

## FOUR TIMES AS MANY OF OUR ILLITERATES ARE FOREIGN BORN AS NATIVES.

In the Cities the Proportion is 14 and 85 Per 1,000—There are Fewer Illiterate Women Than Men Claiming Michigan as Home.

A bulletin has been issued from the office of Secretary of State Gardner concerning illiteracy in Michigan. The total number of illiterate persons 10 years old and over in the state is returned at 95,637, of whom 70,772 can neither read nor write, and 24,265 can read but cannot write. The number of illiterate persons aged 10 and over returned at the United States census of 1890 is 95,914, at the state census of 1884, 111,213, and at the United States census of 1870 there were 47,112 persons returned as unable to read, and 63,723 as unable to write. The number of illiterate persons in the state as shown by the present census is 877 less than returned in 1890, and is 16,176 less than returned in 1880, owing, undoubtedly, to a change in the methods employed in securing the statistics.

Of the total number aged 10 and over returned in the present census as unable to read or write 24,000 are native and 46,112 foreign-born. Of the native 13,280 had native parents, 6,983 foreign-born parents, and 2,508 one parent native and the other foreign-born. The parent nativity of 1,889 is not returned. Of the foreign-born 414 had native parents, 44,475 foreign-born parents and 529 one parent native and the other foreign-born. The parent nativity of 694 is not returned. Of the 70,772 persons, then, returned as unable to read or write, 13,280 were native and had native parents, and 53,095 were foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents.

Of the total number returned as able to read but not able to write, 10,613 were native and 13,652 foreign-born. Of the native 6,056 had native parents, 2,628 foreign-born parents, and 1,337 one parent native and the other foreign-born. The parent nativity of 592 is not returned. Of the foreign-born 236 had native parents, 12,887 foreign-born parents, and 346 one parent native and the other foreign-born. The parent nativity of 183 is not reported. Of the 24,265 persons returned as able to read but not able to write, 6,059 were native and the children of native parents, and 16,280 were foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents.

Of the total number of illiterates in the state, 95,037, 19,336 were native and the children of native parents, and 69,375 foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents.

The number of native inhabitants of the state 10 years old and over is returned at 1,181,368; the number of these unable to read or write, 24,560, is 2.09 per cent. of the total number, or 21 in each 1,000.

The number of foreign-born in the state 10 years old and over is returned at 547,301; the number of these unable to read or write 46,112, is 8.43 per cent. of the total number, or 84 in each 1,000. The proportion of the foreign-born is just four times the proportion of the native.

The number of persons aged 10 years and over in the cities is 635,838, of whom 379,288 are native and 156,550 are foreign-born. Of the native 5,257, and of the foreign-born, 21,785 cannot read or write. The native inhabitants unable to read or write are 1.39 per cent., or 14 in each 1,000 of the total native, and the foreign-born unable to read or write are 8.47 per cent., or 85 in each 1,000 of the total foreign-born is six times the proportion of the native.

In the cities the proportion of the native inhabitants unable to read or write is less than the proportion for the entire state, while of the foreign-born it is practically the same as the proportion for the entire state.

Of the native inhabitants outside the cities the number in each 1,000 unable to read or write is 24, as compared with 14 in the cities.

The number of males in the state returned as unable to read or write is 40,187, 14,594 native and 25,593 foreign-born. The native males are 2.43 per cent., or 24 in each 1,000 of the native male population aged 10 years or over, and the foreign-born males are 8.58 per cent., or 86 in each 1,000 of the foreign-born male population aged 10 years and over.

The number of females returned as unable to read or write is 30,585, or a trifle more than three-fourths as many as of males. Of the females 10,066 are native, and 20,519 foreign-born. The native females are 1.74 per cent., or 17 in each 1,000 of the native female population aged 10 years and over, and the foreign-born females are 8.24 per cent., or 82 in each 1,000 of the foreign-born female population aged 10 years and over.

**Advertised Letters.**  
List of letters remaining unclaimed for at the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 14th, 1895: Wm. Bel-

lamy, Wm. Brady, Mrs. E. B. Brandt, John Cook, Mrs. E. Corder, Pietro Dallasega, John Douglas, Rev. C. A. French, Melia Greenley, Mary Jansson, Mrs. Lizzie Jonson, E. S. Judd, Mrs. Annie Lafave, Mrs. J. F. Luns, Eli Laundry, Napoleon Lalonde, Maria LeMay, W. Morriey, Belle Rich, Joseph Sayen 2, Mrs. Lizzie Wells, Henry Young.

**Deals in Delta Dirt.**  
The following real estate transfers have recently been recorded in the office of the register of deeds: Sarah J. Royce and Eli P. Royce to Alphonse Degrandgagnage, five acres in section 31, township 39, range 22; consideration \$625. Sarah J. Royce and Eli P. Royce to Victor Degrandgagnage, five acres in section 31, township 39, range 22; consideration \$625. Annie Long to Henry M. Long and Charles H. Long, lot 5 of block 96, Escanaba. Isaac Rosenwald and wife and Sigmund Rothschild and wife to W. B. Young and G. E. Merrill, 280 acres in sections 11, 12 and 23, township 43, range 22; consideration \$2,000. Regina Pinger and husband to Ernest A. Williams, 400 acres in section 20, township 42, range 22; consideration private. James B. Goodman to W. B. Young and G. E. Merrill, 40 acres in section 27, township 42, range 22; consideration \$50. William Rehbein to Edward E. Naugle and William H. Holcomb, seven acres in section 39, township 41, range 21; consideration \$250. John Carlson to John Ohman, an undivided one-third interest in lot 1 of block 48, of the original plat of Escanaba; consideration \$250. August West to Johan O. Swanson, lot 3 of block 49 of the original plat of Gladstone; consideration \$200. Frank H. Van Cleave to Henry Oldenburg, lot 10 of block 1 in the Cochrane addition to Escanaba; consideration \$300. Reuben Joek to David Musham, 40 acres in section 16, township 39, range 19; consideration \$500. Bridget Malone to John K. Stack, lot 1 of block 40 of the city of Escanaba; consideration \$4,000.

**Trade At Home.**  
The merchants of Escanaba are nearly all displaying full and attractive stocks of goods in their respective lines specially adapted to holiday trade, for good and useful purposes during the cold winter season. Thus our people have both quality and variety from which to select, and can spare themselves the expense of sending to Milwaukee and Chicago on the plea that there is nothing in our home stores from which to select. The Iron Port ventures to say that our local merchants have as good goods in store for as low prices as half the local shoppers who send to the cities get. Merchants generally select at this season of the year with a view to satisfying the tastes of the class of people who are always insisting that "there is nothing here from which to select, a lack of quality, price," etc. How often have these people been taken in by city dealers, who imposed upon them simply because they were "from up country and never expected to sell to them again." The place to buy is at home, where you know your merchant and he knows you. Do this, and you'll be assisting in the building up of your town. Read the advertisement in The Iron Port before buying. You will find the merchants who patronize the newspapers not only liberal dealers, but the up-to-date business men. He wants your trade and asks for it.

**A Wily Wandering Willie.**  
A wandering Willie stepped into the First National Bank Wednesday afternoon, and approaching the standing desk proceeded to draw a check for \$500, which he presented to Cashier Lyman, demanding that amount of money. The cashier asked the man if he had an account with the bank and received a negative reply, whereupon the stranger was politely informed that he could not realize on the document. The man said he would like to borrow the money to pay off his men, and when asked his business, the wanderer replied that he was a "servant of the people." The fellow is unknown in Escanaba, and is supposed to be a tramp, mentally unbalanced.

**The New Ore Dock.**  
Work on the ore dock is progressing very satisfactorily. The laying of the sills will be commenced next week. Several car loads of Oregon fur arrived here this week to be used for door and gallow frames. The wood is exceptionally hard and durable. The freight on each car amounted to over \$200 before reaching the Northwestern system.

**Building More Dwellings.**  
Charles Regstrom, the Ishpeming contractor who is building ten tenement houses for the Cleveland-Cliffs company at Gladstone, has taken another contract there. He will erect three dwellings in the residence portion of the city for the company, the tenement houses being near the furnace.

**The Police Mill.**  
Conductor Jones, of the Soo, was arraigned in Justice Glaser's court on Wednesday, charged with assault, but the trial was postponed until January 3d. Jones, it is said, struck an intoxicated passenger with a beer bottle.

**Accidentally Shot.**  
On Sunday last while examining a revolver Frank Degrandgagnage accidentally shot his brother Martin, the ball taking effect in the back. Dr. Cholette extracted the ball, and the wounded man is recovering.

## SUBMITS HIS REPORT

### ENGINEER LOWETH ESTIMATES COST OF THE WATER WORKS.

He Sums Up the Plant's Original Cost at \$75,529.13, and Its Present Value at \$12,000 Less—The Report in Brief—Figures.

Several weeks ago Mr. Chas. F. Loweth, a prominent hydraulic engineer of St. Paul, was employed by the common council to examine the present water works system for the purpose of determining as nearly as possible the cost of a similar plant. Mr. Loweth spent several days here, and then returned to St. Paul, where he prepared a report, which was received this week, and which will be presented and discussed at the next meeting of the council. The report is a decidedly lengthy document, and enters into details connected with the construction, operation and maintenance of a plant suitable to a city the size of Escanaba. After describing the present plant Mr. Loweth estimates the amount necessary to construct a similar plant, basing his estimates on present prices for contract work, and also of the depreciation of the plant, thus arriving at its present cash value. The estimate is, he says, necessarily based on a superficial examination of the works, not having the co-operation of the Escanaba Water Works Company in the appraisements. The conclusions arrived at are as follows: Real estate, \$500; well and intakes, \$12,435; building, \$4,700; pumping plant, \$7,460; pipe distribution, \$46,837.51, a

total of \$71,932.51. He then deducts what he terms as the natural depreciation, which he places at \$12,220, and adds five per cent to the balance, thus making the original cost of the plant \$75,529.13, and its present value \$62,698.13. Mr. Loweth does not claim these figures to be absolutely correct for the reason stated above, but he thinks they are quite accurate, within five per cent either way.

**Looks Like Trouble.**  
President Cleveland sent a message to congress Tuesday on the Venezuela question announcing Great Britain's refusal to arbitrate. The president takes a firm stand advising that the Monroe doctrine be adhered to regardless of consequences. While seemingly alive to possible results, he says that foreign nations must keep out of the Americas. The president recommends congress to make survey of disputed territory.

**He Gets It At Last.**  
At last John K. Stack has succeeded in getting the property at the corner of Ludington and Campbell streets, where several years ago he commenced the erection of a building and abandoned the project on account of a flaw in his title to the property. He now pays Bridget Malone \$4,000 for lot 1 of block 40. Whether Mr. Stack will build on the property or not we are not informed.

**People Read It.**  
An advertisement in The Iron Port has an extended audience. This paper is regarded as the best advertising medium to bring wares of any kind before the people of Delta county. It goes into every community, and is carefully read.

**Presbyterian Church Services.**  
There will be the usual services in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. In the evening the service will be the sixth of the series of special Sunday evening services.

**Another Car Ferry.**  
The contract for a new steel car ferry, to run between Manistee and Gladstone, connecting with the "Soo Line," has been let by a Saginaw company. Her dimensions are 375 feet long, and 53 feet beam, calculated to carry twenty-eight cars (standard size). The new craft will have two 2,000-horse power engines, and fitted up with a first-class passenger cabin, containing thirty state rooms. She will not only be one of the largest, but fastest boats on the lakes.

**Holiday Excursion Rates.**  
On December 24, 25 and 31, 1895, and January 1, 1896, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets at reduced rates to stations within a distance of 200 miles, good for return passage until January 2, 1896, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

**A Dramatic Reader.**  
Prof. H. B. Aldrich, of Milwaukee, will give a dramatic reading at The Peterson January 1st. He is highly spoken of by the press.

**Menominee Pioneer Dead.**  
Pascal Perket, a resident of Menominee for the past thirty years, died Wednesday afternoon.

ing services, and will consist of a service of song entitled, "Xmas Carols." Choruses, anthems and solos will be rendered by the choir and male quartette, and appropriate readings will be given. These song services are excellent, and have so far, with all the services of the series, been greatly enjoyed by large congregations.

**Rapid River.**  
The village schools will close Friday for a Christmas vacation of one week. It is not known what vacation the other four schools of the township will give.

It transpires that on the night the honored guests were being entertained at the Shultz wedding tournament a dressed sheep that had been hanging in the shed was so stealthily secreted away that not even its ghost has made its way back.

Oliver Hill, Peter Shultz, James Martin and several others are arranging to depart for Georgia to locate and possibly settle certain city lots and farm tracts they have acquired by purchasing ten-dollar memberships in a southern emigration scheme having its chief source at Indianapolis, Indiana. A large number of our citizens are interested in the movement, but the leading ones among them are actuated only by speculation motives.

Two girls combined enough cash to purchase a package of cigarettes and at night they proceeded to try the things behind an unused building, and of course struck a match. The eagle eye of one girl's brother caught the flicker and he communicated the sensation to his mother. Just at that followed no tongue can tell. Moral: Take care how you light.

The people of this place should know that a review of its affairs each week in a widely circulated, well established newspaper, like The Iron Port, is of incalculable and lasting benefit to them.

## H. F. Stevenson,

JEWELER.

Before making your list for Holiday Gifts see our display of Novelties, and suggestions for that purpose, including the latest

### Sterling Silver Novelties,

All Prices.

Bicycle Marks, Book Marks, Hat Marks, Key Rings, Curling Irons, Match Boxes, Stamp Boxes, Thermometers, Bonnet Brush, Whisk Brush, Tooth Brush, Hair Brush, Combs, Pen Knives, Manicure Sets, Veil Clasp, Pipes, Cigar Holders, Glove Buttons, Shoe Buttoners; Paper Cutters, Cigar Cutters, Pocket Books, Purses, Card Cases, Ink Stands Scissors, Whist Counters, Seals, Photo Frames, Tea Balls, Letter Openers, Pin Trays, Pin Cushions.

All Silverware and Clocks Remaining from Auction Sale at a Great Discount

H. M. STEVENSON.

## CHRISTMAS EXERCISES.

### SPLENDID PROGRAMS PREPARED BY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Programs of the Methodist and Presbyterian Schools—Special Services at St. Stephen's—At the Other Churches—Notes.

For some weeks past the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church has been rehearsing for a Christmas entertainment, to be given at the church on Christmas Eve, and that it will be a pleasant affair goes without saying. After an address of welcome by the superintendent the following program will be rendered:

Song, "Happy Day".....School Dialogue.....H. Miller Recitation, Selected.....H. Miller Song, "Merry Xmas Eve".....Little Folks Solo and Chorus, "The Lord Is Come".....Miss B. Todd and School Recitation, "Thus Afore Christmas".....George Young Chorus, "We Love the Merry Xmas".....School Recitation, Selected.....Sophia B. Todd Solo and Duet, "The Light of Love".....Choir Motion Song, "This is the Way at Xmas".....Infant Class Recitation, Selected.....Ollie Thatcher Song, "Glorious to God".....School Dialogue.....Santa Claus.....Distribution of Gifts.....School Song, "The Merry Bells".....School Benediction.....Mrs. M. K. Bissel will preside at the organ. Admission free, and all are invited. Program to begin at 8 o'clock.

The Methodist Sunday school has arranged a splendid program for Christmas Eve, as follows:

Bice's Orchestra Invocation.....Edgar Zane Recitation, A Christmas Problem.....Edgar Zane Recitation, Two Little Stockings.....Mertie McMartin Anthem.....Choir Recitation, The Fire-Bell's Story.....Alice Valentine Exercise.....Class Chorus.....Six Young Ladies Recitation, The Railroad Crossing.....Raye Pillsbury Music.....Orchestra Recitation, Christmas Morning.....Alta Isidorson Song, Chiming Chimes.....Barney Ooldman Recitation, Santa Claus.....Barney Ooldman Recitation, Why she didn't laugh.....Esther McCourt Vocal Duet.....Two Young Ladies Recitation, Little Christel.....Birdie Owen Music.....Orchestra Recitation.....Albert Peppard Recitation.....Mabel Rolland Anthem.....Choir Recitation, A Child This Day is Born.....Ethel Winn Song.....Miss Mamie Barley Recitation, Beautiful Christmas.....Margia McCourt Chorus.....Six Young Ladies Recitation, First Christmas.....John McMartin Song, Winter Song.....Chorus Music.....Orchestra Recitation, A Boy Hero.....Conrad Stevenson Dooology.

The Daughters of the King will have a sale of fancy articles suitable for Xmas presents in the basement of the Episcopal church, this Saturday afternoon and evening from 4 to 9:30. A splendid supply of cream and other candies will be on hand. Lunch will be served during afternoon and evening. Coffee, cake and sandwich, all for 15 cents.

Services will be held at the Swedish M. E. church Christmas morning at six o'clock. The Sunday school entertainment will be held Dec. 28 at 7 p. m. An admission of ten cents will be charged at the latter. A fine program has been arranged and a pleasant evening is anticipated. All are invited.

There will be special services on Christmas day at St. Stephen's Episcopal church, at 10:30 a. m. Special music will be rendered by the choir and the church will be prettily decorated with appropriate texts and evergreens. Seats free and all are very welcome.

There will be services at the Swedish Lutheran church Christmas morning at 5:30. In the evening at 7:30 there will be festivities by the Sunday school, a literary program and the presentation of gifts being the principal features.

The Sons of Herman will have a Christmas tree for the children on Christmas night, at their lodge rooms. A splendid program has been prepared for the occasion.

Rev. Carl P. Edbloom will hold Christmas services at Barkville on Christmas day.

**Died From Cancer.**  
Wallace Boyce, who went to the Tracy hospital some weeks ago suffering from cancer of the throat, died at the county institution on Saturday last, in his sixty-fourth year. Mr. Boyce will be remembered as janitor at the court house for several years. The funeral took place from the Methodist church Monday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Williams conducting the services.

**Coming Entertainments.**  
Manager Peterson has H. P. Aldrich, reader, booked for January 1st, "Charity Ball," January 30; "A Wife" February 3, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for a later date.

**Brought to the Hospital.**  
While employed in a lumbering camp near Swanzy, Nils Matison had the misfortune to break one of his legs on Monday last, and is now at the Tracy hospital.

**Catholic Lady Foresters.**  
A court of Lady Foresters was instituted in Escanaba last Sunday at A. O. U. W. hall, by Mrs. Rogers, an organizer

from Chicago, with the following officers: Chief ranger, Mrs. Catherine Hughes, vice chief ranger, Mrs. Mary Kelly; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary Mogan; financial secretary, Mrs. Catherine Ryan; treasurer, Mrs. Mary Rooney; senior conductor, Mrs. Elizabeth Girard; junior, Mrs. Lillian Debut; sentinels, Mrs. Mary Moreau and Miss Lulu Fillou; trustees, Mrs. Francisca Loell, Mrs. Alex. Roberts and Mrs. Eva Kessler; medical examiner, Dr. Girard.

**General Repair and Machine Work.**  
The Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co. evidently intends to do a large business in general repair and machine work, outside of the construction and maintenance of their extensive plant at Gladstone. Their large and well appointed machine shop is furnished with a full line of modern tools of the best and heaviest type, and under the supervision of Master Mechanic Geo. J. Slining, this department is now ready to handle all kinds of work in its line, with quicker despatch and in a more masterly manner, than any shop in this part of the state. Boiler repairs, heavy forgings, cast work, both in iron and brass, pipe fitting and bolt cutting, sheet iron work, and the finishing of machinery of large dimensions, can all be handled by this shop, and saw mill men, and steamboat owners, will be glad to know that they have now an institution of this kind, which can help them out of their difficulties. We are told that this is the only shop north of Milwaukee which makes a special study of the indicating of the horse power developed by engines, the setting of valves, and the economy of fuel.

**High School Notes.**  
The following were excused from taking the final examination in civil government because of the high quality of their daily work: Mattie McKee, Margaret Robertson, Lillie Headsten, Esther Lucia, Tibbie Baum, Fred Cram, Robert Oliver, and Sam Atkins.

The coming vacation affords a much needed rest.

Only eighteen cases of tardiness for the last four months as against twenty-two in September of last year.

Miss Heaton and Miss Abbott go to their homes in lower Michigan to spend the holidays. They will attend the Teachers' State Association which convenes in Lansing next week. Miss McComb will spend the vacation at her home in South Bend, Indiana.

Last Friday afternoon Dr. Todd gave the high school a very interesting address on the subject, "Esprit du corps."

**Perkins School Notes.**  
Report for fourth month ending December 6th, Isabelle Katen, teacher. Total enrollment, 56; boys 25; girls 31; average daily attendance 40. Roll of honor: Annie Krouth, Frances and Mildred Whitney, Gertrude Boprie, Mary and Emma Hall, Richard and Herman Anderson, Madeline Krouth, Romeo and Joseph Beauchamp, Luisa and Emeline Geroux, Helen Katen and Willie Hall.

The selections memorized during the month were "Barbara Frietchie" and "Somebody's Mother."

The final contest in spelling takes place Saturday morning; there are eight contestants for the championship of the school.

The pupils will give a Christmas entertainment on Tuesday afternoon, December 24, to which all are cordially invited.

Shortly before six o'clock Tuesday evening, as Nightwatchman Croser was making his rounds at the broomhandle factory, he walked into an open elevator shaft on the second floor, falling a distance of about eighteen feet and striking head foremost on a heavy iron casting, suffering concussion of the brain. He was found by Superintendent Stratton, who immediately turned in a police alarm, and the patrol took the injured man to his home, where medical aid was summoned.

