Thanksgiving social at the Barkville Swedish Methodist church, for the purpose of raising funds for the construction of a vestibule to the church.

The ladies' society of the Swedish M. E. church will meet at Mrs. P. M. Peterson's, corner of Wells avenue and Georgia street, Thursday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 p. m.

There will be regular services at the Swedish Methodist church to-morrow morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30. Rev. R. J. Owen, pastor.

The Halloween supper given by the Presbyterian ladies netted between \$16 and \$17 for the Ladies' Aid.

The W. C. T. U. meets this afternoon with Mrs. L. A. Cats.

Baking Powder. Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair. DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE LITTLE CASK.

Mister Chicot, innkeeper of Eperville, stopped his trolley in front of Mother Magloire's farm. He was a big fellow of forty, red-faced, high-stomached, and passed for being mischievous. He tied his horse to the way post at the gate, then took his way into the house. He possessed an estate adjoining the old woman's land, which for a long time he kept watch upon. Twenty times he had tried to buy it, but Mother Magloire obstinately refused. "Here I was born; here will I die," she said. He found her peeling potatoes in front of her door. Being seventy-two years old, she was dried up, wrinkled and bent, but as indefatigable as a young girl. Chicot tapped her in a friendly way on the back, then seated himself on a stool beside her. "Well, mother, and is your health always good?" "Not so bad; and yours, Mr. Prosper?" "Eh! eh! A few pains, otherwise it is satisfactory." "Well, so much the better." And she did not say anything more. Chicot watched her accomplish what she wanted. Her crooked fingers, knotted hard like crab's claws, seizing, pincher fashion, the grayish tubercles with one hand, and quickly she moved it, taking off long strips of the skin with the blade of an old knife which she held in the other hand. And when the potato had become quite yellow she threw it into a pail of water. Three fearless fowls came, one after the other, close to her skirts to peck up the peelings, then ran off as fast as their legs would carry them, bearing their booty in their beaks. Chicot seemed ill at ease, hesitating, anxious, with something on the tip of his tongue which would not come out. At last he begins: "Tell me, Mother Magloire—" "What can I do to oblige you?" "This farm, you still will not sell it to me?" "As to that, no. Do not count on it. I have said it. Do not talk about it again." "The fact is, I have found an arrangement which will suit us both." "What is that?" "Here it is. You will sell it to me, and still you will keep it. Don't you see? Follow my meaning?" The old woman left off peeling her vegetables and fixed her quick eyes with their crumpled eyelids on the innkeeper. He resumed: "I will explain myself. Every month I will give you one hundred and fifty francs. You hear me well—every month I will bring to you here, in my trolley, thirty crowns of one hundred francs. And so there is nothing changed—nothing at all. You remain here at home; you need not trouble yourself about me, you owe me nothing. You only take my money. Does this suit you?" He looked at her with a joyous air, with a good-humored air. The old woman, looking for the snare, considers it with misgivings. She asks: "That is for me. But for you—that does not give you this farm at all." He continued: "Don't worry yourself about that. You will remain as long as the good Lord lets you live. You are at home. Only you give me a little note from your lawyer to say that after you it comes to me. You have no children, only nephews, for whom you care little. Does this suit you? You keep your hand during your life and I give you thirty crowns of one hundred francs every month. It is all gain for you." The old woman remained surprised, but tempted. She replied: "I do not say no, only I want to think it over. Come again and talk about it the middle of next week. I will tell you what I think of it." And Mister Chicot went away as contented as a king who had just conquered an empire. Mother Magloire remained thoughtful. The next night she did not sleep. During four days she had a fever of hesitation. She smelt something bad for her in it, but the thought of thirty crowns a month, of this lovely, clinking money which would come rolling into her apron, which, without her doing anything, would fall to her as if from heaven, consumed her with desire. She went, therefore, to see the lawyer and told him her case. He advised her to accept Chicot's proposition, but instead of thirty to ask fifty crowns of a hundred francs, her farm being worth at least sixty thousand francs. "Should you live fifteen years," the lawyer said, "in this way he only pays forty-five thousand francs." The old woman quivered at the prospect of fifty crowns of one hundred francs per month; but still she had her doubts, fearing a thousand things unforeseen—tricks hidden—and she remained until evening asking questions and unable to decide or to go away. At last she orders the act to be prepared and she goes home, dazed as if she had drunk four pots of new cider. When Chicot came to know the answer she allowed herself to be entreated, declaring that she would not. But, gnawed by the fear that he would not consent to give the fifty crowns of one hundred francs, as he insists, she at last announces her pretensions. He had a shock of disappointment and refused. Therefore, to convince him, she began to reason with him upon the probable duration of her life. "I have little more than five or six years for certain. Here I am nearly seventy-three, and at that not vigorous. The other night I thought I was passing away. It seemed to me that they were obliged to carry me to my bed." But Chicot was not to be caught. "Come, come, old experienced one, you are as solid as the church bell. You will live at least one hundred and ten years. For certain it will be you who will bury me."

