

DAMS FOR THE LAKES

THEY ARE PROPOSED TO PREVENT LOWERING THE LAKES.

The Chicago Drainage Channel Will Effect the Water Line On 4,000 Miles of Shore—The Matter Discussed by Engineers.

The projected withdrawal of water from Lake Michigan by the Chicago drainage channel at the rate of 600,000 cubic feet per minute has stimulated discussion both in this country and in Canada concerning the effect of this withdrawal upon lake levels and with respect to certain projects for lake control. Thus Chicago channel, which is to cost \$30,000,000, will affect the water line on 4,000 miles of shore. As the Engineering News remarks, there will flow through "a river eight times as large as the low water flow of the Merrimack at Lowell, and four times as large as the low water flow of the Ohio at the junction of his two branches at Pittsburg." The flow will be "15 percent of the entire outflow of Lake Michigan, about 4 per cent of the outflow of Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan combined, and about 3½ percent of the flow in the St. Lawrence." To what extent will it lower the surface level at lake harbors?

The government board of engineers in its recent report did not undertake to estimate the reduction closely, but assumed that it would be between three inches and six inches. It also referred to the estimate of Mr. Johnston, an engineer connected with the drainage channel, that there might be a reduction of 6½ inches in Lake Erie and of 7½ inches in Lakes Michigan and Huron. The board also submitted a report prepared by Mr. Cooley, one of the trustees of the Chicago project and originally its chief engineer, who pointed out that western engineers were of the opinion that the reduction would be between 2.4 and 4.8 inches, and who assumed for the purpose of discussion that it would be midway between these limits, or 3.6 inches. The board regards a lowering of from 3 to 6 inches as a matter of much importance in its effect upon the carrying capacity of lake shipping and upon harbors which have been deepened at heavy cost; the engineers connected with the Chicago project strive to show that the prospective lowering would be of very little consequence, and are inclined to consider certain remedies rather than the injurious effects which others foresee. "Assuming," says Mr. Cooley, "that the effect will be material, the remedy thereof is to be considered." And the discussion of the question of remedies by engineers brings before the public some extraordinary projects about which we shall hear a great deal in the near future.

These proposed remedies are a dam at the outlet of Lake Superior and another at the outlet of Lake Erie, near the head of the Niagara river; and we are bound to say that, as presented and advocated by certain experts, they seem to promise advantages of very considerable importance. Superior, with a surface level 20 feet higher than that of Huron and Michigan, is a sort of reservoir for the chain of lakes. So far as the surface levels are concerned, Huron and Michigan are practically one body of water; the surface of Erie lies eight feet lower, while Ontario, of course, is far below Erie. Mr. Cooley, with the Chicago drainage channel and the prospective ship canal on the same route uppermost in his mind, would control the outflow of Superior by dams in the Sault Rapids "for the purpose of permitting a much larger supply of water to be taken from the lakes at Chicago to improve the low water navigation of the Mississippi." We hardly think Superior will be dammed for that purpose. He thinks that from 1,800,000 to 2,400,000 cubic feet per minute (instead of 600,000) might safely be taken out by Chicago if Superior's outflow were thus controlled.

The project for controlling the flow from Lake Superior will be considered, (and in connection with the project for a dam at the head of the Niagara river), if considered at all with a view to practical results, with respect to the beneficial effect of it upon lake levels and lake navigations, rather than with reference to the desire of Chicago to take three or four times as much water as it now proposes to take for its sewage channel or canal. Mr. Wisner, a well known engineer, has set forth the advantages to be derived from the construction of control dams. The extreme fluctuations in the levels of Michigan, Huron and Erie amount to about five feet. The level of Erie, after reaching its maximum stage begins to fall about one month earlier than that of Huron, and about three months before that of Superior. This shows that Superior and Huron when acting under natural conditions as reservoirs, are unable to maintain the level of Erie, and the record of fluctuations seems to prove that a dam which should control the distribution of Superior's surplus would be insufficient, in itself, to regulate appreciably the level of Erie. But it is pointed out that by means of such a dam, and

another dam at the head of the Niagara river, the levels of Erie, Michigan and Huron might be regulated so that the range of fluctuations would be reduced to about one foot. That is to say the surplus of Superior might be discharged into the lower lakes at the season when it is most needed and would be most beneficial in maintaining a uniform level, and the discharge at the other end would be restrained so that the full benefit of that surplus might be obtained and the low water stage of Erie raised by two or three feet.

If the maximum range of levels in Erie, Michigan and Huron could be reduced from four or five feet to less than one foot, it is obvious that the gain to navigation interests would be great. The carrying capacity of lake vessels, so far as it is affected by high water and low water, would vary but little throughout the year. No attempt to estimate the cost of the proposed dams has been made, but it appears to be the opinion of competent engineers that there are no engineering obstacles that cannot be overcome, that the desired object could be attained by these agencies, and that the practical value of the benefits thus procured would greatly exceed the money cost of the work.

The Gladstone Furnace.
The furnace of the Cleveland-Cliffs company is going ahead slowly, considerable delay being experienced from lack of material. The company is erecting fourteen dwelling houses. The operation of this big furnace will be watched with considerable interest. If it proves successful, others like it will go up, and if the furnaces succeed then it may not be out of place to look for mills. The time will come when the mills must come farther west, and the nearer they approach the iron mines, the better it will be for the iron mining district. There are men well up in their iron-making business who claim we can bring coke here and make iron and steel cheaper than where the manufacture is now taking place. The Cleveland-Cliffs people will make a start on charcoal, but its stack is so constructed that a change to coke can readily be made. When coke is resorted to then something practical on the subject can be learned, and it is this the iron men are watching.—Iron Ore.

Can't Get Our Ore Trade.
In a communication to the Mining Journal "Old Foggy" asks, "Will it benefit Marquette to have another railroad engage in doing an ore carrying business that is now easily handled by the South Shore road?" "It has been said," continues Old Foggy, "that another road will bring the ore here from Marquette county mines that is now shipped by way of Escanaba. This is not true. Much of the ore from mines in this county that is now shipped by the other route goes to Escanaba because it is consigned to furnaces that can be more cheaply reached by water from Escanaba than from Marquette. That ore will go by the Escanaba route no matter how many railroads Marquette may have, unless the carrying charge by this route is brought below what it is by the other, and nobody need look for that, as the difference in the lake haul cannot be made good by any probable cheapening of the rail haul to this port."

New Church Building.
The pretty little edifice raised by the Catholics of Rapid River and vicinity for church purposes, was formally dedicated last Tuesday. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Verin of Marquette presided, and the Rev. Father Mesnard of Escanaba, Father William of Escanaba, Father Manning of Gladstone and Father Molinari of Spalding assisted. The church is dedicated entirely free of debt and is a very neat, cosy looking building. The parishioners made the bishop's first visitation to their locality a memorable one, and gave him a grand reception. The bishop and clergy were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. J. Poisson. A class of twenty received confirmation.—Gladstone Delta.

Schwartz Hang Himself.
The fate of John Schwartz, an aged German resident and pioneer of Marquette, who disappeared three weeks ago, was settled Monday by the discovery of his body hanging in an old slaughter house. Soon after Schwartz disappeared, his hat was found floating in the harbor, and this fact led to the general belief that he had been drowned. There is now no doubt but that he went to the water, and in this way misled any attempts which might be made to find him when he should be missed.

A Big Log Jam.
Supt. Thomas Parent of the Boom company, has left Marquette for the north with a crew of men to break a jam at Quinnesec Falls. Between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 logs have piled up there and must be started down stream. A few days ago they piled up and were loosened but they again became jammed. The Quinnesec Logging company is throwing a large number of logs in the river and this blocks it up.

Mistaken For a Deer.
Ed Stockley, of Ironwood, was shot through the neck and killed on Tuesday by Albert Morgan, his brother-in-law. The latter mistook Stockley for a deer. The deceased was a prominent Ironwood Odd Fellow and leaves a wife and four small children.

NOT AS IT SHOULD BE

ESCANABA MUST AWAKEN TO HER POSSIBILITIES.

The Urgent Need of Manufactories in Our Midst—A Few of the Opportunities Offered By Escanaba and Her Surroundings.

It has been the just boast of Great Britain that "trade follows the flag." That this commercial axiom is founded on matters of statistical fact, is demonstrated in the developing trade of our own city, which as an undetermined spot in the northern peninsula, when the American flag at the commencement of the present century first flew its paternal folds over Michigan, has developed into the greatest iron ore port in the world. While this is no empty figure of speech, and a speaking commentary on the marvelous richness of Escanaba's tributary resources, it is equally a fact that we are allowing nature to do everything while we the citizens of this local heritage, are seemingly in some matters, quite contented to stand by and permit the process of development to continue, without bestirring ourselves to aid it one jot. Nero stood by and fiddled while Rome perished in the ashes. If the position is reversed in the case of ourselves, the application is not the less obvious. While there is little danger of Escanaba's wealth being reduced to ashes, unless the consumption of its foundations is enacted by the smelter, and our ashes become known to the trade as pig iron—we are yet not altogether unlike the Roman emperor who missed his opportunities when he might have been securing a point with a

rather qualification a proto-type of Escanaba is hard to find—property in and about the city is held at very low rates, and presents opportunities to the prospective manufacturer unequalled by any point in the peninsula. Iron and wood in inconceivable abundance form a girdle whose commercial value cannot be estimated. If we have not the necessary capital, let us direct the attention of those who have. As a matter of fact, however, we have ample local capital for anyway the partial promotion of all kinds of business enterprises, and the purchase of the necessary expert knowledge. Under these circumstances it is no difficult matter to obtain. Individually we number among our citizens, men of varied experiences and ample capability. Collectively we are not an united people, for had such been the case long ere now our suburban plats would be alive with the hum of profitable toil. We are satisfied to send our pulp wood to Wisconsin, and pay double freight on our raw material, when we have permitted outsiders to manufacture it into a staple that we need. The woods we submit to see shipped to the south of us, and returned in the shape of wagons to carry more of the raw material to finish its education in the east. The very bedsteads on which we dream of the profits to be extracted out of the manufacture of our timber into furniture, are the result of some other city's industry than our own—our forests of charcoal go to decay while crying for closer intimacy with the millions of tons of iron ore, which with their handicap of forty per cent of waste, are carried away for profitable manufacture in the east, when a title of the money spent on the proportion of their unremunerative bulk, could be invested in a proportion of its manufacture here, to abundant profit to all.

But why continue the list. The opportunities offered to the manufacturer in the resources of Escanaba, are of such a

A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

AN ESCANABA MAN TAKES THIS LONG JOURNEY.

Something About Johannesburg and Its Wonderful Gold Mines—Over Five Millions of Dollars Worth of Gold In One Month.

Mr. John Nassau has received an interesting letter from James Boddy, who went from Escanaba to South Africa last August, from which The Iron Port is permitted to publish the following: "We sailed from New York on the 24th of August, and were thirty days on the ocean, not seeing land once until we sighted Cape Town, Africa. It was the happiest sight of my life. We did not go via London, as we had anticipated, but went direct to Cape Town on a freight ship. Just imagine! There was not a single passenger on board the ship, except us four that left Chicago together for this place. It was an English ship; the captain and the officers were Englishmen, but the sailors were Coolies from the West Indies, and as black as the ace of spades, nearly all of them being naked. The captain was a grand, good fellow, and did everything he could to make the journey pleasant. He told us there were no restrictions on us; that we were welcome to go anywhere from his cabin to the bottom of the engine room, and we did. That was all right for a few days, but it soon became monotonous. The trip was something terrible. I would not make it again on a freight ship for \$10,000. So much for a trip of 8,000 miles. When we arrived at Cape Town you may imagine our surprise to see a lot of these infernal black natives running around practically naked; and so homely that they would find a caboose. We stayed in Cape Town two days to rest, and then started for Johannesburg, a distance of 1,000 miles, by rail. It took two days and three nights to make the trip. But here we are. Johannesburg is the most wonderful city in the world. Talk about Chicago and New York style. They are not in it. Johannesburg has a population of 85,000, about half natives and what is called the Boers, a colony of Dutch that settled here in an early day, coming from Holland. They are at least forty years behind the time. There are a great many Englishmen here, representing the wealth of the town. The place is surrounded by gold mines, and the wealth that is taken from the bowels of the earth is simply marvelous beyond all description. The amount of gold mined last month, I think, was about \$5,000,000 worth. Living is very high here, the cheapest hotel rates being \$3 per day. This city is full of saloons, or bars as they call them here. Drinks are from one to three shillings. A shilling is twenty-four cents of American money. Buying business is the poorest business here. One can get a shave here for 12 to 24 cents, and a hair cut for one shilling. The railroads are owned and operated by the government, and South Africa is a poor place for railroad men—they are the poorest paid men here. There is not a tree within 500 miles of Johannesburg."

Death of "Dad" Ryan.
"Dad" Ryan, an sporting character who in '90 was a familiar figure in this city, died at Mobile, Alabama, a few days ago. "Dad" Ryan was a gambler known throughout the length and breadth of the land. In an early day he operated on the Mississippi river, and afterwards in many of the principal towns of the south. During the boom on the Gogebic range, he made his headquarters at Hurley and Ironwood, and later on was at Crystal Falls and Escanaba, leaving here about the time Joe Monahan took his departure. Ryan, being engaged and realizing that he had not long to tarry on this globular wad, went south, and there died on the 28th of October last.

A New Brick Yard.
Mr. W. F. Silver, late of the Delta County Brick & Tile company, was in Escanaba on Wednesday, and to a reporter for The Iron Port said that he had purchased land of Mr. Darling, on the Soo Line near Gladstone, and would commence the manufacture of brick early next spring. He has already erected the necessary buildings, and a dwelling house, and will chop wood during the winter for use next season. Mr. Silver proposes to make common and pressed brick, and also tile. He has a very fine bed of clay, and asserts that he can make brick equal to any imported stock at a lower figure.

Mrs. Charles Bishop Dead.
Just before going to press Saturday forenoon The Iron Port learns with regret of the death of Mrs. Charles Bishop, an old and highly respected resident of this city, which occurred last night. The particulars are not obtainable at this late hour.

Five Thousand Children.
The number of children of school age in Delta county is 4,962, and the semi-annual apportionment of primary school money, recently made by the state superintendent of public instruction, gives us

\$4,115.41, being 83 cents per capita. The total sum is apportioned to the several cities and townships as follows: Baldwin, \$126.10; Bark River, \$218.29; Bay de Noc, \$76.63; Escanaba, \$102.92; City of Escanaba, \$1,680.75; Fairbanks, \$66.40; Ford River, \$288.01; Garden, \$297.07; City of Gladstone, \$400.89; Maple Ridge, \$80.51; Masonville, \$458.99; Nahma, \$102.09; Sack Bay, \$76.36; Wells, \$139.44. Escanaba city has 2,025 children of school age, Gladstone 483. Bark River comes next with 563, Masonville being a close fourth with 553. Fairbanks has the smallest number, 80; Sack Bay, however, is only 12 ahead and Maple Ridge only 15. Baldwin has 152, Bay de Noc 96, Escanaba 124, Ford River 347, Garden 359, Nahma 123 and Wells 168.

There are only three counties in the upper peninsula having more children of school age than Delta, they being Houghton, Marquette and Menominee.

Negaunee Mines Start Up.
The Cambria and Lillie mining companies have resumed operations at their properties at Negaunee. The working forces have been increased to over 100 men at each mine. The Cambria and Lillie mines have been idle since the miners' strike on July 15th. About 350 men will be employed during the winter months.

There is great activity at all of the Ishpeming mines, but none of the Negaunee properties are yet employing their usual forces. There are nearly 3,000 men at work at Ishpeming and less than 1,000 at Negaunee. Good miners are scarce and the management of the properties now being put into operation fear they will not be able to get all the men desired. Very few of the miners who left that section for the Gogebic and Mesaba ranges while the strike was on have yet returned.

Be Careful About Fires.
A good way to set the house afire is to dump ashes against the side of the house. It really looks in one or two places we have in mind as if certain parties did not care much whether they burned out or not. However, we do not impugn these ash burners with any such unholly motives, but we will let them off with a shy at their carelessness and utter thoughtlessness. Winter approaches, fires are going in stoves and furnaces, and now is the time to watch out where ashes are dumped. A little care in the matter of chimney flues, safe ash receptacles, etc., may save your home and all its contents from going glimmering some cold night and keep from sending your family post-haste into the street in their night clothes. Exercise a little care in this respect and it will be money in your pocket.

Perkins School Notes.
Report for third month ending November 8, Isabelle Katzen, teacher. Total enrollment 52; boys 21; girls 31; average daily attendance 37. Roll of honor: Annie Krouth, Mildred and Frances Whitney, Herman and Richard Anderson, Mary and Emma Hall, Charles Nordstrom, Henry and Amil Norden, George Carlson, Willie and Edward Hall, Matilda, Romeo and Joseph Beachamp, Ole Holm and Helen Katen.

The selections memorized during the month were "We Learn by Doing" and "Citizen and Heir of America." The latter has been suggested for use in schools by the "Patriotic League," and is a noble ideal of civic duty adapted from the words of Arthur Henry Jones. A copy of the selection will be sent, on request, to any teacher in the county.

Delta County Taxes.
Under the new law county clerks must prepare a statement of the taxes to be levied for all purposes in his county, which statement goes to the State Tax Statistician. County Clerk Linden has prepared his statement, giving the total tax of each city and township in the county, to be levied this fall, which is as follows: Escanaba city, \$43,971.03; Gladstone, \$13,889.79; Baldwin, \$3,350.04; Bark River, \$2,277.01; Bay de Noc, \$2,749.80; Escanaba, \$4,851.54; Fairbanks, \$2,034.47; Ford River, \$6,617.95; Garden, \$2,810.05; Maple Ridge, \$4,780.03; Masonville, \$7,694.73; Nahma, \$4,308.87; Sack Bay, \$1,121.11; Wells, \$5,087.79.

He Is Rightly Named.
Last week a local paper contained an article to the effect that John Strange, of Menasha, was looking over the Escanaba river with a view to locating a paper or pulp mill thereon. The Kaukauna Times, printed near Mr. Strange's home, has this to say of him: "Menasha has a man named Strange, who seems to be rightly labeled judging by the various items picked up in the newspapers this week. He is talking of building a paper mill somewhere, and according to different articles has a dozen sites, more or less, under consideration. The latest is a power off somewhere on the Mississippi."

Accident at Carnay.
A sad accident occurred near Carnay on Wednesday resulting in the death of Thomas Norton. Mr. Norton was falling timber on his place west of Carnay village when he was struck by a limb which killed him instantly. Norton leaves a family of nine, a widow and eight children in destitute circumstances, the children being too young to be of any assistance to the bereaved mother.—Evening Leader.

Great Sacrifice Sale!

Beginning at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, Nov. 19, and continuing FIVE DAYS, I will offer every article in my large stock of

Jewelry. Watches. Silverware
at Auction to clear out before removal to 611 Ludington street. Everything goes at your own price.