**Injured On No. 3.**  
John Powers, nightwatchman, was seriously injured on Saturday last while at work on one of the ore docks. While endeavoring to escape from a cable he fell upon some ties, and at the same time a huge piece of frozen earth from a work train struck him in the back with such force as to render him unconscious. He was taken to the Tracy hospital.

**Ore Shipments By Rail.**  
The Cambria mine has begun shipping ore to the Illinois Steel company, Chicago, by rail, and has forwarded about 200 tons daily so far. Similar shipments to Chicago are being made from Gogebic range mines and sales are now being negotiated of ore to go as far east as Mahoning valley by rail this winter.

**A Handsome Program.**  
The Iron Port will hereafter issue the opera house program, which will be something entirely new and decidedly handsome in appearance and make up. It will be in pamphlet form with a beautifully engraved cover, and advertisers who take space therein "will get their money's worth."

**Gladstone's Commerce For 1895.**  
Shipments from Gladstone for the season of 1895 were as follows: Ore, 109,211 gross tons; grain, 4,000,000 bushels; flour, 1,200,000 barrels; lumber, 35,000,000 feet; cedar, 800,000 pieces. The receipts were: Coal, 205,000 tons; merchandise, 40,000 tons. The showing is, indeed, a good one.



CHRISTMAS-TIDE

LONG years ago o'er Bethlehem's fair plains, We heard the wondrous and enchanting strains...

'Jumper' for me right away. We don't often have such a snow as this in the west, and my wife and children want to enjoy it...

ing was human, and had that human instinct which leads us to try to find some one on whom to blame misfortunes and disappointments. Her husband, with an equally natural instinct, was inclined to resent this, for he only knew how hard it was to collect money even after it was earned.

Over and above all her feelings of disappointment now, rose the feeling of love and sympathy for her husband. How she did regret her sharp words at the news of his failure to get his money from Mr. Potter.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Only a star! a shining star! More glorious than our planets are, But watched by wistful eyes and bright, And longing hearts, that wondrous night.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN GREECE His Long Slavery to the Turk Has Left Its Mark on the Greek. The Mohammedan kneels most punctiliously in the mosque or on his prayer mat in the street.



THE BROWNING'S CHRISTMAS

NE week before Christmas John Browning and his wife sat by the waning fire in the grate after all their children had gone to bed. They enjoyed its warmth and their own relaxation from toil, and were talking over their affairs in general.

During the week both the grocer and butcher called around to see about their bills, and were both assured by Mrs. Browning that they would receive some money on Saturday night, inasmuch as Mr. Browning had been so fortunate as to have steady work all week.

she fell back to her mood of trying to blame somebody. John was a kind husband, but he was too easy with people. It seemed to her that, if she were a man, in some way or other she would manage money matters better.

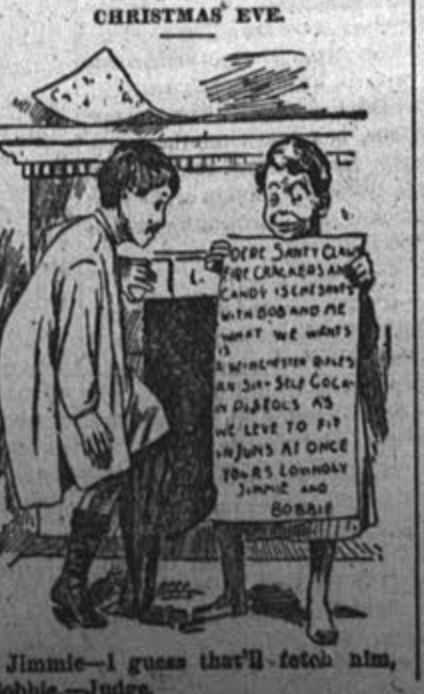
material to make a substantial dinner at the new grocer's. Then they went to a store where there was a good five-cent counter, and had much amusement and pleasure in selecting a lot of little articles suitable for putting in the children's stockings, not forgetting a pound of stick candy.

THE GRACE OF ACCEPTANCE. More Difficult to Gracefully Receive Than to Make a Gift. This may be a surprising statement, but it is nevertheless true: It is a harder matter to receive a gift gracefully than to give one.

Dead Ants' Heads Put to Use. One curious fact about an ant is that the grip of its jaws or mandibles is retained for hours or even days after death. Knowing this fact has enabled the Indians of Brazil to put the heads of dead ants to use in their simple surgery.



"I CANNOT PAY YOUR BILL TILL I RETURN."



Jimmie—I guess that'll fetch him, Bobbie.—Judge.



# THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

ONLY a little boy baby. He was weak, helpless, hopeless, and without sign of greatness. He depended upon the tender care of a mother, just as you and I and all of us cling to our mothers when we were born.

Only a little mother. She was a Jewess, and her race was proscribed then even more than it has been since. She was unmarried and yet she had become a mother. What she thought, how she augured of the future, no man can tell; and only woman can conjecture. She was alone, save for the faithful attention of a man named Joseph, who cared for her because he loved her.

Only a little star. It shone forth in the Heavens, and to ordinary observation it was no more worthy of attention than the myriads of stars which make with their combined effulgence the milky way across the sky. But wise men of the east who studied the stars and their portents saw the star, and knew that it would lead them to a wonder beyond their mortal ken. And they followed it until it led them to where the young child was. And then they began to realize that although the star had brought them to a babe, only a little one, they were in the presence of infinity incarnate.

Only a little town, and a town very obscure. Its name was not known 100 miles away; and yet its name was destined to be placed in the zenith of human affairs, to be known of all men, and to attain distinction, solely because the little boy baby was born there.

Only a little stable, and only a little manger, in the little town of Bethlehem, and there the little mother gave birth to the little boy, of the house of

cause it is coming Christmas day, and that is the anniversary of the birth of the little boy in the little manger, in the little stable, in the little town of Bethlehem.

Wonderful, is it not, that such a little event in the history of a great world should become so celebrated? But all the ages before that time knew not how or by what means there should be an assurance of future life. Every man and every woman from the creation felt that there is a future life, but there was no revelation of the plan of salvation. Wise men looked for it, prayed for it and sought for a sign. And when they saw the star in the east they followed it eagerly. Inspiration, rather than intuition, gave them to know that the era of complete revelation had arrived!

Down in the jungles, out in the wilds, in the homes of affluence and in the dens of vice, on the mountain top and in the valley, in the forest and upon the prairies, in the lowlands and on the plateaus, everywhere to-day children are singing hosannas, because the little child of the little mother was born, and darkness was swept away, so that out of the night into the light we all were led by the birth in Bethlehem.

In your homes you celebrate the day with gladness, and it is the happiest day of the entire year, because it is the children's day. When He was grown to manhood and was speaking as never man spake, His every utterance being wisdom, He said of little children: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." So because it is the children's day, and they are emblems of the innocence of Heaven, Christmas day is the day of all days in every year which we hail with joy and gladness. The little Son of the little mother brought a new commandment into the world, "that ye love one another," and so this is the day when we put aside all selfishness and all uncharitableness and rejoice with exceeding joy that the little mother who was overshadowed with the Holy Spirit gave birth to the little boy who grew to such stature that His name is salvation and extends all over the earth, and even into the kingdom of Heaven.

Here in Washington, the nation's capital, we celebrate the day very much as you celebrate it at home. Our children hang up their stockings, some of them also place plates upon the kitchen or

# THE GOLD GOBBLER.



ON PINE MOUNTAIN, in Georgia,

lived an enormous wild turkey known as the Gold Gobbler. A poet who had seen him, who, indeed, had taken a shot at him, said that the magnificent bird had bathed himself in the sunrise and had afterward set the color by a dip in the end of a rainbow. Many a sportsman came from the city to spill the turkey's blood, but failed. A Pine Mountain wisecracker said that the Gold Gobbler bore a charmed life; and among the educated people of the neighborhood this saying arose: "As elusive as the Gold Gobbler." Year after year, as Christmas time drew near, Gold Gobbler hunting parties were formed and shotguns belloyed on the rugged peak and echoed in the deep ravine, but when spring came again the king of turkeys was heard gobbling among the velvet-tipped shrubs on the hillside. The Bob Tombs gun club offered \$100 reward for the turkey if captured alive, and many a trap was set for him, and one fine morning in a steel trap was found one of his bronze feathers, but that was the nearest they came to his capture.

In this neighborhood lived old Dave Nance, philosopher and negro. The tenderness of his heart was almost a byword; indeed, it was sometimes spoken of in a reproachful way. A thrifty neighbor declared that Dave's heart would land him in the poorhouse. If this old fellow chanced to meet a hungry animal he would feed him, no matter whose property he might be. Once he fed and nursed an enemy's dog, and afterward when some one laughed about it, old Dave said: "Wall, de po' dog didn' know whuther de man wuz my enemy ur not, an' ef I hadn' er give him suthin' ter eat, de sorrowful lookin' critter neber could understand de reason why, an' in his heart he would er hit it up er gin me; an' lemme tell you folks suthin': De Lawd at de las' gre't day ain' gwine skuze er pusson fur not bein' kind simply because er enemy stood in de way."

"Yes, Dave," a white man smilingly replied, "but a man must be just to himself."

"Dat's er fuck, sah; an' lessen I feeds de hungry I kain't be just ter mersef."

"That's true, but they tell me that every Christmas all the hungry dogs in the neighborhood come to your house to get something to eat."

"Dat's all what de calls er fancy, sah. But da does drap in some times when da's er hungry an' who kin blame 'em."

"By the way, Dave, are you going to hunt the Gold Gobbler this coming Christmas?"

"I'm gwine git him 'f I kin. But he's er mighty raskil. I tuk it inter my head dat ef I'd make er trap outen corn stalks he wouldn't be skeered o' it, an' I done so, an' he got in dar, but bless you he flew er way wid one o' de stalks in his mouf. I'd like might'y ter git dat hunnurd dollars, but I reckon I'll neber lay han's on dat much money. It's er mighty strange thing dat nobody kin hit dat bird. Dis is de dif' season dat he has 'sturbed dis yer neighbor-



"I'M GWINE GIT HIM."

hood. I yere 'em say now dat de gun club gwine pay de monee eben ef you fatches him dead, case da knows dat nobody kin take him alive. But I've got er scheme put up on him. I's got er new pair er specktickles dat kin see through mo' den er mile an' I's got er army gun dat will tote true jest ez fur ez er pusson kin see, an' I'm gwine load it wid one dezer yer minnie balls. I ain' gwine take no mo' chances wid shot. Oh, I've got at de reason de raskil hain't been hit—he's so bright dat you think you're right on him when de fac is you're er way off. An' den when you shoot you ain't got him. Dat's all dar is ter it. But I gwine bore him through an' through, I tell you."

Every night as the holidays drew near, Dave would take down his gun and wipe it out, and caressingly he would fondle the minnie ball, which he had rubbed until it was bright. "Yes, honey," he would say, "you gwine through dat ole raskil; yes you are you neenter say you ain't." And the children would gather about him and beg him to let them take the bullet in their hands. "Turn it loose; take care, chile. Doan you know you gwine

all de charm off ef you keep on? Take kere; doan tech it."

One cold afternoon as Dave was returning from the forest where he had been chopping wood, he came to a creek, and in the water, swiftly borne round and round, he saw a pig. Thinking not of the cold water he plunged in and rescued the animal, strove to warm him against his great black bosom and then let him go. He would have thought no more of this trifling adventure, but upon awaking at morning he found his joints so stiff with rheumatism that he could not walk. He told the cause of his trouble, and his wife mildly scolded him for not taking better care of himself. "How you gwine git dat gold bird an' you all crippled up yere in de house?" she asked. "It jest peer like you always lookin' fur suthin' ter hurt yo'-self wid. I thought you gwine kill dat bird 'sbo, dis time. But yere you is, er cripple."

"De Lawd gibs de rheumatiz an' de Lawd takes it er way," the old man replied.

She tossed her head at him. "Dat ain't it er tall," she said. "De fool gits de rheumatiz an' de fool kain't take it er way, you better say. You 'vokes me nearly ter death, man. Dat ole pig wan't yo'n no how. I hates ter call you er ole fool, but I'ae fered I'll hatter."

"Doan you fret, Liza. I'll git dat gobbler. Doan you fret; I'll be well in er day ur two."

But time passed and he did not get well. He could hobble about the house,



INSTANTLY THE DOG SEIZED HIM.

but Christmas came and he could not hope to climb the mountain.

Christmas morning was frosty. Long before daylight old Dave's family was astir. About a great log fire they sat, musing. The old man had his gun leaning against his chair. There was a scratching at the door. The door was opened and a "stray" dog came in. "Wall, I'm jest er gre't mine ter dribe him out," Liza declared. "No, let him stay," Dave commanded. "He's de fust one ter come an' ask our Chrismus gif. Set down ober dar, ole feller."

The dog sat down. The children were happy, but Liza mourned over the loss of the Gold Gobbler.

"Neber mine," said Dave. "Neber mine, we may git him next Chrismus."

"We mout all be dead by den," his wife replied.

"Wall, den, ef we is we woan't need de gobbler, doan you see?"

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't talk ter me datter wa'."

"Doan you want me ter tell you de truf?"

"You ain't tellin' me de truf."

"Ain't I? Did you eber know any dead folks dat needed er gobbler?"

"Oh, I wish you'd hush, Dave. It do 'peer dat you all time fryin' ter hurt yo'-self some way jest er bout de time you is most needed. I wish I could shoot. I'd take dat gun an' go after him. Gracious, lissen at 'em up dar on de knob er shootin' at him now."

"But de win' is blowin' too hard. I couldn't git him eben ef I wuz up dar. Steve," he added, speaking to one of the boys, "dar's too much smoke in de house an' we kain't leave de do' open. Win's blowin' right down de chimney. Git up dar an' take er few boad's offen de ruff an' let dis smoke out."

The boy climbed upon the roof and removed a number of boards, always kept loose for such an emergency, and left a large opening.

"Jest lissus how da's shootin'," said Dave. "Fust on one side de hill an' den on de udder. An' da's gittin' him rattled dis time. He doan know whicher way he's flyin'. Doan you yere 'em blazin' er way? Gracious, he must be flyin' roun' in er circle. He doan know whar ter light dis—Heaben's er libe!"

There came a great flop and a flutter, and down through the opening in the roof fell the Gold Gobbler. And instantly the dog seized him. And then Dave, Liza, children, dog and all had him. "Fetch me dat bedcord an' lemme tie him!" Dave cried. "Turn loose, I tell you! Wan't ter take de charm offen him. Mussy, look how he shine. Oh, da got him tired out an' he had ter light. Fool gits de rheumatiz, but fool kain't take it er way, huh! I'ae well dis minit. Jes' looke er yere, jes' looke er yere. Oh, you neenter kick, honey. Lawd love you, you neenter kick. Steve, hitch up dat buckbo'd, I gwine dribe right ober ter dat gun club. An' we gwine have er dinner yere dat will make ewer body's mouf water. An' de dog's mouf waterin' now. Hole on er minit. We'll all git right down yere an' thank de Lawd fur dis yer Christmas mawnin'." OPIE READ.

Out of Sight. Mildred—What do you think of the Christmas decorations? Marjorie—Considering that the alcove was so secluded, hanging that piece of mistletoe up there seemed rather superfluous.—Truth.

Inexpensive. "I promised to give my wife a surprise on Christmas." "Indeed?" "Yes. You see, it's all I can afford to give her."—Chicago Record.

# CHRISTMAS IN PASTORAL CALIFORNIA.



With the early "Californians" Christmas was almost continuous, and, perhaps, there was not a happier people on the globe than the people of California during the first two generations of the present century.

One of the few remaining dons of the olden time, in speaking of the "good times that come no more," said: "There was very little work to do, so we danced and amused ourselves!" That expressed the Spaniards' philosophy of life, and they enjoyed every day of their dreamy existence in this lotos land of almost perpetual sunshine and genial climate. Usually a ball continued two or three days, and during the Christmas holidays the festivities continued for several days after New Year's day. As the revelers came a long distance, usually owing to the sparsely settled condition of the country, they made the most of the opportunity—bringing along their necessary baile clothing. In every pueblo, and in each neighborhood, some one of the gente de razon of wealth would announce a Christmas baile and pasco del campo ball and picnic. Invitations were not necessary, for the proud don, in accordance with custom, kept open house, and his casa belonged to everyone who came. As dancing was one of the chief industries of the Californians, nearly every house had a ballroom, however small it might be.

At a gran baile the music was that of a violin, guitar, and sometimes a harp. El jota was the favorite and the most popular of all the Spanish dances, perhaps because of its poetic license in permitting the gentleman to express to his fair partner his love in rhyme. The verses were impromptu, or supposed to be, and inspired by the graces and charms of the bewitching senorita. The jota is danced by one couple or more. The senior faces his partner and when the music begins each couple be-

reaching to the center of the room the best male and female dancers. Facing each other, they gravely bowed, at which the spectators laughed in anticipation of what was to come. The couple balanced and shuffled their feet in accompaniment to the music, singing a verse generally on a local subject, and more or less broad in meaning. At its conclusion the woman took from her pocket a handkerchief, which she waved to denote a horse trotting, when she slightly raised her skirts before and behind as if she were about to mount the horse, bloomer fashion. The man was handed a cane, which he got astride of, and they executed the movement of riding horses to the great amusement of all.

It was a custom for the ladies to slightly raise their dresses, when worn long, so as to show the graceful steps, for the Spaniards prided themselves on their artistic dancing, and there was a rivalry among both sexes for superiority in grace and execution.

It was a practice for the spectators to applaud the more artistic, and la jota and el jarabe afforded the best opportunity for rival couples to display their art. After applause had been exhausted, the gentlemen would further compliment the successful lady by placing their hats on her head, as high as they could reach, and toss others at her feet. She acknowledged this compliment with a repetition of the dance. The hats were redeemed with presents.

The ball usually ended at daylight. A few hours' sleep and the revelers were up, and off for a picnic in the groves. A light luncheon of fruit, wine and cake was taken along, which was eaten with vocal and instrumental musical accompaniment. The picnic ended with an informal dance called Canistita de flores. The dancers formed a ring on the green sward, and circled round, chanting an ode to the flowers—the emblem of love. At its conclusion, each man embraced the senorita whom he loved most.

In the afternoon there was horse-racing, bull-fighting and a sport styled carrera el gallo, which latter consisted in burying a rooster in the sand, the head alone exposed. At a distance of 50 yards a horseman would run his steed at full gallop, and lean over and catch the bird. The ladies witnessed these sports with great interest. In the evening there was another dance, and on the next day another picnic, more bull-fighting and horse-racing, to be followed by more dancing, until the Christmas festivities extended beyond New Year's.

The dons kept "open house," the tables being always served, and everybody was privileged to come and eat his fill.

The costumes of the gallants of the early days were black cloth breeches,



SCENE AT AN OLD-TIME FIESTA.

gin their refrain—the lady answering, in verse, the song of her partner. This was accompanied by each moving the arms in a flirtatious or endearing manner, as the song prompted, and the answer required—a pantomime accompaniment to a love story. Each dancer kept step to the music of the dance in alternately raising the feet and half turning with a light spring or hop, maintaining a stately grace as in the minuet. Some of the more graceful and dexterous senoritas, in addition, accompanied themselves with castanets. The next figure was the forming of a circle—the men going in one direction and the ladies in the opposite, and on meeting partners each couple took its former position. This figure called for a new verse.

El jarabe, the Mexican national dance, was next in popularity. It was danced by one couple when only its artistic effect was to be considered by the guests, but usually there was rivalry, and two couples contended for the applause, which was given with an echo. The steps are more of a slow glide movement and afford ample opportunity for flirting by gesture, for the movements of the body and hands must harmonize with the singing. The floor manager selected the most experienced dancers in the room.

By way of variety and to exhibit the grace and dexterity of some of the ladies, "el bamba" was loudly called for amid the clapping of hands. Everyone being seated, the floor managers approached some one of the senoritas who was known to be expert with her feet, and escorted her to the middle of the ballroom. He placed on her head a glass filled with water, and at her feet a handkerchief with two of the corners tied so that she might take hold of it with her toes. The musicians varied their airs, she as readily changing step. Finally the handkerchief was lifted on the toe of her white satin slipper and concealed somewhere under her dress. There was great applause; when with a dexterous movement, worthy of a ballerina, she brought forth the handkerchief. Not a drop of water was spilled from the glass on her head during this saltatorial exercise.

At the bailes of the middle class of people el caballo (the horse) was called for instead of el bamba. The floor manager, who was supposed to keep track of the expert dancers, escorted

reaching to the knee and sometimes longer, open on the outer side and faced with satin, buttoned with gold or silver buttons. Around the waist a broad sash of black or red silk was worn, ornamented with gold or silver fringe, the ends hanging on the left side. The jacket was of black cloth with blue velvet cuffs and collar, and gold and silver buttons. The stockings were of black silk and his shoes of dressed deer-skin. The hair was braided, parted in the center, and worn long, falling over the shoulders. The shirt was embroidered and the vest was usually of blue or red velvet or silk.

The ballroom dress of the fashionable lady was constructed on narrow lines, of red, blue or green silk, and close-fitting around the waist and neck, showing her shapely form to advantage with each graceful movement. The sleeves were short, showing a full, rounded arm. The dress was ornamented with bouquets of ribbons of various colors. Under the skirt was worn another of red flannel, making a very pretty combination. A red or blue silken sash extended from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist, where it was looped with a knot of ribbons of various colors. Her slippers were of white or red satin.

Only a few of the hidalgos of those romantic days are now living, and they continue the hospitable customs of the past by keeping open house on Christmas and New Year's days, giving a grand baile, content with merely looking upon the scenes in which they so often figured and telling their descendants of the "good times that come no more." J. M. SCANLAND.