But as the old woman would not concede the innkeeper at last consented to give the fifty crowns. The following day they signed the agreement, and Mother Magloire demanded ten crowns for some measure of wine. Three years passed. The old woman was miraculously well. She did not seem to have aged at all, and Chicot despaired. It seemed to him that he had been paying this income for half a century; that he had been deceived, cheated, ruined. Sometimes he went to pay a visit to the farm, just as one goes in the fields in July to see if the wheat is ripe for the fall. She received him with a mischievous look. One would have said of her that she congratulated herself on the good joke she had played on him, and he remounted Lis trolley, muttering: "You old carcass; you won't die!" He did not know what to do. On seeing her he would like to have choked her. He hated her with a sulky, ferocious hatred—with the hatred of a peasant who had been robbed. Well then he would find the means. Accordingly, he came one day to see her, rubbing his hands as he had done the first time when he came to propose the arrangement. Then, after chatting a few minutes: "Say, mother, why do you never dine at my house when you go through Eperville? People tattle; they say that we no longer are friends, and that makes me mourn. You know that at my house you do not need to pay. I do not grudge a dinner. Any time you feel inclined to come, come, without ceremony; that will please me." Mother Magloire did not wait for a second invitation. Two days after, on her way to market in her jaunting car, conducted by Celestin, her groom, without formality, she put her horse in Mister Chicot's stable and claimed her promised dinner. The innkeeper, radiant, treats her like a lady, serves her with chicken, meat pudding, leg of mutton, and cabbage with bacon. But, being from her infancy temperate, having always lived on a little soup and a buttered crust, she ate scarcely anything. Chicot, disappointed, insisted. Neither did she drink. She refused to take coffee. He asked: "Will you accept, of course, a small glass of brandy?" "Ah! as to that, yes. I do not say no." And he called across the inn with both of his lungs: "Rosalie, bring the brandy, the superfine, the Eau-de-vie." The servant appeared, holding a fong bottle, decorated with a paper vine leaf. He filled two small glasses. "Taste that, mother; it is famous." And the good woman began to drink, very slowly, taking small sips, thereby making the pleasure last longer. After emptying her glass she drained it, declaring: "That, yes—that is the fine champagne brandy." She hadn't finished speaking when Chicot poured her out a second dose. She would have refused, but it was too late, and she slowly tasted it, as she had done the first. He then wanted to make her accept a third allowance, but she resisted. He insisted: "This is milk, do you see? I drink ten, twelve without harm. It goes down like sugar. Nothing in the stomach, nothing in the head; one might say it evaporated on the tongue. There is nothing better for the health!" As she had a desire for more she acquiesced, but she took only half a glass. Thereupon Chicot, with a breath of generosity, cried out to her: "See, since it pleases you, I will give you a small cask; this will let you see that we are always a pair of good friends." The good woman does not say no, and she goes away a little tipsy. The next day the innkeeper entered Mother Magloire's court, and from the bottom of his carriage pulled out a little barrel encircled with iron. Then he wished her to taste its contents to prove that it was the same brandy; and when both drank three glasses on going away he declared: "And besides, you know, when this is finished there is still more. Do not feel embarrassed. I am not grudging. The sooner that is finished the more pleased I will be." And he remounts his trolley. Four days later he returns. The old woman was in front of her door cutting bread for her soup. He approached her, wished her good day, talked close to her face in order to inhale her breath. He noticed a whiff of alcohol. Now his face brightened. "You surely will offer me a glass of brandy?" said he. They touch glasses two or three times. But soon the news spreads through the country that Mother Magloire got intoxicated when alone. One picked her up sometimes in her kitchen, sometimes in her court, sometimes in the neighboring roads where they were obliged to carry her home as inanimate as a corpse. Chicot did not go to see her any longer. When one spoke to him about the peasant he murmured, with a sad face: "Is it not sad, at her age, to have taken such a habit as that? Don't you see, when one is old there is no help for it. Some day it will likely end badly for her." It did, indeed, end badly for her. The winter following, near Christmas, she fell drunk in the snow. And Mister Chicot inherited the farm, while he declared: "That peasant, if only she hadn't become a drunkard, surely might have lived ten years longer."—From the French, for Chicago Tribune.

TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY. Why the Bicycle Girl Was a Weird and Waxy Spectacle. She was probably the weirdest-looking spectacle ever seen on Manhattan island. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the front steps. Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps, and a masculine bicyclist lounged against the rail. "Why, Maude!" exclaimed the apparition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?" It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black ebon hat trimmed with pink roses and black chiffon. "My garden-party hat," replied Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear." "But—Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt." "Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I am wearing black satin bloomers because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off." "Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings and strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father. "Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking gaiters on. And I don't wish to break her heart." "Why are you wearing that heavy Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother. "Because sister has assured me that she loves to see me look trim and trim, and has added that I look trim in nothing else." "Well," exclaimed her aggrieved mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us of asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heart-shaped locket." "No, none of you. But Charles—looking at the waiting bicyclist—'begged' me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?" "Go dress yourself properly Maude," said her mother. "Yes, go!" shouted the repentant family. And ten minutes later a neat figure in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist, rode merrily off on her wheel.—N. Y. World.