LADIES' SALE
Every afternoon at 2 o'clock, when the ladies will be given special attention.

H. M. STEVENSON.

truck and hose, and saved his homestead and his reputation.

The commercial leaps made by Escanaba in the last ten years have been so entirely without parallel that astounded by the existing state of our prosperity, we so far appear to be content to let the one great factor of our progress continue motion. Blind to present possibilities, and satisfied with our plethora of luck, we have permitted the great question of the manufacture of our raw products to remain unconsidered, and neglected to arrest any of the raw materials, daily borne by our lake marines, to profit the pockets of southern capitalists.

The word "capital" is doubtless the key of solution of the whole difficulty. Capital, however, won't bestir itself, certainly not in our interests, unless the measure of enterprise we look for in others, finds a corresponding activity among ourselves. Bonifantly blessed by nature, it is not "business" to allow her to saddle herself with the sole care of our growing responsibilities. The child learning to walk is not entirely dependent upon its mother's apron strings. It soon learns to cross the room unaided if the inducement is sufficiently tempting. Isn't it about time to recognize the duty we owe to mother earth, and while growing strong on "iron," reach for a share of the business "beef and wine," that some of the older children are absorbing to their manifest advantage. It is quite true we are yet very young. But having cut our wisdom teeth, it is the greater reason why we should take advantage of our precocity, and it is while we are yet in our civic infancy that we should encourage in every way in our power, the establishment of industries, which for obvious reasons for all concerned are easier to attract when values of reality are below par, than when they have attained their legitimate market price. In comparison with cities of relative equality in the matter of population and situation—though as regards the

strangely encouraging nature, that the neglect of their utilization seems incomprehensible.

The Police Mill.
Edward McGinnis was arraigned in Justice Moore's court Tuesday afternoon charged with stealing a watch and ring from Thos. Okerlin, who conducts a boarding house on Thomas street. The preliminary examination brought out sufficient evidence to warrant holding McGinnis for trial in the circuit court, and the magistrate bound him over in the sum of \$500. McGinnis could not furnish bail, and is in jail. Dan. Kennelly, whom McGinnis endeavored to implicate, was discharged, there being no cause for action against him.

C.G. Sheppard, of Lathrop, was arrested on Saturday last, charged with having committed an assault and battery upon the person of Wm. Rich, and upon being arraigned in Justice Glaeser's court, the trial was postponed until to-day. There are conflicting stories concerning the fracas. It appears that Rich while on his way from Lathrop to Curran's place, was assaulted by Sheppard, who struck him over the head with a club. Sheppard, it is claimed, acted in self-defense, Rich attempting to enter his house. The facts will come out in the trial, which is on before Justice Glaeser as The Iron Port goes to press.

Powder Mill Blows Up.
An explosion in the mixing house wrecked the mill of the Lake Superior Powder company, located three miles from Marquette, on Monday morning. Andrew Erickson was instantly killed and John Gylling was seriously, but not fatally, injured. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Rejected the New Charter.
The city of Gladstone held a special election on Saturday last for the purpose of voting on the charter question. The new charter was rejected.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

CAPTAIN OF THE NELLIE.

A Grizzled Old Salt's Uncanny Story of the Sea.

THE waves of the sea had gone the rounds with the beer for an hour in the drinking room of the sailors' Happy Home, in South street, New York, when a grizzled old salt agreed after many requests to tell the tale of the strange fate of the captain of the Nellie.

"It was in the days of the gold fever at Frisco," he said, "that I was second mate on a good Yankee bark that went around the Horn from Portland with a cargo of lumber. At that time lumber was harder to get than gold in California, and our cargo was quickly disposed of at a large profit to all concerned.

"Our captain, a bluff, big-hearted Yankee, had just ordered the lines cast off, when a strange-looking man in sailor garb came down to the wharf on a run and, without a word, leaped aboard. Going straight up to the captain, he doffed his cap in a most respectful way.

"Shipmate," said he, in a tone that sounded like an humble plea, "have you a spare berth and an idle rope for another hand? I was once a captain and trod the deck of my own bark, proud as any man who ever sailed the seas, but I'm down in my luck now, and if you can find a place for me I'll be glad enough to work my way along with the lads here back to the home country. I ask nothing more; I am only a sailor in distress."

"Our captain looked him over closely while he stood there on the deck, cap in hand. He was a sailor every inch, big and brawny, with muscles of steel showing through his tattered clothes. Indeed, he looked what he said that he was—a sailor in distress.

"We were really short a hand before the mast, and the captain did not hesitate long. "Turn in below, we'll find a berth for you, my lad. I never tack away from a signal of distress," said the captain, extending his hand to the sailor, and that is how the captain of the Nellie came to be one of the crew on that ill-fated voyage.

"A wonderful sailor the stranger proved to be. There was not a trick of the business he did not know, and his familiarity with the winds and tides of the Pacific showed that he had sailed over the water many times before. He did far more than his share of the work, and seemed glad to do it. At the wheel or in the thronds he was equally at home, and almost before anyone realized it the stranger was really sailing the ship.

"But he was not popular with the men and the captain took kindly to him only because of his ability as a sailor. He was a silent man, this captain without a ship, and at times there was a strange wild look in his eyes. If he ever slept it was while he sat like a statue at the wheel or lay in the shadow of the sails on deck, apart from the other men of the crew. Day and night he paced the deck to and fro in eager, restless fashion, straining his eyes out over the wide expanse of blue water, as if he were always on the look-out for land or sail.

"Our captain questioned him about his past several times, but the stranger was reticent and questions seemed to

"As I started to go below I turned for a glance at the strange, silent man at the wheel. I found his eyes fixed on my face with a look that said as plain as a threat, 'keep silent.' There was something so peculiar in his looks and actions that I felt a dread of unknown danger creeping over me.

"I found one of the men asleep in my bunk when I got below and turned into the next one without disturbing him. In spite of my feeling of alarm I soon fell asleep and it was daylight when I awoke. I had not undressed and leaped out of the bunk at once to go on deck. Then I remembered that I had left my pipe in my own bunk and put out my hand to get it. My fingers touched something wet and cold. I drew them back with a shudder and found my hand covered with blood.

"With a cry of alarm I sprang forward and tore away the curtain in front of the bunk. There lay the sailor who had taken my place, cold and stiff in death. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, and his head almost severed from his body.

"With the chill of a horrible and unspeakable dread creeping over me I rushed forward to the captain's cabin. The door was ajar, and I entered without knocking. The captain lay on his bunk, with his face upturned and his eyes wide open. I saw in them a strange set expression. I sprang forward and touched the white, upturned face. It was cold, and on the breast of the captain, just over the heart, I saw a spot of red blood. The captain was dead, he had been stabbed to the heart as he slept.

"When there were storms, or when the wind howled through the rigging and the sky was obscured by dark clouds, the captain of the Nellie would stand sometimes for an hour in the bow of the ship gazing intently out over the water as if watching and waiting for a sail. At such times those of us who got near enough could see a strange wild gleam in his eyes, a look that almost confirmed our suspicions of his sanity.

"Our captain was not a very strong man, and after a week of almost incessant storm he was pretty well worn out. During this time the stranger seemed to never tire. He was always ready when a strong arm was needed at the wheel, or when the captain wanted an observation or a reckoning made. In fact, the stranger was such an expert at the latter work that the captain soon left all of it to him.

"Finally, worn out from his long watch on deck, the captain went to his cabin as the storm died away to sleep all night, leaving the stranger in charge of the navigation of the ship. I had the late watch that night and came on deck shortly after midnight. The storm had gone down, but clouds were still fitting across the sky, and the sea was running with a heavy swell. There was a short watch on deck, as the men were all pretty well worn out. I had just started to go out when the moon broke through a rift in the clouds. By the sudden light I saw Davies bending over an open compass box working at the instrument. I approached quite close without disturbing him.

"Is the compass out of order? I asked.

"The man leaped up with an oath and snatching a long knife from his bosom leaped at me like a tiger. I sprang aside to avoid the blow he aimed at my throat. By the time he had turned I had picked up an iron pin and stood at bay. For a moment he glared at me like a wild beast and then putting up his knife he went back to the wheel without a word.

"I went about my work wondering what the man could have been doing to the compass and why he had tried to murder me. By and by Davies left the wheel and came over to the rail where I was standing. The moon was then shining clear and bright and I could see all his features. There was a sad, hopeless look in his face, but his eyes shifted about in a nervous, restless fashion.

"Forgive me mate," he said, holding out his hand to me. "You startled me so while ago that I suppose I must be clean daft for a time. I was thinking of her, and his voice was low and sad as he spoke, when you came up, and I cannot sleep and with the work and the strain of the storm my head does not feel right at times. I did not mean to harm you; forgive me, mate, and say nothing to the captain."

"He was looking at me with pitiful appeal in his eyes, and while I did not trust the strange, silent man, I extended my hand and told him I would say nothing to the captain.

"But I soon regretted that promise. For several days I had suspected that the ship was out of her course, but supposed it was due to the storm. When the clouds had cleared away, however, and I could see the stars I realized that instead of sailing down the coast of South America, as we should have been to round the Horn, we were far out in the Pacific and sailing east.

"Watching my chance when Davies was busy at the wheel, I got a look at the compass and found, as I had begun to suspect, that it had been tampered with. My first impulse was to arouse the captain and tell him all that I had discovered. Then I decided to let him sleep until morning, as he would be in better condition for action after the rest.

"The first mate relieved me at 4 o'clock in the morning and told me to sleep all day if I wished. I hurried below without telling him what I had discovered, intending to get two hours' rest and then arouse the captain and tell him all.

"As I started to go below I turned for a glance at the strange, silent man at the wheel. I found his eyes fixed on my face with a look that said as plain as a threat, 'keep silent.' There was something so peculiar in his looks and actions that I felt a dread of unknown danger creeping over me.

"I found one of the men asleep in my bunk when I got below and turned into the next one without disturbing him. In spite of my feeling of alarm I soon fell asleep and it was daylight when I awoke. I had not undressed and leaped out of the bunk at once to go on deck. Then I remembered that I had left my pipe in my own bunk and put out my hand to get it. My fingers touched something wet and cold. I drew them back with a shudder and found my hand covered with blood.

"With a cry of alarm I sprang forward and tore away the curtain in front of the bunk. There lay the sailor who had taken my place, cold and stiff in death. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, and his head almost severed from his body.

"With the chill of a horrible and unspeakable dread creeping over me I rushed forward to the captain's cabin. The door was ajar, and I entered without knocking. The captain lay on his bunk, with his face upturned and his eyes wide open. I saw in them a strange set expression. I sprang forward and touched the white, upturned face. It was cold, and on the breast of the captain, just over the heart, I saw a spot of red blood. The captain was dead, he had been stabbed to the heart as he slept.

"I would have cried out an alarm, but my tongue would not obey my will. My blood seemed turning to ice, and my knees were knocking together as I turned and staggered from the cabin.

"Back to the sleeping quarters of the crew I ran as fast as I could, intending to arouse those who slept. My voice returned to me at last, and I called out, called to some of the men by name. My voice echoed down into the depths of the hold, but there was no answer.

"I leaped forward to the nearest berth and looked in. Only another dead sailor, stabbed to the heart as he slept, like the captain. Madly, frantically I tore away the curtains from the other berths. The same vision of blood and death met my eyes everywhere. The crew had been murdered in their berths, stabbed to death so swiftly, silently and surely that not one had lived to cry out a warning to his fellows.

"The horror of the situation soon began to react on my nerves. My blood ran hot again, my brain cleared, and I was able to think. There was but one thing to think of then. But one man could have done all that terrible work. The mad captain of the Nellie! How I cursed the fate that had brought him aboard our ship.

"But I knew that I must act, and act quickly. The madman was on deck steering the ship with a broken compass. Then all at once I realized that something else had happened while I slept. The bark was alternately pitching and tossing and rolling in the trough of the sea. I could hear the wind shrieking and howling above, and I knew that another storm had come up. From the motion of the vessel I knew that the rudder was swinging free, and that the vessel was tossing about at the mercy of the wind and the waves.

"Arming myself with the first weapon I could find I rushed up on deck to see



"I FOUND MY HAND COVERED WITH BLOOD."

If anyone had been left there alive. I glanced at the wheel. There was no one there. A heavy storm was raging. One mast was gone, the sails were torn, and the vessel was in danger of foundering every moment. I looked about the deck, but there was not a soul in sight. Then above the roar of the storm I heard a voice, but it did not sound like the voice of a human being. It rose above the wind in a wild, ghostly laugh.

"Running forward I saw far out on the bowsprit, firmly lashed in the rigging, the mad captain of the Nellie. At a glance I saw that he was so firmly lashed to the bowsprit that he could never get back on deck in that sea and storm. Then I turned my attention to the bark to see if I could save her from foundering.

"Setting her course before the wind, I lashed the wheel fast. Then I cut away the broken spar and the torn sails and put the vessel in the best shape I could for scudding before the storm. The maniac on the bow caught sight of me as I worked, and, turning around as far as he could, he shrieked at me with a demon-like voice:

"Let her go! We are on the course at last! I shall soon find my Nellie!"

"Then he turned his face from me, and I could see him leaning forward as if straining his eyes looking for something through the blinding storm. All day the storm raged with ever-increasing fury. I lashed myself to the wheel and kept the vessel before the wind, but the snapping of the spars above and the creaking of the timbers below warned me that she would not ride out that wind and sea. Again and again, as the bowsprit rose and fell with the monster seas, I caught a glimpse of the madman lashed there, and above the roar of the storm I could hear his voice at intervals calling: 'Nellie! Nellie! I am coming!'

"Night came at last, and with it mist and rain with less wind, but the poor bark had already received her death-blow. She was filling fast, and settling, until every wave swept over the deck, I was sick and numb with the horror of it, and waited without hope for the end, starting now and again as the voice of the madman on the bowsprit rang out over the sea, calling: 'Nellie! Nellie!'

"It must have been somewhere near eight bells in the evening when a pitch forward that carried the bowsprit far under water, a roll to starboard, and the bark broke in two and went down. I clutched a broken spar and went over into the water with the voice of the madman ringing in my ears that glad cry: 'I'm coming, Nellie!'

"A ship in the China trade driven out of her course by the same storm picked me up next day, but it was not until I reached home two years later that I heard the story of Capt. Allan Davies, who took his young bride, Nellie, away to sea with him on his bark of the same name, and how the seasons had come and gone, but never a word as to the fate of the Nellie that carried away the captain's bride."—Globe-Democrat.

All Spotted. Dear old Mrs. —, of Louisville, Ky., is a pious Methodist and the mother of six grown-up children, all devout followers of Wesley. Last week she chanced to see her friend Mrs. B. dressing her young hopeful for dancing-school. She exclaimed, with ever-increasing animation: "Now, Sallie, that's a waste of money. Didn't I send all my daughters to dancing-school?—and they danced lovely, too—and when I got through paying their bills and they were ready to enter society, if they didn't every one go and join the church and throw it all away! I tell you you're wasting your money, child."—Judge.

BY ELEVATOR.

It Seemed as if a Meeting Would be Quite Impossible.

A well-dressed woman walked into the Crocker building the other day and took an elevator. Her husband saw her from across the street and hurrying over took the next elevator. He went to the office where he knew his wife had business, and found that she had stepped in and out again and went down in the next elevator.

In the meantime his wife had gone down, and the elevator dispatcher said: "Your husband just went up in the elevator. I think he is looking for you."

The lady took the next elevator up. Just then her husband came down. He looked all around and then inquired of the elevator man:

"Have you seen my wife here?"

"Yes, she just went up this minute." The man took the next elevator and he was no more than out of sight till his wife came down again.

"Your husband has just gone up again," said the elevator man.

"I guess he'll wait for me this time, so I'll go up." And up she went.

Down came her husband a second afterward.

"Did my wife come down again?" he inquired.

"Yes, and just went up again. She thought you would wait for her."

"Well, I'll wait here."

He waited about five minutes, and then, growing impatient, took an elevator up stairs. She had been waiting for him and came down again just as he disappeared.

"Well, I will wait for and catch him this time," said she.

After standing in the corridor several minutes she decided to go up-stairs and find him. As she was whisked out of sight he stepped out of another elevator.

"Your wife has just gone up," said the elevator man.

The husband swore a little under his breath and started to leave the building. At the door he hesitated, changed his mind and took the next elevator up. Down came his wife at the same moment.

"He's just gone up again," was the elevator man's answer to her weary look of inquiry, "and he's mad as a homet."

"Then I had better go right up and catch him," said she.

Up she went and down he came.

"Just went up," remarked the elevator man.

"I'm demmed if I'm going up again," said he. "I'll wait right here," and he sat down on the stairs. Half an hour later he was still sitting there, and his wife, equally determined, was waiting for him up stairs.

"I hope they'll meet in heaven," remarked the elevator man.—San Francisco Post.

"GOOD LAWD!" SHE SHRIEKED.

Picturesque Old "Mammy" Vows That Walking is Good Enough.

She hadn't been in New York long. This was evident when she entered the cable car at Twenty-third street, for her ebony face had a huge, wide-open mouth with rows of gleaming white teeth and two big brown eyes staring with surprise. On her head was a regular "red and yellow" bandanna, and the gown that enveloped her ample and agitated body was a patchwork creation of the long ago.

The big black mammy sat down, clutching in her hand a perspiration-soaked bit of paper with writing thereon, which was to be shown to passers-by in order that she might eventually be directed to her destination. The conductor pulled the bell-cord and the remnant of the picturesque south started with the car, and for a moment or two gasped like a fish on a sandhill; then she shrieked: "Good Lawd!"

The old woman finally became assured and when the conductor told her she was to get off, with cumbersome effort she pulled herself up and stood in the doorway until the car should come to a standstill. With a series of short bumps the stopping process began. "Mammy" looked worried, made a frantic grab with her right hand and caught the door handle. She pulled and the doors started from either side, catching her from front and rear with sudden force and pinning her between them in a vise-like grip.

Terrified, she yelled with power enough to call the plantation hands to dinner from a mile-away cottonfield. Her fat frame looked like a bladder with a string tied around it and of her eyes nothing showed but the whites. Extricated and helped to the sidewalk, she shook herself together, and waving one black, pudgy hand toward the car, she screamed: "Take dat ting away! I see done goin' ter walk from dis on, suah! Bress de Lawd!" and, muttering, she waddled on up the street.—N. Y. World.

Magnificent Work of the Ancient Egyptians. Whether the Egyptians had hall-marks we do not know, but, being skilled jewelers, they must have been well informed as to the qualities of the precious metals. In M. Berthel's analysis of the gold necklaces which Princess Houb-Notep wore he finds that there was 82.94 per cent of gold, 15.39 per cent of silver and 0.50 per cent of copper. King Hor-Fou-Ab-Ra's coffin was covered with gold leaf, which was composed of 85.99 per cent of gold, 13.78 of silver and 0.30 of copper. The silver diadem found with Princess Noub-Totep contained 95.19 per cent of silver. The actual quantity of silver in an object can only be determined approximately, because through time the metal becomes converted in large part into a chloride.—Manufacturing Jeweler.