A Christmas Book for Her. "Will you get me a Christmas book, my dear?" She asked, with a kindly look. And he answered: "My darling, I've got it here."

And he gave her a pocketbook; then she hugged and kissed him for half a minute. For she saw there was something handsome in it. —N. Y. Press.

A Present for His Grandfather. "I'm saving up to buy you a Christmas present, grandpa," said Willie.

"That's very nice of you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "How much have you got?"

"Well," Willie replied, "if you'll give me ten cents, I'll have 11 altogether." —Harper's Young People.



BIRTH OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

David and of the tribe of Judah, and they called His name Jesus. And that was 1893 years ago, but the event was not forgotten. It became known to the whole world, and forever the name will be honored, cherished, venerated, because it was learned later that He was the Son of God, and the only begotten Son of the Most High.

Joseph was a carpenter and worked very hard at his trade. He married Mary, the little mother, and she became his loyal, loving wife. And the child grew and waxed strong. He did not know His divine origin. He called Joseph His father, and He learned to work at the trade. He helped Joseph in many ways, and sharpened his tools for him, and made implements and helped build houses. But all the while Mary was praying for manifestations of proof of His divine origin. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and Mary did not herself know what great manifestations were to come in answer to her prayers. She only hoped and prayed.

Only a little boy, but when He was 12 years of age, the shackles of human influence fell from Him, and His eyes were opened to His condition. In and through Him were being worked the great problem and plan of salvation for all mankind. You and I never stop to think of the revelation that must have stunned that mortal brain of the poor little boy, who had supposed Himself the carpenter's son, until the veil was lifted before Him, and He saw into the holy of holies, and realized that He was not as other men, but indeed the Son of God. Until that time, He was only a little boy, just as other little boys; but He was divinely fashioned for the work before Him, and accepted the ordeals as they came.

Only a little town, only a little stable, only a little manger, only a little mother, only a little baby, only a little star, and yet you and I are celebrating with mirth and joy that event of the long ago, and all around the world the people are making holiday and gayety, be-

dining-room table, and those who love them make provision over night for their good cheer on Christmas morning. Some of the little ones write letters to Santa Claus, but that dear old friend of our childhood cannot always bring what the children want. But there is always something provided for the children on Christmas day.

There are three little children in the white house, and they will have a great Christmas day. One of them is about six years old, another one is two years old and another one is only a few months old. They will have plenty of presents, for their papa can get many things from Santa Claus, because he is president of the United States. But their papa does not love them any better than any poor man loves his children. Their mamma cannot love them any more than the mammas of poor children love them. But there is love in the white house, just as there is love in your home; and the same spirit of joy exists there that exists in all homes, because the little mother in the little manger gave to us all her Son, who was also the Son of God, so many years ago in Bethlehem.

I hope that all the children who read this letter, or who hear it read, will take new interest in the story of the poor little mother and the poor little boy baby, and learn to understand that all of our happiness and liberty and hope have come from the fact that so long ago in the little stable, in the little manger, in the little town of Bethlehem, there was born a Saviour of the whole world; and that because of that fact we celebrate Christmas day, and have such good times on that great children's day. And moreover, every little boy and every little girl who enjoys Christmas must realize that we are made happy because when the little Son of the little mother became a man, "He went about doing good;" and that we will always increase our happiness if we go about doing good, and trying to make others about us as happy as we can. SMITH D. FAY.



# The Iron Port

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## WHERE GOVERNMENT FAILS.

In one of the articles written by ex-President Harrison with a view to giving the women of the country a better insight as to the practical workings of our national institutions, he says that "God has never endowed any statesman or philosopher, or any body of them, with wisdom enough to frame a system of government that everybody could go off and leave." While this is a truism it is one of which the people are too apt to lose sight, says an exchange. There is an absolute necessity for watchfulness on the part of those who may profit from good government or must suffer from bad. No automatic system can be devised for looking after their public or private interests. Even in this country the inherent virtue of our scheme is not to be relied upon. It is incumbent upon the citizens of every municipality and state, as well of the general government, to exercise the closest scrutiny and the utmost vigilance in looking after the conduct of public affairs.

The obligation referred to never ceases and is binding upon every one enjoying the rights and privileges of sovereign citizenship. It is generally said that the American people take more interest in politics than those of any other nation. In a sense, but not in the best sense, this is true. If there be an important election on hand the masses are stirred to enthusiasm. They rally to applaud patriotic sentiments, join in the conflicts of an exciting campaign and participate in the final struggle at the polls. But this is followed by a reaction that takes the form of comparative lethargy. The representatives who constitute authority have been chosen and men return to their private affairs until around by the coming of another election.

Those chosen as representative agents to conduct the immense public business of the country are left to their own devices. The people manifest none of that sense of responsibility or prudent care which every sensible man exercises in looking after his private affairs. The result is that mistakes are made and wrongs are done that proper supervision would have prevented. This evil exists both in the people and in those public officials who are intrusted with looking after the work and conduct of subordinates. The results are those that mar the successful operation of our most excellent system of government. Public trusts are violated and public confidence is outraged. Taxpayers are robbed and the money thus obtained is used in opposing their interests. Men use their offices to enrich themselves or to promote the political welfare of themselves and the machine with which they are identified.

There is no branch of the public control to which the results of this popular neglect do not extend. Just now there is widespread scandal involving the management of public institutions. An attendant in an insane asylum has just been convicted in Chicago for brutally kicking a patient to death. In another part of the same state the manager of the poor farm is charged with permitting and participating in the grossest abuses. Three employes in a New Jersey institution are accused of poisoning an insane patient to death, and one of them is a resident physician. So far as the testimony goes to show the trio felt like indulging in violent exercise and found it in using the poor unfortunate to thump, kick and toss about. In New York Sheriff Tamsen is on trial charged with conniving at the escape of three postoffice robbers from the Ludlow street jail.

In several other parts of the country there are investigations in progress because of alleged abuses and neglects in public institution. They are not closely enough looked after. Supervision usually consists of visits at stated intervals when everything is prepared to make the best impression. When there is an active looking into affairs it is usually after some grave breach of trust is discovered which should have been prevented. It is especially discreditable that popular neglect should permit those to suffer who are unable to protect themselves; but it is part and parcel of the way of doing things in this

country. Public abuses will flourish so long as there is public indifference.

According to The Menominee Herald the Hon. Joseph Fleshiem, who has been mentioned as a possible candidate for governor, is already giving out some "phat takes." The Herald says:

"About the busiest man in these parts at this writing is our new governor. It may not be generally known, but our genial friend, Senator Fleshiem, has lately been nominated by one of the local papers for that position. Now, Joe's friends are legion, and they have all been in to see him—that is all who have reached here yet, and the others are coming—in regard to the distribution of the gubernatorial patronage, and Joe has been distributing it with a liberal hand. There are no flies on his way of doing that kind of business. Any man who wants anything, gets it, that's all. He has promised the railroad commissionership to 150, and other positions in like proportion. Representative Fuller, of Delta, was down the other day, and picked out a good many fat things for the faithful in his bailiwick. It is needless to say that he got the promise of all he asked for. One nice thing about Gov. Fleshiem's method is that you don't have to hurry to get in ahead. He promises just as freely to the other fellow who comes last, thus making it pleasant all around. One thing has become evident, however, there will be no places left for lower peninsula. To use the vernacular, that neck of the woods is not in it to any remarkable extent. Joking aside, however, stranger things have happened than the nomination spoken of. There are four strong candidates in the field for governor: Pingree, Bliss, O'Donnell and Wheeler. Should a dead-lock occur, some outside man may have to be taken, in which case an upper peninsula candidate would be in it with both feet. If it is necessary for Menominee county to sacrifice her most popular citizens for the sake of harmony in the party, she will in the future, as in the past, be found ready for the sacrifice."

The local labor leaders have laid out a comprehensive program of work in behalf of legislation to be secured at this session of congress, and nearly all of their projects seem to deserve the hearty co-operation of the other citizens of the district. The act making employers liable for the accidental injury or death of those in their employ is worthy of earnest consideration. There is now no law in force in the district which secures the wages of men hired by insolvent firms, and this singular defect in the statutes ought surely to be remedied under proper conditions. Some states have even gone so far as to make the laborer a preferred creditor in such cases. The men who depend upon small wages from week to week should receive the benefit of every protection that the law can justly throw around them.—Washington Star.

It's a good plan if you want to do some good to the poor and helpless as winter approaches not to ship a large box of clothing and provisions a thousand miles away when there is a little boy freezing just around the corner, probably within a few feet of you. It is all right to send help away, but take care of the destitute at your own door before you go any farther away.

The present tariff law is a failure, pure and simple, is thoroughly demonstrated by its inability to produce sufficient revenue to support the government. The republicans must increase the revenues so that the income shall exceed the expenditures. The government cannot prosper with the outgo greater than the receipts.

Col. Ingersoll has not yet been converted to the christian religion by the prayers of the Endeavorers. He says he wants to finish his days without the consolation of a bell. Bob has been a long time on the wrong road.

A bill has been passed by the House authorizing the president to appoint a Venezuelan commission and appropriating \$100,000 for expenses. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, introduced the bill.

To whom it may concern: Grover is at home from his hunting trip, and brought a nice string of ducks.

Four weeks ago not a furnace in

the Lake Superior iron district was in blast. Now the Excelsior furnace at Ishpeming is making more iron than ever before. The Cleveland Cliffs Co. will soon blow in the largest charcoal furnace in the world. The Weston furnace at Manistique is arranging to go in blast and the Martel furnace at St. Ignace is being relined and repaired, after being abandoned for some time. Other furnaces will probably go into blast before spring.

President Cleveland's message on the Venezuela question created something of a sensation throughout the country, and the president has received messages of congratulation upon his firm stand from all quarters of the country and from men of all parties and stations in life. Grover has made a ten-strike.

The board of education has wisely deferred action regarding a change of text books. Even if a change were deemed advisable The Iron Port does not think it would be wise to make the change in the middle of the term, and this opinion is concurred in by many others.

The county clerk's association has made a schedule of fees, which will be embodied in a bill to be introduced in the next legislature. The present schedule of fees is said to be "a back number."

The appointment of Hon. A. R. Northup to fill the vacancy on the board of education, caused by the death of A. S. Rowell, is very commendable. He is the right man in the right place.

Congressman S. M. Stephenson is very much alive to the interests of the district he so ably represents. He has introduced a bill providing for the restoration of the duties on iron ore.

Every resident of Escanaba should begin the new year with a determination to do something to materially advance the city during 1896. Put your shoulder to the wheel.

The national executive committee of the People's party will convene at St. Louis on Jan. 17th, to fix time and place for holding its national convention.

The New York Advertiser announces on what is termed "the best authority" that Levi P. Morton is an avowed candidate for the presidency.

Grover Cleveland's "luck" is again working. His stand on the Venezuela question assures for him a nomination for a third term.

John J. Ingalls denies that he has declared his preference for Benjamin Harrison for the republican nomination for president.

It is interesting to learn and from his own words, too, that Grover has got the country into a "delicate predicament."

Do not forget the worthy poor on Christmas. Fill their stockings and make not only them but yourself happy.

Mr. Cleveland's "enervating" paternalism," has been classified with "innocuous desuetude" by Congressmen.

It is reported that Fitzsimmons and Maher will fight near El Paso on Feb. 14th.

The St. Ignace Enterprise is one of The Iron Port's most interesting exchanges.

Newspaper talk about "war" is rather disgusting to the intelligent citizen.

The Federation of Labor convention will be held at Cincinnati next year.

Fifteen thousand tailors in New York and Brooklyn are locked out.

**Legal.**  
First Publication Nov. 23d, 1895.  
**ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL PURPOSES AND FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.**  
At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the 19th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.  
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Peter Schils, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Anna Schils, praying that an administrator be appointed on the estate of said deceased.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

**Legal.**  
First Publication Dec. 7, 1895.  
**ORDER OF HEARING, FOR ASSIGNMENT OF RESIDUE OF ESTATE—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.**  
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.  
Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Joseph E. Martel, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John P. Carey, administrator of said estate, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said Joseph E. Martel, deceased.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

**Legal.**  
First Publication Dec. 7th, 1895.  
**PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.**  
Probate court for said county.  
At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Wednesday the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.  
Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Paul Dubois, deceased.  
On reading and filing the final report and account of Annie Dubois, administratrix of said estate.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 30th 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, then to be held 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 that said administratrix give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

**Legal.**  
First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.  
**PROBATE NOTICE—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.**  
Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1895, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Peter Schils, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 10th day of June, A. D. 1896, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 2d day of March, A. D. 1896, and on Wednesday the 17th day of June, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.  
Dated, Escanaba Michigan, December 21st, A. D. 1895.  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

**HENRY & LINN,**

Have Just Received a New and Elegant Line of Portland and Swell Body

**CUTTERS**

Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

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

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba.

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.**

516 LUDINGTON ST. TELEPHONE 29.

**Ho! For Christmas!**



**PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY!**

We are Showing this Season the Largest and Most Complete Line of

**JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS,**

**SILVERWARE AND PRECIOUS STONES**

Ever offered north of Milwaukee, and our stock substantiates our statement

**ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS**

In Novelties and Mounted Jewelry at Prices that will Astonish the Natives. We are practical jewelers and speak from knowledge.

**OUR PRICES**

Will be found right. In fact we have Marked our Stock to Figures that Absolutely Defy all competition. An inspection will convince you of this.

**HOHLFELDT & ABENSTEIN.**

Merchant Tailoring.

**FASHIONABLE TAILORING**

Complete Line of Foreign and Domestic **SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, and TROUSERINGS**

Special Line of New Goods. **EPHRAIM & MORRELL.**

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.

**Legal.**  
First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.  
**CHANCERY SALE—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, made and dated the nineteenth day of April, 1895, in a certain cause, therein pending, wherein Carl Rollinger is complainant and John Wigdor defendant.**  
Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday the third day of February, A. D. 1896, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described lands and premises, situated in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, and described as follows: to-wit: Lot number fourteen (14) of block number seventy-two (72) of the original plat of the village (now city) of Escanaba, Michigan, and lot number thirteen (13) of block number six (6) of the Hassel and Heutschel addition to the said city of Escanaba, Michigan, all according to the recorded plats thereof of record.  
Dated the 20th day of December, A. D. 1895.  
ALFRED P. SMITH,  
Circuit Court Commissioner.

Jas. H. CLARKE, Solicitor for Complainant.



## A WAIF'S XMAS

"If you please, sir"—  
"Eh? What now?"

The crusty old gentleman turned suddenly and sharply and glared from beneath his shaggy eyebrows at the little figure beside him. The figure was that of a girl 8 years old perhaps, but small and frail. She wore an enormous sunbonnet that might have been made for the wife of the giant Blunderbore, so out of proportion was it to the diminutive wearer, and out of its depths peered a thin little face, with big, frightened brown eyes. Her clothing was so clean and neat that one scarcely noticed how very poor it was, and as she stared up into the terrible face above her one of the little feet wriggled uneasily in the depths of the costly rug.

"If you please, sir, mother said to tell you that she couldn't come up to-day because she's sick."

The childish treble was a little shaken this time, for the shaggy eyebrows were very close to her, and they gave the old gentleman a look that was terrible beyond belief.

He was in a dreadful temper, this crusty old gentleman, and nothing made him angrier than for poor people to get into his house. He hated the sight of poverty, and all his servants had special orders to guard the doors and the gates and to see that no man of woe or want ever reached his ears. And yet, after all, this little beggar had slipped past the bolts and bars into his very study, where his own servants scarcely dared to enter.

I don't know what dreadful thing might have happened if it had not been for that one little word "mother" in the child's fluttering speech. Children so seldom speak the word nowadays that it gave a little shock of surprise. Instantly he found himself looking beyond the child, at an old, long-forgotten scene—a little cabin, with a white country road winding past it and an awkward boy going down the road, stopping at the last curve to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door watching him go out into the world.

Then he remembered himself and asked sharply:

"And who is your mother, pray, and why should she come here?"

"Please, sir," said the quivering little voice, "mother's the dust woman."

"The what!" ejaculated the old gentleman, with another dreadful frown.

"She comes up once a week and dusts the bric-a-brac," explained the child. "The housekeeper hired her. She says she doesn't feel equal to it herself, and mother does it so nicely."

"Aha!" muttered the old gentleman with an angry gleam in the eyes under those fearful brows. "So Mrs. Murray brings outsiders into the house when my back is turned, does she? They're all alike, a pack of cheats and robbers! I'll teach her to violate my confidence and fill my house with irresponsible people! You may stay in this room till Mrs. Murray comes. Do you hear? And then I shall have a message to send to your mother."

He rang the bell violently and ordered that Mrs. Murray be sent to him as soon as she returned. Having made this satisfactory arrangement, he took up his paper again and ignored the little figure in the sunbonnet.

But before he had read a dozen lines there was a light touch on his arm, and the brown eyes were looking up into his.

"Please, sir, may I look out of the window while we're waiting?"

He was so astonished that he could not reply for a moment, but he did finally give a scornful grunt of assent.

There was silence in the room for a long time. Not a clock ticked, for old Mr. Roberts could not endure the ticking of clocks. Not a leaf stirred, not a cricket chirped. The stillness disturbed him at last, and he looked up. The child was out on the little balcony, leaning on the stone balustrade. Her bonnet had fallen off, and the sunlight, falling on the mass of brown hair, wove it full of gleams of gold.

Another touch on his arm—there she was again. Her hand—such a little morsel of a hand—trembled with some new emotion, and her eyes shone with a strange light.

"It must be nice to live on a hill!" was what she said.

The old gentleman in the armchair had never been more astounded in his life. He stared at her and forgot to say anything.

"I have always wanted to live on a hill," she went on. "Our house is away down yonder, and you can't see anything but the houses across the street. But up here you can look so far, and the sky's so close to you. Don't you think people can be better when they live on a hill?"

The newspaper fell to the floor unheeded, and the crusty old gentleman and the little girl looked at one another. After a while the old gentleman went to the balcony and looked down to the roofs of the crowded houses in the narrow streets below and then away to the far horizon. This beautiful home of his crowned the summit of this purple hill and was uplifted so far above the noise and dust and wretchedness of the city that lay below. Truly, it was a pleasant thing to live on a hill.

He had never thought of it before, but all at once he fancied himself down among those miserable tenements, looking up at this beautiful home and thinking how near to heaven it reached.

There was a hurried tap at the door and Mrs. Murray presented herself. Her comfortable figure was attired still in the neat dress that she had worn in the street. Her round face was wreathed with smiles, but she was obviously fluttered and quaking with fear.

"Did you leave word that you wanted to see me, sir?" she asked and then waited for the blow to fall.

"Mrs. Murray," said the old gentleman in his stiffest and most formal manner, "am I to understand that you have employed a woman to come here once a week and dust the bric-a-brac?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Holmes her name is, and she's very careful, sir. I couldn't do better myself."

She glanced up anxiously at the wooden countenance before her. What terrible thing was he going to say next?

"Mrs. Murray, the woman has sent this child to say that she is too ill to come. That will do. You will excuse her until she recovers."

Mrs. Murray went back to her own room and fell into a chair. If it had been consistent with the dignity of Mr. Roberts' housekeeper to stagger, she certainly would have staggered. She kept repeating to herself: "Did you ever?" and "I can't believe it."

She said afterward that you might have knocked her down with a staff, though that was figurative, of course.

This was the beginning of Marjorie's visits to the great house on the hill. Her mother did not come again, but every day the big sunbonnet went toiling up, and then the glint of golden hair would be seen in the great rooms where no child had ever strayed before. Not that she was boisterous, or laughing, or childlike in any way. She would sit in Mrs. Murray's room for hours with her hands folded on her lap, watching the lady at her work and sometimes talking softly, or she would follow her from room to room, gazing with rapt delight at every beautiful object.

Mr. Roberts knew that she was in the house, but he said nothing. He was conscious sometimes that the child stopped near him and stood with her hands behind her, regarding him with grave scrutiny, but he did not drive her away, as he might have been expected to do a few weeks before.

He was in his study one morning when he heard Mrs. Murray come into the adjoining room. The door was ajar, and softly as she spoke, her words came to him distinctly.

"That was a present from my son last Christmas," she said. "Dear boy! He never fails to send me something every Christmas and every birthday."

Then came a small voice, full of wistful meaning:

"Mrs. Murray," it said, "do you like Christmas?"

"Why, Marjorie!" was the shocked reply. "Why, of course, I do! Everybody likes Christmas!"

"I don't," said the small voice—such a desolate little voice it seemed. "I had rather leave Christmas out of the year."

"Marjorie!" No words could express the horror and amazement in Mrs. Murray's tone.

"I would!" The small voice had grown thinner and higher in its painful intensity. "What's the use of a Christmas that never gets to some people at all? There was little lame Peter Franks, who lived in the room opposite to ours, and oh, he wanted a Christmas so much, Mrs. Murray! He used to hang his stocking up every year, every single year, and he always thought there'd be something in it next morning, but there never was anything—not a single thing—and now poor Peter's dead and he never had a Christmas in all his life!"

"My dear! My dear!"

The old gentleman in his study heard the exclamation, and he knew that the voice that uttered it was full of tears. He rose hastily and slipped out of the study and then ordered his carriage and went driving.

The day following was Christmas eve. Carriages from town were busy all day bringing in the presents that he had bought for the servants, and there was great happiness in the servants' hall, with much confusion and many awkward attempts to thank the master, who waved off every such attempt with an air of lofty patronage. Outside of this family of servants he had never given anyone a present in all his life. He had never contributed to charities, public or private. He had never helped the poor—indeed he had never listened to their appeals.