A KLEPTOMANIC DUCHESS. Speculation life in London as to Her Identity. Speculation life in London as to the identity of the English duchess who, according to the annual police reports of the French government just published, has been arrested during the last twelve months in one of the great Parisian emporiums for shoplifting, quantities of stolen articles being discovered about her person. Her grace was subjected to the indignity of arrest and search by the police and to the even still more intolerable ignominy of detention for forty-eight hours at the depot, or central police station, among the crowds of drunk-and-disorderlies and criminals of every description who are assembled there previous to being brought before the magistrates. The duchess was with great difficulty extricated from this disagreeable situation through the intervention of Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, and only after the payment of a fine of ten thousand dollars, which has been devoted to the relief of the Parisian poor. The Parisian police, with the gallantry that belongs to their race, have had the commendable consideration to abstain from mentioning her grace's name in their published report. Unfortunately, however, the number of English duchesses is exceedingly small. There are not more than twenty of them altogether, and they are such important personages that their migration to and fro on the continent are considered worthy of mention in the newspapers, English and foreign. Now there are only a few of the strawberry-leaf-crowned ladies who crossed the continent to Paris last year, hence there are about three among whom the titled shoplifter must be. People are inclined to ascribe the identity of the kleptomaniac duchess to a lady twice widowed, a commoner by birth, but married into a ducal house. It is well known that last year something happened which suddenly caused this until then frivolous lady to entirely change her mode of life and to become very penitent, her days now being spent in fasting, prayer and in the endeavor to do good to the poor. Moreover, she has abandoned Paris, once her favorite residence. Presumably it was the arrest and forty-eight hours in the police depot that effected this radical transformation. Yet her grace may console herself with the knowledge that she is by no means the only lady of rank afflicted with kleptomania or who has been arrested while engaged in shoplifting. The daughter of a reigning prince in Germany and some Russian princesses were detected some eight months ago purloining small articles in a Paris shop and were only let go after paying heavy fines. Kleptomania is a form of insanity far commoner among the high-born and delicately-nurtured classes than people realize, and inasmuch as Paris is the headquarters of everything in the shape of feminine elegance and articles of one kind and another calculated to tempt the purse and the wishes of the fair one, it is only natural that those afflicted with this moral ailment of kleptomania should find it impossible to suppress it on the banks of the Seine. Consequently the foreign embassies at Paris are put to a good deal of trouble in extricating their country-women from scrapes of the kind in which the English duchess above referred to involved herself.—Chicago Record.

DEADLY TRIFLES. Apparently Insignificant Accidents That Have Fatal Consequences. The fact that no one has the slightest intimation of the time and manner of his death is certainly a most fortunate circumstance. If every human being lived to the exact age of seventy, then died of old age, the plans of life could be perhaps more definitely laid and more certainly carried out, but life would lose no small share of the variety that now belongs to it, and most of the interest with which it is regarded. While the uncertainty of life's continuance is, theoretically, a source of anxiety, it is very questionable whether anybody in fairly good health is much disturbed by the reflection that sooner or later he will have to die, for such is the philosophical tendency of even unphilosophical folk that, while accepting the inevitable and conceding that death is certain to come, they yet put it far from themselves as a thing with which they have no present concern. It is well they do, for if they did not, so many are the means by which life is stolen away, so innumerable are the accidents, so varied are the ailments that sap the foundations of existence, that every occurrence would have a painful—indeed, frightful—significance. Men would be afraid to ride, lest they should be killed, as some have been; to walk, lest they be put in jeopardy; to eat, lest the kind or quantity of food should disagree with them; to sleep, lest they should never wake. Every act of life, however simple, would become a cause of terror; every phenomenon of nature would become a source of uneasiness; men would live in a state of panic infinitely worse than death itself. But the hand of nature kindly draws a veil over our future, and men not only feel no uneasiness at incidents which may, for them, be fraught with fatal significance, but daily take the most frightful risks, fully aware that many have been killed in so doing, yet hoping, indeed, expecting, that through their own good luck they will escape. They know that nothing is more certain than the coming of death, but the uncertainty of time and manner quit their minds of uneasiness and they act as though they were endowed with earthly immortality.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW TO GAIN FRIENDS. Beauty is Not Woman's Only Secret of Success. Not every one can be beautiful, but it is within the reach of all to be interesting to others, and therefore pleasing. To be an interesting woman is something quite worth striving for, and the years of girlhood between fourteen and twenty are generally the best opportunities for character forming. The most interesting women I can recall to memory at the present moment are certainly not by any means the best-looking of my acquaintance. One dark-haired little woman, with a swarthy complexion, irregular features, insignificant, dumpy, little figure, and the worst possible taste in dress, was so bright and clever a talker, so sharp at raparles, so full of comic and racy stories, that she was the life of every gathering to which she went, and her presence was always hailed with a smile of welcome from the other guests, for there was, they knew, no chance of finding their entertainment dull when one so bright and amusing was of the party. I remember well seeing her at a picnic on Dartmoor once when she was the only elderly person amongst a party of young folks. We had walked for some miles, and she had made the way interesting by her knowledge of the flora of the moor and by the tales of the west country peasantry and their quaint sayings and superstitions, and then, after we had demolished our simple lunch, she sat down on an old stump of a tree, and talked to us all delightfully about her girlish days, and some adventures she and her brother had met with in a mountaineering expedition. A more fascinating person than that shabby little lady in the old black "mushroom" hat and the badly-fitting tweed dress it would have been difficult to find, and we all listened with interest to her racy, humorous recital. She certainly was charming, and to no one more so than to her husband and big sons. Now what was it which made this woman so interesting? First of all, her unselfishness and her interest in others. Then she was so keenly alive to all around her, and nothing worthy of noting in art or nature escaped her observation. In this way, in her daily walks, her reading and her social life, she was always gathering fresh stores of incident and information, which she had ready for the entertainment of others when needed. She was broad-minded, and had no false ideas of the value of people or things. She took nothing for granted about either one or the other, but looked beneath the surface and formed her own opinions instead of lazily and unthinkingly echoing those of other people. She had an abundant supply of sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. There is no reason why any woman should not be as interesting as this one, if she chose to be so. But remember that no natural advantages will avail unless to them you add kindness of heart, pleasant, gentle manners, tact, intelligence, and an unselfish desire to please even at some personal inconvenience.—Home Notes.