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

Feminine Ingenuity Has Revolutionized a Great Industry.

Among the inventions of women on exhibition at Atlanta is one interesting for two reasons—the first that it dates from a period before women were accounted active in any but the domestic world; and the second, that it deals with a department of industry into which women always venture at the risk of being suspected of scant knowledge and less experience—that of mechanics.

This is the straw-sewing machine, which is entered by the committee on inventions by permission of its inventor, Mrs. Mary P. Carpenter Hooper, of this city. Although its patent has now expired, and its usefulness in part done away with, this little machine, not so big as a typewriter, worked a revolution in a great industry, and to-day there is not one inch of straw braid sewn into hats by machinery anywhere in the world that does not owe a part of Mrs. Hooper's invention to accomplish the work.

Mrs. Hooper is the daughter of a former New York lawyer, whose fingers itched with inventive skill, while he kept them bound with the red tape of his profession, so the source of Mrs. Hooper's inventive faculty is not hard to find. It was while she was still Miss Carpenter that she learned through some interested friends of the curious state of affairs in the straw-sewing trade. Up to that time, 1871, there had been but one practical straw-sewing machine invented, which machine was controlled and used by a combination of three or four firms engaged in the manufacture of straw hats and bonnets. It was called the Bosworth machine, and was immensely valuable, although the operator had to be an expert before she could make a hat, as the sewing had to be done backward, from the brim to the crown, and when done, the hat was wrong side out; a condition which often resulted in breaking the straw while it was being turned right.

As Miss Carpenter had shown herself possessed of pronounced inventive skill, of which the patent office already bore record, these facts were pointed out to her by some of the leading manufacturers, who were obliged to sew all their straw goods by hand, and she was encouraged to attempt to make a new machine which could be generally used. In 1871 she received a patent for her first model of a machine, but it was not satisfactory to herself, and no second machine was built from it. A second attempt, a year or two later, did not yet fulfill all the requirements she strove for, but in June, 1875, Miss Carpenter completed a machine that could make a hat from its tip or top to the outer edge of the brim without taking it from the machine, and when it was finished it was right side out and did not have to be turned, and, moreover, concealed the stitch, a result heretofore unaccomplished.—Detroit Free Press.

Crooked Bicycle Wheels.

Many bicycle riders pay a high price for a wheel and then wonder why it is harder work than coal shoveling to propel it over the smoothest of roads. A well-known cycle authority, who writes over the nom de plume of "Betsy B.," says that to the ordinary observer of the metropolitan cyclist the fact becomes at once evident that nearly one-third of the wheels which are being ridden are out of track. So common does this seem to be that it begets an idea that perhaps, after all, the diamond frame is not the perfect one it is supposed to be. This variance in trackage is all the way from a quarter to as much as three inches, and it seems strange that riders should not at once detect it, owing to the unaccountable nature of riding a wheel in such a condition. When you find that the machine you ride does not steer well, or when the rear wheel tire gives forth a peculiar swishing sound when being ridden over a dusty surface, you are safe to suspect that the wheels do not track, and an early visit to a competent repairer is advisable.—N. Y. World.

Defined by an Old Man.

The new woman is pretty homely. She was always old, but was never good form till now.

She knows her husband by sight.

Hates children.

And cats.

Tells her age without asking.

Wears loose shoes and tight corsets.

Pays twice the price of natural violets for artificial and wears them from choice.

Rewrites fiction into history to read at the Mutual Admiration Society club.

Eats raw onions to put into effect her Heaven-born right.

Declines to dance before being asked and plays checkers all night with a dude.

Brags that she hasn't read "Trilby."

Goes to the theater in the afternoon and to church in the evening.

Hunts foxes in winter with second generation nobodies in society.—Tolledo Blade.

She Covered Him.

"Does ye hyah' much 'bout whut's goin' on on Tubky level dese days?" asked Sam Jenkins.

"Deed I doesn'," replied Erastus Pinkley, in timid consternation.

"Folks does tell dat you dun got ingaged."

"Me? Ingaged?"

"Yas indeed."

"Go 'long. Who to?"

"Ter me."

"Deed, I hasn' hyah'd a word 'bout it."

"Neither has I. Da's why I done ax yer. I thought webbe I was missin' some er de news."

Invitations are now being engraved.—Washington Star.

Must Have Her.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.—Tit-Bits.

When Wrinkles Soan the Brow.

And the locks grow scant and silvery, infirmities of age come on apace. To retard and ameliorate these is one of the benighted efforts of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort as a safe, reliable and invigorant. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and neuralgia, improves digestion, rectifies biliousness and overcomes malaria. A wine-glass before retiring promotes slumber.

A COUPLE of jallbirds were drinking together when one of them took out his watch. "Bless me!" exclaimed his astonished companion, "you've got a watch!" "Looks like it." "And how much did it cost you?" "Six months."—Washington Star.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

THE saddest things in life are men without manhood, women without womanhood and children without childhood.—Young Men's Era.

Schiller Theater.

Helene Mora, surrounded by an excellent company, in "The Modern Mephisto," will be the attraction for one week, beginning Nov. 31.

Sorrow has not been given to us for sorrow's sake, but as a lesson which we are to learn somewhat, which once learned it ceases to be sorrow.—Carlyle.

PEACE AT LAST.—There is nothing now to mar our happiness," as Bass remarked when his wife's mother took her departure.—Boston Transcript.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar Instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE world is God's spittle to mankind—His thoughts are flinging upon us from every direction.—Plato.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. Lutz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

"THE world" is a conventional phrase, which, being interpreted, signifies all the rascality in it.—Dickens.

A MAN can fool his girl's mother as to what wages he gets, but he can't fool her father.—Aitchison Globe.

BECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

EVERY bride wears a wedding dress that is beyond her father's means.

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

Scrofula from Infancy

Troubled my daughter. At times her head would be covered with scabs and running sores. We were afraid she would become blind. We had to keep her in a dark room.



We began to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon we saw that she was better in every respect. The sores have now all healed. I had a severe attack of the grip, was left in bad condition with muscular rheumatism and lumbago. Since taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I am all right and can walk around out doors without the aid of crutches." W. H. ABERNATHY, Albion, Indiana.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Prescribed by Physicians. Relied on in Hospitals. Depended on by Nurses. Endorsed by THE PRESS. The BEST prepared FOOD.

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John C. & Sons, New York.



The Great SWAMP AND ROOT KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Best Cough Syrup. Same Good. The In Demand. Sold by Druggists.

WITH HARRIET MONROE.

What the Poet of the World's Fair is Doing.

In Fiction and Biography—But Verse is Her Mettle—A Chicago Home Where a Brilliant Little Woman Writes and Reads.

COPYRIGHT 1895.

Out on Dearborn avenue in Chicago, where the murk of the city lifts a bit and the sun shines as 'tis a sun's duty, and not darkly and through a haze, you may see on almost any of these autumn afternoons a slight, girlish figure on a bicycle. It pedals swiftly and steadily and sits straight, and if it passes near you over the carpet of brown willow and oak leaves you may recognize the features of the shy little poet of the world's fair ode, Miss Harriet Monroe.

Such a mite of a woman is she you may take her in her short cycling skirt for a child. So reserved is she, and so bent on living her own quiet life away from the push and the press and the crush of the headstrong, bustling, crowding western metropolis that she will be glad if you do not know her, and if she is free to go her way down where the winds blow and the waters dance on the shores of ever-changing Lake Michigan.

But if you find her in the morning when the bicycle is housed and the pen not too busy, then you will learn what a western woman and a western home can be. Warm color strikes you the minute the door is opened—such a cheery note after the somberness of a Chicago autumn. Walls of dull gold hold the light and the strong-heartedness of the sun all day. The wood-work is olive, the carpet a duller olive. Rugs and cushions of crimson and gold make the place oriental in its suggestions of far eastern richness, but leave it altogether western in its coziness and hearthstone feeling. The piano of dark oak and mahogany to fit in with the color harmonies of the room. There are pastels on the walls and rare old etchings. In the corners there are bits of statuary—a Venus de Milo and a



MISS HARRIET MONROE.

strong, stately, modern woman figure from the Agricultural building from the world's fair. Curious bric-a-brac is everywhere, but these things are forgotten when there slips into the room and hides in a big chair, almost as a part of it, a slender little woman—almost too slender to carry such a heavy crown of brown hair.

Miss Monroe has not been before the public very long, and a good part of it knows less of her than it will by and by. With its low, white forehead, its clear, dark eyes and mobile features, her face is capable of an infinite play of expression. In repose she has the look of a girl in her teens. When interested in talk she is a woman, clever, cultivated, ambitious, yet shy of letting her ambitions be seen. She will not take the world by storm, like a western cyclone, but her verses will come to it quietly, silently, and by their sweetness, their sanity, their understanding of human emotions, will find their place in literature.

Miss Monroe is a Chicago girl, born and brought up in the windy city. She was educated in the convent at Georgetown, from which Mrs. Potter Palmer came also, with other women prominent at the world's fair. Her first work was for Chicago newspapers, and was written from New York city. "Letters on music, art and the drama," she calls those beginnings in journalism. When the great auditorium in Chicago was opened she was called to write the dedicatory poem, and it was the verses read on that occasion that led to her selection as the writer of the Columbian ode.

All this sounds like fair winds and sunny weather for a swift and smooth launching on any sort of career; but overwork brought on nervous prostration, and there were years when no work was possible. Even now the girl poet looks fragile and too delicate for the work she has set herself, though she is busy in her study every morning and insists that the trouble has quite lifted, except a little occasional weakness of the eyes.

"The most solid work I've done of late," she says, looking very small and very young as she leans forward in her bright blouse and dark gown, "is a biography of my brother-in-law, John Wellborn Root, the first architect of the world's fair. He died in 1891, when he was only 41 years old; but I believe he has given to Chicago the finest contributions to art in the way of business buildings that this continent has seen. Look at the great Woman's Temple, the Rookery, the Insurance Exchange, the Phoenix and the rest of them.

"Yes, I know they are black and forbidding with soft coal smoke, but consider their adaptation to the purpose and their perfect proportioning. New York has nothing to compare with them. The Rookery is a marvelous Renaissance structure, the Temple is Spanish; he was master of all styles and the city is full of monuments to his talent. Architects from all over the country may well come to Chicago to study the work of a man who died in his prime."

"Are you to publish in Chicago?"

"No, that would make a local, a memorial volume. What I have written is the biography of a man who deserves broader recognition as a great architect."

"And your own works your future?"

"I have done some short stories of late, and I may try a longer one, if I have an idea that presses for that sort of expression. But I do not believe my forte is fiction. I am doing a signed column for the Times-Herald, but I look to verse as my metier."

"Where can one find poetic inspiration in smoky Chicago?"

The little lady laughed. "You don't know the lake, that's plain. I believe its feminine. You should see the wonderful colors of the water and the clouds that hang over it, purple streaked with green. In sunshine it's all play and in storm it's more boisterous than the sea. I could write an epic or a book of idylls on Lake Michigan."

"And when will it appear?"

"I don't know, but some day, somewhere."

"What do you read?"

"Kipling. He is head and shoulders above any man living. But I have no right to such emphatic opinions. My eyes were laid for so long that I really know little of the new writers; it takes such a while to catch up," and again there came that quick bright look as of a child at its lessons. "My greatest treasures are my letters from Stevenson; I know of nothing more charming in literature. I am looking forward to the publication of his correspondence. Then the world will know more of the man than it has yet known. I

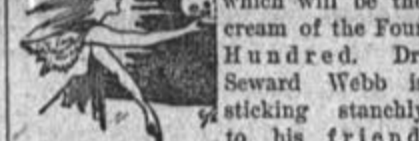
THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

The Coming Upheaval Among the Four Hundred.

Sir Julian on the Rampart—How Whitney Has Hurt His Presidential Chances—Another New York Billionaire—Giraffes and Ostriches.

COPYRIGHT 1895.

James J. Van Alen will not suffer socially as a result of his recent escapade. He is going to Egypt this winter, having organized a yachting party, included in which will be the cream of the Four Hundred. Dr. Seward Webb is sticking staunchly to his friend.



SOCIETY'S PERIL. Thanks to him, there will be none of the terrible revelations expected, and New York society breathes freely. It is an open secret that the entire Vanderbilt family used their personal influence to rescue Van Alen from his predicament. A number of families are said to fear the consequences of a general public cleansing of soiled linen. This feud is society's one dread. Rumor, as the late Ward McAllister pithily put it, is ever flying about New York with the death's head of scandal. Some of these days, he would add, the peril will become inevitable and the country will be shocked. Indeed, whether deserved or not, society is rapidly acquiring a reputation far from enviable. The old timers are perpetually expressing wonder that the moral explosion is deferred so long. No concealment is made of the fact that Mrs. Cleveland will under no circumstances have anything to do with New York society, fearing the consequence hanging over the heads of its members. How long will the eschandre be deferred?

The Bridge Conspiracy.

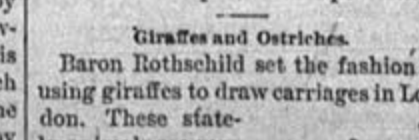
The scheme to discredit the Brooklyn bridge management is said to have been traced to a coterie of New York capitalists who are anxious to obtain control of the structure. Russell Sage and young George Gould are declared to have engineered much of the business. The bridge eagles, elevated railway management is much displeased because the city authorities will not hear of any use of the bridge by them as a thoroughfare between the New York and Brooklyn system for their own trains. Again, the better the bridge is conducted the more is the reproach, by implication, cast upon the L management. Consequently every fault in the Brooklyn bridge has been exaggerated, and the attack diverted from the L, which, as all New York knows, needs reformation far more than does the bridge. A chance remark of Sage's gave the scheme away, and the bridge once more enjoys some measure of public appreciation. It is pointed out that after all there is only one bridge for 3,000,000 people, and its crowding therefore is not to be wondered at. The star of the structure is again in the ascendant, and the old proposition of ornamenting the high pillars with a triumphant eagle or statue is being discussed anew. After all, New York is proud of the great bridge.

Whitney's Household.

The departure of Miss Joanna Davidge from New York ought to permanently settle all rumors of the approaching marriage of William C. Whitney. Miss Davidge was a sort of governess in the Whitney family, but she was always treated as one of the Whitneys, being a lady of birth and breeding. The marriage of Pauline Miss Davidge's pet Whitney terminated her close personal relationship with the family. Every poor beggar in New York has a feeling of personal regard for this lady, as she never refuses a petition for alms, a fact which is responsible for serious inroads into a rather slender income. The rumor of the lady's engagement to Mr. Whitney diffused a lively joy among the beggars of New York, who keep a list of persons like Miss Davidge. Her presence in the household explains the fondness of mendicants for loitering about the Whitney brick palace in New York. There is, by the way, a feeling among the New York democratic leaders that Whitney is not doing exactly a wise thing in permitting the marriage of his daughter to a man who is practically a member of the British peerage. The fact will be used against him in case the presidential lightning strikes his way. In fact, his vast wealth, his former Standard oil activities, and this marriage of his daughter are anomalies in the record of a presidential possibility.

Giraffes and Ostriches.

Baron Rothschild set the fashion of using giraffes to draw carriages in London. These stately animals are very efficacious for the purpose, and they excel even horses in being docile and easily driven. The giraffe will shortly be introduced into New York in the same capacity. The fad would have been taken up long ago, but individuals were afraid to undertake it singly, fearing the effects of the innovation upon the sensitive public. When a score of society men go



THE FAD.

in for the fad at once, each serves to keep the other in countenance. The giraffe will create a sensation at first, but, of course, it will wear away. Another fad is the introduction of ostriches into the city. They are American birds, raised in California, and can be put to a variety of uses. Ostrich races are expected to be quite a feature of metropolitan life.

All these novelties are due to the possession of a superabundance of ready money by countless New Yorkers. It takes as much ingenuity nowadays to spend an income as to earn one. The ostrich and giraffe fads are merely symptoms of decadence in an age of luxury.

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

A Foreglimpse of the Horse Show and the Football Games.

Velvet, Fur and Brocade—Bediamonded Dames, Gay Capes and Wraps, Theater Gowns and Other Fancies of the Waning Year.

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There is a chill suggestion in the air that is almost of Thanksgiving.

The Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding is already history, a nine-days' wonder, one-third of whose life is already spent; and in the windows one sees the football colors, and that, again, reminds one of the festival of "thanks as she is thanked" in the strangely un-England nation we have come to be. It is our carnival time.

This amusing, or interesting, or sad, if you will, to see how instantly, after the great wedding, the shopkeepers begin to tempt the feminine partisans of Princeton with bizarre and wasplike arrangements in yellow and black, and those of Yale with gowns of good honest blue with appropriate trimmings. Let us suppose that each one of 3,000 young students has five female relatives, actual or prospective, of that age—between 14 and 90—when dress is a matter of prime importance, and you have at once the market for a good many yellow and black gowns, and blue gowns, and of crimson gowns not a few, even thus far from Cambridge.

A public even larger is preparing for the Horse show, that strange function which ranges a thousand or more society beauties in long rows, boxed, as it were, in open stalls, and turns in 10,000 more people to stroll round and round in outdoor dress and look at them. The requirements of dress at the Horse show are much the same as in a theater. For one of the thousand exhibitors a low-necked dress is admissible, but hardly correct, the majority wearing gowns of high cut but extreme richness. So rich are they, indeed, that the most characteristic examples are seldom of a use after the

show, and never before it. Last year I saw Helen Gould and Mrs. George Gould and Mayor Strong, and ever so many others whose names are known in two continents, within a promenade of 20 paces. And this year there will be like galaxies.

If I were a stranger visiting New York, I'd come in Horse show week. The city is at its best now. All the good theatrical attractions are in town, the swells have returned from green fields to the new world's Piccadilly and—

But I wouldn't take a box and become a part of the show, unless I had twelve nice new dresses—one for each afternoon and evening of the week. And I haven't them.

I suppose we shall see at the show some of those wonderful wraps which combine jet and embroidery and fur in such amazing fashions. If a woman is so ablaze with diamonds that four of her stalwart male relatives have to walk each side of her and before and behind—and such a sight I saw smiled at in '94—she will wear her wrap very much, but she will have it.

Perhaps it will be a clinging affair of velvet, with sleeves immensely full, not to compress the bediamonded garb below, with cuffs and a high collar of black Thibet or fox, and a band of fur down the front. And there may be tabs and frogs and cabochons of jet applique, or jet and silver, down the front and up the back in most unmillitary profusion.

Or, far more likely, it will be a flimsy shoulder cape of velvet, dark green with black fur and a touch of white somewhere about it, and with lines of sequins and a ruche of feathers; or a cape of pink velvet combined with sable skins, their tails bobbing all about the edges, with bands of embroidery in white silk, cords and jet sequins, and more sable tails about the neck; or one of tobacco brown with brown fur—but no; that would hardly be theatrical enough.