He had important business in another city which would keep him away all through Christmas week, he explained to Mrs. Murray and he must leave that evening. In the afternoon he muffled himself in greatcoat and furs and drove away, and as soon as the carriage was half way down the hill the servants relaxed from their usual stiff propriety and began to enjoy themselves in their own way.

A telegram was handed to Mr. Roberts at

the station as he was about to buy his ticket. What little things sometimes change the whole course of a life! The information thus received made the trip unnecessary, and after loitering about the city for a while he returned home on foot and entered his house quietly by a side door.

Sounds of boisterous merriment came from the servants' quarters, and the owner of the house frowned ominously.

So this was the way they took advantage of his absence?

He made his way to his study, unseen by any one, and shut himself in—a lonely, selfish, desolate old man. Even the fire, which still burned in the grate, annoyed him, and he withdrew behind a screen and threw himself into an easy chair. He heard Mrs. Murray come in after a while, but she only moved about softly and decorously, setting things in order, and he did not speak. She was just passing into the sitting room when she gave a little cry of alarm, followed by the exclamation:

"Mercy me, child! How you frightened me!"

"Mrs. Murray," said a thin little voice—a voice that Mr. Roberts had heard before—"I've come up here to stay all night!"

The listener behind the screen heard Mrs. Murray fall into a chair and again she cried, "Mercy me!"

"I just had to come!" the eager little voice went on. "Mother's very, very sick—and she needs things, Mrs. Murray—and maybe Santa Claus might bring 'em if he knew—and how is he to know when he never comes here? But I knew if I went to some fine house he'd come and find me, and so I came here."

"Poor child! Poor child!"

Mrs. Murray had gathered the little waif to her bosom and was rocking her softly to and fro. The old gentleman behind the screen could see that by the shadow on the floor

eyes—a stocking, a poor, forlorn, ragged little stocking! Now what could she want with that?

She stood on tiptoe and peered around the corner of the mantel for a place to hang it. Finally something struck her fancy as suitable, and she began pushing a heavy chair toward the mantel. When it was near enough, she climbed upon it and hung the stocking upon the "brave caduceus" of the bronze Mercury that he had bought last year in Rome and for which he had paid such a price!

Presently she had jumped down and was surveying the stocking with the greatest pride. Then the note was carefully folded, and she climbed upon the chair again and pinned the folded paper to the toe so conspicuously that the winged Mercury seemed to stand there for no other purpose than to hold up a ragged stocking for all the world to see.

And then—why, then she was lying down upon the rug with her thin cheek on her thin little hand, and the listener heard a tired sigh.

After a long while the old gentleman behind the screen ventured to move slightly. After a little longer he moved again and so gradually came out of his hiding place.

Was that old Mr. Roberts tiptoeing across the room to keep from startling the poor little waif sleeping on his hearth rug? Was that the sordid old man whom even his friends had come to call a mere money machine, that man whose hands trembled as he unpinned the little note and spread it out before him?

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—When you come to-night please look at me. I'll be down on the rug. You have never seen me before. You needn't give me anything, but please fill the stocking with things for mother she's sick. I tied up the toes so they wouldn't drop out. The doctor says wine and things and honest.

MAJORIE HOLMES.

For a long time the old man sat in the chair before the fire. Something within him was breaking the cold and selfish crust that years had helped to form. He sat there looking from the sleeping child to the forlorn

"Her mother's gone, and whatever's to become of the little thing I don't know."

"I don't see why the child shouldn't stay here, Mrs. Murray," said the old gentleman, with his face turned the other way. "It would be some extra trouble for you, but I dare say you would not mind it."

"S-sir!" Mrs. Murray managed to articulate.

Then the old gentleman turned around, and she saw what was shining on his cheeks.

"Do you see that stocking, Mrs. Murray?" he cried, in a voice that she had never heard before. "That's the first stocking that was ever hung up in my house. It looks homelike, doesn't it? I have decided that we'll have stockings hung up every year. And here's a child that needs a home, and, thank heaven, I've a home to give her."

The child sighed and stirred and then suddenly sat up.

"Did he come?" she cried eagerly, with a dazed look at the bursting stocking, and the old gentleman beside her gathered her up in his arms and said:

"Yes, my little one, he came!"

### CHRISTMAS.

**Facts Which Show That This Holiday Is Christ's Birthday.**

Is this the veritable anniversary of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth? It is a question often asked, but never quite satisfactorily answered. Reverent pre-disposition can always find sufficient evidence to answer yes, while it is to be noted that the question of itself implies a degree of religious skepticism. Men have even stood in pulpits with little enough to do to devote an hour's oratory to the disproof of it. It is quite as certain that Jesus was born on the 25th of December as that Augustus, the emperor under whom he was born, was born in the sixty-third year before him, or that Tiberius, the emperor under whom he died, came into the world forty-two

## THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS

### CUSTOMS AND FEASTS OF ENGLAND'S ANCIENT RULERS.

**Celts and Saxons Were the Servants of Their Conquerors—Stewed Lamproys From the Severn—Drinks of the Early Britons.**

Celtic superstitions and traditions prevail in England, the land of the mistletoe; the romance of Arthur and his knights lingers around Avalon; Roman luxury is with us in Bath and Cirencester; Somerset recalls the scenes of Athelney and Glastonbury, and in the magnificent piles of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford we still gaze in admiration on these wonders of Norman generosity.

But what have these Normans bequeathed to us of Christmas customs? Nothing distinctive, for their ancestors, the sea kings, were but offshoots of the same Scandinavian forefathers of the Saxons, and thus we had already received through Dane and Saxon the observances of northern Yule. But a greater luxury and love of display in every form entered English life. Quality, no longer quantity, was the fashion of the board. The ox and calf flesh, sheep and swine flesh, appear as beef, veal, mutton and pork; hugh horns of home brewed ale give place to wines; spiced and highly seasoned dishes first appear. But at heart the Norman is no more refined than the Saxon. Where the Saxon is simple minded, trustworthy and faithful, the Norman is crafty, cunning and deceitful. His fair words may sound sweeter, 'tis all.

Many and varied now are the dishes at feasts. Our terrapin and canvasback duck had their prototype in the crane, indispensable at all aristocratic feasts, and in Becket's days, for King Henry was a veritable gourmand, we find such dishes as "dillegrout," "karumple" and "maupigymun."

Dillegrout required great skill on the cook's part, for it was composed of almond milk, the brain of capons, sugar and spices, chicken parboiled and chopped and is often known as "le messe de gyron." If fat were added to it, then it became "maupigymun."

The tenant of the manor of Addington in Surrey held his lands in return for a mess of dillegrout on the day of the king's coronation.

The Norman kings had learned to appreciate the stewed lamproys of the Severn, and the loyalty of Gloucester was tested every year by the preparation of a huge lamproy pie for the sovereign.

So fond was Henry II of this rich dish that his gluttony overcame his prudence, and his last illness and death resulted from the same. John, too, fined the citizens of Gloucester for not sending him their usual tribute. But when lamproys cost 50 cents apiece and a whole sheep's carcass could be bought for the same sum, need we wonder at the economical tendencies displayed toward the worthless king?

The Christmas lamproy pie, which Gloucester sends to the reigning king or queen, is well worth notice. Last year the custom, fallen into abeyance, was revived, and a pie weighing 31 pounds was dispatched to Windsor and gratefully acknowledged by her majesty. According to an ancient recipe, "take out ye backe bone, season ym with cloves, mace, nutmeg, pepper and allspice, stew ym in beef gravy, port wine and wine of Madeira, put ym in a pie, with chopped anchovies, flour and butter; eat yt with lemon juice, mustard and horse radish."

Accompanying this gift are silver skewers bearing the city arms, engraved or raised in relief. The English had long ere this time been celebrated for their drink-ing capabilities.

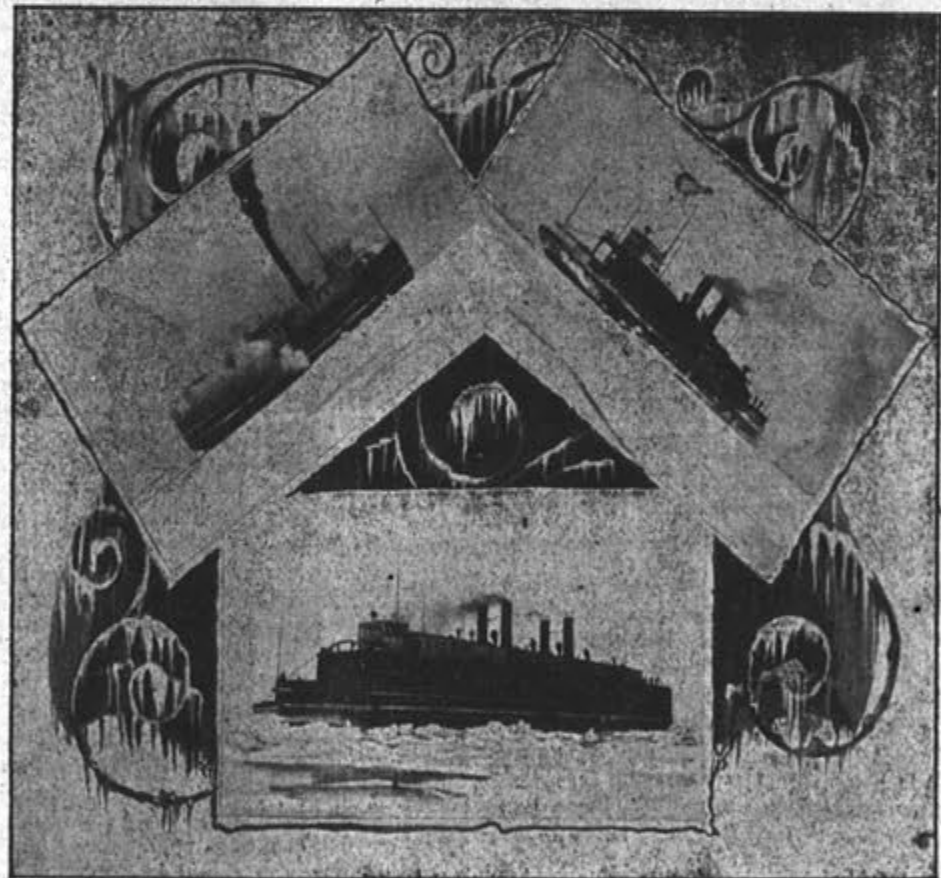
Iago says, "Your Dane, your German and your swag bellied Hollander are nothing to your English."

The mead, cider, ale, pigment and morat of the Celts and Saxons have Norman successors in claret or clare, garbioflac and hippocras. The Saxon morat was made of honey and mulberries, and the Norman hippocras, indispensable at all high feasts, was sweetened wine mixed with spices. The garbioflac was a white wine spiced with girofle or cloves, and we can still read an order of Henry III directing the keeper of his wines to get ready for Christmas two tuns of white wine to make garbioflac and one tun of red wine for claret.

The same king gives orders for peacocks and boars' heads for the feast, showing how luxury was creeping in more and more. It was this king whose coronation at Gloucester is depicted in one of the cathedral windows. In a notable Christmas spent there in 1234 nearly all his nobles left him because he had given the best seats at table to foreigners.

But we must never forget that until Crecy was fought and won in 1346 there was no English Christmas. Previous to this Saxon and Norman dwelt apart as servant and master, the Saxon clinging to his simpler if coarser mode of life. The Norman ate scornful and aloof in his ceremonious feasts. But the leaven was none the less working, and each successive generation of the two races became

(CONTINUED ON TWELFTH PAGE.)



ICE CRUSHING FERRY BOATS.

He could see, too, that the housekeeper was furtively wiping her eyes.

Presently she rallied and said cheerily:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Marjorie. I'll go right down and see your mother, and you shall go with me, and, who knows, maybe Santa Claus will come there, after all."

"Oh, no, he won't!" replied the child with sorrowful conviction. "You don't know that place! Santa Claus has never heard of it! He goes to rich people's houses, and so I've come here, and I must see him to-night—oh, I must, Murray! I don't care for any other Christmas after, but I must see him to-night, on mother's account, you know."

There was a dismayed silence on Mrs. Murray's part, but presently she said:

"Well, come along into Mr. Roberts' study—thank goodness he's away from home—and sit here before the fire till I come back. I'll take John and go down and see your mother."

In another minute the sound of her retreating footsteps had died away, and the old gentleman, peeping from behind the screen, saw a little figure sitting before the fire, gazing intently into the glowing coals.

Dusk was settling down over the city. He had not been conscious of it until the electric burner above his table flashed into sudden radiance. The flash startled the child, and he heard her moving softly about. What was she doing? Preparing to steal something probably. These children from the tenement districts were all thieves.

But, no! When he ventured to look again, she was at the study table—his table—writing. She had his sacred pen which no other mortal had ever dared to touch, and she was writing slowly and laboriously. Could presumption go farther than that? What would these people be trying to do next?

It took her a long time to write the letter, but at last it was finished, and she laid the pen down with a weary sigh. Then she unrolled a little bundle that had been lying beside her and took out—could the watcher believe his

little stocking and from the stocking to the child. It was the first time a stocking had ever been hung up in his house—the first time!

Suddenly the old gentleman rose. He lifted the child gently and laid her on a couch which had always been sacred to his own use and covered her with rugs. Then he went softly out and astonished the unsuspecting servants by appearing among them and ordering the carriage.

Could this be old Theodore Roberts, the money machine, the selfish, brusque, irritable old man, this man who went from store to store, ordering and buying and spending money as he had never spent it before? Could this be the Mr. Roberts that Mrs. Murray knew, this man who went into that sick room, followed by a great hamper filled with "wine and things and house rent?" Was this the man that all the charitable organizations shunned, this man who drove about half the night, leaving behind him a trail of Christmas rejoicing mingled with such blessings as he had never heard before.

And who was it that drove up the hill at last under the silent stars, with a carriage full of bundles and with a strange, soft feeling tugging at his heartstrings? He smiled as he went, and yet he had to keep wiping his eyes. He was glad it was dark, so that no one could see.

And what strange figure was this in the study afterward, this figure that moved so stealthily and that was so busy stuffing the stocking until it was ready to burst, and pinning things all over the outside of it until the bronze Mercury seemed almost to stagger under his burden? What had come over the old gentleman whom so many people envied and whom nobody loved?

Just before day Mrs. Murray, coming softly in, found him sitting by the fire, watching the sleeping child.

"It'll be a sad time for her," she said.

years, one month and nine days before him. That is to say, it is the decent habit of the world to accept what testimony, tradition and history have to offer concerning the birthdays of the great and therewith be content.

It is certain that as early as the year 150 the date we now celebrate was universally recognized among Christians without a question as their Saviour's natal day. That fact alone is all-sufficient for succeeding generations. If all records and allusions to the date of the birth of George Washington were to be blotted from all American writings earlier than 1900 it would be sufficient for posterity that at the beginning of the twentieth century the 22d of February was universally recognized, and that the day was observed as a legal holiday. This is the best foundation we have for the authenticity of December 25 as the birthday of Jesus.

In the year 140 St. Justin Martyr, the first great Christian apologist, said that the best record extant of the birthday of Christ was to be found in the archives at Rome. Addressing the emperor and Roman senate, he said: "There is a certain village in the land of Judaea, distant thirty-five stadia from Jerusalem, in which Christ Jesus was born, as ye can learn from the enrollments completed under Cyrenius, your first procurator in Jerusalem." In the year 200 Tertullian said the same thing: "Finally, concerning the census enrollment of Augustus, which the Roman archives preserve as a faithful witness of the Lord's nativity." Any man in the nineteenth century who wants more explicit proof of a matter that is not of great vital moment anyway must have in his mind a private scheme in which the rest of the world can have no possible interest.—Detroit Evening News.

### A Philadelphia Strike.

Over six thousand conductors and motormen in Philadelphia went out on Tuesday, demanding increased pay and shorter hours.



# The Iron Port

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

## WHERE GOVERNMENT FAILS.

In one of the articles written by ex-President Harrison with a view to giving the women of the country a better insight as to the practical workings of our national institutions, he says that "God has never endowed any statesman or philosopher, or any body of them, with wisdom enough to frame a system of government that everybody could go off and leave." While this is a truism it is one of which the people are too apt to lose sight, says an exchange. There is an absolute necessity for watchfulness on the part of those who may profit from good government or must suffer from bad. No automatic system can be devised for looking after their public or private interests. Even in this country the inherent virtue of our scheme is not to be relied upon. It is incumbent upon the citizens of every municipality and state, as well of the general government, to exercise the closest scrutiny and the utmost vigilance in looking after the conduct of public affairs.

The obligation referred to never ceases and is binding upon every one enjoying the rights and privileges of sovereign citizenship. It is generally said that the American people take more interest in politics than those of any other nation. In a sense, but not in the best sense, this is true. If there be an important election on hand the masses are stirred to enthusiasm. They rally to applaud patriotic sentiments, join in the conflicts of an exciting campaign and participate in the final struggle at the polls. But this is followed by a reaction that takes the form of comparative lethargy. The representatives who constitute authority have been chosen and men return to their private affairs until around by the coming of another election.

Those chosen as representative agents to conduct the immense public business of the country are left to their own devices. The people manifest none of that sense of responsibility or prudent care which every sensible man exercises in looking after his private affairs. The result is that mistakes are made and wrongs are done that proper supervision would have prevented. This evil exists both in the people and in those public officials who are entrusted with looking after the work and conduct of subordinates. The results are those that mar the successful operation of our most excellent system of government. Public trusts are violated and public confidence is outraged. Taxpayers are robbed and the money thus obtained is used in opposing their interests. Men use their offices to enrich themselves or to promote the political welfare of themselves and the machine with which they are identified.

There is no branch of the public control to which the results of this popular neglect do not extend. Just now there is widespread scandal involving the management of public institutions. An attendant in an insane asylum has just been convicted in Chicago for brutally kicking a patient to death. In another part of the same state the manager of the poor farm is charged with permitting and participating in the grossest abuses. Three employes in a New Jersey institution are accused of poisoning an insane patient to death, and one of them is a resident physician. So far as the testimony goes to show the trio felt like indulging in violent exercise and found it in using the poor unfortunate to thump, kick and toss about. In New York Sheriff Tamsen is on trial charged with conniving at the escape of three postoffice robbers from the Ludlow street jail.

In several other parts of the country there are investigations in progress because of alleged abuses and neglects in public institution. They are not closely enough looked after. Supervision usually consists of visits at stated intervals when everything is prepared to make the best impression. When there is an active looking into affairs it is usually after some grave breach of trust is discovered which should have been prevented. It is especially discreditable that popular neglect should permit those to suffer who are unable to protect themselves; but it is part and parcel of the way of doing things in this

country. Public abuses will flourish so long as there is public indifference.

According to The Menominee Herald the Hon. Joseph Fleshiem, who has been mentioned as a possible candidate for governor, is already giving out some "phat takes." The Herald says:

"About the busiest man in these parts at this writing is our new governor. It may not be generally known, but our genial friend, Senator Fleshiem, has lately been nominated by one of the local papers for that position. Now, Joe's friends are legion, and they have all been in to see him—that is all who have reached here yet, and the others are coming—in regard to the distribution of the gubernatorial patronage, and Joe has been distributing it with a liberal hand. There are no files on his way of doing that kind of business. Any man who wants anything, gets it, that's all. He has promised the railroad commissioner to ISO, and other positions in like proportion. Representative Fuller, of Delta, was down the other day, and picked out a good many fat things for the faithful in his bailiwick. It is needless to say that he got the promise of all he asked for. One nice thing about Gov. Fleshiem's method is that you don't have to hurry to get in ahead. He promises just as freely to the other fellow who comes last, thus making it pleasant all around. One thing has become evident, however, there will be no places left for lower peninsula. To use the vernacular, that neck of the woods is not in it to any remarkable extent. Joking aside, however, stranger things have happened than the nomination spoken of. There are four strong candidates in the field for governor: Pingree, Bliss, O'Donnell and Wheeler. Should a dead-lock occur, some outside man may have to be taken, in which case an upper peninsula candidate would be in it with both feet. If it is necessary for Menominee county to sacrifice her most popular citizens for the sake of harmony in the party, she will in the future, as in the past, be found ready for the sacrifice."

The local labor leaders have laid out a comprehensive program of work in behalf of legislation to be secured at this session of congress, and nearly all of their projects seem to deserve the hearty co-operation of the other citizens of the district. The act making employers liable for the accidental injury or death of those in their employ is worthy of earnest consideration. There is now no law in force in the district which secures the wages of men hired by insolvent firms, and this singular defect in the statutes ought surely to be remedied under proper conditions. Some states have even gone so far as to make the laborer a preferred creditor in such cases. The men who depend upon small wages from week to week should receive the benefit of every protection that the law can justly throw around them.—Washington Star.

It's a good plan if you want to do some good to the poor and helpless as winter approaches not to ship a large box of clothing and provisions a thousand miles away when there is a little boy freezing just around the corner, probably within a few feet of you. It is all right to send help away, but take care of the destitute at your own door before you go any farther away.

That the present tariff law is a failure, pure and simple, is thoroughly demonstrated by its inability to produce sufficient revenue to support the government. The republicans must increase the revenues so that the income shall exceed the expenditures. The government cannot prosper with the outgo greater than the receipts.

Col. Ingersoll has not yet been converted to the christian religion by the prayers of the Endeavorers. He says he wants to finish his days without the consolation of a hell. Bob has been a long time on the wrong road.

A bill has been passed by the House authorizing the president to appoint a Venezuelan commission and appropriating \$100,000 for expenses. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, introduced the bill.