BAIRD'S TAPIR.

A Common Enough Animal That Can Not Be Seen in Any Collection. Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of Baird's tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and what, is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal. The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes. Our universal poverty in specimens of the tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and southern Mexico. Although tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantz informs us that the Costa Rica Baird's tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsman salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. \* \* \* Tapirs are very fond of salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

TOO BUSY TO GET MARRIED.

A Kansas Girl Who Owns and Trains Trotting Horses. It is doubtful if anyone is better known at race meetings in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa than Miss Ann Wilson, who was born fifteen miles west of Topeka, and has always had her home in the Sunflower state. In years gone by her father, Andy Wilson, was one of the most prosperous stockmen in Kansas, his estate at one time being valued at half a million. Mr. Wilson always had a few blooded horses, and Miss Wilson inherited her father's love for the racer. While yet a mere baby she learned to manage the most mettlesome among the lot, and no challenge for a race across the prairie ever passed by her unaccepted. In the days of his prosperity her father sent her to Bethany college, Topeka, where she advanced rapidly in her studies, sailing particularly in the art class. While Miss Wilson was at college her father met with sudden business reverses, and in a short time his entire fortune was swept away, nothing being left but the old homestead. At that time Miss Wilson had several thoroughbreds of her own. Some of these she sold for sufficient funds to finish her education at Bethany. Then she returned home, and with the few animals she still owned began to raise racing stock. This work was interrupted for a time when Miss Wilson went to Washington state to conduct a school. The confinement of this life so wore upon her that she soon gave it up, returning to the old homestead, where she has remained ever since. She has been remarkably successful in raising good race horses, her favorite pair at present being Ding and Valencia, a pacer and trotter respectively. She is making money, and means to keep on until she has enough to pay her expenses for a year at one of the best art schools in Europe. Miss Wilson has had numerous offers of marriage, but always declares that for the present she is too busy to think of such a thing; when her education has been completed it will be time enough to consider matrimony. The walls of her home are plentifully adorned with paintings from her brush, not a few of the efforts showing considerable power. The dream of her life is to become an artist—not a famous artist, she says, but so successful as to win commendation from some of the European critics. If determination and honest effort may be relied upon she will doubtless realize her dream.—Chicago Chronicle.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Openness in Business Matters Between Man and Wife Necessary to Happiness. One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies in the fields. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses; he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please of her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning! "We have so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus, or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago, and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counselling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain upon the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are not marriages—when Venus has wedded Vulcan because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together for love's sake to learn the lesson of life, and to live together until death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her and you will see.—Spanning Wheel.

A New Form of Blackmail.

A new terror for the friends, relatives and subordinates of eminent personages has lately been devised by fine-art publishers. A firm of this description obtains permission of some eminent personage to publish his portrait—no difficult matter in most cases. With this permission is obtained a list of all those who, in the opinion of the said eminent one, will be likely to take a copy. To each of the latter is sent a circular inviting subscriptions. It may be a portrait of Gen. —, in which case all the officers who have served under the general, or have any chance of getting anything out of him, are marked down as victims. In one circular that I have before me there is a list of those who have already subscribed to the general's portrait, and it is astonishing to see the unanimity among all ranks to obtain a copy of that work of art. Every single rank is represented in the list, from colonel down to subaltern. This is very good business for the publishers, and all very well for the general, who practically gets his portrait published by a subscription among his friends and juniors, but it is nasty for all the people who can only refuse to pay up if they are prepared to take the consequences of giving offense.—London Truth.

His Angel.

"What is that, dear?" the young husband asked. "Angel food," said she, sweetly. "I—I guess you'd better eat it yourself. You are the only angel in the house." And he helped himself liberally to the bread and loaf.—Indianapolis Journal.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

Bits of Confession That Throw a Light on the Question. I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women—whether because such women are really disagreeable or because men's taste is at fault, I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends, many feel as the young man did who made this confession: "I never expected to marry the sort of girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that, and had good friendships with the college girls. But you see, you girls hadn't any illusions about us. After you had seen us hanging at the board on problems you could work, and had taken the same degrees yourselves, you couldn't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college; and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything—why, it just killed me right over; it was a feeling I had no idea of." And the college woman answered: "I will betray something to you. Lots of us are just as unreformed as you; we want just as much to look up to our husbands as you want to be looked up to. Only, of course, the more we know, the harder it is to find somebody to meet the want. Probably the equal marriage is really the ideal one, and everybody will come to prefer it some day. But, personally, I like men to be superior to me; only I'll tell you what I don't like in them: the wish to keep ahead of us by holding us back, like spoiled children that want to be given the game, and then admired for their skill. If men would encourage us to do our very best, and then do still better themselves, it ought to be good for civilization."—Millicent W. Shinn, in Century.

Wanted a Fairy Story.

Little Johnny—Tell us a story, uncle. Uncle Wrayback (from the west)—All right, children. You want a true story, is 'pose. Little Johnny—No, tell us one of those fairy stories about cyclones and grasshoppers and things you were telling the company last evening.—N. Y. Mercury.

Two Financiers.