Yet the brown cape—fix the details as you will so that it gleam with big buttons and sparkle with jet and glitter with shining gewgaws—would look well over a rough brown serge walking suit with a corselet and trimmings of scarlet cloth, embroidered with brown and gold cord. Or let the scarlet be crimson for our Harvard friends.

After all, I would like to be the girl from out of town with three gowns

LABOR AND WAGES.

Earnings Have Been Increased and the Day's Work Made Shorter.

Since 50 years ago there has been here, as well as in England, a great reduction in the hours of labor. But this was not accomplished for the pleasure of the wage-earner; it was accomplished because experience proved that after a certain state of fatigue had been reached labor was unprofitable. The hours may be still further reduced. A large volume of evidence had been collected in the last few years to show that production is even more economical with an eight-hour than with a nine-hour or a ten-hour day.

Experiments in this direction are in progress. If what is claimed for the eight-hour day be proved—and it has been partially proved—the eight-hour day will come into general use. But otherwise no amount of ethics or philanthropy or Christianity will bring it in. Men are always, everywhere, trying to get all they can. If they can get more by working ten hours than by working eight, ten hours will they work.

Wages have been largely increased in the past 50 years, but this is due purely to economic causes. The "principle of Christianity which attaches an absolute value, greater than that of all earthly things, to a human being as such," has not induced any employer to increase wages. It can be shown that this principle has led to the improved condition of the laboring classes, but it has done so in accordance with economic laws, and not by suspending them, or violating them, or substituting benevolent or selfish instincts.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Truth of It.

"What is a society lion?"

His son asked of Mr. O'Flynn.

"Society lion," he answered.

"Is say 'er 'out whin 'er in."

—N. Y. Recorder.

THE ATTACHES' ADVENTURE.

A Chicago Treasure Trove.

A Chicago policeman picked up, a pocketbook the other day, and before he opened it thought he had found a treasure, but this is what it contained: Three samples of woolen goods, one-half yard black ribbon, box of corn salve, seven hairpins, miniature tincture of a girl, one chamolis skin (powder rag), two chances on silver set, public library card, several newspaper clippings, two large smoked pearl buttons, one gold lead pencil, recipe for making chili sauce, one bangle bracelet, two gold sleeve buttons, small bottle of perfume, pearl-handled pen-knife, one receipted gas bill, seven West Side street car tickets, calling cards, package of court plaster, three one-cent postage stamps, two sticks of gum, doctor's prescription.

At a Certain Cambridge Viva voce Examination a particular candidate had so far failed to answer any question whatever. After wasting a good deal of patience on him the examiner in desperation finally tore from a sheet of paper a portion two inches square, placed it in front of the luckless youth and cuttingly observed:

"Oblige me, sir, by placing upon this paper the whole of what you know on any subject of any kind whatever."

London Judo.

To the Highest Bidder.

John Bull is a sporty chap.

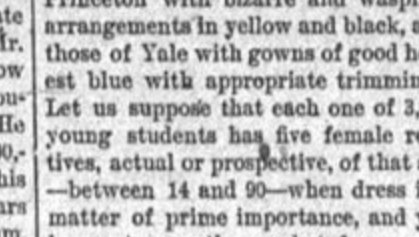
Despite his yachting fukes:

For 'er among our hetresses

He still "puts up his dukes."

—Pack.

AN OPERA WRAP.



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AN OPERA WRAP.

its buckles, and surmounting a green heather mixture of cloth cut in Prince-cut, with a very narrow border of pink fur about the high collar and down the plain front. Surely if one like picturesque oddity—

There is a considerable line of big collars and white flapping lapels for the winter, and some of them suggest the sailor shape altogether too much for cold weather. One associates the sailor collar with a throat open to the breeze and the dash of cool spray. But some of the less nautical ideas are very charming.

ELLEN OSBORN.

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The Iron Port

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

REPUBLICAN ISSUES.

The November Century has a discussion of "The issues of 1896," the republican side being presented by Police Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, and the democratic by the Hon. William E. Russell, ex-governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Roosevelt says:

"On the tariff the democrats enter the next campaign handicapped by the fact that they repudiate their own handiwork. All of their leaders who are entitled to receive respectful attention denounce the Wilson-Gorman bill, and promise to support it by another. They cannot take any other position. They are traitors to their own principles unless they pronounce as treachery to these principles the work of their own hands. All they can promise is further agitation, further change and unrest, with all the attendant misfortunes of such change and unrest to the business community and to the world of workmen. The republicans, on the other hand, stand for a policy of commercial rest. They wish to continue the protective policy. They have no desire to carry the principle to unreasonable extremes. All they intend to do, if they have the power, is to remodel the present law wherever it is absolutely necessary to do so in the interest of impartial justice, so that all sections and all industries shall be treated alike.

At present, however, the financial question bids fair to overtop the tariff in interest. If business had continued in its depressed condition, and if there had been a failure of crops in the west, the financial question would have been all important, and the fight would undoubtedly have resolved itself into a straight-out contest for and against free silver, the democrats championing and the republicans opposing the unlimited coinage of the depreciated metal. The partial return of prosperity, however, has checked the free silver craze. The republicans have always been overwhelmingly against any form of "cheap" currency, whether under the guise of that paper or short-weight silver. All of the presidential candidates on the republican side are and have been against it—Reed, Morton, McKinley, Harrison, Allison. The free silver republicans are important only because they are concentrated in a number of the Rocky mountain states. These states are sparsely populated. They count for little in a party convention or in a national election, but they count for a great deal in the senate; and it is this disproportionate representation in the senate that has given the free silver people any weight at all in the republican party.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the republican party will also make up an aggressive fight on the question of America's foreign policy. A policy of buncombe and spread-eagleism in foreign affairs would be sincerely to be deprecated; but a policy of tame submission to insult is even worse. In its foreign policy the present democratic administration has offered a most unpleasant contrast to the preceding republican administration. The very democrats who have stood stoutest in warring against the great majority of their own party for sound finance have also been unpleasantly conspicuous in forcing their party to adopt a thoroughly improper and un-American tone in foreign affairs. Unfortunately, very many decent men in the country, and especially in the northeast, are too timid, or too unpatriotic, to wish the United States to play the part it should among the nations of the earth. America must never play the part of a bully; but even less must she play the part of a coward; and it is this last most unpleasant part which, during the last two years of democratic administration, she has once or twice come near playing.

We should build a first class fighting navy—a navy, not of mere swift commerce destroyers, but of powerful battleships. We should annex Hawaii immediately. It was a crime against the United States. It was a crime against white civilization not to annex it two years and a half ago. The delay did damage that is perhaps irreparable; for it meant that at the critical period of the island's

growth the influx of population consisted not of white Americans, but of low-caste laborers drawn from the yellow races. We should build the isthmian canal, and it should be built either by the United States government or under its protection. We should inform Great Britain, with equal firmness and courtesy, that the Monroe doctrine is very much alive, and that the United States cannot tolerate the aggrandizement of a European power on American soil, especially when such aggrandizement takes the form of an attempt to seize the mouths of the Orinoco.

This does not mean a policy of bluster. No American president or secretary of state, no American legislative body should ever make a threat which is not, if necessary, to be backed by force of arms. Honorable peace is always desirable, but under no circumstances should we permit ourselves to be defrauded of our just rights by any fear of war. No amount of material property can atone for lack of national self-respect; and in no way can national self-respect be easier lost than through a peace obtained or preserved unworthily, whether through cowardice or through sluggish indifference.

TO AID NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

We surmise that the chief reason why northern Michigan has been so slow in developing agriculturally is the lack of information possessed by people who have never visited that portion of the state. A great many have seen the undesirable lands of northern Michigan, but comparatively few have seen the valuable agricultural lands there. We therefore believe that any measure or device which will aid in giving the people of this state and country, or of other countries, absolutely truthful information about this portion of Michigan will tend to aid in its agricultural development, and will therefore be of great benefit to the entire state and to all the citizens thereof. We have in mind a plan which, it would seem, ought to be of service in bringing about the result mentioned. The plan is as follows:

Have a law passed by the next legislature, allowing any county to apply for and secure an agricultural survey of its territory. The survey should be made by some sort of a commission, consisting of a practical farmer, a scientific agriculturist, and a surveyor. This party should inspect carefully every section of every township in the county not now under cultivation, with a view to establishing its value for farming purposes. The character of the soil, the temperature, the geology, the plant growth, the number and directions of streams, the climate, the rainfall, the frosts, the products, the markets, the roads and railroads, and any other information that would help them in deciding upon the value of the country should be worked out by this surveying party. All this material should be published in a form which would be readable by the average home-seeker. The surveyors should be, of course, of such character that there would be no question about the accuracy and value of their report. The law should be optional, and the county should bear a goodly share of the expense.

We believe that this plan of an agricultural survey would be of great value in developing the northern counties of our state, which, as we have before asserted in these columns, contain many thousands of acres of land which will one day be some of the most valuable land in Michigan. We should like the opinion of residents of these counties as to the value of such a plan.—The Grange Visitor.

Franklin Sargent and Sir Henry Irving are both agreed that something should be done to preserve the purity of English pronunciation and the language in general. This might seem at first glance to be unnecessary, but the presence in the reports of the yacht races of the word "pigeogram" to indicate messages brought by homing birds, makes it look as though some sort of censorship were desirable.

A garter show was one of the attractions advertised in a New York town as a means of raising funds for a church. Some visitors, who found that the hose supporters were shown in a glass case, talk of suing the society for false pretenses.

When legal papers are served by mail the postage must be prepaid in

full to make the service valid. The New York Herald tells how an office boy of a prominent Broadway firm a few days ago put a two cent stamp on a letter containing the summons and complaint in a case and mailed it to the defendant's counsel. The postage was two cents short, and the defendant's counsel, after paying the additional two cents, was in a position to claim judgment by default, on the ground that he had not been legally served. The plaintiff's attorney immediately got an order to show cause why the default should not be opened. There was a long argument in court and several lengthy affidavits were submitted. The case was finally reopened upon payment by the plaintiff of \$30 costs. Thus, the time of the court for nearly two hours, \$30 costs and fees of two leading lawyers were made necessary to correct a mistake of two cents by an office boy.

THE MARYLAND REPUBLICANS.

The admirable temper in which the republicans are preparing to enter upon the political control of Maryland is indicated by the following declaration of George L. Wellington, who is looked upon as the leader of the republican forces of the state: The first mission of the republican party in Maryland must be to enact a law to guarantee that every voter of this state shall have a vote which shall be honestly counted and properly returned. We must keep our promises, and if we do the democrats who were with us this year will stay with us for years to come.

No Gorman about that? The enormous power of political patronage centered in the hands of the governor of Maryland by the democrats, for the purpose of prolonging their own reign, will, now that there is a republican governor, make it difficult for the democrats to dislodge the republicans. Unless they commit political folly, the people will not want to dislodge them. The fact that they will have opposed to them in the person of Arthur Poe Gorman, one of the astutest political organizers in the United States should make them particularly wary, and tend to prevent them from falling into factions, as successful parties too often do. Gorman's term in the United States senate will expire in 1899.

County boards of supervisors in Wisconsin are wrestling with a new law enacted by the last legislature in that state which makes each county liable for the expenses of all inebriates who take the Keely cure, says an exchange. In Brown county fourteen men were rescued from the "vortex of ruin" at the cost of \$1,820. The law provides that when a man is a habitual drunkard and is unable to procure a course of treatment for himself he may make application to the county judge for treatment, it being necessary to have his application signed by a representative citizen, and if the judge finds that he should be sent to a place of this kind he orders the papers for his admittance. The law provided that in each case the county shall be charged not to exceed \$130, but in the case of every person sent to these institutions from Brown county the charge has been the full amount. The county board referred the matter to the district attorney and if there is a loop hole left for escape will repudiate the bill.

A tedious physician has been writing a labored monograph to show why men grow bald. Any sprightly soubrette could solve the problem in an instant without the aid of science. It is a well established fact that men grow bald so that they can sit in the front row, where they can listen to the ravishing strains of the bull fiddle and smile expressively at the airy sylphs that gambol about the stage at an average salary of \$15 for each week's gambling.

When the rush for gold becomes such that it shuts off from view every other object in life, and only lets one see in the direction of undeveloping toil, where the mind's capabilities become a sort of intellectual junk heap, then people become traitors to their better selves, slaves to dollars, and highwaymen on the path of true progress.

Many European nations, recognizing the inevitable importance of electricity in the wars of the future, have established electrical departments where instruction is given to the subofficers of both the army and

the navy. Russia has, at length, fallen into line and its army authorities have decided to open a scientific branch of the service under the direction of a lieutenant-general, two major-generals and five officers of lower grades, who will devote themselves to working out the applicability of electrical discoveries to war purposes. An electrotechnical school has also been instituted under the supervision of a major-general for the purpose of giving a nineteen months' course of instruction to thirty-five lieutenants and sub-lieutenants of engineers. Another notable feature of the school is that it will give a special electrical training in the handling of war appliances to a company recruited from mechanics and from selected non-commissioned officers of engineers who will afterwards return to their regiments and there be available as instructors. This recognition of the necessity of having fighting men available who handle the material they have to fight with brings to mind the admirable suggestion made a few years ago by Lieut. Bradley Fiske, the inventor of the range-finder, that a corps of electricians should be formed which should be instructed in the electrical handling and fighting of warships, so as to supplement, in time of war, the limited number of men who are able to do so. Hitherto naval fighting has been done by sailors; in the future it will be done by electrical engineers.

State Game Warden Osborn, in his report for the month of October, says "the entire portion of the state where deer are hunted will be vigilantly patrolled this month." By whom? Deer is being killed in Delta county by persons without license, and the deputy warden is powerless to act.

TOWN TOPICS.

The oyster supper given by the Swedish ladies in their church was largely attended. Music was furnished by some of the Swedish ladies, and a trio was also rendered by Mrs. A. J. Valentine, Mrs. Peter Van Valkenburg and Hervy Van Valkenburg. Mrs. Edward Williams assisted as organist. Rev. Williams, pastor of the M. E. church, gave a short talk on "Not Go Too Fast, and Not Be Too Slow."

About six weeks ago Geo. McGuire, of Ford River, lost an overcoat while attending a dance in this city. Last night the young men of Ford River gave a bal masque, which was attended by a number from Escanaba. George visited the cloak room and to his surprise found his coat, which he took without asking any questions.

Prof. Anderson, the hypnotist, advertised an entertainment for Thursday night, but no audience was present. Gov. Rich has issued a proclamation designating the 28th inst. as a day for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Long mourn the loss of an infant child, which died on Monday last.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCourt, Wednesday, a daughter. Another white-ribboner.

Anderson has commenced on the heating apparatus at the new Barr school building. Twins were born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Birk on Tuesday. One died the day of its birth.

Prof. Anderson gave a hypnotic entertainment at Ford River Saturday evening.

The Gladstone Presbyterians are building a parsonage—or manse, if you please.

Escanaba is assuming metropolitan airs—it now has an employment bureau.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, will lecture at Ishpeming December 18th.

A. Lathrop is improving his mill at Lathrop, and may build a shingle mill.

The I. Stephenson Company's mills cut over 16,000,000 feet the past season.

James Greene has the thanks of The Iron Port for a nice piece of venison.

Full line of pickles, catsups and canned goods just received at Rolph's.

Peter Britz, of Lathrop, killed a 275-pound buck on Friday last.

Born, on Thursday, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Henry, a daughter.

Pure buckwheat flour, honey and maple syrup at Rolph's.

The Rapid River band will give a masquerade on New Year's.

Stephen Odette, of Escanaba, has a badly sprained wrist.

A Finn hung himself with a skein of yarn, at St. Ignace.

John Barron has over 60,000 feet of logs already banked.

Mose Kurz sold a number of horses at Nadeau this week.

Ed. Erickson has an attractive show-window this week.

Potosky men may erect a summer hotel at the Soo.

J. N. Mead will occupy his new quarters next week.

The Mastodon mine has ceased to be a producer.

Pure sand refined sweet cider at Rolph's.

Fancy New York winter apples at Rolph's.

The freight house has been painted.

Negaunee has a dramatic club.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

WE GIVE YOU THE ADVANTAGE NOW!

Here is How We Do It:

1 Case Unbleached Cotton,	34c
1 Bale " Cotton Flannel,	44c
1 " Bleached " "	34c
1 " Domet Flannel,	34c
1 " Daisy Striped Domet,	5c

STILL BETTER:

1 Case full finished Camel's Hair, Ladies' Underwear, actually worth 65c, for	35c
1 Case Men's Heavy Ribbed Wool Underwear,	45c
1 Case Men's Heavy Wool Jersey Shirts, Assorted Styles, 75c	

We Have Cut the Price

On every article in our store, and a call will fully convince you that we do just what we say.

Call and See Our Line of

MILLINERY, JACKETS AND CAPES.

We can Suit you all in Quality, Style, Quantity and Price.

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 Burns':

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.

Drugs and Medicines.

ELWORTH'S PHARM

602 LUDINGTON STREET.

THE IRONPORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXVI.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

NUMBER 46

Fall and Winter Overcoats.



QUEER FASHIONS

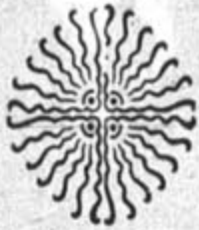
MAY PREVAIL,

But Whatever the Prevailing Fashions are, you may depend upon finding us Up-to-Date.

CLOAKS!

Beauty, Style and Low Price Combined.

We now offer even Greater Variety of Handsome and Fashionable Outer Garments than at any other previous time this season. Never before were such values offered as are represented at this time. **A LARGE LINE OF CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.**



OUR WINTER DRESS GOODS

Continue to Attract the Attention of the Populace. Everything that is New and Fashionable appears on our shelves. If you would have the latest see us.



ED. ERICKSON.

Groceries.

GROCERIES!

It is a well established fact that Groceries are necessary essentials to every household. We keep everything that is implied under the heading of Groceries, and the stock is

PURE IN QUALITY, CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Canned goods and Table Luxuries are made a specialty.

Your trade is solicited with the assurance of entire satisfaction given in return.

A. H. ROLPH.

509 Ludington Street. Escanaba, Mich.

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.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

HENRY & LINN,

WAGONMAKING



BLACKSMITHING

DEALERS IN

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

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

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba.

Groceries.

James S. Doherty.

Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of

CHOICE . AND . FANCY

GROCERIES

Crockery . and . Canned . Goods.

Butter Eggs and Cheese

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.

426 Fannie Street.

Ebb and Flow.

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only, "Dreamer, dream no more."

But still the legions charged the beach,
And sang their battle cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain;
It murmured, "Dreamer, dream again."

Homeward turned from out the gloom,
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly;
But like the waves along the shore,
It said, "Dream on," and "Dream no more."

—George William Curtis.

A College at Your Fingert.

You wear an education. You are a clerk in a dry goods store at twelve dollars a week. You are a telegraph operator in a village of five hundred inhabitants. You are an engineer on a logging road. You are a machinist working at day wages with your vacation locked up in your closet that is going to make you fortunate some day. You are a carpenter who feel that you might be an architect if you only had the chance.