To whom it may concern: Grover is at home from his hunting trip, and brought a nice string of ducks.

Four weeks ago not a furnace in

the Lake Superior iron district was in blast. Now the Excelsior furnace at Ishpeming is making more iron than ever before. The Cleveland Cliffs Co. will soon blow in the largest charcoal furnace in the world. The Weston furnace at Manistique is arranging to go in blast and the Martel furnace at St. Ignace is being relined and repaired, after being abandoned for some time. Other furnaces will probably go into blast before spring.

President Cleveland's message on the Venezuela question created something of a sensation throughout the country, and the president has received messages of congratulation upon his firm stand from all quarters of the country and from men of all parties and stations in life. Grover has made a ten-strike.

The board of education has wisely deferred action regarding a change of text books. Even if a change were deemed advisable The Iron Port does not think it would be wise to make the change in the middle of the term, and this opinion is concurred in by many others.

The county clerk's association has made a schedule of fees, which will be embodied in a bill to be introduced in the next legislature. The present schedule of fees is said to be "a back number."

The appointment of Hon. A. R. Northup to fill the vacancy on the board of education, caused by the death of A. S. Rowell, is very commendable. He is the right man in the right place.

Congressman S. M. Stephenson is very much alive to the interests of the district he so ably represents. He has introduced a bill providing for the restoration of the duties on iron ore.

Every resident of Escanaba should begin the new year with a determination to do something to materially advance the city during 1896. Put your shoulder to the wheel.

The national executive committee of the People's party will convene at St. Louis on Jan. 17th, to fix time and place for holding its national convention.

The New York Advertiser announces on what is termed "the best authority" that Levi P. Morton is an avowed candidate for the presidency.

Grover Cleveland's "luck" is again working. His stand on the Venezuela question assures for him a nomination for a third term.

John J. Ingalls denies that he has declared his preference for Benjamin Harrison for the republican nomination for president.

It is interesting to learn and from his own words, too, that Grover has got the country into a "delicate predicament."

Do not forget the worthy poor on Christmas. Fill their stockings and make not only them but yourself happy.

Mr. Cleveland's "enervating" paternalism, has been classified with "innocuous desuetude" by Congressmen.

It is reported that Fitzsimmons and Maher will fight near El Paso on Feb. 14th.

The St. Ignace Enterprise is one of The Iron Port's most interesting exchanges.

Newspaper talk about "war" is rather disgusting to the intelligent citizen.

The Federation of Labor convention will be held at Cincinnati next year.

Fifteen thousand tailors in New York and Brooklyn are locked out.

### Legal.

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.  
**CHANCERY SALE**—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, made and dated the nineteenth day of April, 1895, in a certain case, therein pending, wherein Carl Rolinger is complainant and John Wagner defendant.

Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday the third day of February, A. D. 1896, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described lands and premises, situated in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: Lot number fourteen (14) of block number seventy-two (72) of the original plat of the village (now city) of Escanaba, Michigan, and lot number thirteen (13) of block number six (6) of the Heasel and Henschel addition to the said city of Escanaba, Michigan, all according to the recorded plats thereof of record.

Dated the 20th day of December, A. D. 1895.  
ALFRED P. SMITH,  
Circuit Court Commissioner.  
JAS. H. CLANCY,  
Solicitor for Complainant.

### Legal.

First Publication Nov. 23, 1895.  
**ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL PURPOSES** and for appointment of an administrator—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.  
At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the 19th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
The master of the estate of Peter Schils, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Anna Schils, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 26th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

First Publication Dec. 7, 1895.  
**ORDER OF HEARING, for assignment of residue of estate.** State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.  
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Joseph E. Martel, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John F. Casey, administrator of said estate, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said Joseph E. Martel, deceased.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

First Publication Dec. 7th, 1895.  
**PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT**—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.  
Probate court for said county.

At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Wednesday the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
On reading and filing the final report and account of Annie Dubois, administratrix of said estate.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 30th 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, then to be held 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 administratrix give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
(A true copy.)  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.  
**PROBATE NOTICE**—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1895, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Peter Schils, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 16th day of June, A. D. 1896, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 2d day of March, A. D. 1896, and on Wednesday the 17th day of June, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, Escanaba Michigan, December 16th, A. D. 1895.  
EMIL GLASER,  
Judge of Probate.

### Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

**HENRY & LINN,**  
Have Just Received a New and Elegant Line of Portland and Swell Body

## CUTTERS

Which they offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

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

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba.  
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.**  
516 LUDINGTON ST.  
TELEPHONE 29.

### Jewelry

# Ho! For Christmas!



PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY!

We are Showing this Season the Largest and Most Complete Line of

## JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS,

## SILVERWARE AND PRECIOUS STONES

Ever offered north of Milwaukee, and our stock substantiates our statement

## ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS

In Novelties and Mounted Jewelry at Prices that will Astonish the Natives. We are practical jewelers and speak from knowledge.

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Will be found right. In fact we have Marked our Stock to Figures that Absolutely Defy all competition. An inspection will convince you of this.

## HOHLFELDT & ABENSTEIN.

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## FASHIONABLE TAILORING

Complete Line of Foreign and Domestic

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Bottled Beer.

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## 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,

## FLOUR, FEED, HAY and GRAIN

All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.



# THE IRONPORT

WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXVI.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

NUMBER 52

## A WAIF'S XMAS

"If you please, sir"—  
"Eh? What now?"

The crusty old gentleman turned suddenly and sharply and glared from beneath his shaggy eyebrows at the little figure beside him. The figure was that of a girl 8 years old perhaps, but small and frail. She wore an enormous sunbonnet that might have been made for the wife of the giant Blunderbore, so out of proportion was it to the diminutive wearer, and out of its depths peered a thin little face, with big, frightened brown eyes. Her clothing was so clean and neat that one scarcely noticed how very poor it was, and as she stared up into the terrible face above her one of the little feet wriggled uneasily in the depths of the costly rug.

"If you please, sir, mother said to tell you that she couldn't come up to-day because she's sick."

The childish treble was a little shaken this time, for the shaggy eyebrows were very close to her, and they gave the old gentleman a look that was terrible beyond belief.

He was in a dreadful temper, this crusty old gentleman, and nothing made him angrier than for poor people to get into his house. He hated the sight of poverty, and all his servants had special orders to guard the doors and the gates and to see that no moan of woe or waver reached his ears. And yet, after all, this little beggar had slipped past the bolts and bars into his very study, where his own servants scarcely dared to enter.

I don't know what dreadful thing might have happened if it had not been for that one little word "mother" in the child's fluttering speech. Children so seldom speak the word nowadays that it gave a little shock of surprise. Instantly he found himself looking beyond the child, at an old, long-forgotten scene—a little cabin, with a white country road winding past it and an awkward boy going down the road, stopping at the last curve to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door watching him go out into the world.

Then he remembered himself and asked sharply:

"And who is your mother, pray, and why should she come here?"

"Please, sir," said the quivering little voice, "mother's the dust woman."

"The what!" ejaculated the old gentleman, with another dreadful frown.

"She comes up once a week and dusts the bric-a-brac," explained the child. "The housekeeper hired her. She says she doesn't feel equal to it herself, and mother does it so nicely."

"Aha!" muttered the old gentleman with an angry gleam in the eyes under those fearful brows. "So Mrs. Murray brings outsiders into the house when my back is turned, does she? They're all alike, a pack of cheats and robbers! I'll teach her to violate my confidence and fill my house with irresponsible people! You may stay in this room till Mrs. Murray comes. Do you hear? And then I shall have a message to send to your mother."

He rang the bell violently and ordered that Mrs. Murray be sent to him as soon as she returned. Having made this satisfactory arrangement, he took up his paper again and ignored the little figure in the sunbonnet.

But before he had read a dozen lines there was a light touch on his arm, and the brown eyes were looking up into his.

"Please, sir, may I look out of the window while we're waiting?"

He was so astonished that he could not reply for a moment, but he did finally give a scornful grunt of assent.

There was silence in the room for a long time. Not a clock ticked, for old Mr. Roberts could not endure the ticking of clocks. Not a leaf stirred, not a cricket chirped. The stillness disturbed him at last, and he looked up. The child was out on the little balcony, leaning on the stone balustrade. Her bonnet had fallen off, and the sunlight, falling on the mass of brown hair, wove it full of gleams of gold.

Another touch on his arm—there she was again. Her hand—such a little morsel of a hand—trembled with some new emotion, and her eyes shone with a strange light.

"It must be nice to live on a hill!" was what she said.

The old gentleman in the armchair had never been more astounded in his life. He stared at her and forgot to say anything.

"I have always wanted to live on a hill," she went on. "Our house is away down yonder, and you can't see anything but the houses across the street. But up here you can look so far, and the sky's so close to you. Don't you think people can be better when they live on a hill?"

The newspaper fell to the floor unheeded, and the crusty old gentleman and the little girl looked at one another. After while the old gentleman went to the balcony and looked down to the roofs of the crowded houses in the narrow streets below and then away to the far horizon. This beautiful home of his crowned the summit of this purple hill and was uplifted so far above the noise and dust and wretchedness of the city that lay below. Truly, it was a pleasant thing to live on a hill.

He had never thought of it before, but all at once he fancied himself down among those miserable tenements, looking up at this beautiful home and thinking how near to heaven it reached.

There was a hurried tap at the door and Mrs. Murray presented herself. Her comfortable figure was attired still in the neat dress that she had worn in the street. Her round face was wreathed with smiles, but she was obviously flustered and quaking with fear.

"Did you leave word that you wanted to see me, sir?" she asked and then waited for the blow to fall.

"Mrs. Murray," said the old gentleman in his stiffest and most formal manner, "am I to understand that you have employed a woman to come here once a week and dust the bric-a-brac?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Holmes her name is, and she's very careful, sir. I couldn't do better myself."

She glanced up anxiously at the wooden countenance before her. What terrible thing was he going to say next?

"Mrs. Murray, the woman has sent this child to say that she is too ill to come. That will do. You will excuse her until she recovers."

Mrs. Murray went back to her own room and fell into a chair. If it had been consistent with the dignity of Mr. Roberts' housekeeper to stagger, she certainly would have staggered. She kept repeating to herself: "Did you ever?" and "I can't believe it!" She said afterward that you might have knocked her down with a staw, though that was figurative, of course.

This was the beginning of Marjorie's visits to the great house on the hill. Her mother did not come again, but every day the big sunbonnet went toiling up, and then the glint of golden hair would be seen in the great rooms where no child had ever strayed before. Not that she was boisterous, or laughing, or childlike in any way. She would sit in Mrs. Murray's room for hours with her hands folded on her lap, watching the lady at her work and sometimes talking softly, or she would follow her from room to room, gazing with rapt delight at every beautiful object.

Mr. Roberts knew that she was in the house, but he said nothing. He was conscious sometimes that the child stopped near him and stood with her hands behind her, regarding him with grave scrutiny, but he did not drive her away, as he might have been expected to do a few weeks before.

He was in his study one morning when he heard Mrs. Murray come into the adjoining room. The door was ajar, and softly as she spoke, her words came to him distinctly.

"That was a present from my son last Christmas," she said. "Dear boy! He never fails to send me something every Christmas and every birthday."

Then came a small voice, full of wistful meaning:

"Mrs. Murray," it said, "do you like Christmas?"

"Why, Marjorie!" was the shocked reply.

"Why, of course, I do! Everybody likes Christmas!"

"I don't," said the small voice—such a desolate little voice it seemed. "I had rather leave Christmas out of the year."

"Marjorie! No words could express the horror and amazement in Mrs. Murray's tone.

"I would!" The small voice had grown thinner and higher in its painful intensity.

"What's the use of a Christmas that never gets to some people at all? There was little lame Peter Franks, who lived in the room opposite to ours, and, oh, he wanted a Christmas so much, Mrs. Murray! He used to hang his stocking up every year, every single year, and he always thought there'd be something in it next morning, but there never was anything—not a single thing—and now poor Peter's dead and he never had a Christmas in all his life!"

"My dear! My dear!"

The old gentleman in his study heard the exclamation, and he knew that the voice that uttered it was full of tears. He rose hastily and slipped out of the study and then ordered his carriage and went driving.

The day following was Christmas eve. Carriages from town were busy all day bringing in the presents that he had bought for the servants, and there was great happiness in the servants' hall, with much confusion and many awkward attempts to thank the master, who waved off every such attempt with an air of lofty patronage. Outside of this family of servants he had never given anyone a present in all his life. He had never contributed to charities, public or private. He had never helped the poor—indeed he had never listened to their appeals.

He had important business in another city which would keep him away all through Christmas week, he explained to Mrs. Murray and he must leave that evening. In the afternoon he muffled himself in greatcoat and furs and drove away, and as soon as the carriage was half way down the hill the servants relaxed from their usual stiff propriety and began to enjoy themselves in their own way.

A telegram was handed to Mr. Roberts at

the station as he was about to buy his ticket. What little things sometimes change the whole course of a life! The information thus received made the trip unnecessary, and after loitering about the city for awhile he returned home on foot and entered his house quietly by a side door.

Sounds of boisterous merriment came from the servants' quarters, and the owner of the house frowned ominously.

So this was the way they took advantage of his absence?

He made his way to his study, unseen, by any one, and shut himself in—a lonely, selfish, desolate old man. Even the fire, which still burned in the grate, annoyed him, and he withdrew behind a screen and threw himself into an easy chair. He heard Mrs. Murray come in after awhile, but she only moved about softly and decorously, setting things in order, and he did not speak. She was just passing into the sitting room when she gave a little cry of alarm, followed by the exclamation:

"Mercy me, child! How you frightened me!"

"Mrs. Murray," said a thin little voice—a voice that Mr. Roberts had heard before—"I've come up here to stay all night!"

The listener behind the screen heard Mrs. Murray fall into a chair and again she cried, "Mercy me!"

"I just had to come!" the eager little voice went on. "Mother's very, very sick—and she needs things, Mrs. Murray—and maybe Santa Claus might bring 'em if he knew—and how is he to know when he never comes here? But I knew if I went to some fine house he'd come and find me, and so I came here."

"Poor child! Poor child!"

Mrs. Murray had gathered the little waif to her bosom and was rocking her softly to and fro. The old gentleman behind the screen could see that by the shadow on the floor

eyes?—a stocking, a poor, forlorn, ragged little stocking! Now what could she want with that?

She stood on tiptoe and peered around the corners of the mantel for a place to hang it. Finally something struck her fancy as suitable, and she began pushing a heavy chair toward the mantel. When it was near enough, she climbed upon it and hung the stocking upon the "brave caduceus" of the bronze Mercury that he had bought last year in Rome and for which he had paid such a price!

Presently she had jumped down and was surveying the stocking with the greatest pride. Then the note was carefully folded, and she climbed upon the chair again and pinned the folded paper to the toe so conspicuously that the winged Mercury seemed to stand there for no other purpose than to hold up a ragged stocking for all the world to see.

And then—why, then she was lying down upon the rug with her thin cheek on her thin little hand, and the listener heard a tired sigh.

After a long while the old gentleman behind the screen ventured to move slightly. After a little longer he moved again and so gradually came out of his hiding place.

Was that old Mr. Roberts tiptoeing across the room to keep from startling the poor little waif sleeping on his hearth rug? Was that the sordid old man whom even his friends had come to call a mere money machine, that man whose hands trembled as he unpinned the little note and spread it out before him?

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—When you come to-night please look at me. I'll be down on the rug. You have never seen me before. You needn't give me anything, but please fill the stocking with things for mother she's sick. I tied up the toes so they wouldn't drop out. The doctor says wine and things and honest MARJORIE HOLMES.

For a long time the old man sat in the chair before the fire. Something within him was breaking the cold and selfish crust that years had helped to form. He sat there looking from the sleeping child to the forlorn

"If mother's gone, and whatever's to become of the little thing I don't know."

"I don't see why the child shouldn't stay here, Mrs. Murray," said the old gentleman, with his face turned the other way. "It would be some extra trouble for you, but I dare say you would not mind it."

"S-sir!" Mrs. Murray managed to articulate.

Then the old gentleman turned around, and she saw what was shining on his cheeks. "Do you see that stocking, Mrs. Murray?" he cried, in a voice that she had never heard before. "That's the first stocking that was ever hung up in my house. It looks homelike, doesn't it? I have decided that we'll have stockings hung up every year. And here's a child that needs a home, and, thank heaven, I've a home to give her."

The child sighed and snored and then suddenly sat up.

"Did he come?" she cried eagerly, with a dazed look at the bursting stocking, and the old gentleman beside her gathered her up in his arms and said:

"Yes, my little one, he came!"

### CHRISTMAS.

**Facts Which Show That This Holiday Is Christ's Birthday.**

Is this the veritable anniversary of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth? It is a question often asked, but never quite satisfactorily answered. Reverent pre-disposition can always find sufficient evidence to answer yes, while it is to be noted that the question of itself implies a degree of religious skepticism. Men have even stood in pulpits with little enough to do to devote an hour's oratory to the disproof of it. It is quite as certain that Jesus was born on the 25th of December as that Augustus, the emperor under whom he was born, was born in the sixty-third year before him, or that Tiberius, the emperor under whom he died, came into the world forty-two

## THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS

### CUSTOMS AND FEASTS OF ENGLAND'S ANCIENT RULERS.

#### Celts and Saxons Were the Servants of Their Conquerors—Stewed Lampreys From the Severn—Drinks of the Early Britons.

Celtic superstitions and traditions prevail in England, the land of the mistletoe; the romance of Arthur and his knights lingers around Avalon; Roman luxury is with us in Bath and Cirencester; Somerset recalls the scenes of Athelney and Glastonbury, and in the magnificent piles of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford we still gaze in admiration on these wonders of Norman generosity.

But what have these Normans bequeathed to us of Christmas customs? Nothing distinctive, for their ancestors, the sea kings, were but offshoots of the same Scandinavian forefathers of the Saxons, and thus we had already received through Dane and Saxon the observances of northern Yule. But a greater luxury and love of display in every form entered English life. Quality, no longer quantity, was the fashion of the board. The ox and calf flesh, sheep and swine flesh, appear as beef, veal, mutton and pork; huge horns of home brewed ale give place to wines; spiced and highly seasoned dishes first appear. But at heart the Norman is no more refined than the Saxon. Where the Saxon is simple minded, trustworthy and faithful, the Norman is crafty, cunning and deceitful. His fair words may sound sweeter, 'tis all.

Many and varied now are the dishes at feasts. Our terrapin and canvasback duck had their prototype in the crane, indispensable at all aristocratic feasts, and in Becket's days, for King Henry was a veritable gourmand, we find such dishes as "dillegrout," "karumple" and "maupigymun."

Dillegrout required great skill on the cook's part, for it was composed of almond milk, the brawn of capons, sugar and spices, chicken parboiled and chopped and is often known as "le messe de gyron." If fat were added to it, then it became "maupigymun."

The tenant of the manor of Addington in Surrey held his lands in return for a mess of dillegrout on the day of the king's coronation.

The Norman kings had learned to appreciate the stewed lampreys of the Severn, and the loyalty of Gloucester was tested every year by the preparation of a huge lamprey pie for the sovereign.

So fond was Henry II of this rich dish that his gluttony overcame his prudence, and his last illness and death resulted from the same. John, too, fined the citizens of Gloucester for not sending him their usual tribute. But when lampreys cost 50 cents apiece and a whole sheep's carcass could be bought for the same sum, need we wonder at the economical tendencies displayed toward the worthless king?

The Christmas lamprey pie, which Gloucester sends to the reigning king or queen, is well worth notice. Last year the custom, fallen into abeyance, was revived, and a pie weighing 31 pounds was dispatched to Windsor and gratefully acknowledged by her majesty. According to an ancient recipe, "take out ye backe bone, season ym with cloves, mace, nutmeg, pepper and allspice, stew ym in beef gravy, port wine and wine of Madeira, put ym in a pie, with chopped anchovies, flour and butter; eat yt with lemon juice, mustard and horse radish."

Accompanying this gift are silver skewers bearing the city arms, engraved or raised in relief. The English had long ere this time been celebrated for their drinking capabilities.

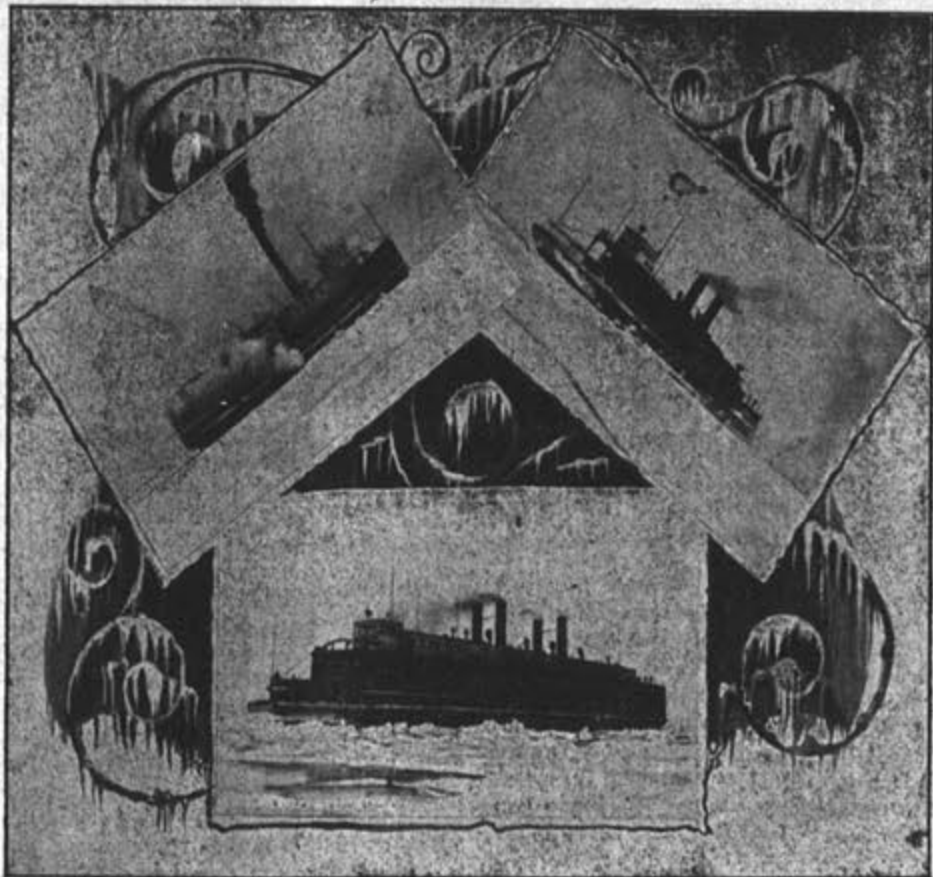
Iago says, "Your Dane, your German and your swag bellied Hollander are nothing to your English."