"Everything's safe now," said the bank burglar with the dark lantern. "Yes," replied the other, "but money is tight. Hand me the drill!"—Atlanta Constitution.

By the Rules of Chivalry.

By the rules of chivalry all persons, male and female, old and young, in a town taken by assault, were liable to be put to death, and the men and boys seldom escaped the brutality of the victors.



FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The British government, after a year or two of hesitation, has finally decided to raise Uganda and the region lying between Victoria Nyanza and the east coast to the status of a protectorate, has voted a sum for the maintenance of order, and in due season is likely to construct a railroad.

Montenegro is to have a standing army. Hitherto, though every man is liable to serve in time of war, the prince's body guard of one hundred men has been the only organized force kept up during peace.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt has been elected a trustee of the British museum. The museum is governed by a board of fifty members, only fifteen of whom are elective.

Italy will issue a new postage stamp to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome. In the upper half is a figure of Italy, with the iron crown; below Victor Emanuel's saying, "In Rome we are and in Rome we stay," and Umberto's, "Rome is intangible."

The Western railroad of France has adopted a plan by which a person notifies the St. Lazare station in Paris of his intention to take a train to any station on the line, the company will send to his address for his trunk, take it to the station, register it for its destination, inclose the receipt (answering precisely to our check) in an envelope with the ticket for destination, and hold it at the station till the passenger arrives and pays for it.

The railroad from Beyrout to Damascus, 90 miles, was opened for traffic early last June. There are 25 miles of it with grades as steep as 370 feet per mile, and curves as sharp as 400 feet radius, on which the Abt cob-wheel system is used.

Defects in development of the body of English children are more common among the boys than girls, according to Dr. Warner's report to the British association, the proportion being 8.7 of boys to 6.8 of girls.

The Chateau of Ambolse has been bought from the executors of the Comte de Paris by the Duc d'Anmale, who intends making it a home for the soldiers that fought under him in Africa, after which it will become a state museum like Chantilly.

OLD CUSTOMS KEPT ALIVE.

Qualit Antique Formalities Still Strictly Observed in England. There are some exceedingly quaint and curious customs which are yet observed in England, some daily and others only at certain seasons of the year, whose origin is so ancient as to be unknown.

In the tower of London every night, for example, a little before eleven o'clock, the yeoman warder on duty calls to the main guard for the "escort of the keys." The main guard immediately turn out under charge of an officer, and on their approach the sentry challenges: "Who is there?"

It is in the provinces, however, in the secluded villages, where time seems to have stood still for centuries, that the most interesting observances are to be met with. In Wiltshire a favorite form of sale is the "auction by candle." No one knows the origin of this method of sale, but it has been kept up for hundreds of years.

The institution known as the "Dunmow fitch" has been in existence for over nine hundred years. Early in the eleventh century Robert Fitzwalter made a bequest that whatever married couple shall go to the priory, and,

knocking on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarreled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a fitch of bacon.

"Pancake Day," at the Westminster school is another ancient custom. On this day at eleven o'clock, the senior verger of the abbey, silver wand in hand, ushers the cook of the school—carrying a silver frying-pan in which reposes a "pancake" of substantial proportions—into the presence of the assembled school.

At Hungerford there is a quaint custom which has not been allowed to fall into disuse since it was originated in the days of John of Gaunt. Two townsmen are chosen each year, and, carrying a pole decorated with flowers, they go about the town, visiting every house and demanding a kiss from every lady.

In several of the seaport towns of the eastern coast of England every Good Friday the "castigation of Judas" is indulged in. An effigy of the betrayer is hoisted to the rigging of a ship, then lowered and ducked three times in the sea. It is then hoisted on board and soundly flogged by the sailors, who keep up a continuous rude chant.

LABOR ORGANIZED IN RUSSIA.

Trades Unionism Has a Firm Hold in the Domain of the Czar.

So little is known about conditions of life in Russia that the fact of the existence of labor organizations on a large scale has generally been overlooked. These associations or arтели form an important part of the industrial organization and are almost entirely free from government control. It is doubtless true that so little has been said about them. Some reference, however, was made to them in a report issued by the British foreign office in 1892, and now a fuller account is given in a report made by Mr. Carnegie of the British embassy in St. Petersburg.

Mr. Carnegie thinks that the artel system undoubtedly leads to better work, because it is for the interest of the members that all perform their full share and are punctual and sober. The whole system seems to be very similar to the medieval guilds, therein differing from the labor unions of to-day in that more matters of detail are attended to.

Grape Jellies. Grapes are one of the best fruits we have for jellies. Wild grapes are considered by many as even better than the cultivated fruit. To make jelly, stem the grapes carefully and wash well. Put them into a preserving kettle, cover and heat slowly. Stir frequently and cook until the fruit is well broken and has boiled. Take from the fire and squeeze through a jelly bag. Measure the juice into a porcelain kettle and set upon the stove to boil.

Mr. Phoneyman—Speaking of flowers and fruits and the like, there was only one fruit in the Garden of Eden that was a failure. Mr. Uptown—What was that? The early pair, of course.—Texas Sittings.

SOME PLAIN FIGURES.

A Waste of Food Product that Needs Only to be Understood to be Appreciated. A spare, nervous-looking man, arrayed in a rusty suit of black and carrying a small valise in his hand, went into one of the leading hotels and addressed himself to the clerk.