You want an education. You teach in a district school. You are a "band" in a coals factory. You are the "vocal" which we know as "central" when we use our telephones. You are a "typewriter girl" in a small law office. You keep the books in your father's grocery store to save expense when the times are hard.

You know that if you could only get an education, you could better your condition. You could rise in the world. You could be somebody. Now you are handicapped.

Go to college? Impossible. You cannot get the money. You cannot give up your present employment.

Why not study at home? You do not know how to study. You do not know what books to use. You have tried it and have found that you could not get up and keep up your interest.

Suppose a case. Suppose that some one who is a good teacher, who knows all about the subject you want to study, who has written books on it and delivered lectures on it and laid out courses in it—suppose this man should say to you: "Every week I will send you a lesson in this subject containing just as much as in that time you ought to learn. I will send questions on it also so that you will know what to study. If you will answer these questions in writing I will tell you whether your answers are correct or not. Further, I will tell you how to study, and will answer carefully and patiently any questions that you want to ask. And all I shall charge you for this service as your teacher, will be but a cent a day." Suppose a faculty of six teachers should make you this offer, so that you could pursue six branches of study under their personal supervision for only three cents a day. Would you not jump at such a chance?

This is just what the Co-operative Educational Association of Ann Arbor, Michigan, proposes to do for all its members. It offers to every man and woman in the land whose education has been neglected, an opportunity to obtain for a nominal sum, the help, the advice, the personal supervision of competent and experienced teachers. It offers a liberal education at a cost of but three cents a day.

Winter Tourist Rates Via the N-W Line. The North-Western line is now offering excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates to the health and pleasure resorts of California, Florida, Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

Wanted, Men.

Fifty men to work in kila woods for the Iron Cliffs company, at Ford River switch. 4,000 cords to be chopped at 70 cents per cord. Apply to Cyr Bros. and Chas. Bode, Hyde Postoffice, Mich.

Good Hunting Here.

A writer in "Outing" thus speaks of the discoveries made by a hunting party which toured this region via the Soo line:

"The eadie portion of the upper peninsula is a vast domain that ever to be forgotten. Its early entrance is populated with all the diversified species of wild game common to the American forest. Along its streams the beaver constructs its ingenious dams and houses, the muskrat fashions its burrows and the otter cleaves its sleek way in ceaseless quest of its favorite food fish. Within the solitude of these tangled wilds the sturdy black bear grows sleek and secure from his long period of vegetable diet, liberates his allotted time and goes upon his search for betterment to the sub-ban habitations; the wild deer, agile of limb, graceful of outline and tender of eye, finds his brief moment of guarded repose rarely shattered by the sharp report of the hunter's rifle. The ivory tory does not end here; indeed, it scarcely began. In almost every part we found the wild grouse, or partridge, abundant, and heard the startling whirr and wail suddenly rise from intricate underbrush. And ducks! If North America's natural history, in the apt division of its ornithology, produces one solitary representative of the family Anatidae that cannot, according to one guide's testimony, be found in these latitudes, I would be infinitely obliged to him who could mention it."

Thanksgiving Day Proclaimed.

And before then you want to make a trip either for business or pleasure. Slack season just now and everyone can get away. Now the Soo Line will make rate \$6.75 for the round trip to the Twin Cities for Saturday, November 16th. You can stay over Sunday if you wish. This is a big advantage with such low rates, so why not decide at once to take it in. Inquire of Levi Perrin, Soo Line agent, for particulars and list of attractions.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for the week ending Nov. 9th, 1895: Angus Bethune, J. E. Brown, Geo. Cadotte, Arphine Champagne, Tillie Connard, Geo. Derquin, George Gangnon, John Gilles, Wm. Hazzard, Henry Hanson, Bernhard Jorgenson, Roy M. Leonard, Oulrid Lebrain, Joseph Meunier, Annie Meyers, Marcella Michant, Ole Olson, Louis Poes, H. G. Smith, Dr. Jas. Terdon.

Free to Subscribers.

The Iron Port offers to new subscribers or old subscribers paying all arrears, and one year in advance, The New York Weekly Tribune for one year free. The Tribune is the foremost republican paper of the country to-day, and is a news paper in every sense of the word. Read our advertisement in this issue.

Wanted.

Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Michigan for established, reliable house. Salary \$780 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago Ill.

Scandinavian Excursion.

Via Soo Line and Allan Steamship Co., Oct. 19, 26, Nov. 2, 9 and 16th. Rates lower than any time before this season. Secure your tickets now of Levi Perrin, Soo Line agent.

The Big Iron Port of the World. Facts and figures which people ought to know appeared in the Scientific American upon a carefully written report of Mr. Norsey, who is a good authority. Es-

canaba in 1890 was the 4th largest shipping port in the world. First came London, with nineteen millions of tons; second, Liverpool with ten millions of tons; third, New York with eleven millions of tons; fourth, Escanaba with eighth millions of tons, which was far surpassed in 1892 when Escanaba shipped in iron ore alone four million eight thousand nine hundred tons, making about half of all the iron ore shipped from all the ports combined, including Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The coal and lumber and the facilities for handling the same far exceed the shipments of 1890. The lumber shipments of 1890 were one hundred and twenty millions, which, like the coal shipments, were then in their infancy. Should no unforeseen setback take place, Escanaba's future looms up so bright that she will in the near future exceed New York as a shipping port. A look at the geographical location of Escanaba is convincing proof of its advantages as a distributing point for the great northwest, which cannot be excellently equalled, and the resources back of and around Escanaba place it in the lead as a manufacturing town, and the only reason I can assign for the lack of manufacturing industries is because of its population being of a quiet, peaceable, contented disposition and always seem contented with what and whomsoever might of their own free will come this way. It seems to me where there is a retail business of over \$3,000,000 and a wholesale business of over \$25,000,000 done annually and so successfully, some of us ought to arise from our lethargy and adopt the modern idea of advertising and proclaiming to the world our advantages as a manufacturing center and encourage capitalists to settle among us and where and when we can give moral and financial encouragement. Our city authorities are now making a report on the right direction and it is our duty as good citizens to help on the good work.

A CITIZEN.

The Effects of Free Lumber.

C. E. Shields, of Marquette, Wis., of Hamilton & Merzmann Lumber Co., was in Ishpeming Tuesday on business. Mr. Shields said to a correspondent of the Marquette Mining Journal that Canadian free lumber is playing the mischief with the lumber interest in this region. "The cheap Southern lumber," says he, "is not regarded by Northern lumbermen with half the concern that Canadian free lumber is. The removal of the duty on Canadian lumber has made it comparatively easy for the manufacturers of lumber across the boundary to make such prices in the East that we are no longer in it. This condition applies more particularly to coarse grades of lumber, but many millions of feet that otherwise would not have found a market in this country have, within the year, entered the western states. The Standard Oil company, for instance, requires 60,000,000 feet of lumber yearly for the manufacture of boxes for shipping oil in cases. This lumber is consumed at Rochester, N. Y. To my knowledge, the Standard Oil company is buying from Canadian lumbermen to better advantage than in this country, and as a consequence, Lake Superior and Lake Michigan lumbermen, who have heretofore supplied the big oil corporation with box lumber, no longer have it for a steady customer. When they approach the company on the subject of lumber they receive polite replies stating that 'we can buy to better advantage in Canada.' This instance very forcibly illustrates the situation as regards the competition between American and Canadian lumbermen. The latter have the advantage when no tariff is imposed for the reason that stumpage and labor in that country are cheaper than here.

"Yes, we anticipate a good season next year. The demand this year has been pretty good, but the vessel rates, which began to soar last September, have become prohibitive as to the shipment of lumber via the lakes. I understand that at the head of the lake and vicinity the lumber cut this season amounted to 492,000,000 feet, while the shipments, on account of high vessel rates to eastern points, have not been to exceed 200,000,000 feet. Nearly 300,000,000 feet will be carried over, which fact carries the assurance that the mills next season will probably not have to run over time. The outlook for the lumber trade next season, however, is far from being unsatisfactory."

Not Built That Way.

A man may be foolish,
And fendish and ghoulish,
Like the villain, deep-dyed, in the play—
But there'll never be rumors
Of his wearing "bloomers,"
Because he ain't built that way.

Want a.

Traveling salesmen to handle complete line of lubricating oils and greases. Good position for proper party. GARLAND REFINING CO., Cleveland, O.

Want a girl to do general house work by Mrs. S. H. Tabot, No. 513 Elmore street.

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.

Laundry.

A Great Hit

IS OUR **New Process**

OF **Laundering Woolens.**

We make a Specialty of doing up Undraper by This Process and Guarantee it to be Satisfactory.

ANOTHER HIT

Is our Mending Department in which we do all kinds of mending free of charge.

The Escanaba Steam Laundry.

516 LUDINGTON ST.

TELEPHONE 29.

\$100 FINE

Is the proper route to Boston, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Buffalo, Portland, Halifax, St. John's. Round trip tickets on sale to above and many other eastern points.

If you are going to Liverpool, Queenstown, London, Hamburg, Glasgow, Christiania, Copenhagen, Jacobstad, Havre, Paris, Naples, Genoa, or any other European point, we can sell as low as any one.

Baggage called for checked at residence and hotels, company's passenger buses to and from all trains.

Time and equipment unsurpassed, trains vestibuled.

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

Legal.

First Publication Nov. 9, 1896.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
COUNTY OF DELTA.

PROBATE COURT FOR SAID COUNTY. At a session for the Probate Court for the County of Delta, holden at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday, the 4th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph E. Mariel, deceased, US reading and filing the final report and account of John F. Carvey, administrator of said estate.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the second day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, there to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the reading of said report and account, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy hereof to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper published and circulating in said county, the day of the date of this order.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 16th day of November, 1896.

Removal!

M. ANDERSON

has removed to 1318 Ludington street, and invites his old patrons and many new ones to call upon him at the

Cash Meat Market

where all kinds of first-class meats are constantly kept on hand at the lowest prices for spot cash. He will save you money by trading with him.

MEAT DELIVERED FREE.

M. ANDERSON.

Groceries.

James S. Doherty.

Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of

CHOICE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Crockery and Canned Goods.

Butter Eggs and Cheese

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.

426 Fannie Street.

Periodicals.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

President of the United States

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the disappointment of the men whose votes turned the scale at the last election, with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation larger than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in the details, tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and young people of the household.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and The Iron Port

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$2.00,

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription price of The Iron Port alone is \$4.00; that of The Tribune \$1.00.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Address all orders to

THE IRON PORT, Escanaba, Mich.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

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.

THE COST OF AN EDUCATION.

We offer you the opportunity of securing, at your own home, the equivalent of a college education. Our courses cover all desirable topics. History, Literature, Science, Journalism, Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Etc. **Three Cents Per Day** covers all the expense, including the necessary text books. One-half hour each day will secure great results. Write for particulars. Address.

THE CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATIONAL ASS'N.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Educated men who desire profitable employment are invited to correspond with us.

Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries

are served in the most complete and up-to-date manner, and my prices will do it.

Write for particulars.

E. M. St. JACQUES.

Drugs and Medicines.

FOR PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

CALL ON MEAD, PIONEER DRUGGIST.

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 triumph 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

this season.

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

Professional Cards.

F. A. BANKS, D. D. S.
DENTAL OFFICE,
501 Wells Avenue, Escanaba, Mich.
Office hours 9 to 4. Established 1877.

DR. C. H. LONG,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Young's bakery, 603 Ludington St.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

DR. D. H. ROWELLS,
DENTIST.
Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Office in Masonic block.
Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.

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

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office 110 South Georgia Street.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

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

MUNRO & NAYLOR,
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Branch Office, Gladstone.
DALEY BLOCK,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

DR. J. C. BROOKS,
Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.
RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.

FRED. E. HARRIS,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
Work of all kinds promptly executed. Plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds. Office at residence on Ogden avenue.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOHN G. ZANE,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands. Township Diagrams, City Plans and General Map Work promptly executed. Office second story Hessel's building, 607 Ludington St.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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

ESCANABA DENTAL PARLORS
DRS. FRASER & THIBault, Dentists.
Office at corner of Ludington and Georgia.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

ED. ERICKSON.

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.

Masonic Block, Escanaba, Michigan.

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.

Contractors and Builders.

KEMP & WILLIAMS.

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

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

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

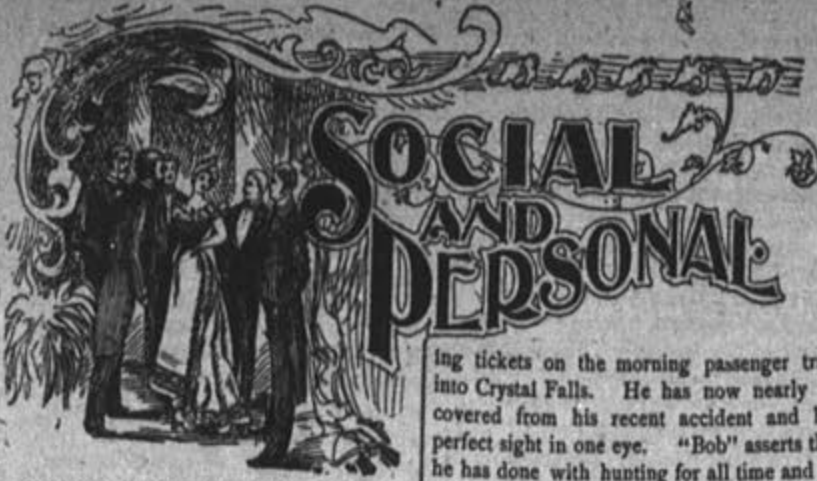
Flour, Feed, Etc.

PAT FOGARTY,

600 Ludington St.

FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN

All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Charley Chambers, of the Postal Telegraph, went down the road on Wednesday to make some repairs on the line, and left John J. Sourwine, of the branch office, to perform the duties ordinarily devolving upon the regular operator. John is one of the busiest men in Escanaba, as we all know, but on the day in question he melted down several collars. The Postal's business is generally good, but on Wednesday there was a "rush"—everybody was sending messages to everybody—and the pharmacist-lightning-jerker forwarded and received ciphers and regulars in a way that would do credit to a professional. During the afternoon headquarters wired him for a report of the previous day's transactions, and with his usual promptness he informed the high mogul that he had an attorney en route to Escanaba from Philadelphia and as soon as that worthy put in an appearance the report would be forthcoming according to request.

The marriage of Mr. Geo. D. McCarthy and Miss Alice Gunter was solemnized at St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning in the presence of a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. Rev. Fr. William performing the ceremony. The bride was attended by Misses Maggie McCarthy and Maggie Kessler, and the groom by Messrs. N. Gunter and Eugene Goden. A delicious wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, although the first course was one of hearty congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy departed for a visit at Fond du Lac, Wis., and Winona, Minn., the same evening. The Iron Port expresses its happiest forecast of years of plenty and success to the newly-wedded pair.

da. Mrs. Walker's many friends in Escanaba extend congratulations. Mrs. Tiede is visiting Green Bay friends this week. John McAvoy was in town the first of the week. Mrs. S. H. Talbot has been ill this week. F. J. Merriam was at Marquette this week.

Wrecked For His Own Benefit. According to the Marquette Mining Journal Capt. M. Daniel of the schooner Cris Grover has rendered himself liable to prosecution by the underwriters on the flour cargo of the steamer Centurion. November 1 Capt. Daniels left Marquette with the Cris Grover on an unauthorized cruise to Isle Royale for the purpose of picking up flour jettisoned from the Centurion. On the 3d he picked up forty 100-pound sacks and on the 5th 121 50-pound sacks and one sack of 280 pounds. On the 6th the tug Mariel, Capt. Antoine Paul, steamed alongside of the Grover. Capt. Paul represented himself to be an agent of the underwriters and demanded one-half of the flour on board of the schooner. Capt. Daniel refused to comply because he did not believe the statement of the tugman. He then sailed for Marquette and sold the flour, which brought more than the expenses of the cruise, which are put at \$150 for seven days' time. It is not likely that the underwriters will wink at Daniel's action in the matter, and he may look for a call from an authorized representative, with a request to disgorge or stand still.

WILLIAMS IS BISHOP

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION ELECTS HIM AS SUCH.

Proceedings of the Convention Held at Marquette This Week—The Extent of the New Diocese—Mr. Williams' Work.

The Episcopal diocesan convention for the new jurisdiction of the upper peninsula of Michigan began at Marquette on Thursday, and was attended by Rev. Mr. Greene, H. M. Noble and R. E. Morrell, delegates from this city. The general convention of the Episcopal church recently held at Minneapolis was asked to erect the missionary jurisdiction of Northern Michigan into a diocese, and upon the showing that requisite conditions had been met, the application was granted. In some respects the jurisdiction was in better condition than the diocese of Michigan at the time of its formation. A missionary jurisdiction must show not less than six organized parishes, with pastors that have been settled at least one year, and must prove its ability to support a bishop. This jurisdiction was able to make a showing of nearly a score of such parishes and an episcopal fund of nearly \$26,000 over and above the regular parish assessments.

tion in advance. Owing to the presidential campaign of 1896, there is every indication of a greater demand for the Weekly Tribune than at any previous time in its history, and the political news and discussions will be highly interesting to every American citizen, regardless of party affiliations. Subscribe now. Old subscribers are also entitled to this premium by paying arrears and one year in advance.

The Saloon Prosper. Communicated.

Another new saloon, "a perfect gem," palatial, sumptuous, and attractive; elegant furnishings, tessellated floors, choice liquors served. With its warmth, brilliant lights, and inviting music, it makes one more safe place for the young men and boys to spend their evenings! Clubs and associations fall, but the saloon prospers.

Suppose you, reader, should walk down our main street, and attracted by the display in our finest furniture store, should step in and ask the owner, "What do you send out from here?" He would answer, "House furnishings, everything to make a home comfortable and pleasant."

Go then to a grocer, and in answer to the same question, he would reply, "Oh, we send out fruits, vegetables and edibles of all kinds."

Then enter a meat market, and the dealer in meats would tell you that what he sent out to the people went for strength and health.

Go in turn to each shop-keeper and a like answer would be given you in every case. Now enter the handsome saloon and ask the smiling bar tender, "What do you send out from here?" "What samples of your work can you show me?" If the bartender would answer as truthfully as the others had done, he would be compelled to say, "Well, about midnight or after, we send out to their homes young men and old men, reeling and muttering. In exchange for their good money we give them a right good time, then send them out with tainted breath, dizzy heads and sickened hearts for their families to look after. It isn't in our line to make the homes of Escanaba more attractive and comfortable. We deal largely in dead resolutions and broken hearts. Good day; sorry you won't have a drink."

The other day on the steps of one of these "perfect gems" was seen a poor, bloated man in a drunken stupor. Customers coming and going had to step over his recumbent form. What a fine sample of the work done inside. These "perfect gems" do not send out what the name would imply.

Rapid River Ripples.