The mead, cider, ale, pigment and morat of the Celts and Saxons have Norman successors in claret or claree, garhiofiac and hippocras. The Saxon morat was made of honey and mulberries, and the Norman hippocras, indispensable at all high feasts, was sweetened wine-mixed with spices. The garhiofiac was a white wine spiced with girofle or cloves, and we can still read an order of Henry III directing the keeper of his wines to get ready for Christmas two tuns of white wine to make garhiofiac and one tun of red wine for claret.

The same king gives orders for peacocks and boars' heads for the feast, showing how luxury was creeping in more and more. It was this king whose coronation at Gloucester is depicted in one of the cathedral windows. In a notable Christmas spent there in 1234 nearly all his nobles left him because he had given the best seats at table to foreigners.

But we must never forget that until Greyc was fought and won in 1346 there was no English Christmas. Previous to this Saxon and Norman dwelt apart as servant and master, the Saxon clinging to his simpler if coarser mode of life. The Norman sat scornful and aloof in his ceremonious feasts. But the leaven was none the less working, and each successive generation of the two races became

(CONTINUED ON TWELFTH PAGE.)



ICE CRUSHING FERRY BOATS.

He could see, too, that the housekeeper was furtively wiping her eyes.

Presently she rallied and said cheerily:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Marjorie. I'll go right down and see your mother, and you shall go with me, and, who knows, maybe Santa Claus will come there, after all."

"Oh, no, he won't!" replied the child with sorrowful conviction. "You don't know that place! Santa Claus has never heard of it! He goes to rich people's houses, and so I've come here, and I must see him to-night, on mother's account, you know."

There was a dismayed silence on Mrs. Murray's part, but presently she said:

"Well, come along into Mr. Roberts' study—thank goodness he's away from home—and sit here before the fire till I come back. I'll take John and go down and see your mother."

In another minute the sound of her retreating footsteps had died away, and the old gentleman, peeping from behind the screen, saw a little figure sitting before the fire, gazing intently into the glowing coals.

Dusk was settling down over the city. He had not been conscious of it until the electric burner above his table flashed into sudden radiance. The flash startled the child, and he heard her moving softly about. What was she doing? Preparing to steal something probably. These children from the tenement districts were all thieves.

But, no! When he ventured to look again, she was at the study table—his table—writing. She had his sacred pen which no other mortal had ever dared to touch, and she was writing slowly and laboriously. Could presumption go farther than that? What would these people be trying to do next?

It took her a long time to write the letter, but at last it was finished, and she laid the pen down with a weary sigh. Then she unrolled a little bundle that had been lying beside her and took out—could the watcher believe his

little stocking and from the stocking to the child. It was the first time a stocking had ever been hung up in his house—the first time!

Suddenly the old gentleman rose. He lifted the child gently and laid her on a couch which had always been sacred to his own use and covered her with rugs. Then he went softly out and astonished the unsuspecting servants by appearing among them and ordering the carriage.

Could this be old Theodore Roberts, the money machine, the selfish, brusque, irritable old man, this man who went from store to store, ordering and buying and spending money as he had never spent it before? Could this be the Mr. Roberts that Mrs. Murray knew, this man who went into that sick room, followed by a great hamper filled with "wine and things and house rent?" Was this the man that all the charitable organizations shunned, this man who drove about half the night, leaving behind him a trail of Christmas rejoicing mingled with such blessings as he had never heard before.

And who was it that drove up the hill at last under the silent stars, with a carriage full of bundles and with a strange, soft feeling tugging at his heartstrings? He smiled as he went, and he had to keep wiping his eyes. He was glad it was dark, so that no one could see.

And what strange figure was this in the study afterward; this figure that moved so stealthily and that was so busy stuffing the stocking until it was ready to burst, and pinning things all over the outside of it until the bronze Mercury seemed almost to stagger under his burden? What had come over the old gentleman whom so many people envied and whom nobody loved?

Just before day Mrs. Murray, coming softly in, found him sitting by the fire, watching the sleeping child.

"It'll be a sad time for her," she said.

years, one month and nine days before him. That is to say, it is the decent habit of the world to accept what testimony, tradition and history have to offer concerning the birthdays of the great and therewith be content.

It is certain that as early as the year 150 the date we now celebrate was universally recognized among Christians without a question as their Saviour's natal day. That fact alone is all-sufficient for succeeding generations. If all records and allusions to the date of the birth of George Washington were to be blotted from all American writings earlier than at the beginning of the twentieth century the 22d of February was universally recognized, and that the day was observed as a legal holiday. This is the best foundation we have for the authenticity of December 25 as the birthday of Jesus.

In the year 140 St. Justin Martyr, the first great Christian apologist, said that the best record extant of the birthday of Christ was to be found in the archives at Rome. Addressing the emperor and Roman senate, he said: "There is a certain village in the land of Judea, distant thirty-five stadia from Jerusalem, in which Christ Jesus was born, as ye can learn from the enrollments completed under Cyrenius, your first procurator in Jerusalem." In the year 200 Tertullian said the same thing: "Finally, concerning the census enrollment of Augustus, which the Roman archives preserve as a faithful witness of the Lord's nativity." Any man in the nineteenth century who wants more explicit proof of a matter that is not of great vital moment anyway must have in his mind a private scheme in which the rest of the world can have no possible interest.—Detroit Evening News.

#### A Philadelphia Strike.

Over six thousand conductors and motormen in Philadelphia went out on Tuesday, demanding increased pay and shorter hours.



NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

IN GOD'S ACRE.

The white flowers fade above my faded darling, But the soft trees that lean And listen for sweet, absent voices Are evergreen.

A DELAYED ERRAND.

ELL, of all things! Jim Carroll, how you got home at last?

A red-faced and angry woman stood in the kitchen door, her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo.

"I was a-comin', Minervy," he began, but the strident voice interrupted him.

"Comin'! Yes, I reckon so! So is Christmas a-comin'! Here I've had this supper ready one solid hour, an' the coffee's not fit to drink by this time!

"I was a-goin' to git 'em, Minervy," began the little man, meekly, "but they was up thar makin' up a company!"

"I never thought you'd be so mad about it, Minervy."

"There it is!" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused lady. "You kin tear around this house an' treat me worse than a slave, but if ever I say a word the fat's in the fire. Things has come to a pretty pass if I can't open my mouth

and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply: "Whew!" but it conveyed an amount of expression.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient step began to resound through the house, and a sarcastic voice was projected into the gloaming:

"Jim Carroll, air you a-comin' with that wood, or air you a-goin' to stay all night?"

The sound awakened him as from a trance, and he started so violently that the sticks of wood fell from his arms.

It was a long time before he could convince himself that he was not pursued. The rustling of the leaves behind him lent wings to his feet.

In the little town a vacant store room was thronged with men, many of whom had just enlisted as volunteers, and many others had come to look on, filled with curiosity, but not overflowing with patriotism.

"How'd you manage to git off from Minervy, Jim?" asked a tall fellow who was going to stay at home, presumably because he couldn't "git off from" the wife over whom he domineered.

"Does Minervy know you're out?" shouted another, jeeringly.

"Just think of it, boys," drawled a third. "Think of 'em, Jim Carroll 'n' in'n the Smithville Tigers! He's a whale of a tiger, ain't he?"

"Never mind," interrupted the enrolling officer, grimly. "He'll make as good food for powder as any of you."

With which cheerful suggestion Jim Carroll was duly enrolled as a private in the Smithville Tigers, and by dawn the next morning the company was on the road, marching gayly off to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

About a month later one of the Tigers, Silo Colburn, remarked in a general way to several of the others: "Wall, boys, fur's I'm concerned, you kin leave off laughin' in Jim Carroll an' peepin' fun at 'im. Jim, he never grows at the marchin', nor the weather, nor nothin' else, an' he does more'n his share o' the work, and you all know that blamed well. An' he sleep' on the groun' without any kiver so's to give me his extra blanket all o' last week, when I wan't feelin' so mighty vigils. I'll bet they wouldn't none o' the rest o' you 'a' done it."

eyes flashing. His only trouble was that he could not bear to retreat, and when the exigencies of the battle demanded a retreat he yielded with the most ludicrous unwillingness.

His superior officers found him out, and when there was a difficult or dangerous mission Jim Carroll was the man to be sent upon it.

"That Jimmie Carroll is a caution," remarked Silo Colburn to a crowd of his native villagers, when he was taking a little furlough on account of a bullet through his lung.

The four years were past—the "plain fightin'" was over. Appomattox was a road and a bitter memory, and along all the roadways trailed dusty and forlorn figures, their faces turned toward whatever region they had once called home.

"Now, Jim," urged Silo, beseechingly, "don't go back on your word. Remember what you promised, Jim. Don't ye go an' let Minervy git the start o' you ag'in. Jest think how you fit into the war, an' 'stow' up for your rights."

"I 'lowed I would, Silo," replied Jim, but there was a faltering in his tone as he glanced up the hill toward the cabin, where the thread of blue smoke curled softly up into the evening air.

"Now, Jim, if you give down I'll be plum ashamed o' ye, that's what I will."

"If you let Minervy git the start o' you once more it's good-by to your chances. An' a man that fit like you did, too."

"I'll take keer, Silo," said the hero of battle and scout. "I'm a-goin' into a store a minute to buy somethin', an' then I'm a-goin' up home."

Minervy had the supper nearly ready in the little cabin on the hill. She was in a hurry, because everything must be cleared away before dark. Candles were too scarce to be wasted, and the tall woman in the homespun dress had learned all there was to be learned in the way of pinching economies.

"Minervy, here's the wood you sount me after," said the meek little man, and he went across the room and laid the armful of wood beside the hearth. "An' here's that thread an' them piepans."

A grim humor in the utterance struck her, and she fell back into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time, and clapping her worn, brown hands.

"During the early years of European intercourse with the east the Dutch sent large quantities of sage leaves to China to be exchanged for tea.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The clove plant is believed to be a native of the Molucca Islands.

—In most parts of Asia where coffee is used, the "grounds" are drunk with the infusion.

—In Exodus, 30, an account is given of the oil of holy ointment made by Moses from myrrh, cinnamon, calamus, cassia and olive oil.

—The records left us by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

—The Egyptian perfumes, according to ancient authorities, were mostly made in Egypt from materials imported from Arabia, Persia and Central Africa.

—Guy's hospital in London, the income of which, derived almost entirely from land, amounted to \$200,000 a few years ago, now can dispose of only half that sum, and must reduce the number of its beds by nearly a third, unless helped by contributions.

—In Norway a new law has been passed, which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are proficient in knitting, baking and spinning.

—Twelve miles west of Hereford, at the southern end of the Golden Valley, the nave of the old Cistercian abbey of Dore was dug up last summer.

—The Revue des Missions Contemporaines, a Swiss magazine, tells a strange story of a new god eagerly worshipped at Date, on the British Gold coast.

—The god betook himself to a town not far off—Krkaya, in German territory. To the people of Krkaya he told his tale—of Divine wisdom and power, of dignity and of revenge. They believed him, and became his worshippers—they and the inhabitants of a wide district round the town.

—The world's Merchant Navy. Recent statistics of the mercantile navy of the world give the total number of sailing vessels now afloat measuring over 50 tons as 25,570, with an aggregate tonnage of 9,323,995 tons.

—All perfumes, of whatever nature, are due to a volatile oil, the escape of which from the flower is the cause of the fragrance peculiar to that blossom.

The Toll Gate.

There is a toll-gate hidden away, Half in the fields, and half in the trees, Where the children, the elves, and the fairies stray With footsteps facing the twilight breeze.

The fairies and elves can pass through free, But a child must pay for the toll with a song; Before the fairy land it can see, And this must be said, or it all goes wrong:

"I believe in the Three Little Bears, And the Prince that climbed the Mountain of Glass, And I know how the Wild Swan's sister fares— So open the gate and let me pass." —Rudolph F. Bunner, in St. Nicholas.

As a Usual Opportunity. It would seem that no woman reader would fall to take advantage of the offer made elsewhere in this paper by Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, to send their Shopping Guide, "The Shoppers' Economist," absolutely free to all who write for it.

Great Reduction in Time to California. Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days.

A Great Combination. Beautiful in design—a combined thermometer and perpetual calendar suitable for a boudoir, will be sent by mail on receipt of ten cents for postage. C. B. Ryan, Asst. G. P. A., C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

The Lady—"Is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?" The Salesman—"I don't know, I am not acquainted with your daughter."—Life.

My name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and to the next age.—Bacon.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Moses, 515 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 75c.

St. Jacobs' Oil Cures Rheumatism. The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

Timely Warning. The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers.

growing time. That boy!—A little lad, all fun. A little chap, all coat. A round cipher, not knowing whether the stroke will go up and make him six, or down, and make him nine.

Take Care

Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Undo it yourself; then it's easy; otherwise the DeLONG Patent Hook and Eye never unfastens.

See that hump? Send two cents in stamps for New Mother Goose Book in colors to Richardson & Sons, Philadelphia.

The SHIRTS BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS. Guarantee skirt edges from wearing out. Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & T." on the label no matter what quality tells you.

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

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

DROPSY Treated free. Practically cured with Vegetable Pills for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

growing time. That boy!—A little lad, all fun. A little chap, all coat. A round cipher, not knowing whether the stroke will go up and make him six, or down, and make him nine.

It has got to come from somewhere. It does not come from his food, it must come from fat stored up in his body. He steals it and you say "He's getting thin—he's growing so fast."



**ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.**

The Frolic Feather in the Season's Fashionable Frippery.

About Ospreys and Ostriches—Queer Uses of Plumage in Boas and Bodices—Evening Gowns, Hats and Wraps—Short Fashion Gossip.

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Gladly would I write of aught save feathers, but how may one avoid the fact?

Thrust upon us every day in a new and more extravagant form, not to be ignored, catching the dullest eye, insisting, exhorting, commanding, the fact is that feathers rule the roast—or roost. They pop up where you least expect them. They nod from every coign of vantage; they—

What say you to a long and heavy cloak, huge and commanding, a gar-

made up with novelty velvet in the bodies front in gay colors of the rainbow sort; and rows of little yellow buttons, set in groups of three, shine like gold up and down the blue front to either side of the velvet and on the sleeves.

All sleeves are lined with stiff and crackling material, and when, in theater or opera house, the audience arises to go and 1,000 obedient escorts tuck 2,000 sleeves into the sleeves of wraps, the crackling thereof drowns the orchestra.

Even a morning robe or dressing gown or tea gown has commonly the distended sleeve, so that from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. the rustling is loud in the land. Wonderfully pretty, though, are some of the tea gowns, notably one in stripes of big figured silk alternating with plain silk, crowned with a huge white cape-collared with four inch lace and sweeping across nearly to the left shoulder where it fastens with a big bow. Deep falls of lace at the elbow sleeves complete a gown for lounging rather than industry.

Possibly the lovers of democratic simplicity may win some comfort out of the gowling of debutantes, which inclines to simplicity. A gown of white silk, whose skirt is perfectly plain and whose fluted bodice is edged at the yoke with white bows of the same, may not be called over gay, even if long ribbon streamers do nearly sweep the ground, caught by rhinestone buckles near the shoulders, and even if a long string of tiny pearls hangs low from the smooth young neck. For it is color that counts, and the girl I saw in this gown had none save in her flushed cheeks and in a single long-stemmed rose she gayly carried.

A great deal has been said of the gymnasium grooming of the girl of the period. Well, it is there, massage, baths, light gymnastics, heavy gymnastics and all, and wonderfully well it serves the purposes of one who would be beautiful in movement and swim in grace through seas of flattery. I think I note in ladies' gymnasiums a certain avoidance of exercises which would increase the size of the hand unduly, and an equally marked cultivation of the upper arm at the expense of the forearm. This is a point well enough to remember. "A nice plump upper arm that can be bared or gloved to the shoulder is esthetically more satisfying than a sinewy wrist.



OSPREY AND OSTRICH, RIBBON AND FELT.

ment for a duchess of the days of the empire, in novelty velvet, wherein big figures are outlined in dahlia tones, its sleeves huge and dark and fierce, its yoke brave with the gleam of gold and the glitter of jet, thrown boldly across both front and back, and its collar edged with big ostrich plumes, upright? For a "fine figure of a woman" I confess I find this bold and theatric cloak



ROSE CHEEKS CARESSSED BY OSTRICH-TIPPED COLLAR.

altogether attractive. If we are to admit colors at all, why not let them be strong and bold? But the plumes! They must be dreadfully annoying to the wearer, they would be positively dangerous were she to walk on crowded crossings unable to see behind her. They remind one of the puzzle—"find the woman's face." But because they are correct they are beautiful, I suppose. That is what we promptly say of each new thing when once the shock of novelty is past.

Even more outre are some of the new bodices, like a Japanese raincoat of straw, except that the downward drooping thatch or shingle is of feathers all; or the new boss of the pheasant or grebe skins, with a stuffed head at the neck, and the tail feathers dangling down toward the waist. Upon the hat worn with such adornment a similar bird's head peeks itself from a nest of puffing feathers. This slaughter of the innocents is decreed by Paris and accepted by London.

There is a kind of white feather used in fashioning the ceremonial cloaks and mats of the dusky chiefs of the South sea islands, which may yet lend itself to a similar use. The barred Chinese pheasant is the moment's favorite, but at any time we may look to see the gaudier peacock's wonderful iris breast and argus-eyed tail thus adorning beauty's bosom. We live, and learn to wonder at nothing.

The osprey again waves on the bonnets of the fair, and the pompons aspire to heaven above it. Very popular in one of the new scoop shovel shapes is a "combine of osprey" and ostrich ribbon of felt, edged with white velvet, or with narrower ribbon, emphasized at intervals by big silver buckles.

Another hat, which a Buddhist might commend has a high crown sewn out of cords of black and green and a brim of black velvet bearing a few folds of green shawl ribbon knotted into choux at either side; and there are five big ostrich plumes to wave at the rear.

"Tailor gown" no longer spells simplicity. One of the prettiest I have seen this week is a rough, hairy blue cloth,

There is a recurrent fondness for panel-lengths of figured cloth or brocade, or what not, set into a plain dark skirt, sometimes at the side, sometimes in front. This effect is generally employed in connection with a tight-fitting corselet bodice employing the same figured material. The sleeves can be dark, like the gown, and they may carry their fullness well toward the wrist.

Plaids, so cut as to run diagonally, are not a fad, but they hold their respectable own as they have always done. When used they are big and showy, lines of red and blue and green with white, and they generally have a relief of darker cloth and garniture of fur or velvet.

Past belief are the roughness and the hairiness of winter gowning material. Practically every woman one meets is a "fuzzy wuzzy," to use a word coined for a very different meaning by Mr. Kipling.

Wide, gauntlet cuffs, deeply slashed and heavily buttoned, are common. They have a military aspect wholly at variance with puff sleeves and feather boas.

The short cape is a universal favorite on account of the ease with which it goes on over big sleeves.

A fluffy fur collar makes the outlines of the face look softer.

Big buttons and enormous plaids make a little woman look smaller.

Figured stuffs, brocades, arabesques, stamped velvet and their like are very popular.

And there is color everywhere.

ELLEN OSBORN.

The Solution of a Mystery.

The apparently mysterious way in which newly formed lakes, ponds, canals, etc., become populated with fish was discussed by some of the members assembled at a recent reunion of the Piscatorial society at the Holburn restaurant, in London. More than one of them considered that this was effected by birds which had been feeding on fish spawn elsewhere, and which, alighting on these new waters, dropped some of the spawn from their bills.

**EXCEPTIN TOM**  
A CHRISTMAS BOLLAD  
BY WILL CARLETON.

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It WAS on a cloudy winter day,  
An' snow was gently fallin',  
When Tom an' I upon the sleigh  
A heavy load was haulin';  
We was committee—him an' me—  
To find the annual Christmas tree,  
(With thanks for all our toil an' search),  
To deck the Presbyterian church.

It wasn't any little shrub  
With which we two was dealin';  
We knowed the top would almos' rub  
The meetin'-house's ceiling;  
Two yoke of oxen drawn in line,  
An' one was Tom's an' one was mine;  
An' 'trudgin' long, we fell, we two,  
A-gossipin' like women do.



We done our own longcomin's brown,  
An' other people's knavery



We talked of all the girls in town,  
Not countin' Gretchen Avery.  
We wasn't on speakin' terms that day  
Regardin' her, as one might say;  
She had two would-be beaux,  
You see,  
An' one was Tom an' one was me.