"I see you use a raw potato as a pen-wiper," he observed. "Yes," replied the hotel clerk, who happened to be at leisure and in a mood to be gracious. "It is as good as anything else, and keeps the pen from corroding."

"Have you ever made an estimate," asked the stranger, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone, "of the probable effect of the general adoption of the potato as a pen-wiper, or rather a pen-sticker?"

"I don't think I have," said the clerk. "It is worth your while, sir," rejoined the man in black, speaking earnestly and hurriedly. "There are in this town to-day probably not less than two hundred hotels that habitually use potatoes to stick their pens in."

"Wait a moment. That is merely the beginning. I have spoken only of the hotels. The use of the potato as a pen-sticker is growing constantly. It is spreading to mercantile establishments. Imagine what will be the consequences when the hotels, and stores, and offices of this town use up one hundred thousand selected potatoes every day!"

"No, sir, I am not Mayor Pingree in disguise. I am not a potato enthusiast. I am a plain citizen with a head for figures and the figures to show for it. With a view of doing what one man can do to prevent a custom thoughtlessly and inadvertently adopted from becoming a national calamity," he proceeded, opening his valise. "I have invented a little arrangement of wood, leather and tissue paper. I call it the Comprehensive pen-wiper. It is, as you see, very much more ornamental than a potato. It is cheaper. It involves no waste of a useful food product. Renewed once a week, it will last a year, at a total expense of—"

"I don't want it." "At a total expense, I was about to say—"

"I don't care what the expense is. I don't want it." "No, I wouldn't have a car load of them as a gift." "Oh, you wouldn't! You don't care how soon there comes a shortage in the potato crop and the price runs up to ten dollars a bushel! That's the sort of man you are, is it? You're willing to go ahead and plunge the country into a potato famine, are you? Rather than spend twenty-five cents for a useful invention you'd see the whole darned country starve, would you? A man, sir, that will stand right up in the face of facts and statistics—a man that can't be reached by figures and doesn't care for figures—is a man, sir, that would have committed the crime of 1873 if he'd had the chance. That's all, sir."

He put the comprehensive pen-wiper back in his valise, shut the latter with a loud snap, and with a look of lordly scorn strode away.—Chicago Tribune.

The Roman Fireman. A Roman fireman with a sword sets you to wondering and thinking, but as one's stay in Rome is terminated with one's life, you necessarily quit the problem in an unfinished state. The European fireman is an odd fellow at best. He is such a caparisoned, official-looking creature, almost a toy fire-eater. Not even in an optimum de-bauch could I imagine him get out of his engine-house in that dare-devil and magnificent dash that characterizes our reckless lads, rushing half-dressed to a fire. Oh, the whole American fire-fighting business is like our national life—wild, desperate, splendid, irresistible to the last man.

He Loved to Travel. Penal Statistician—Would you mind telling me what started you on the road to crime? Convict—Certainly not; it was simply a love of travel. "A love of travel?" "Exactly; you see, I was a county treasurer, and could not be satisfied to stay around home and spend the public's money, but had to take it and run off out of the country with it. Then they followed and arrested me."—Buffalo Express.

The Lowell Family. The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton spinning into the United States, and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819 at Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.—Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

The Moon. Cluster of the modern satellites. Beyond the shaggy fells of Saranac. And of the swampy jungles vast and black of Allegheny, and of the hemlock woods—Then set the child of nature's wildest moods. Half brother to the hemlock and the tamarack. And the strange loon, whose yell demonesc sings o'er the covens where breathless silence broods.

The Night and the Day. The forest fire are blazing now—So beautiful are they and bright! They tint the mountains' rocky brow And give a softness to the night.

Life is worth living, if we live aright. Eyes to the front, the final end in view—The end which all aims trivial or untrue Must burst like airy bubbles on our sight.

Life is worth living, if we do our best. Our best is often greater than we dream. Immortal souls with mighty forces teem—They are revealed by him who makes the quest.

Life is worth living when our secret thought Hides no least wish or impulse, hope or aim, That can bring disappointment, sorrow, shame. Or hurt to any fellow being's lot.

Life is worth living when we strive to be Of greater use to-morrow than to-day, Moulding ourselves from rough unsightly clay To something lovely for the world to see.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"There's one good thing about the melancholy days of autumn," said Sweeney. "What is that?" "When a man gets a plain, ordinary cold he can't go about calling it 'hay fever.'"—Washington Star.

A Big Regular Army. The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel.

A SHINING light must furnish its own oil. HOAX—"Why do you call your hunting dog Indian?" JOAN—"Because he's always on the scent."—Philadelphia Record.

TEACHER—"Can anyone explain how the earth is divided?" WILLIE (with very important air)—"Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it."—Harper's Round Table.

THE ADVANCED WOMEN—"Why do you men like the clubs so well? Is it because they are so homelike?" "It is because they are not homelike."—Life.

EVERY one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

ANATOMY. Like glass, should be handled with care. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole argument and lose his own friend?—Young Men's Era.

"Why do you think Mars is inhabited?" "Why, because it must be. It has canals, and what's the use of canals if you haven't anybody to drive your boats?"—Harper's Bazar.

HOTEL CLERK—"Sir, the visitor in No. Thirty-five complains that the room is haunted." LANDLORD—"Indeed! Then put down on his bill: 'One ghost, ten marks.'"—Hofer Stadtanzeiger.