Peter Damour is just finishing what is altogether the handsomest residence in the place. It is located north of the schoolhouse and will necessitate a total outlay of \$2,000, which the genial citizen is amply provided with.

The social event of the week was the almost universal celebration of the nuptials of Miss Jennie Monosso and Mr. Wells Frazier, which occurred on Monday. The Iron Port extends congratulations and hopes to be one of the happy inmates of the forthcoming home.

Never before in the history of the place has so large a proportion of entire families moved "to the woods" for the winter. Among those gone thither in quest of wealth are the families of Eugene and Jessie Rushford, George, Peter and Elek Labumbard, Zephie Nephew, Edward Moses Rabideau, John Gamble, John and James Johnston, Walter and Jessie Thompson, Archie Bodeau and Frank LaLave.

There is some difficulty in securing a sufficient number of laborers for the woods, but there is such a squeeze in wages that any coming from a distance are likely to meet disappointment.

GENERAL CITY NEWS.

A new process of doing up woollens so they neither shrink or wear out easily and which is giving great satisfaction is a specialty of the Steam Laundry.

Get your Pictures and Picture Frames at Wixon's Studios, Escanaba and Gladstone. The only first-class galleries between Menominee and Ishpeming.

There is but one proper way to do up fine underwear and that is by the new process lately adopted by the Steam Laundry.

Party wanting fine family horse with buggy, robe, cutter and harness, cheap for cash, call at this office.

The only apples possessing any keeping qualities this year are the New York fancy stock at Ralph's.

For sale, cheap, three first-class coal stoves, base-burners, and self-feeders. Enquire at this office.

Attend the auction sale of jewelry and silverware at Stevenson's next week.

A Comic Opera.

The first rehearsal of the comic opera, "Paul Jones," to be presented by local talent, took place this week at the Opera Club rooms—formerly St. Andrew's club room—and starts off well. Those indisputable kings of the footlight-arena—Messrs. Sourwine and Toland—will take prominent parts.

Auction Sale.

H. M. Stevenson will conduct a great sacrifice removal sale, beginning at 9:00 a. m., Tuesday, Nov. 19, and continuing for five days. Every article in stock will be offered at auction to clear it out previous to his removal to 511 Ludington street. Ladies' sale at 2:00 p. m. each day.

Given Us Up.

Mayor Gallup interviewed John Strang, the Menasha paper manufacturer, this week, and that gentleman informed our mayor that he had settled upon another location, and could not entertain a proposition to come to the Escanaba river.

A Witness In Jail.

Ed. Anderson, who was in the company of Erickson when the latter was killed by Bob Beatty, at Gladstone, languishes in jail awaiting the trial, the prosecution wanting him for a witness. He could not furnish bonds.

GLIMPSES 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.

That the "Soo" line is holding the key to the east bound passenger business is again in evidence. It will not join the St. Paul-Chicago line in a division of east bound steamship business from St. Paul, except on its own terms which its competitors say they will not accept.

Franklin C. Kitts, of Fairbanks township, and Agnes Marion of Baldwin township, were adjudged insane by Judge Glasser, on Monday, who ordered them taken to the Newberry Asylum. Drs. Phillips and Cotton were the examining physicians. Supt. Tracy took the patients to the hospital on Tuesday.

At the recent session of the board of supervisors the committee on printing was instructed to ask for bids on publishing the proceedings of that body, and although several weeks have elapsed since the board adjourned the printing has not been given out.

Farmers, what do you think about holding an institute? The Iron Port would like your views on the subject. Drop us a line, giving your opinion concerning the holding of a farmers' institute.

No one residing outside of the state has yet applied for a license to shoot deer in this county. A license costs \$25, while the Ohio chaps can hunt along the Wisconsin border without paying a cent.

Mrs. Joel L. Martin, of Gladstone, recently appointed superintendent of the upper peninsula for the Rocky Beach Benevolent Association, is seeking homes for homeless children.

The new Odd Fellows' Temple at Gladstone will be dedicated on the 28th, and a grand time will be the outcome. A banquet is one of the prominent features of the program.

A. J. Foster is exploring for iron near Foster City, and the Norway Current expresses the opinion that the Felch range will again enter the list as a producer of ore.

A woman accidentally dropped into her husband's office and discovered him using one of her biscuits as a paper weight. The neighbors say the suspense is dreadful.

Horace Cannon, an industrious homesteader in the northern part of this county, sends the Iron Port a "pair of saddles" for which he has our thanks.

The date of the supper to be given by the Episcopal ladies has been changed to Tuesday, Dec. 3d, on account of the Swedish concert.

Capt. Leisk, of the ore carrier Helena, fell overboard while his boat was taking on a cargo in this port, and narrowly escaped death.

The oyster supper at the Swedish Methodist church Wednesday evening was a success, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather.

The Rapid River schools are in splendid condition. Mr. Kinsel, the superintendent, has done much towards their advancement.

A St. Jean Baptiste society has been organized at Garden, and articles of incorporation have been filed with the county clerk.

Prosecuting Attorney Ira C. Jennings says women have not the right to vote at school elections under the new charter.

The Two Rivers Manufacturing company has bought one hundred acres of land in 25-41-24, paying \$900 therefor.

A number of Odd Fellows from this city will attend the dedicatory exercises at Gladstone on Thanksgiving evening.

Rev. Mr. Shaaks, of Manistique, failed to materialize at the Methodist church Monday evening in his illustrated lecture.

Young & Merrill will put in about 150,000 feet of pine; 50,000 lbs; 50,000 posts, and some cedar logs this winter.

The Lora will deliver 14,000 barrels of salt at Gladstone before navigation closes. It will go west over the Soo line.

The demand for men to work in the woods in the eastern end of the upper peninsula is greater than the supply.

The board of supervisors of Marinette county appropriated \$5,000 for the improvement of county roads.

Employees of the state fish hatchery have been at Little Cedar procuring spawn from the whitefish.

The Marinette Eagle says the railway eating house is likely to be moved to Powers in the spring.

One shipment from Ashland for last week were 50,359 tons, and for the season 2,314,825.

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.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—It is a difficult matter to confine an Australian aboriginal. One of them who was arrested lately at Siberia, western Australia, on a charge of murder, was placed in a temporary lockup, made of galvanized iron. He succeeded in making his escape by burrowing under one of the walls.

—In Sweden there is a superstition that the swallow circled around the cross at the crucifixion, and by its cries cheered the dying hours of Christ. According to this story the bird was named svale, or swallow, a Scandinavian word signifying "cheer up," this being its cry when it was encouraging the dying man upon the cross.

—In most European countries the tapping of the beetle known as the death-watch, is regarded as an omen of approaching death. Naturalists say that the curious habit this insect has of tapping the wall is a means of signaling to its mate, and that two death-watches have been known to come together, each attracted by the other's tapping.

—There was a great rush to get married lately in Hungary, as the new civil marriage law went into effect on October 1. The clericals wished to marry before the law went into operation, while the liberals hastened their weddings in order to be among the first to make use of it, and many marriages took place between Jews and Christians and Protestants and Catholics, which had previously been illegal.

—Southern China has a single railway. It runs from Phu-Lang-Thou, in the province of Tonkin, about thirty miles north of Hanoi, to Langson. It is sixty-four miles in length, and being built on the Decauville system, with a very narrow gauge, is little better than a tramway, but it took four and a half years to construct it, and it cost three-quarters of a million sterling, or over \$11,000,000.

—Bahrain is an island in the Persian gulf which the British say is under their protection. The Turkish governor of the province does not admit the claim, and lately notified the British authorities that he intended to take possession of the island, whereupon Commander Pelly, of a British man-of-war, after giving an hour's warning to the crews, destroyed all the boats on the mainland. Turkey is in no condition to resist.

—An important linguistic expedition into Africa has been completed by Rev. Charles Robinson, who was sent out by the Haussa association to find material for a Haussa dictionary. He first went to Tripoli and Tunis, where there are Haussa colonies, and then by way of the Niger and the Benue reached Kano, the commercial center of Haussa land. In returning from Kano to Egga on the Niger he traversed 425 miles where no European had been. He brought back 3,000 new words for a dictionary, materials for a Haussa grammar and native manuscripts containing history and historical and religious songs. The Haussa is the most important language of northern Africa. The people who speak it extend from the Niger region across to Soudan, and cover a territory nearly a thousand miles square; they are very industrious, and are the only nation that Mr. Stanley met that esteemed books.

AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

Summer Days Along the Coast of the Highlands. A whole generation has passed since it was said, by a brilliant and graceful writer, that early in the month in which English tourists descend on the continent in a shower of gold, it was his custom to seek refuge in the Hebrides. The charm of his descriptions has perhaps done something to break the solitude he loved. At any rate, the coasts of the western Highlands are in these days so haunted by sight-seers, and so interwoven with a network of steam traffic that it is less easy now to find in them that medicine of silence and repose that was so dear to the author of "A Summer in Skye." But there are many places which are still unnoticed of the guide books; where no steamers call; where no echo from the world without disturbs the seclusion of the bird-haunted shore; where no great hotel, like a blot upon the landscape, mars the beauty of the everlasting hills. And of all the ways in which Britons love to take their holiday, perhaps there is none which carries a man further from the beaten track, or which offers him more chance of rest and change, than a cruise among the hundred islands of the Hebrides. There is not much restfulness on the deck of the crowded steamship that hurries a man ruthlessly along, perhaps through the very loveliest scenery. And in the Arcadian quiet of these wild and lonely lochs even the finest of steam yachts—though perhaps that is only the sailor's conventional contempt for steam—seems to savor of impertinence and intrusion.

lands, is some of the finest scenery in Britain. Even from the deck of a steamer one may see the hills of Skye, the rugged shore of Morven, and, far off, the magnificent summits that look down on Loch Duich or Loch Torridon. But the leisurely cruising of a sailing yacht brings you to the very feet of the mountains, gives you time to know them in all their changing moods, to feast your eyes on them when they are clear in the unbroken sunshine, or when flying lights and shadows play swiftly over them, or when they show cold and sullen through a gray veil of cloud, or when they are crowned with that wonderful, magical, indescribable beauty that, among the islands, comes only with clear shining after rain. What more pleasant than to look out at early dawn over the smooth waters of some quiet loch, with its rugged slopes, its green shore, its brown hats, and with its purple mountains, range beyond range, towering high above it all? Clouds are slowly drifting along the steep sides of the mountains, whose stony brows glitter in the pale light of sunrise. A white thread of torrent veins the hillsides here and there. A gleam of sunshine, breaking through the clouds, has caught the low strip of shore, with its crofts and cabins, and the yellow sands that, with their fishing boats hauled up and brown nets hung to dry, seem to glow like gold along the pale green of the sea. And the whole picture—the shore, the huts, the green patches of tillage, the magnificent forms of the great mountains—is copied faithfully in the clear water, whose silver mirror is broken only by the gleam of a leaping salmon, or by the snowy shapes of gulls floating motionless above their white reflections.—London News.

THE MAN WHO COOKS.

A More Contented Husband Than He Who Does Not.

Did you ever notice how conceited a man is about his knowledge of house-keeping in general and of cooking in particular? But of course you have, for that is the one spot that you can touch quickly. He may make no pretensions apparently of such knowledge, but it is there and will come out if at all encouraged. And I do not know that it is entirely a conceit of his make-up either. It would probably be a wise plan, especially for the young wife, to humor this soft spot. We are speaking now, of course, of this inclination to help in the cooking, for we can't see from our narrow view what particular advantage it would be for any man to bother about ordinary details of house-keeping.

But this acknowledged link to the happy home life—interest in the table and in the preparation of things for the table—is in reality within the prospectus of man's life about the house. It will become almost a hobby of his after a while to have something to say about the ingredients of the pudding or fixings for the salads; and you, busy little housewife, don't know how much pleasure you have robbed yourself of or how much keen enjoyment you have taken from your husband, if you have denied him of this association. A good man likes to be with his wife, and he'd rather be with her in the kitchen than anywhere else, even if he should get flour on his trousers or batter in his moustache.

Of how much service you can make him you don't know until you have tried this plan of encouraging this particular weakness. Why, he'll do most anything you ask him, and although a little awkward about it, what do you care for that? It is the delight with which he takes his part that will please you. What is a man anyway but a big overgrown boy, and if properly encouraged he'll be a good boy, too. And if this man should presume to give you instruction about some unheard-of pie or strange dish, just you do what you can to follow his receipt and you will be surprised with what success it will sometimes "turn out."

A Friendly Moose.

While making a wagon-trail through one of the forests in Ontario, a workman met a moose under trying circumstances. He was busily engaged with his ax, when he saw a shadow across his path, and looking up, beheld a moose browsing within ten feet of him. He was prudent enough to make no hostile demonstration, and was, in truth, rather alarmed for his own safety, as the huge animal is an ugly customer at close quarters. So he began to gradually retreat into the woods, hoping that he might not have been noticed. But to his surprise and dismay, the moose followed him, and when he halted began to walk around and sniff, as if anxious to make his acquaintance. It came so close at times that he had serious thoughts of hitting it with the ax, but he refrained, as he knew that a failure meant death. For fully ten minutes the big animal moved around the man, without any signs of fear or anger, and then with a snort, as if by way of farewell, galloped out of sight.—Golden Days.

Beer and Flowers in Germany.

The Germans are a proverbially thirsty nation. This fact has just been strikingly illustrated in the farming out of the various departments of a new theater to be erected at Berlin. The rent for the refreshment department is \$3,000 per annum, while that for the cloakrooms is \$2,000, for the playbills \$500 and for the florist \$1,000. It has been ascertained that in a theater with 1,400 seats a thousand glasses of beer are sold on the average during each performance, but that the sale of sandwiches and other light refreshments is of no consequence. It is beer first and foremost that "pays the piper," and after the beer the flowers. This also is characteristic.—Wheatstar Gazette.

SLAIN BY BONAPARTE.

A Story That He Killed a French Colonel With His Sword.

The National Zeitung relates a story about Napoleon I. which is vouched for by an old citizen of Erfurt, who in 1812 was present when the incident occurred, being then a member of the guard of honor escorting Napoleon while in the city. He states that Napoleon while in a fit of temper, stabbed and killed one of his staff officers on the parade ground. The old man says: "Great masses of troops on the march to Russia came in every day. The contributions and regulations became heavier every day, and the sufferings of the inhabitants of Erfurt had reached a point that seemed intolerable, and a further increase could hardly have been possible. All private houses were overridden by soldiers, and the ordinary necessities of life rose in price to an extent heretofore unknown; all commerce and ordinary traffic was stopped. The French officers dominated the local authorities, and the inhabitants were restricted in their movements to the most narrow limit. Finally Napoleon himself arrived, and a great review was arranged for in the vicinity of the town. During this parade a careful inspection of every regiment was ordered by the emperor, who himself assisted in the work.

"At one regiment of artillery the emperor halted, dismounted from his charger and carefully inquired into the condition of the regiment, personally inspecting the equipments of the artillerymen, and, in some cases, demanding of the men to take off their clothes, so that they might be more carefully inspected. It was rumored that a complaint had been made to the emperor by some men from that regiment that the money that had been provided for new equipments had only partially been used for the purpose, the greater part of it having found its way into the pockets of the colonel; also that the rations were rather scant and fodder scarce and of bad quality. During this inspection the commander of the regiment remained at the side of the emperor; their conversation being carried on in a low tone, no one could understand what they were speaking about; the emperor seemed very much dissatisfied.

Suddenly the emperor drew his sword and made a lunge with it at the colonel, who fell back with a deep wound in his breast. Immediately the imperial suite made a circle around the two, shutting out all the rest of the proceedings from the view of others present. Napoleon returned to the city on horseback shortly after the occurrence, and the colonel, who died shortly after he was wounded, was carried to his quarters on a litter and buried the next day. No paper dared to mention the affair, and word was given out to those present that they should not dare to speak of what they had seen, or they would be held responsible for the consequences; the emperor's spies being known to circulate freely in Erfurt at the time, good care was taken not to speak of the matter. Thus it was that this murderous deed of the quick-tempered Corsican was not mentioned in historical works, although tradition has continued it to our days."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Expected Success.

His coat was a bit too long and his shoes were rusty. His linen was celluloid, mostly, and his necktie was stained where his chin had rested upon it. He was a statesman down in Dixie, and everybody around the Fifth Avenue hotel knew him.

"Fine day," said the previous young man, who wrote things for the newspapers.

"Quite so," replied the statesman. "May I ask," inquired the inopportune one, "what brings you to the city, senator? Private business or politics?"

"Young man," said the statesman, "I am here in the capacity of a private citizen. Where I go and what I do is largely my own concern. I am here in the endeavor to make an honest living. I expect to be entirely successful, for I consider that in New York I am without competitors in that line. Good day!"—N. Y. Herald.

The Doctor Got Even.

"That horrid little Bimley boy!" exclaimed Dora, pouring tea; "he was just as insulting to Dr. Craver as he could be."

"What did he do?"

"Why, the doctor was walking quietly along and, meeting Willie, put his hand on his head and said: 'How do you do, Willie? Just as nice, and that boy up and made the horriddest face, stuck his tongue out at the doctor and said 'Yah! Yah!' in the hatefullest way possible. I declare if he was my boy I'd whip him. I wonder what Dr. Craver thought?"

"You needn't worry about Craver," David said, complacently. "I met Bimley just now and he had his bill."

"The doctor's bill?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Five dollars, for looking at Willie's tongue."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

A Frank Critic.

Artist—There, sir, is my latest picture.

Ingenuous Friend—Well, you haven't economized point on it, have you? What do you call it, anyway?

"What do I call it? Why, that, sir, is an autumnal sunset!"

WITH THE EYES OPEN.

It Is Well to Make Use of the Power of Observation.

"If only we had curtains to the orifices of the ears, as well as lids to the eyes, that we might catch a little nap, get a little repose while going down town on the street cars."

Seeing this wish expressed by a writer a few days since, it strikes me forcibly that such longings point to a discontent with the wondrous plan of our Creator, who in infinite wisdom adapted our senses to our needs and happiness—put in the delicate and intricate mechanism of the eye and ear so that it would contribute to the utmost to the pleasures and delights of life.

What improvement could be made in the "human form divine" when in perfection? Yet seldom, indeed, do we find this perfection. Few have even the five senses without defect, and so to general physical condition; some known or unknown disease is always present to mar the beauty of the original plan—the perfect whole.

Exceedingly rare is it to find a physical condition without blemish, even aside from the five senses. Many are partially deaf, and unaware of it; many suffer from perverted vision and have yet to find it out. Would those with impaired hearing wish for curtains to their ears? Rather would they rejoice to hear a mosquito sing. Imperfection of any sense leads to the fullest appreciation of that sense.