But Tom he acted over-bright  
For one with even chances;  
An' hinted of the past delight  
Of parin' bees an' dances;  
And how some one a gift would get  
To drive 'em farther into debt;  
An' other little hints, in jerks  
That started up my thinkin' works.



The tree was taller still at night,  
As if it had been a-growin';  
With presents on it fair an' bright,  
An' candles near 'em glowin',  
And all the folks for miles aroun',  
Had brought their presents into town;  
The tree bore all things, sweet an' sour,  
From candy-sticks to bags of flour.



An' Tom an' I each other sought,  
Bein' fellow-men in slavery,  
But he, the sly, a gift had brought,  
To hang for Gretchen Avery.  
'Twas somethin' in the jewel line—  
I watched him peek, and saw it shine;  
He gave a switchin' look at me  
An' went an' put it on the tree.

An' then I says: "I won't be beat  
In cunnin' or in bravery!"  
An' so I went an' sought a seat  
Adjoinin' Gretchen Avery.  
An' she was rather kind, for her—  
Just like a sister, as it were;  
An' flattered some'at from her perch,  
There in the Presbyterian church.

She asked me all about the tree,  
An' where I found it growin';  
An' whispered thanks was due to me,  
For such a boon bestowin';  
But I was minded to be fair,  
An' spoke her honest, then an' there:  
"Tom is the man for you to see,  
He worked four times as hard as me."

An' then she glanced at Thomas, near,  
An' smiled unduly pleasant;  
An' then I spoke up: "Say; see here;  
Suppose one gets a present,  
On yonder tree, as well they may—  
Then shouldn't they take it, anyway?"  
An' quick at me the words she thrust:  
"How can you ask? Of course they must!"

So when they all marched round, you see,  
Their gifts to be a-fetchin',  
I give a jump into the tree,  
Right there in front of Gretchen;  
An' words was nowhere near my tongue;  
But on my arm a motto hung;  
"This is a present, all can see,  
To Gretchen Avery—made by me."



Now wasn't she a han'some show,  
To all the people gazin'?  
An' now she'd look like drifted snow,  
An' then like sunsets blazin';  
Then like a queen she stood up there,  
An' never flinched or flected a hair;  
But sweetly said to Elder Brown:  
"Please kindly hand my present down!"

An' goin' home, she says to me,  
In tones that still is haunted:  
"I think to-aught that all I seen  
Got just the gift they wanted."  
And I did'n't say much in our walk,  
Not bein' strong upon the talk;  
But couldn't sift my feelings from  
The mournful words: "Exceptin' Tom!"

**THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER**

A Series of Useful Hints to Be-lated Buyers.

Cautions What Not to Give—Presents to Fit the Purse and Fill the Pocket—Children's Toys That Will Please.

COPYRIGHT, 1895.

"Where are the dolls?"  
"Are these stamp boxes sterling silver?"  
"I'll take two of those rolling blotters, please."

This is Christmas shopping; you hear it repeating itself year after year. Every woman in Christendom begins at least a month beforehand to worry about the presents she is going to give, and each year she goes the rounds of the stores fumbling over the usual array of match boxes, paper cutters, manicure sets, and the numerous other things that by right of repetition have become the conventional Christmas presents. Yet, for all her good intentions, she finds her list hardly half completed when the calendar warns her that Christmas is only ten days off; and in her desperation she hies herself to the shops to purchase at random the first things that present themselves. It is to help this woman that the following suggestions are given:

Almost any sort of store, nowadays, has on exhibition a certain stock of holiday goods which is very much alike, whether one visits the dry goods dealer or the jeweler's shop. There is always some one thing that runs like an epidemic from store to store, and it is impossible not to be affected by the contagion. This involves much danger of duplicating over and over again. Fancy, for instance, the perplexity of a young woman who finds herself with three or four writing tablets or half a dozen pin trays on Christmas morning. This year she will be more likely to be embarrassed with too much china than anything else. The dealers have gone china mad, and have made everything of it from a parlor table to a knife and fork.

Of these, the china lamps are the most tempting, and can be bought for any price from two dollars up into the hundreds. The most striking are those in blue and white Delft ware, with globes of the same material, decorated with historic figures and scenes in keeping with the style of the old-fashioned plates that it is the fad to collect just now. Some of these stand three feet high and are exceedingly decorative, but very expensive.

The smaller ones serve better for ordinary presents, and they can be had in other tints which are quite as fasci-

claw feet and upholstered in imitation of Dresden china; Children's sets of knife, fork and spoon have Dresden handles.

The imitation Dresden ware, called Coalport, appears in all sorts of toilet articles, for comb and brush handles and the box to put them in, for glove cases, handkerchief cases, etc. Silver novelties are numerous, as they always are, but the novelty of the Dresden ware will probably give the average girl's dressing case the appearance of a china closet when she gets her presents arranged in their proper places. One of the prettiest novelties is a rolling blotter with a silver handle. This takes up the ink without blurring the page and saves the trouble of rubbing the hand over the blotter to bring it in contact with the paper. These blotters also sometimes have Dresden handles. They run from 50 cents to a dollar in price.

There are match boxes of silver for two dollars, with a place for a photograph, which are rather nice presents for men, especially when they come from a sweetheart or wife. Paper cutters with a tiny reading glass in the handle, gold suspender buckles and embroidered suspenders made by a tailor or regular suspender manufacturer, so that there will be no trouble about the fit, a cigar cutter, a spring tape measure, a rubber eraser with a brush at one end to dust off the paper, a silver monkey with a pin cushion in his back, a key ring with chain—all these are offered as desirable presents for men. An appropriate gift for a man who reads a great deal is a new contrivance that looks something like a silver comb with four teeth about an inch apart. This is intended to keep a book open while one is reading—the two middle teeth resting on the pages and the outer ones on the back of the book. One of these was marked \$1.90.

There are so many gifts for men which are intended to be carried in the pocket that the popular man may have trouble stowing them all away. By the time he has disposed of his pocket-knife, his dog whistle, the corkscrew in its case, match box, tape measure, pocket comb and glass, with court plaster and pocket scissors, he will find his weight much increased and his pockets badly strained.

On the whole, it seems safer to avoid pocket conveniences for a man lest they become more of a nuisance than otherwise.

An umbrella of even a cane is usually acceptable, though some men have hobbies about selecting their own canes. A reading glass, a brush broom adorned according to the purse of the giver, or a gold collar button will make a good family present. A book cover of linen with the words "my book" embroidered

on the back is one of the novelties that may be easily made by a little girl for her papa.

Boys are pleased with cameras, tools, anything of a personal nature, such as gloves, neckties, shirt studs, cuff and collar buttons, mufflers. There is a great deal of electrical apparatus made for boys which is delightful and instructive to a youth of a mechanical turn of mind.

A case of modeling apparatus with clay ready to be shaped in the molds that come with the set, into rabbits, dogs, houses, walls, church steeples, etc.—all of which can be had for from \$1.50 to \$2.50—would be a source of joy to a youngster of from five to ten years old.

For girls or young women there are pretty belts and buckles of many varieties. Those of cut silver are the newest as well as the cheapest. They range in price from one dollar up to three or more. Dainty silver veil pins, nail files that close up like a knife, a pearl paper cutter, a lace collarette, a ribbon collar and bow, a thimble, a pair of silver handled scissors or any of the little china novelties will be sure to strike the feminine fancy—not to mention the more expensive watches or watch pins, bracelets, belts of silver, spangles, or gold braid with fancy buckles, a shell hair pin with gold filigree, an empire fan, and so many attractive things for a maid who loves adornment.

When one begins to buy presents for children the thought of their joyous faces at sight of the wonderful things that can be given them is a great temptation to squander one's little all in the toy shop.

The toy houses, toy barns with horses and hired men, hay wagons and plows would please a country boy immensely. For city boys there are wagons, street cars on endless circular rails, fire engines with horses in engine houses, magic lanterns and the like.

Everything that is used by older people is made in miniature for children. There are toy kitchens with sinks and real faucets through which the water runs from a tank above the kitchen. Toy bath tubs with faucets at prices varying from \$3.25 to \$7.50 according to size, include a china doll to fit that will wash.

ANNIE L. WOODS.

Height of the Atmosphere.

It is impossible for a human being to breathe at a height greater than seven miles above the earth.

The combination of the two fads for china and for things Napoleonic results in a bust of Napoleon done in blue and white porcelain. Even doll's furniture is made in the same style, with

WHICH ONE WILL YOU TAKE?

Such a lamp would be a very nice present for a young married couple to give to the father and mother of the bride, and would help them out of the difficulty of choosing something personal for each one.

A china clock would serve the same purpose. These are made in the real Delft ware as well as the imitation. A very pretty little clock can be bought for a dollar, and this, by the way, would be a pretty present for a young girl away at school or for any lone, lone woman who boards, and has no kind and solicitous relative at hand to see that she wakes up when she should in the morning. Traveling clocks, set in leather and made to fold up, are very nice presents, but cannot be had for less than from three to five dollars.

Cups and saucers are not usually very desirable presents unless they are small ones intended for the five-o'clock tea table.

A funny incident happened the other day at the cup and saucer counter, which contained plates and other articles, all of which had the appearance of being table accessories of one sort or another. Among the articles were a miniature grand piano, a baby's cradle, a violoncello, and a pair of bellows, all made of china. An old lady walked up to the counter and exclaimed: "Well, now! Do tell! I wonder if them cradles is meant for pickles er jam?"

The piano had a removable top, and the salesgirl explained that it was intended for hairpins and sold for one dollar. The cradle would serve to hold side combs, kid curlers, loose manicuring apparatus, or any of the numerous things that a young woman uses on her toilet table.

Another popular fad is the miniature. It appears upon purses and note books, as well as in women's gold brooches. The miniature purses are very pretty and can be bought for 50 cents. Napkin-rings, match boxes spring tape measures and opera glass holders are decorated in the same way, and being so adorned are much more appropriate as presents than the same things gotten up in the old way.

The miniature fad is a product of the empire and Louis XVI. craze, which affects the form and color decoration of all kinds of furniture, as well as women's gowns and coiffures.

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**BOARD OF EDUCATION**

NO ACTION TAKEN IN THE MATTER OF TEXT BOOKS.

A. B. Northup Succeeds the Late A. S. Rowell on the Board—General Proceedings of the Board's Last Session.

The adjourned regular meeting of the board of education was held in the high school room Saturday evening Dec. 14th, 1895, at 8:00 o'clock. The president in the chair, and the following inspectors answered to roll call: Bacon, LaPlant, Peterson, Barr, Cotterill, Robertson, Long, Wiltzie, Duff—9.

The minutes of the last regular and adjourned regular meetings were read and approved with the following changes: In the resolutions passed by the board of education Nov. 16, 1895, the part referring to transferring grades without their teachers be made to read, include transfer teachers with their own grades; and also strike out the part requiring the superintendent to assist in the instruction of the 8th grade.

Inspectors Morgan and Helm entered. The following bills were read and referred to the auditing committee:

H. Salinsky & Co.	\$ 55
C. H. Long, postage	1.00
B. Ellsworth	28.45
John Hill	1.00
C. S. Anderson, heating pipes	500.00
E. Goram, oil	1.05
C. & S. W. R. Co., freight	16.50
Amount allowed to teachers by auditing committee for absence due to sickness	10.01
F. Dehn, draying	1.00
A. S. Cobalt	2.25
M. A. Burns	4.68
Fuel (wood)	57.00

Inspector LaPlant was appointed on the auditing committee in place of Inspector Rowell, deceased.

Inspector Lehr entered. The auditing committee reported favorably on the bills as read. Bills read from W. W. Oliver, Escanaba Iron Works and Isaac Stephenson Co. were retained by the auditing committee for investigation.

It was moved and supported that the report of the auditing committee be accepted and orders drawn for the several bills as per finance committee's report. Motion carried.

Moved by LaPlant, Wiltzie second, that the motion passed by the board of education Nov. 1st, 1895, authorizing the building committee to fit up a room in the basement of the Barr school for primary and kindergarten work, be rescinded. Motion carried.

Building committee reported that the finishing of the new building was progressing favorably.

Miss L. Hendryx presented her resignation to the board, to take effect at the Christmas holidays. It was moved and supported that Miss Hendryx's resignation be accepted. Motion carried.

Moved by Wiltzie, seconded by that Miss Pearl Southwick receive \$5.00 per month more from Dec. 1st, 1895, until the end of the school year, June 1896.

It was moved and seconded as an amendment that Miss Pearl Southwick receive \$5.00 per month more pay commencing after the holidays, until such time as the street cars were able to run. Vote on the amendment: Ayes—Bacon, LaPlant, Peterson, Barr, Cotterill, Robertson, Long, Helm, Morgan—9; nays—Lehr, Wiltzie, Duff, Wixson—4. Amendment carried. Original motion as amended: Ayes—Bacon, Barr, Cotterill, Robertson, Long, Helm, Morgan—7; nays—Lehr, LaPlant, Peterson, Wiltzie, Duff, Wixson—6. Motion as amended carried.

Inspector Robertson was granted permission to retire.

It was moved and supported that the purchasing committee be instructed to purchase the proper number of labels for laboratory. Motion carried.

Moved and supported that Christmas vacation commence Dec. 20th, 1895, and school commence January 6th, 1896. Motion carried unanimously.

The committee on teachers and discipline prepared the following resolutions and presented them to the board for their consideration:

WHEREAS, A. S. Rowell, a member of this board, has a very painful loss and labors to his rest and reward; and

WHEREAS, Inspector Rowell had since his connection with this board shown himself not only a pleasant companion but an earnest and active friend of the public schools, which are under the charge of this board; and,

WHEREAS, The death of such a man and officer is a calamity to the board and schools only less than to his family; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That, while bowing to the Divine will, this board deploras the loss it has sustained in the death of Inspector Rowell; and be it further

RESOLVED, That this board extends to his widow and family full measure of sympathy in their great affliction, and commends them to the Great Consoler in whose hands are the lives of all, and to whom only can the widows and orphans look for balm for their grievous hurt; and further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this board and a copy thereof be presented to the widow of our lamented associate, and that a copy thereof be published in each of the city papers.

BOARD OF EDUCATION, Escanaba, Dec. 14, 1895.

Moved by Wixson, Morgan second, that resolutions be passed as read. Motion carried.

Moved by Cotterill, LaPlant second, that Mr. A. B. Northup be appointed school inspector in place of the late A. S. Rowell.

Moved by Wixson, Duff second, as a substitute to the motion, that Thomas Green be appointed school inspector in place of the late A. S. Rowell. Vote on the substitute: Ayes—Wixson, Duff—2; nays—Cotterill, Barr, Peterson, LaPlant, Lehr, Bacon, Long, Helm, Wiltzie, Morgan—10. Substitute lost. Vote on original motion: Ayes—Cotterill, Barr,

Peterson, LaPlant, Lehr, Bacon, Long, Helm, Wiltzie, Morgan—10; nays—Duff, Wixson—2. Motion carried. Mr. A. B. Northup was appointed to act as school inspector in place of the late A. S. Rowell.

The president appointed Cotterill and LaPlant to investigate the ownership of the piano in the high school and report at the next regular meeting.

The monthly report of superintendent and principal of high school read, accepted and placed on file.

Moved by Lehr, Bacon second, that the commercial class be removed to another location. Ayes—Lehr, Bacon, LaPlant, Barr, Helm, Long, Morgan—7; nays—Wixson, Duff, Cotterill, Peterson, Wiltzie—5. Motion carried.

Moved and supported that the purchasing committee notify the trustees of the Episcopal church that the board of education would vacate the church basement Dec. 31st, 1895, and the committee ordered to have the seats removed. Motion carried.

It was moved and supported that the question of text books be referred to the text book committee and be reported on at a future meeting. Motion carried.

Moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn. Motion carried.

**TOWN TOPICS.**

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

Ed. Erickson has inaugurated a black dress goods sale, which will be continued from now until Christmas. He offers a discount of twenty per cent. on all black dress goods.

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.

House and lot, centrally located and clear, would exchange for anything equal value in Chicago. Address, Box 640, 34 South Clark street, Chicago.

Twenty per cent. discount means dollar goods at eighty cents on all black dress goods. All goods marked in plain figures. Ed. Erickson.

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

The twenty per cent. discount sale now on at Ed. Erickson's includes all the choice novelties in Priestley black dress goods.

A handsome line of dressers, toilet and manicure sets, collar and cuff, handkerchief, necktie and glove boxes at Mead's.

Anyone wanting Mr. Louis Schram's residence may have same for an indefinite period at the town price.

Catholic and Episcopal prayer and hymnal books at Mead's. Finest line in the city.

Pine apple cider and California bottled cider, all flavors, at Rolph's.

Don't buy a Christmas gift until you have seen Mead's stock.

Mead's is the cheapest place in town to buy holiday goods.

Florida and California seedless oranges at Rolph's.

Books of every kind and description at Mead's.

Reduction in Time to California. Once more the North-Western line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agent's Chicago & North-Western R'y.

A Great Premium. The Iron Port offers The New York Weekly Tribune free for one year to every subscriber who pays one year's subscription 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.

Logging Unprofitable. An Escanaba township farmer, in a communication to The Iron Port, says it is an absolute impossibility for farmers to furnish logs to the broomhandle factory at the price offered, \$6 per thousand, without losing money. When stumps, cutting and hauling are taken into consideration the farmer figures that it is far more profitable to him to convert the logs into cordwood, and he is so doing.

Notice to Tax-Payers. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, treasurer of the city of Escanaba, will be at his office, corner of Hale and Georgia streets, each week day, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 8 p. m., for the purpose of receiving and receipting for taxes. All interested persons are requested to call and settle their taxes. E. M. St. Jacques.

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. Rods, Hyde Postoffice, Mich.

**THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS**

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE) more and more cognizant of the other's doings. The Saxon dwelling as servant in the Norman's halls must conform in part to the ways of the household, and the Norman child devoted to his faithful Saxon servant listened with eager ears to the tales of Arthur and his knights, for the Saxon and Celt had long ere this made common cause.

We have no tale of the reverence of the cross to tell in the observance of a Norman Christmas, and yet the wars of the cross drew Saxon and Norman closer and closer, until in the time of Edward III they made common cause and fought bravely side by side, the Saxon full of admiration for the skill which could conquer brute force in feats of arms, and the Norman no longer disdainful, for he finds the Saxon yeoman a trusty friend, a faithful subject and a worthy ally. And so we come to the England of Chaucer, the father, the well-spring, the bright and morning star of our language—the richest, the greatest and most comprehensive of the languages of the world. Let us join him in "Nowell! crieth every lustie man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Professional Cards.**

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Office hours 9 to 4. Established 1877.

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**CHOICE . AND . FANCY GROCERIES**

Crockery . and . Canned . Goods.  
**Butter Eggs and Cheese**

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.  
364 Fenale Street.

**THE LEADING CLOTHIER**



The....  
**Fashions**

Are....  
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By the manufacturers of Ready-Made Clothing nowadays, so that the wearer of such garments can be as stylishly-dressed as a fellow-being fitted out in a suit of Made-to-Order clothes—at less expense too.

**One Cannot Imagine**

How Clothing can be sold as cheap as we sell suits. Our line was bought with care the prices and material considered. No better was ever shown in the city and our wonderfully large sale of dressy suits is the result. We invite an inspection of our Men's Wear.



SEE OUR NEW  
**OVERCOAT - - -**  
CALLED THE  
**- - - GREAT COAT**

MADE BY THE STEIN BLOCH COMPANY,  
TAILORS.

**ED. ERICKSON.**



Our New Great Coat.

**Meat Market.**

**QUERY:**  
Why is it I can sell so low,  
And give my friends this splendid show?

**ANSWER:**  
I buy for cash and sell for cash,  
I suffer not for every crash;  
Expenses small, stock always fresh,  
And business done with cleverness.  
This must succeed in every climate,  
More proper in our present time.

**M. ANDERSON,**  
Cash Meat Market  
1318 LUDINGTON STREET.

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At Wholesale and Retail.

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**Drugs and Medicines.**

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**Masonic Block.**

We beg to call your attention to the fact that we have removed from 410 Ludington street, to 611 Ludington street (Masonic Block), where we invite all of our old customers, and many new ones to call upon us. We are better prepared than ever before to supply you with Pure Drugs, Medicines, Druggists' Sundries, Blank Books, Stationery, etc.

Thanking the public for past favors, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same, I beg to remain  
Yours for Business,

**J. N. MEAD.**

**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.

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TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.  
WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.  
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**Groceries.**

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE  
**Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries**  
Which I wish to keep, as the more and my price will do it.  
**E. M. St. JACQUES.**  
Con. Hale and Georgia Sts.



**LAWYERS IN THE LEAD**

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED OF THEM IN THE NEW CONGRESS.

They Comprise About Two-Thirds of Each House—Other Callings Well Distributed Among the Remainder—Statistics.

According to the new congressional directory which has just made its appearance, the house of representatives of the fifty-fourth congress is composed of 223 lawyers, 24 farmers, 18 newspaper men, 16 merchants, 15 manufacturers, 9 physicians, 6 bankers, 5 lumbermen, 3 brokers, 4 railroad men, 3 college professors, 2 clergymen, 2 ship owners, 2 miners, 2 builders, 1 printer, 1 architect, 1 druggist, 1 theatrical manager, 1 school teacher, 1 music teacher and 16 who have followed no other business or profession than politics.

The senate of the fifty-fourth congress contains 60 lawyers, 6 merchants, 3 newspaper men, 2 farmers, 3 railroad men, 2 clergymen, 2 miners, 1 physician, 1 manufacturer, 1 banker, 1 ship owner, and five men who have followed politics only.