ATTORNEY (to witness)—"Mr. Chalkley, if I mistake not, you said a few minutes ago that you sold me milk for a living?" WITNESS (guardedly)—"No, sir, I said I was a milkman."—Texas Sittings.

"Did you trade any when you was ter town?" asked Silas Oatlin. "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I give a feller a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill for a gold brick."—Washington Star.

"THERE are some cases," said the young man, "in which scientists say that smoking is beneficial." "Um—yes," replied the man of years. "It's a good thing for a ham, for instance."—Washington Star.

Such ills as SORENESS, STIFFNESS, and the like, ST. JACOBS OIL WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.



nothing but water. That's all you need with Pearlina. Don't use any soap with it. If what we claim is true, that Pearlina is better than soap, the soap doesn't have a chance to do any work.

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.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

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WANTED. Canvasers to sell Pine Trees at Fair Prices. CASPI pay WEEKLY: we furnish working capital, expense, etc. You cannot fail if you sell for the great MO. & ILL. STARK NURSERY, first year, 1,000 acres Nurseries, 4,000 acres Orchards. Write quick, giving age, references, etc. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill.

AN Irish newspaper once said, in announcing an accident: "Our fellow townsman Mr. Hooligan fell out of the second-story window yesterday and broke his neck and suffered internal injuries. His friends will be glad to know that the latter are not serious."—Harper's Bazar.

Atlanta and the South. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R. will during the time of the Exposition at Atlanta Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, 1895, offer exceptionally fine packages between Chicago and the South. A low rate ticket will be sold, and through cars run to all southern points. This is 15 miles the shortest route to Atlanta, Chattanooga and the South.

For guide to Atlanta and the Exposition address C. W. Humphrey, Northwestern Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or City Ticket Office, 330 Clark St., Chicago. Charles L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

TEACHER—"Are there any exceptions to the rule that best expands and cold contracts?" TOMMY—"Yes'm. The ice-man leaves a lot bigger twenty-pound chunk since it got colder."—Indianapolis Journal.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. "The Old Homestead" begins a two weeks' engagement October 20. It is one of those plays which improve with time, true to nature and appeals to every heart.

A QUESTION in geography—Are the Scotch lochs fitted with quays!—Boston Transcript.

We may read, and read, and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct.—Hardis.

I CAN recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSHIP, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

ARTIST—"I thought you said you were French!" MODEL—"Oh, no; I said I used to be in a French laundry."—Sydney Bulletin.

BUSINESS MAN—"Are you a good whistler, my boy?" APPLICANT—"Essir! daisy." BUSINESS MAN—"Get it!"—Boston Courier.

How Mr. TROBART HURTS!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

I NEVER think he is quite ready for another world who is altogether weary of this.—H. A. Hamilton.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Water—nothing but water. That's all you need with Pearlina. Don't use any soap with it. If what we claim is true, that Pearlina is better than soap, the soap doesn't have a chance to do any work.

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Let us admit, in the first place, that housework is work, and never play. That, being work, it is fatiguing and monotonous. Furthermore, that, being skilled labor, and not mere physical toil, it requires some sort of special training, as well as intelligence. We might bring forward much more testimony against the defendant in this case. We might, for instance, dwell on the facts that the woman who "does her own work" never knows what to depend on; that unexpected company may arrive on washing day; that sickness in the family may interrupt the preserving; that a caller may make her forget the bread in the oven. But, after all has been said, I maintain that if she is in good health, and knows how to do housework, and doesn't attempt an unreasonable amount of it, or doesn't crowd it in as an unsatisfactory, jumbled hindrance to some other absorbing vocation, she may consider herself happy in being mistress of so excellent a craft. Monotonous? Not especially. Just consider a few of the occupations by which women earn their living. Is it more monotonous than the work of the dressmaker, who cuts and bastes and tries on and stitches from morning until night? Or than that of the typewriter, who clicks and clicks in one position through the long hours? Or than that of the teacher, who hears the same classes day after day and corrects papers evening after evening? No doubt all these have their compensations, but it is the housekeeper who has the variety.

Hard? Certainly; but, take it for all and all, it is one of the most healthful occupations which you can find on the face of the earth, with plenty of exercise, but varied and constantly changing. It may be enough to break one's back to stand up in a hot kitchen for a whole long morning's ironing; but if you do your ironing, can't you take two mornings for it, and, beginning early, stop before you are exhausted? Interruptions? Yes, the woman who is mistress and maid in one will probably have plenty of interruptions, and will find that her methods must not be cast-iron methods, but yielding, India rubber methods. But don't be inconsistent. A minute ago you were complaining of monotony, and now you are complaining of the interruptions which break up the monotony. Let us think of our blessings.

The woman who does the domestic work of her family well, feels herself mistress of the situation. Her days are full of thrifty expedients and of wholesome customs. Scraping the plates and picking up the silver after dinner, she at the same time gathers the fragments from platters and vegetable dishes and puts them away all ready to be converted into some excellent combination to help out another meal. She washes the dishes in hot, soapy water, with a big, soft dish-mop, and, plunging them into clean hot rinsing water, has them out again in a twinkling to drain, and by the time she is ready to wipe them they are practically dry. She plans her work so that the dinner, which can be cooked entirely in the oven, and has only to be slipped in at the proper moment, comes on ironing day.