As to the eyes it seems a wise plan to go through the world with them open. It seems the proper place to "catch a nap" and get "repose" in the seclusion of one's own home instead of in the street cars. Not a specially attractive vision is that of a "sleeping lady" in transit, though it may make a very pretty picture on the walls of an art exhibition. And the sleeper loses such a bewildering study of humanity, for nowhere is it portrayed in wider variety and scope than in street cars. Many years' residence in the great metropolis has not decreased the pleasure and interest in the sights and scenes in the street cars, even on a trip down town. The study of our fellow men and women appears an unending volume, and there is a way to take in all things if the eyes are only open. The quaint fashions and curious ideas that express themselves in all directions are amusing, ludicrous or impressive, as the case may be. We note the varied features they plainly bespeak. We can read the nervous temper and the one too languid to move, the cross nature and the pleasant, the happy and the miserable, the hopeful and the despairing soul—the tale is told in the face and manner. The indolent and the energetic, the sad and the glad sit side by side in the street car. The good and the bad, as far as can be judged from outward show, all are plainly before us, if we but have an eye open. Often the words, too, we unavoidably hear open to our minds a volume, a very history, if we are given to reflection.

As well as character in faces, the variety of ears, too, is a study; the way they are placed upon the head, low or high, said to denote the degree of intellectuality; large or small ears, said to indicate generosity or stinginess. This old-time idea does not hold good, however, for we all know people with the daintiest "little pearl-round ears" whose hands and hearts and hearts are ever open; and vice versa—people with big ears, generous only to themselves.

If one notices footwear and the way the hands are cared for one can judge much of the wearer. If it be a woman with tidy hands and feet, she will be quite sure to be careful in small matters, and a good housewife. Gloves that tell of negligence are never part of a neat person, and one who is fastidious in the minor points of dress will not neglect the rest. The different ways of beguiling the time on the street cars, on the way to pleasure or business, give some idea of the opinions as well as the character of fellow travelers. We look at the different newspapers being read and at once feel sure of each man's politics.

All these studies are as good as a play at the theater, sometimes comic, often pathetic, now and then taking on a dramatic turn. Pity is often stirred by the sad sights, or admiration won by acts of delicate thoughtfulness. The unfortunate ones who often drop into the picture make us feel that droop as well as "a touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Napoleon's Censorship of the Press.

There was no manifestation of discontent with the censorship of the press, which was regarded as a necessary war measure. Books could now not be published until after the censors had possessed a copy for seven days and had given their permission; the newspapers could reprint no news from foreign journals, and were mercilessly controlled in the contents of their columns. When the Monitor and its kindred poured contempt on English perfidy and wrote of Punic faith, when they portrayed Albon as rushing madly on her fate, the readers liked it and applauded. Like a respectable minority of the French at the present time, the multitude considered Napoleonic France to surpass the France of any other epoch.—Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, in Century.

The Wrong Instrument.

Irate Father—Here I've paid you, no telling how much money, to teach my daughter music, and she can't play any better than she did before. Whose fault is that?

Prof. Vap Note—Ze fault of ze instrument. I haf von instrument, in my shop vich she learns to blay soon.

STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Advantages of the Factory Girl in the Country Over Her Sister in the City.

You may see in any one of perhaps a hundred shops in this city colorless, sad-eyed, dingily-clad women bending over sewing machines, amid squalid surroundings, with no outlook save through a window opening upon a sordid street. You may see in at least a score of country villages fifty miles from any great city, a crowd of neatly-clad, happy-looking girls and women busied with like tasks, but amid clean and pleasant surroundings, with glimpses of a smiling landscape through every window.

The New York women, released from their toil, hasten home to gloomy tenement lodgings and unwholesome fare. The village girls troop from the factory to modest but clean and pleasant homes, where food is fresh and abundant. The New York sewing-machine woman is an insignificant unit in a great community. She feels daily the pressure of her fellows that are ready to take her place and her earnings. She hears from embittered men and women talk of the rights of labor and the greed of wealth. She knows that her earnings would not keep some of her rich sisters in cut flowers. Whenever she stirs out of her own dingy quarter it is to see at every step evidence of the luxury in which some live, and of the contrast between her lot and theirs.

The village factory girl has hardly heard that there is a labor problem. Her two hundred dollars or two hundred and fifty dollars a year, earned at the sewing machine, clothes her well, procures for her small luxuries, and helps to keep the family above want. She makes little pleasure trips hither and yon when work is slack, and looks forward with confidence to marriage and a home of her own, clean, sweet, and comfortable. She never sees among her fellow-townfolk one who has any essential comfort that she lacks, and nine women out of ten in the village have less to spend on dress than she has. She never sees a hungry or ragged person, unless it be an occasional tramp, and she hardly grasps the meaning of what she now and then hears about the lives of the poor in great cities.

The New York slave of the sewing machine lives half an hour from the heart of the western world, and may, if she will, on any night see Broadway and its throngs by electric light. The village factory girl believes that she would be happy to give up all her comforts for the other's privilege of seeing at will the splendors of the great city; the New York sewing woman would not, if she could, change places with the village factory girl.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW HIS ESTIMATES VARIED.

After Dinner the Ride Did Not Seem as Long to a Cyclist as It Had Before.

"I'm tired out. Must have ridden one hundred and twenty-six miles today," gasped the wheelman when he reached home at half-past eight o'clock one warm evening. The fellow-cyclists of his household were, of course, interested, and they wanted to know where he had been.

"Well, I rode down to Twelfth street first, and then to the Thirty-fourth street ferry. From Long Island City we went to Flushing, Jamaica, and out on the Merrick road and its continuation to Babylon. We went clear down to the beach, had a swim and something to eat, and started for the north shore of Long Island. We went through Deer park and then wandered for an hour or two in the region west of Commack. People directed us one way and another, and finally we got disgusted and turned south. We struck Hicksville, and then Jericho, and rode through Flushing to the College Point ferry."

"Didn't you have your cyclometer?" asked one cold-blooded listener.

"No, I broke it early in the morning, and my companion didn't have one. But I kept accurate account, and I don't see how we could have ridden less than one hundred and twenty-six miles."

The exhausted man then took a warm bath, put on fresh clothing and started out for dinner. As he was leaving the house, some one called out to ask him how far he had ridden.

"Oh, about one hundred and twenty miles, I should say," came the reply.

After having a comfortable dinner and smoking a cigar, the cyclist returned home. He was feeling cool and refreshed. The subject of his ride was broached again, and a visitor asked him how far he had gone.

"It must have been one hundred and twenty miles," he answered. "We wandered around an awful lot west of Commack, there."

The rest of the evening was spent in smoking and in compounding and disposing of summer drinks. About bedtime the traveler seemed to have got over his worst weariness, and in fact, was feeling quite himself again.

"Let me see, old man," said one of his friends, innocently. "How far did you say you rode to-day?"

"Oh, I must have done a century, although it may have been ninety to ninety-five miles," was the answer this time. And the others thought what a queer cyclometer a man's stomach and spirits made.—N. Y. Tribune.

Novel Qualifications for the Beach.

In Germany and France the view gains ground that all judges, before entering on their functions, should be compelled to visit and examine jails, prisons and penitentiaries, so as to fully understand the nature of the punishment which they thereafter inflict. It is also held that judges should be more competent to distinguish between mental soundness and unsoundness. Competent German physicians assert that a large percentage of the persons sent from penal institutions to lunatic asylums must have been insane at the time when they committed the deed for which they were sent to prison, and should, therefore, at once have been treated as lunatics instead of criminals.—Chicago Times-Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

—There are some men whom the Lord specially fitted to mind the door when their wives give pink tea.—Acheson Globe.

—Miss Quizer—"Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the newspapers?" Miss Buzz—"I do if they're about people I know."—Roxbury Gazette.

—Daughter—"Mamma, if I must write to Mr. Bray about this extortionate bill, should I say 'Dear Mr. Bray'?" Mamma—"Certainly, under the circumstances."—Tit-Bits.

—"No, Willie dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you can not sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—Harper's Round Table.

—Prospective Lodger—"Yes, I think the rooms will do. By-the-way, I hope no one in the house plays the piano. Prospective landlady—"My youngest, sir, but she's only a beginner."—The Sketch.

—Smith—"I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the speeches?" Brown—"When I saw him he was just going to read them in a morning paper."—Brooklyn Life.

—On a Yacht.—Miss Ingenue—"Is there really a cable in the ocean?" Sailor—"Yes, mum." Miss Ingenue (with conviction, after studying the man at the wheel)—"Then that must be the grimace."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Any insanity in your family?" asked the examining physician. "Well," said the man who was applying for life insurance, "my wife says she must have been crazy to have ever married me."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Miss Bellefield—"How ridiculous force of habit may become!" Miss Bloomfield (inquiringly)—"Yes?" Miss Bellefield—"Even when I was at that seaside hotel last summer I always looked to see if there was a man under the bed."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—A Hustling Contractor—"You'll have to hurry up on this building," said the boss of a gang of laborers. "We're ahead of time now, ain't we?" suggested one of the men. "Yes. But the contractor wants to hurry and get it all up before it falls down."—Washington Star.

—Teacher—"If one servant girl could clean two rooms in two hours, how long would it take two servant girls to do it?" Little Girl—"Four hours." Teacher—"Wrong. It would only take one hour." Little Girl—"Oh, I didn't know you was talkin' about servant girls that wasn't on speaking terms."—Tit-Bits.

—The Faithful Wife.—Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?" Officer—"Beating his wife, your worship. But here's a statement from his wife that he didn't hurt her." Magistrate—"Why isn't she here to testify in person." Officer—"She doesn't like to come into court, with two black eyes and a broken nose, your honor."—Tit-Bits.

—"It has been proved," said Hawley, "that men have larger brains than women, hence their superior intellectual powers." "Much that proves!" snapped Dobson. "Everyone knows men have larger tongues than women, yet I never heard of anyone who was fool enough to try and argue man's superiority in the talking line over women."—Harper's Bazar.

ELABORATE MEALS.

They Are Considered Bad Form in Polite Society.

There are few phases of bad form in entertaining so objectionable, so senseless, as "overfeeding" your guests. A dinner of endless courses is intolerable. No one enjoys it; no one wants it. To eat it is a crime against one's self—one's stomach, if you please. And people are beginning to learn that their stomachs will not forever stand abuse. There comes a day of reckoning. Every one knows this, and yet every one, when he becomes the host, "puts up" the conventional feast. Did we say every one? Hardly every one, for there are, we are glad to add, a few exceptions—a few people who, sure of their position, are broad enough to be independent. These, rising above conventionality, have cut the menu in half. Others will follow them. Good sense, when it once works its way to the surface, will prevail. To prolong a dinner beyond a reasonable point, forcing one course after another upon your guests after the appetite has been satisfied, is insajuity. It becomes nothing more nor less than a general process of genteel stuffing. It means discomfort and rebellion—rebellion against a conventionality that sanctions such torture, for it is torture to be piled with food and feel obliged to eat it when the stomach protests, and you know that you are deliberately injuring yourself, and all this that you may seem to be appreciative of a lavishness that falls little short of vulgarity.—Munsey's Magazine.

Knew Her Ankle Were Pretty.

A little tot, whose mother is a well-known dancer, and who can do a turn in a parlor quite as gracefully as her mother can on the stage, came in the other evening in a new dress. Those present complimented her on her appearance, but she showed her dissatisfaction.

"I don't like it a bit," said she, giving the new dress a skirt dancer's swirl.

"Why not?" we all inquired.

"Cause it doesn't show my pretty ankles," she replied.—N. Y. World.

Square on All Sides.

"Henry?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"The patriots in the queen of the Antilles are doing some straightforward fighting, it appears."

"They are, sire."

"But it is impossible, from the nature of things, for them to act otherwise than on the square."

"May I ask why?"

"They are cube 'uns."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

HOT PRAIRIE WINDS.

Critical Period for the Farmers' Crops in the Western States. The corn on the prairies reaches that most critical stage when the pollen in the opening tassel is growing so rapidly that its perfection needs all the plant juices...

The hot winds always will blast the prairie plants, and the intense blasts scald and shrivel the tender leaves to a crisp in a few minutes when the soil is dry...

OUR PENSIONERS ABROAD.

Men Who Fought for Uncle Sam Are Scattered All Over the World. Not all of Uncle Sam's pensioners are residents of this country; they are located in every known country on the face of the earth.

We have 2 pensioners in the Argentine Republic in South America, 23 in Australia, 21 in Austria-Hungary, 1 in Azores islands, 13 in Belgium, 4 in Bermuda, 1 has wandered to Brazil, 17 have found refuge in British Columbia, 2 are at present located in Bulgaria, 4 live in Central America, 6 in Chili, 8 have found homes in China, 3 are living in Costa Rica, 5 are in Cuba, Denmark has more than her share, being 24 of our soldiers now residents there; 1 has straggled to Egypt, 1 to the Fiji Islands; France is well-served, having 35 of our civil war veterans; Guatemala has one, 16 are at present upholding the republic at Hawaii, 3 are braving the yellow fever at Honduras, 1 is on Greenland's icy mountains, 3 are pacing India's coral strand, Italy has 25, 9 are living in the domain of the mikado, Korea has 1, Liberia has 2, 3 are living in Malta, 3 in Mauritius, 65 in Mexico, 10 in the Netherlands, 4 in New Zealand, 3 in Nicaragua, 36 close by the glaciers of Norway, 6 found homes in Peru, 1 lives in Portugal, 5 are residents of the republic of Colombia, 1 has somehow or other got to Roumania, 3 are living in the land of the czar, 2 in Siam, 1 in the island where Napoleon breathed his last and 1 in the island where he was born, 1 in the Society Islands, 1 in the south Africa republic, 7 in Spain, 34 in Sweden, 77 in the republic of Switzerland, 4 in the land of the Turk, 1 in Uruguay, 9 in the West Indies.

This record forms a most remarkable testimony to the ability of the Americans to scatter themselves all over the face of the earth.—N. Y. Press.

He Was Still There. He was visiting the scenes of his youth. "And what became of that pestiferous little beast Wallie Haysed?" he asked of the brawny farmer with whom he was talking.

Must Have Learned Somewhere. "I gave you that parrot as a birthday present, did I not, Matilda?" he asked. "Yes; but surely, Albert, you are not going to speak of your gifts as if—" "It was young and speechless at the time?" "Yes," with increasing wonder; "and it has never been out of this parlor."

No Argument on Either Side. A young lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—Tip-Bits.

NEW ENGLAND MOTHERS.

They Are Over Solicitous of Their Children. The typical New England woman is the most devoted of mothers, but in that, as in everything else, she is a Martha. The typical American child is very bad, and it is a wonder that so many of them escape hanging before they are twenty-one. The New England child is not bad, though, in the commonly accepted sense, but he is extremely apt to be so preternaturally good that he deserves hanging.

Tip-Top Pudding: One pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter size of an egg, then bake.

POISONING BY FOOD.

Just as "heart failure" has come to be the accepted name for causes of death that physicians are at a loss to account for, so "ptomaine" is the word applied to poisoning cases when no other cause presents itself.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

On June 12, 1815, Napoleon left Paris for the seat of war. On the 15th the French army crossed the river Sambre and fell upon the enemy. Then came Waterloo. Waterloo—that famous battle, where Napoleon first met the unconquerable English face to face; where Wellington made his name immortal; that battle glittering in its array, brilliant in its maneuvers, terrible in its intensity, horrible in its loss of life; that battle remarkable for little blunders that led to great results, and for magnificent attempts that amounted to nothing; that battle, so nearly a defeat for England, so nearly a victory for France, that to this day men can see just how it turned the other way, and historians and military writers are even yet disputing as to the responsibility and discussing the operations.

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DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Beef Patties: Chop fine some cold beef; beat two eggs and mix with the meat, and add a little milk, melted butter and salt and pepper. Make into rolls, and fry.—Farm and Home.

Onion Cream Soup: Slice four onions very thin, fry to a pale brown color in a tablespoonful of butter; add three tablespoons flour and three pints milk, a little salt and pepper, a half teaspoonful sugar and a blade of mace. Cook slowly one hour and strain over two eggs beaten up lightly with a cup of cream. Do not heat after adding the eggs and cream or it will curdle. Serve with eroutons of bread.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Apple Custard: Pare, core and stew six apples until fine and add half a cup of sugar. Beat three eggs very light, add half cup of sugar and one and a half pints of milk. Stir well and add the apples. Stir again, pour into a baking pan and bake a few minutes until custard is set. If liked, a little nutmeg may be grated over it. This is a nice dessert, and is quickly prepared and may be classed among the emergency esserts.—Western Rural.

Tip-Top Pudding: One pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter size of an egg, then bake.

THE SEASON'S FASHIONS.

One of the notable features of the new autumn styles is the decrease in the size of sleeves. There is little probability that small sleeves will come in for a long time; for the large ones have been much more comfortable and easy to manage, and everybody is satisfied with them; but last season their enormous proportions made it impossible to wear anything in the way of ordinary wraps, and women who had those which were ever so handsome and either buy new or get along as best they could.

Large puffs from elbows to shoulders are used on dresses of light material; but the tailor costume and cloth dress have the drooping effect just described.

Outside garments are, for the most part, either in jacket shape or in short basque style, with points in the front and an elaborate arrangement of trimming set on from shoulders to waistline.

A trimming which is to be quite lavishly used is velvet, either in ribbon or in bias bands turned in at the edges and lined with buckram. These bands are used to trim the seams of skirts, and are also set from the shoulder seams to the waist-line. Velvet collars and cuffs are used on wool fabrics of all sorts, as well as on silk.

Lace is to be quite as much used during the coming season as it has been through the summer. Dresses of silk or fine wool are trimmed with lace, about eight or ten inches deep. This is set on in shoulder ruffles and in bertha fashion; sometimes it is laid flat and sewed down upon the fabric.

One of the handsomest models of the season is made of black poplin. The skirt is the usual flaring shape, and the close-fitting. A jacket basque has large leg-of-mutton sleeves and extremely full skirts, finished with buckram, and so full as to stand in scallops around the hips just below the waist. The shoulders and entire front of this jacket are covered by a cape-shaped arrangement of black satin, folded in jabot fashion from the neck to the belt on either side of an elaborately braided rest.

The box-shaped jacket that appeared in the first importations seems to have almost disappeared, and in its place are those that fit the figure somewhat loosely and are much more symmetrical and becoming than the stiff and angular articles that were brought out merely for the sake of having something new. Some of the best models are cut with a yoke in the back and front, and from the edge of this yoke to the waist-line the fabric is plaited in and stitched down, flaring slightly below the waist, but not so much as to make any marked ruffle effect. One of the most popular jackets has double-breasted fronts, a rather curved in at the darts, a rather close-fitting back, leg-of-mutton sleeves and very wide plash collar and cuffs.

This will be one of the types for the season, and it is safe to say will, with the exception of the cape, be the most popular outside garment.—N. Y. Ledger.

MAID, MOTHER AND INFANT.

A blushing rose smiled 'neath a sunny brow, and brighter grew as day succeeded day.

Love's Wooing. Love caught and held her close and pressed her to his breast.

Not one small whispered word did the fair Nadin vouchsafe.

A Story of Wood. He'd been calling for "that load of wood" a half a year, or more.

HARDENING OF THE LIVER.

How a Pittsfield, Ill., Gentleman Overcame It. Condition Often Induces Paralysis and Should Have the Best of Treatment.