She studies how to keep every corner of her house, cellar and yard pure and sweet; how to make the most of every scrap of food that comes into the kitchen; how to arrange her bill of fare so that it shall contain just the nourishment which each one of her family needs to keep him or her in the best possible condition. Isn't all this interesting and worthy an educated woman's serious attention? Making the glasses shine, laying the table daintily, arranging the parlor to suit an artistic eye— isn't all this good fun?

Then, it is a great comfort to be able to map out one's work to suit one's own convenience. The woman who carries on her own house can make a light, easy day when she isn't feeling quite up to the average, and can get all sorts of heavy work out of the way when she is particularly enterprising. Then there are the spare half hours in which one can read or do what one pleases; and the opportunity for a little cat-nap after the dinner dishes are done, followed by a toilet which makes one feel as good as new again.

Plenty of compensations, but work after all. Of course, the housekeeper who does all or a large part of the labor of her household with her own hands and her own brains does not class herself with society women or ladies of leisure. She belongs to the army of workers.

Yet she is the happiest of workers, for she works within the walls of her home, and all her labor goes to make that home as good and as beautiful as she knows how to make it. It isn't the fashion to talk sentiment nowadays, yet I fancy this is still the life which many women like best.

It is true that one can be a good mistress, though one does nothing with one's own hands. But generally speaking, it is also true that a woman who knows how to do every kind of work which is done in her house, makes a better mistress than the woman who knows nothing of the processes.

Besides, we are learning that educating the hands educates the brain—it is the end of the day in educational circles.

Cloth jackets are greatly worn by young and fairly young women. One of the newest just reaches below the lips, has quite plain, straight, cross-over double fastening on the shoulders, and

adorned all the way down with a leading novelty—namely, square buttons. Another lately seen is in mastic cloth with white cloth vest fronts, draped cloth bolere and collar of shot ribbon with outstanding loop bows on each side. Both these have the true Parisian air.

One jacket made of two-toned cloth showing tan and rose has the body of the tan and the collar, cuffs and belt of the rose color. It has a double, loose front, with two rows of large white pearl buttons. The back is fitted, while the skirt, forming deep plaits, shows a large bow plait in the center. A strap of the pink is braided with white silk soutache braid and fastens at each side with tiny white pearl buttons, ending each row of braid and thus forming a finish for the back. The collar is very deep, slashed over the shoulders and braided in design, as are the cuffs, which have small buttons at each end of the pattern. The sleeves are a full empire shape. A back used in many of these jackets is in five pieces, the seams being stitched into plaits and the fulness opening into the skirt, a small pearl button finishing each plait at the waist line.

AMETHYST'S TALK.

To-day, the 2d of November, is observed by the Roman Catholic church as All Souls' day, when prayers are offered and alms are given for the alleviation of souls in purgatory. The observance of this festival had its origin in the following incident: In the year 993 a pilgrim, returning from the Holy Land, was driven by a storm to take refuge on an island in the Mediterranean. While there, a hermit told him that on the island was a cave from which flames issued, and the groans of souls tormented by evil spirits were heard. The hermit said the bad angels complained angrily of the prayers and alms offered by the monks, particularly the abbot and monks of Clugny, for these same prayers had torn many a soul from their grasp. The pilgrim went on his way and related the hermit's tale to the Abbot of Clugny, who at once established the festival of All Souls' day, and the observance soon became general throughout the Catholic church.

Until recently, and possibly at the present time, it was the custom in the west of England on the 2d of November to make buns and present them to each other. This bun, or soul-cake, is referred to in the following curious song that the children sang in the doorways as they went about collecting contributions of various kinds:

Soul! soul! for a soul-cake;  
Pray, good mistress, for a soul-cake,  
One for Peter, two for Paul,  
Three for Them who made us all.

Soul! soul! for an apple or two;  
If you've no apples, pears will do.  
Up with your kettle and down with your pan,  
Give me a good big one, and I'll be gone.

Passing the school house the other day I saw a dear little girl crying because a boy had kissed her. The small offender was running by her side, penitently saying: "I'm sorry I kissed you. I didn't mean to make you feel bad." And the next day he gave her a pretty picture card to "make up." Strangely that a little girl cries because she is kissed, and when she is older she cries if she isn't kissed.

A friend, living in a small town, tells me of a reading circle limited to the number of twelve women, of which she has been a member for sixteen years. She says they have had just enough "red tape" about the society to keep it alive. The cause of failure in some associations of the kind may be lack of regulations and formality, or want of confidence in the president's ability and common sense, as suggested by one of the by-laws of a child's sewing society, i. e., "Everyone must obey the rules of the president if sensible."

The reading circle I refer to subscribes for eight leading magazines and these are circulated among the members, each having the magazine a limited number of days. One winter they studied Roman and the next Greek history, and this year they read and discuss the inexhaustible Shakespere.

A very good plan for a club to follow would be to take up the plays of Shakespere as the principal study and devote the first fifteen minutes of the time to the discussion of current news, thus keeping up with the times and developing the conversational talent. Part of the time may be used in reading such books as Loma Doone, Lord's Essays, Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, Parkman's Histories, and Kidd's Social Evolution. Here's a group of books poetical, scholarly, vigorous, brilliant and practical.

Why not follow out this plan as one of the home entertainments when the family shall gather in the evening with a few friends to swell the number and share the pleasure? The mutual exchange of ideas and study of choice literature takes us out of the narrow byways into the broad avenues of thought. When organizing a club, don't forget the "red tape" or "blue robe," as a young foreigner said,

who was floundering in the intricacies of "English as she is spoke."

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