From the Democrat, Pittsfield, Ill. Mr. Valentine Smith, a farmer living in this county, whose post office address is Pittsfield, Ill., for the good of humanity in general, and especially for the benefit of any who may be afflicted as he was, wishes to make the following statement with reference to the great benefit he has received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:

His statement is as follows: "About a year ago I was living in the Mississippi bottom near the river, and I had become very much broken in health, suffering greatly from a distension or hardening of the lower part of the abdomen or bowels, besides being troubled with my kidneys and other complications which rendered my case, as I had supposed, almost hopeless. I had been in this condition, although, of course, not as bad as I was a year ago, for something over six years, and had about given up all hope of ever being a well man again, when, by the many testimonials and advertisements I had read with reference to the wonderful cures perfected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I was induced to give them a trial. After taking two boxes I began to feel greatly relieved, and by the time I had used up five or six boxes I was completely cured and have been, comparatively speaking, a well man ever since. During all the time that I was suffering with this dreadful disease, which I am unable to name, I passed many sleepless nights and was in great distress almost continually and was able to do but little work. Now I sleep and eat well, and although I am sixty-one years of age, I am able to do a good day's work on the farm, being put in and tending eight acres of corn this season, besides doing a large amount of other work on the farm. In short, I thank your medicine a great blessing to humanity, and can cheerfully recommend it to all suffering as I was. I had been in this condition six or seven years and had given everything I could hear of, doctors included, a fair trial, but could get no relief."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of June A. D., 1895. MRISNE COLEY, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

WHEN A NEW PAPER IS STARTED IN THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, IT IS REPORTED AS ANOTHER YARN MILL IN FULL OPERATION.—Texas Siftings.

Atlanta and the South. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R. will during the time of the Exposition at Atlanta Sept. 18, to Dec. 31, 1895, offer exceptionally fine service between Chicago and the South.

A Preferred Creditor.—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Siftings.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. November 3rd "Twentieth Century Girl" will commence an engagement. A spectacular farce which contains some of the best vaudeville people on the stage.

HIGHEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U. S. GOV'T REPORT

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

When men will apply their remedies to vice, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent; not the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear.—Burke.

LAND SEEKERS' EXCURSION.

On the above dates the Big Four Route in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. will sell round trip tickets from all points on their lines in the west and northwest to all points in Virginia (except east of Gordonsville on Washington Division) and North Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. Tickets good thirty days returning and good for stopover. In Virginia they have no droughts, no blizzards, cheap improved farms and the best markets in the country. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, rates, etc. U. L. Trull, N. W. F. A., 224 Clark St., Chicago.

THAT MAN CURES ME NO END OF ANNOYANCE OVER A BILL. "Why don't you sue him and collect it?" "Collect it? He's trying to do that."—Chicago Record.

WHEN A GIRL WEARS GLASSES AND A VILL OVER THEM, THE EFFECT IS ENOUGH TO SCARE THE BOLDEST MAN.—Aitchison Globe.

WHEN ONE HAS NO DESIGN BUT TO SPEAK plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steels.

"MAMMA-A! Boo-hoo! We're crying! Tum up 'airs an' see what's do matter wiv us!"—Punch.

WHEN A GIRL WEARS GLASSES AND A VILL OVER THEM, THE EFFECT IS ENOUGH TO SCARE THE BOLDEST MAN.—Aitchison Globe.

JACK POTTS.—"Making love is a good deal like playing cards." Miss Pipkin—"How so?" Jack Potts—"There's a lot in knowing what a hand is worth."—Life.

THE LOGIC IS THE MAKE OF IT; THE PROOF—THE USE OF IT. THE DELONG Patent Hook and Eye.

Richardson & DeLong Hook, Philadelphia.

Pain often concentrates all its misery in RHEUMATISM. Use ST. JACOBS OIL if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.



National economy.

There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearline. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearline! It's too much to hope for—but the whole country would be the richer for it.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND THE GREAT INVENTION FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TEXTURE OR COLOR OF HANDS NEW YORK.

SEND IT BACK! Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline." IT'S FALSE!—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

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. ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

BEST IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is a cake for general blacking of a stove. THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a crack after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

FARMERS FROM THE NORTH are getting rich in this fertile country. Why not be among them? Write A. J. BROWN, Secy., Somerville, Fayette County, Tenn.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE cured every case. Send for a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. FREE FOOT POWER MACHINERY.

OPION and WHISKY habits ruin. Send sent Dr. H. W. WOLFE, 4177, St. Louis, Mo.

AMETHYST'S TALK.

Has "Time his tiny plough-share run in wrinkles round your eyes?" Never mind! Those are the most harmless of wrinkles, for they come naturally with years, or they indicate a merry, cheerful disposition. But there are some groves we do not like in our faces. For instance, those from the nose to the side of the mouth; they come with years of suffering and pain. Massage, with ointment, and always drying the face upwards will modify them. Winkles across the forehead are caused by raising the eyebrows. Keep your eyebrows down, and rub cerate in the direction of the lines. If your eyes are not strong and the early morning light shines bright in your room, you may expect a group of little wrinkles from eyes to nose. Two-shotted, deep lines, drooping directly from the corners of the mouth toward the chin, are usually caused by discontent or some other species of unhappiness. These lines will disappear if at night on going to sleep, the pressure of the back teeth is removed and the corners of the mouth are drawn up, and mercies counted. Bathe the face night and morning with hot, soft water, dash with cold water, and whatever comes don't worry, and you will have a clear complexion and skin as soft and free from wrinkles as possible. But, after all, as Emerson says, "there is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."

The daily bath, always a luxury, is rendered more so by the use of the oatmeal bag as a bathing sponge. The oatmeal gives a softness to the skin and the orris powder imparts a delicate fragrance. The Household tells how these bags are made. Take five pounds of oatmeal, ground fine, a half pound of pure Castile soap reduced to powder, and a pound of powdered orris root. Cut a yard of thin cheese cloth into bags about four inches square, sewing them on the machine and taking care not to leave any untied threads where a break may let the contents ooze out. Mix the soap, oatmeal and orris root thoroughly, and fill the bags loosely. Sew up the opening in each and lay them away to use as required. They are used as a sponge, making a thick, velvety lather.

If you, my housekeeping friends, wish to make a pudding for dessert that will find its way to the heart of father, brother, or husband, make one after the following recipe:

Apple pudding—Pare and quarter tart apples sufficient to cover two inches deep the bottom of a six-quart tin pan; mix dough as for light baking-powder biscuit; with the hands press out the dough about half an inch thick, and place over the apples. Fit the pan-cover on securely and cook over a moderate fire twenty-five minutes. Remove crust to a large dish, heap the apples on it, and serve hot with butter and sugar sauce, flavored with nutmeg and vanilla, or one half cup of bleached and pounded almonds.

Now, while clubs are being formed for the winter, I hasten to suggest this idea: Form a story-telling club for the children. Let the subject be American history. Select an incident and relate it as a story, making it as interesting and bright as your research and ingenuity can produce. If you conduct the club, invite a friend now and again to take your place in relating the incidents. Or, the children may appoint a committee of two at each meeting to select place, date and a story-teller for the next meeting. Other attractive features may be added to this club, all tending toward love of country, and interest in its history. AMETHYST.

A Building Association.
A Building and Loan Association would be instrumental in advancing Escanaba, and would enable many a poor man to procure a comfortable home on the installment plan. Without a home of his own a man is forever in debt to his landlord for his rent present and future. This makes it clear that by refusing to borrow money to build a home one does not escape the necessity of paying out money every month for rent. That obligation he cannot escape, unless he lives in his own fully-paid-for home. It is necessary that he live somewhere, if he lives at all, and the sooner he turns his rent payments into a common fund, which makes him the more his own landlord every time he pays, the better off he will be. To build a home for himself is not, therefore, to assume some extra obligations, but, instead, to start out on the only practical scheme for escaping an increasingly onerous obligation to pay tribute to the landlord.

When a working man can gain a home at little or no more than his previous monthly rent, he, at least, at the end of the term, owns his home, whereas had he continued a rent payer he would not have owned anything. Many people in neighboring communities have become full home owners in comparatively few years. In some associations it requires twelve years to fully pay out. During the first twelve years, while the payments are being made, the anxiety may be considerable, and the home buyer may not realize what is happening to him, because he is paying out money monthly as much or perhaps more than his previous rent.

But when the second term of twelve years begins he is at once relieved of all payments, except for taxes, etc. When this point arrives he fully realizes his position and the wisdom of his act in buying a home. If he finds it no burden to pay out as much monthly as he did before, say \$15 per month, and when the second term of twelve years ends he will be the owner of \$3,000 in cash, besides having his home free of debt. His neighbor may still be a renter owing \$15 a month to the owner of the house. Should

he see fit to keep on for still another twelve years, or a third term (and very many people have paid rent for thirty-six years), his natural gain over his neighbor who rents would be:
One house free of debt, value.....\$1,500
Product of \$15 per month for first twelve years.....3,000
Product of second twelve years.....3,000
Twelve years' interest on same.....2,500
Total.....\$10,000

These facts must be apparent to every one, and cannot fail to prove conclusively that a building association would be of great benefit to Escanaba. Marquette, Marinette, Green Bay, Appleton and other towns have local building and loan associations, and find it pays. Why not Escanaba?

FOR THE LADIES.

Much has been written of mohairs during the summer and now they are seen in basket weaves, in serge (twills and also plain as well as figured twill extend their vogue and receive their merited share of favor. The texture is of course heavier than we had in the summer.

Many new plaids are seen in clan and French colors, but it is hard to predict the amount of favor or disfavor with which they will be received. They are always popular and most certainly pretty for children's frocks. The present indications seem to point toward the use of more jet and in more ways than ever. Whole bodices are covered with spangles and jet of various kinds. There is an extensive variety of narrow jet gimps in scrolls, points, loops, festoons, and other designs, always in demand for outlining the accessories of gowns. Some of these outlinings are simply composed of jet beads, while others include beads and spangles of cabochons.

Ribbons will again be used for the adornment of gowns. Double faced satin ribbon has always a large following and will be liberally used. Successors to the dainty Dresden ribbons are the Parisian ribbons, which will be used for stocks, waistbands and other accessories of black and solid colored textiles, the prevailing tone in the ribbon matching the goods to give the best effect. On black, of course, any color becoming to the wearer may be used.

Velvet capes will be worn to a great extent this fall and it seems a pity to have to lay them aside when the colder days come. Dark shades of royal blue, claret red, reseda and bottle blue will be the favorite colors for them. They are especially pretty when trimmed with fur, and are more so when marten fur is used. White satin is still reigning supreme for the lining of the capes, but as the winter draws nearer it will give place to richer and warmer tints, red, brown and reseda being the most favored.

The fair and bright complexioned woman may choose black furs and the dark and pale women or even the dark and florid will find seal skin immensely becoming, and to these also can be recommended brown velvet and plush.

Pearl buttons, both large and small, are used upon wool jackets. Three upon each side of the front when they are large is sufficient. Many small bullet-like buttons are noticeable. To prove how fashionable buttons are becoming they are now being placed on the sleeves of the dresses.

Undoubtedly many a woman can trace her nervous troubles back to a bureau drawer that refused to open without a jerk or a prod from scissors or manicure file or to a bad castor that always came off when the bed was being made. To ignore the disastrous effect which a dilapidated condition in household conveniences may exert upon the housewife is to blind one's eye to a cause easily removed. That house in which repair follows breakage as surely and more swiftly than night does day is exceptional, but wherever found, it is a house where at least the mere domestic machinery runs smoothly and tempers are not wasted over insensate things. More frequently it is the case to let small matters pass by unheeded, to brace up the tottering bedstead leg with a chip of wood and to blunt the scissors by using them for opening the obstinate drawers. In such a house the wall paper becomes torn in a mysterious fashion and goes unnoticed until the breach is far past the aid of the homemaker, and the window and door screens are not put up until flies have made life a torment to the cook.

Now all these things, small as each may appear on the surface, have an indefinite power for causing annoyance and draining the nervous force. People who have made a study of such matters say that that woman is wise who when she finds herself being overcome, who discovers her muscles tense and her head throbbing because of some hitch somewhere in her domestic routine, drops it all for a calmer moment when things have a queer way of smoothing themselves out with little trouble. One woman of the writer's acquaintance keeps always on hand several thimbles and scissors as well as plenty of thread of all kinds, for long ago she found that she wasted more strength and lost more time in looking for the exasperating articles of needlework than they were worth. Now when some one of them drops to the floor and rolls out of sight or becomes mislaid she gives one brief look and if the missing article is not thereby disclosed his place is at once filled with another. Some time the other is sure to turn up. To be sure, her way does not commend itself to these tremendously neat souls who make themselves sick in vain searches, but for her at least it has proved best in many years of experience. She says that it is absurd to give so much of one's nervous vitality to anything that can be bought for a few cents—and she holds up a doctor's bill of many dollars in comparison, smiling serenely over her own way. And this woman is neat, too, after her own fashion. Hers is one of those houses alluded to, for long ago she learned that in order to maintain her strength for her daily needs she must guard against frittering it away in battle with things of little importance. A lesson which it would be wise for other women to master.

Laundry.
A Great Hit
IS OUR
New Process
OF
Laundering Woolens.

We make a Specialty of doing up Underwear by This Process and Guarantee it to be Satisfactory.

ANOTHER HIT

Is our Mending Department in which we do all kinds of mending free of charge.

The Escanaba Steam Laundry.
216 LUDINGTON ST.
TELEPHONE 29.

completed by the ribbon belt. One feature in both styles is their very great fullness, the back usually being in one piece, shirred across under the belt, while the top is quite plain on the shoulders. These plain shoulders are covered with a collar of great size falling low on the immense sleeves. The fronts are less drooping in blouse fashion than formerly, but have fullness on the shoulder either in gathers or box-pleats, and open on a V-shaped vest of lace or pen embroidery laid over white or yellow satin, or of lady's cloth or velvet. Still others have a much more draped effect in front, crossing in festoons or in simple fashion, or else with a square of silk, having one point high on the bust, then caught in folds around the waist, two corners being lengthened as a belt. Stock-collars are made extremely high and full, usually of the material of the plastron, with a little ruffle of the waist material at the top, or a band of fur, or a wide frill of lace drooping lowest on the sides. Buckles are more used than choux to fasten belts.

Chiffon of unusual shades, of green, of brown, and of purplish red, is used for very elaborate waists. It is made up in accordion pleats, and is trimmed with points, tabs, or a collar of white and black lace embroidered with jet and rhinestones.

Presbyterian Church Services.

At the Presbyterian church to-morrow evening Rev. Dr. Todd will deliver the first of a series of sermons on "How and when we got the Bible." The series will include three song services: Following are subjects and dates:

On Nov. 17th, "When and How was the Bible Written?" Nov. 24th, "By Whom was the Bible Written?" Dec. 1st, Service of Song—Thanksgiving. Dec. 8th, "The Old Testament Manuscripts." Dec. 15th, "The Old Testament Manuscripts continued." Dec. 22d, Service of Song—Christmas Carols. Dec. 29th, "The New Testament Writers and its Undisputed Writings." Jan. 5th, "Some New Testament Manuscripts; Alexandrian, Vatican, Sinaitic." Jan. 12th, "When and How the Bible was Canonized." Jan. 19th, "What is the Bible?" Jan. 26th, Service of Song. Feb. 2d, "The Bible Versus Its Critics."

"The Widow Hunt."

The above entitled drama will be presented at The Peterson on Monday evening, November 25th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church. The cast of characters is from the best of home talent. Following is the cast of characters:

Felix Featherly.....John J. Sorwine
Major DeBoots.....James Tolan
Frank Teedbrook.....E. Van Valkenburg
Trap.....Mr. Korton
Mrs. DeBoots.....Mrs. Robertson
Fanny.....Miss Robertson
Mrs. Featherly.....Miss Fogarty
Mrs. Swanadown.....Miss McLaughlin

Thanksgiving Day Proclaimed.

And before then you want to make a trip either for business or pleasure. Slack season just now and everyone can get away. Now the Soo Line will make rate \$6.75 for the round trip to the Twin Cities for Saturday, November 16th. You can stay over Sunday if you wish. This is a big advantage with such low rates, so why not decide at once to take it in. Inquire of Levi Perrin, Soo Line agent, for particulars and list of attractions.

Free to Subscribers.

The Iron Port offers to new subscribers, or old subscribers paying all arrearages and one year in advance, The New York Weekly Tribune for one year free. The Tribune is the foremost republican paper of the country to-day, and is a newspaper in every sense of the word. Read our advertisement in this issue.

Wanted.

Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Michigan for established, reliable house. Salary \$780 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago Ill.

Wanted, Men.

Fifty men to work in kiln woods for the Iron Cliffs company, at Ford River switch. 4,000 cords to be chopped at 70 cents per cord. Apply to Cyr Bros. and Chas. Boda, Hyde Postoffice, Mich.

Victim of a Set-Gun.

Joseph Besnar, a homesteader residing twelve miles north of Iron River, was shot Thursday by a set-gun which had been placed in position for deer. He may die from his injury.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

FAIR TALK!

ABOUT CLOTHING.



IF YOU will call at our store and give us your attention for a few minutes we will undertake to show you the most complete lines of

FALL and SUITS

Winter

For Business or Dress occasions that have ever been shown in this city. WE HAVE THEM.

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THEM.

What? Overcoats?

Of course, we have overcoats for men and boys, something that will surely please you, and at prices that will certainly make you buy. No line like ours ever brought to the town.

All we ask is a hearing—when you see our goods and examine our prices you are henceforth and forever our steady customers. Special attractions next week.

KRATZE'S

Groceries and Provisions.

Frank H. Atkins & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAILERS OF . . .

China, Glassware,
—and Lamp Goods.

We handle very extensively

Homer Laughlin's White Granite, the best made.

Henry Alcock's Cyprus Semi Porcelain.

Henry Alcock's White and Gold Porcelain.

We have 10 Open Stock Decorated Dinnerware patterns to select from. Haviland & Co's White China and 7 Open Stock Patterns in Haviland & Co's Decorated Dinnerware, Hotel China and Porcelain.

JARDINIERS, large variety, UMBRELLA STANDS, PUDDING SETS, SALAD and BERRY BOWLS, MEAT SETS, CRACKER JARS, SUGAR and CREAM SETS, STONE WARE, ETC.

We have reduced our prices WAY DOWN!

Flour and Feed.

ED. DONOVAN,
DEALER IN

FLOUR AND FEED.

Hay and Grain,

At Wholesale and Retail.

Choice Brands of Flour

Mail Orders Given Attention.

ED. DONOVAN,
ESCANABA, MICH.

Merchant Tailoring.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING

Complete Line of Foreign and Domestic

SUITINGS,
OVERCOATINGS,
TROUSERINGS

Special Line of New Goods.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

Oil Burner.



OIL BURNER
TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR NOISE. CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.
WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.
NATIONAL OIL BURNER CO.
602 CEDAR AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.