In other words about 63 per cent. of our representatives and about 68 per cent. of our senators, in the national legislature, are lawyers. With such a host of lawyers to make the laws and such a variety of occupations and professions represented by their colleagues in the minority, it would appear that this dignified body is capable of at least considering any question which may appear on the legislative calendar. The only important class of our industrious citizens conspicuously absent from both houses are engineers—the men who devise the instruments by which wealth is made, the men who have always held the throttle regulating the world's speed of progress. This absence of the engineering class, however, is doubtless due more to the fact that men of their profession have no time for politics rather than to the possibility that their good works lack appreciation.

By a careful examination of the 450 autobiographies—for they are really such—in the new directory, the writer has also found that in the new house of representatives there are 173 college men and 183 who are not college men. This minority of college men likewise exists in the senate, where they number but thirty-eight as compared with fifty who have not been educated in college. That is to say, about 48 per cent. of the representatives and about 43 per cent. of the senators are college educated.

A number of the members of the lower body appear to have extraordinary educations. Among these are Taft, new member from Ohio, who was graduated both at Yale and the University of Heidelberg, Germany; Bartlett, of New York, who graduated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Harvard University, Oxford University, England, and afterward at Columbia College Law School, N. Y.; and Williams, of Mississippi, who was graduated at the University of the South, the University of Virginia, and finally at the University of Heidelberg.

Of the eighteen newspaper men in the house, those worthy of mention among the new members are Taft, of Ohio, editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star; Southwick, of New York, editor of the Albany Evening Journal, and McCormick, of New York, whose reputation as a journalist was better known a generation ago than it is to-day. McCormick was a Wall street business man until forty years ago when he traveled in Europe, writing letters from the Crimea, during the war. At the time of our late war he was also with the army of the Potomac as correspondent of the New York Evening Post, and subsequently receiving a government appointment in the west, he established both the Arizona Miner and the Arizona Citizen.

Among the journalistic members who have served previous terms in the house are Quigg, of New York, editor of the New York Press; Bartholdt, of Missouri, editor-in-chief of the St. Louis Tribune, and Amos J. Cummings, who appears again from New York. The last named, whose greatest pride has always been that he "has set type in nearly every state in the union," when he was a "tramp printer" in his young days—has filled editorial position on the New York Tribune, under Horace Greeley, the New York Sun and New York Express, and was editor of the New York Evening Sun when elected to the fiftieth congress. Another member who has dabbled in journalism is "Jack" Robinson, of Pennsylvania, who has been correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette and other well-known journals.

The three college professors in the house are Andrews, new member from Nebraska, Roberts of Louisiana, and McCleary of Minnesota. Representative Andrews was made a member of the faculty of Hastings college in 1885, and has since been its vice-president and president. He is also president of the Nebraska State Teachers' association. Roberts occupied the chair of natural history in the Louisiana state university until elected in congress. McCleary was professor of history and political science in the Minnesota State Normal school and was president of the Minnesota State Educational Association until he became interested in politics. Trealor of Missouri, the music teacher who defeated Champ Clark, has taught in four female colleges, coming to congress fresh from one of them.

The wealthiest member now seated in the house is Sorg of Ohio, whose fortune is estimated at from ten to twelve millions. He is now 55 years old and his life has been an ideal portrayal of the self-made man. When a youth of twelve he was apprenticed to a molder, under whom he saw hard labor until the early

death of his father, which shifted the maintenance of a large family upon his shoulders. During many long years of toil he acquired the rudiments of an education at night school. In the 60's he went to Cincinnati and started at the lowest round of the tobacco manufacturing business, from which he has since made his immense wealth.

Although Senator Elkins of West Virginia is said to be the wealthiest man in the "Millionaires' Club," which the senate chamber is very appropriately called, it is said by some that Wetmore, the new senator from Rhode Island, excels even him in wealth. Wetmore was born only forty-nine years ago in England, where his parents happened to be visiting. He has been governor of Rhode Island for two terms and is interested in vast enterprises in the state which he represents.

Twenty-three members of the house and eight members of the senate can never be presidents of the United States, no matter how high they may rise in the esteem of their fellow citizens. These comprise the foreigners of congress, at least those who were born outside the United States. The foreign class in the house includes six Canadians, five Germans, four Englishmen, three Irishmen, three Scotchmen, one Dane and one Hungarian. In the senate there are four Englishmen, two Canadians, one Norwegian and one Irishman.

Members of the house born in England, besides ex-Speaker Crisp, are three new republicans—Miles of Michigan, Lorimer of Illinois, and Jenkins of Wisconsin, all of whom came to this country when small boys. Crisp's English birth was purely accidental. He was born in that country while his parents, both Americans, were abroad on a visit, as were those of Senator Wetmore.

Three new members of the house were born in Germany—McClellan of New York, who was born in the Fatherland during a European trip made by his parents, Halterman of Pennsylvania and Buck of Louisiana. Bartholdt of Missouri and Kiefer of Minnesota were also born in Germany. All of these came to this country when small boys.

The Irishmen of the house are Hurley, new member from New York; McGann of Illinois and Griffin of Wisconsin. Three new members, Hardy of Indiana, Stewart of Wisconsin and Cook of Wisconsin enter the Canadian section with Stephenson of Michigan, McCleary of Minnesota and Grout of Vermont, none of whom had far to travel across the border.

McLachlan of California and Spalding of Michigan, both new members, with Henderson of Iowa, are the three Scotchmen of the lower house, the first named emigrating to this country when three years of age, the others likewise arriving when mere youths. Woodman, new member from Illinois, is the sole representative of Denmark. He came to this country a sailor lad of 19, who afterwards defended the Union in the navy, eventually finding his way to Chicago soon after the war, where he studied law.

In the senate, the Englishmen, beside Wetmore, of Rhode Island, are Mantle, new senator from Montana, Paseo of Florida and Jones of Nevada, all of whom came to America when children. The only other new senator born abroad is Nelson of Minnesota, who came from Norway when four years of age. Sewell, who comes again from New Jersey, is the lone Irishman, while Gallinger of New Hampshire and McMillan of Michigan are the Canadians.

More than half of the members of the new house are twenty years above the minimum limit for age. But one is between the ages of 25 and 30, and but ten are between 30 and 35. Mosley, of Missouri, the youngest member, will be 30 three days after this letter appears. He has been admitted to the bar but four years. Galusha Grow, the venerable ex-speaker from Pennsylvania, still owns the distinction of being the Nestor of the house. He is 72 years and 3 months old. Next to him stands Avery, of Michigan, at 71, and third, Harris, of Ohio, also at 71, who never before held elective office. The "father" of the present house is Harmer, of Pennsylvania, who was a member of the forty-second congress and re-elected as representative to each succeeding congress except the forty-fourth. Culberson, of Texas, ranks next in seniority, having served in the forty-fifth and each succeeding congress.

The youngest senator is Butler, of North Carolina, who is 32, and next to him ranks his colleague, Senator Pritchard, who is 36. Morrill, of Vermont, remains the Nestor of the senate, at the extraordinary age of 85 years and 8 months.

**The Cost of Bad Roads.**

Inasmuch as the county road system will be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of Delta county, it may be interesting to know what bad roads cost this country. The office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture has completed an interesting investigation relating to the common roads of the United States. Returns have been received from 1,200 counties, showing that the average distance of haul from farms, to markets or shipping points to be twelve miles; the average weight of the load for two horses, 2,002 pounds; the average cost per ton per mile 25 cents, making \$3 for the entire haul. Estimating farm products at 219,824,227 tons weight and making estimates on other articles carried over the public roads is calculated that the aggregate expenses of transportation in the United States is \$96,414,662 per annum. Reports of expense of hauling have been asked from United States consuls abroad where the roads are good, so as to render possible a calculation which will show how much more this vast outlay is due to bad roads. The estimate is that counting the loss of time in reaching markets, the enforced idleness and the wear and tear to the live stock and hauling machinery caused by poor roads, that fully two-thirds of the cost might be saved by an improvement of the roads.

Attend Erickson's Xmas sale. Toys! Toys!

**A Thought of the Past.**

An angel opened the Book of Life  
At a page that was freshly filled  
With words and deeds of earthly strife  
From the hours of the year distilled.  
And pitying sighed as he gazed on the page,  
And thought of the woes in life's pilgrimage.

There were tears, and heart-aches, and weary tales  
Of hopes disappointed and vain;  
Of treasures lost in earth's rude gales  
That could never return again;  
And many a weary, storm-tossed breast,  
Sighing to drift to some haven of rest.

There were broken troth-plights and slighted love,  
And such bitter tears of pain,  
And sorrow that in the home above  
Once passed, comes never again.  
There were joys too precious to ever last,  
And sorrows forgotten as soon as past.

There were thoughts of selfishness and pride,  
Dark frownings and angry words,  
And hatred and envy side by side,  
Like hideous, ill-omened birds.  
And the angel's tears fell thick and fast,  
At these stains on the record of the past.

The story of envyings bitter, and strifes,  
And links of habit forged to bands,  
Great duties neglected and careless lives—  
All these he beholds on the page in his hands.  
How his sorrowing heart within him burns,  
While with pitying love for his own, it yearns.

But hark! Through the vaulted, starry skies,  
While shouts of gladness rend the air,  
Come strains of earthly melodies  
Borne upward on the wings of prayer:  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

The sweet song o'er, a wave of prayer  
Rose upward to the great white throne:  
"Forgive, O Lord, forgive us here,  
For all that we have left undone;  
Forgive our wickedness and pride,  
And let us in thy love abide."

And then, O glorious, wondrous sight!  
His hand across the page He drew,  
And left it pure and snowy white,  
While all its stains had passed from view.  
It was, O, joy! the risen Lord,  
By hosts of heaven and earth adored.

But the page was not all dark and stained;  
There was many a kind deed written there,  
And princely gifts for the poor and maimed,  
And deeds of valcr, and song, and prayer.  
A penny dropped in a beggar's palm,  
A lone child soothed by a lullaby song.

Oh, many a sad one laughed and smiled,  
Whose life a smile e'er scarcely knew,  
And many an hour hath love beguiled,  
Where wrongs are grievous and joys are few.  
Only a tear in pity let fall,  
Yet 'tis the grandest gift of all.

The New Year comes, we may not know  
What priceless gifts it holds in store,  
But ere its last days come and go  
O, learn one truth, oft told before:  
"Only by living grand and true,  
Can heaven come to me and you."

And so we hail thee, happy child,  
And pray thy leaf may bear no stain,  
Sweet New Year, with thy face so mild,  
Love is thy song, peace, thy refrain—  
We hail thee, bless thee, glad New Year,  
We give thee joy, and cheer on cheer!

—Mrs. Lew. A. Cates.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

**CHRISTMAS**

**PRESENTS**

**FOR THE BOYS!**

... AT ...

**THE FAIR.**

One lot of Boys' Heavy Fancy Bonde Cloth Reefer Suits, made up to sell at \$8.50, but our Holiday price is **\$3.50**

One lot of Boys' Very Fine Extra Heavy, All-wool Beaver Hercules Braid Trimmed, with Large Sailor Collar, Navy Blue Reefers, made to sell at \$10.00; our Holiday price is **5.00**

One lot of 30-inch 100 Sweep Coney Fur Capes, Large Full Collar, Silk Lined, a good value at \$12.00; our Holiday price, while they last, is way down to **5.50**

**THE FAIR,**

1004 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.

Groceries.

UP TO DATE

**Plain and Fancy Groceries**

WE HAVE THEM!

Our Store is Fully Stocked with Everything to be Found in a First-Class Grocery Store, and Prices Astonishingly Low.

**Full Line of Canned Goods always on Hand**

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

**ERICKSON & BISSEL,**

Masonic Block, Escanaba, Michigan

Cloaks, Jackets and Capes.

**DISCOUNT SALE!**

FOR TWO WEEKS AT

**BURNS'**

A full line of New Plaids, Serges, New Boucle Goods. All this season's Colored Dress Goods at 50 per cent off regular retail price.

**CUT THE GOODS IN ONE HALF!**

\$1.00 Goods for 50 cents; 50-cent Goods for 25 cents.

This is the Greatest cut since Burns'

Great Fire Sale.

**M. A. BURNS.**



**CHRISTMAS WISDOM.**

**How the Queen Celebrates the Day at Osborne.**

Mrs. Fenwick Miller Tells of Brilliant Festivities Within the Palace, and of Many Hours Made Happy Outside Its Gates.

Christmas-tide festivities had declined in England for some time before her majesty came to the throne. It was the greatest festival of the year in older days; but the stern Puritans disapproved of it, as they did of all other feasts and junketings, and under their influence the keeping of Christmas had come to be comparatively a small affair. It was always a holiday, but had ceased to be "made the most of." Two great influences have restored it to its present popularity as a festival with a deep meaning that is to be expressed in gifts and kindly feelings. Those influences are the prince consort and Charles Dickens. While the latter by his enthusiastic writing in praise of the Christmas idea was familiarizing the minds of the people



THE PRINCESS ON THE ICE.

with the notion of its being a season of generosity and jollity, the court was by its example making the same observances fashionable. "Christmas was the favorite festival of the prince," it is remarked in the "Life of the Prince Consort," for which the queen has made herself responsible. "He clung to the kindly custom of his native country, Germany, which makes it a day for the interchange of gifts as signs of affection and good will. The queen shared his feelings in this respect, and the usage was introduced into their household on the first Christmas here and was always after continued." The principal novelty to the English in the royal customs here alluded to was the palace Christmas tree.

Familiar as we now are with this means of displaying the Christmas gifts by hanging them on a bushy, evergreen fir-tree, it was a novelty when the prince consort set it up in the palace on the first Christmas after his marriage. The custom that he had initiated has never been dropped. The queen has not one, but several, Christmas trees always prepared. There is one set up to hold gifts for her majesty herself, on which the loving hands of her children, whether they are near enough to do it themselves or have to employ a proxy, hang presents for the royal mistress of the home. Then the queen has another one dressed for her own family, on which are placed her gifts to them; and there is yet a third tree set up, the largest of all, for it has to hold the royal gifts of the household. Nobody is forgotten, from the ladies and gentlemen, for whom there will be some work of art or literature, down to the humblest servants, who find a dresspiece, a book, an album or some other gift ready for each one, to brighten the festival. The



A DIVERSION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

moment for the illumination of these trees is nightfall on Christmas eve; for, as we all know, the tree is not itself except it be lit with many tapers, whose sparkling are flung back a thousand fold from shining balls and reflectors, with the darkly shining background of the evergreen to emphasize the whole. By the time the queen and her husband came to their second Christmas they had two children to provide for, though the baby could not yet understand the occasion. On that day the prince wrote to his father: "This is the dear Christmas eve on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step which was to usher us into the gift-room. To-day I have two children of my own to make gifts to; who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles." It is more than 50 years ago since these words were written, and the Christmas tree dressed at the queen's home this Christmas is to delight her children's children. Little Princess Ena (Eugenie Victoria) of Battenburg, and her brothers, the children of Princess Beatrice, are especially the little ones who enjoy the treat at present.

Christmas at Osborne is now the queen's rule, though in the prince consort's time it was always spent at Windsor. Though the royal borough is now left at the festive season, it is not forgotten; for the poor of Windsor, to the num-

ber of some hundreds, receive benefactions from the queen, consisting of beef, vegetables and clothing. The Scotch tenantry are also remembered; but the day is now always passed by the queen in her own smaller home, Osborne, which has been well described as "more like the castle of a little principality than the abode of so great a sovereign." The special regal dish of the day, however, cannot be cooked at Osborne. This is the baron of beef. It is so huge a joint that it has to have the resources of the immense kitchen of Windsor for its preparation. A baron of beef is a huge cut from an ox similar to a saddle of mutton from a sheep; it is the two sides of the beast undivided, cooked as one great whole joint. This is no ordinary joint for the spit, and only the size of Windsor's fireplace and utensils can cope with it. It is the traditional royal Christmas joint, as indispensable as the turkey of the middle-class family table. As a rule the queen's table meat is not taken from cattle bred on her own farm, but is supplied by a butcher. The Christmas joint is an exception, a special bullock being selected from the home farm and duly fattened each year to supply the "baron." It is served cold, the huge joint, beautifully garnished, being placed on a sideboard. It is more a show than a viand. Turkey, a simple entree or two, with the usual soup and fish, and amidst the sweet dishes, plum pudding and mince pie, also appear at the royal dinner on this day; and often the huge "baron" is hardly touched. The queen does not like dinner to last over an hour, and her menu is shorter and simpler than that of most of her wealthy subjects on all occasions. The queen attends divine service in the morning, and later in the day, if her health and circumstances permit, some little charades or tableaux are got up and given for her amusement by the immediate members of her household.

Christmas at Sandringham is, to some extent, modeled on the similar usages to which the prince of Wales was brought up. He and his gracious consort fully follow the example of the queen in trying to make the time a bright and pleasant one for all around them. Every laborer and cottager on the estate has a Christmas dinner provided. The meat for these gifts is cut up in quantities corresponding to the size of the various families, and set out



ROASTING THE BARON.

on long tables in the village school, each portion labeled with the name of the recipient; added to it will be the materials for a pudding, and often, also articles of clothing or blankets, and sometimes more special personal presents; for the lord and lady of the manor know much of the individual circumstances and needs of their people. On Christmas eve, the whole royal party, or some at least of its members, will generally go to distribute the gifts themselves; or at all events, they look in at the schoolroom to see the spread ready, with its gay decoration of holly and evergreens, for the admission of the lucky recipients.

Everybody in the house, too, is sure of a present of some kind. Often the gift takes an added value from being the handiwork of the princess who bestows it. The young princesses of Wales are accomplished in many arts. Leather work, wood-carving, brass-chasing, and poker-work, as well as embroidery with the needle and water color painting, are all done really well by these clever young ladies, who are inspired in all these undertakings by the example of their mother; for the princess of Wales herself is an excellent wood-carver and leather-worker. Thus many of their gifts to their special friends are the work of their own hands.

On Christmas morning there are generally many guests in the house, who are allowed the option of breakfasting in their own rooms or in the usual apartment, where breakfast is laid at small round tables, visitors appearing for the meal at the hour they please—the use of the small separate tables preventing this liberty being in any way unpleasant or inconvenient. The royal hosts do not appear till after breakfast, and only come down ready for church, some little time before it is necessary to set out, to greet their guests with seasonal wishes in what is called "the saloon," a huge apartment, half hall, half drawing-room, that was added to the house when it was rebuilt after the fire a few years ago. Then the whole house party sets off to service in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. It is a pleasant walk through belts of evergreens and shrubberies that protect the pedestrian from the wind; but if there be any elderly or delicate persons there, or if the weather be unfavorable, there is also a good carriage drive from the house to the church, and various vehicles come forth to convey the company. After church, luncheon is taken at the small tables that were used for breakfast. The afternoon is spent in various ways. There is a good-sized lake at Sandringham, opposite the smaller house which used to be called "Bachelor's hall," because when the big house was full of young men amongst

the guests would be sent down to the cottage to sleep; but it is now known as "York cottage," and serves for the country home of the duke of York and his wife. If the weather be cold enough, skating is enjoyed on Christmas afternoon on the lake. The princesses of Wales came from her northern home already an expert skater, and her light and graceful figure makes her appear to particular advantage in this favorite pastime. If it be not skating weather there are the kennels and stables to visit; or the princesses will delight the listeners with their musical accomplishments; and the many artistic and curious treasures that decorate the house, relics of the prince's foreign



THE SECOND CHRISTMAS OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

travels and gifts from many and various lands, will be inspected and talked about. So the time will be spent till afternoon tea is served in the cozy small drawing-room, where the crimson plush hangings and white furniture touched with gold make a pleasant spot of color in the light of the winter fire and wax candles. Dinner is a function here as well as elsewhere, and the usual and traditional dainties of Christmas all appear at it.

Afterwards there are a few toasts in honor of the occasion. The prince of Wales is a good billiard player and a great smoker, and the gentlemen may spend part of the evening in the billiard room; but as the royal dinner is not begun till a quarter of nine, there is not much evening to get through after it is finished.

Christmas at White Lodge, where the mistress is perhaps the most generous and charitable amongst all the kindly royal ladies, is naturally also an occasion when consideration for the poor and needy prevails amongst the season's occupations. The duchess of Teck takes charge of the distribution of an immense number of articles of clothing, made in connection with the Needlework Guild, as one of her Christmas duties and pleasures—though, to be sure, this takes place rather earlier in December than the 25th, in order that the clothing may go forth in time to do its share in making "A Merry Christmas" for others. The Needlework Guild is a society of which H. R. H. is president, and it numbers many hundreds of "associates" all over the land. Its members pledge themselves to make in the course of the year many useful garments, either for adults or children, by sewing or knitting, in calico or flannel or stuff—all this being left to the fancy of the individual worker. Shortly before Christmas a large basement store room in White Lodge is cleared for the reception of the innumerable garments which are then sent in by their makers to the royal president and there sorted into piles according to what the garment is; and then the gracious president and her small committee consider the heap of applications from clergy, hospital matrons, missions of all sorts, orphan asylums and any sort of organized and duly vouched for method of putting the donors in touch with the really deserving poor. No clothes are given from this store to individuals, but a bundle according to the needs is sent off to any responsible manager of a local charity, without regard to sect, for distribution to proper individuals. When the good duchess of Teck sits down to her family dinner on Christmas day, she has the satisfaction of knowing that this charity, toward which her personal interest is so helpful, has clothed for the great festival of the winter many thousands who otherwise would have been cold and in rags. The family from White Lodge also begin their Christmas by going quietly to the little church that they generally attend, just outside Richmond park gates, which for Christmas day receives decorations from the conservatories of the royal home.

Mrs. FENWICK MILLER.

**Self-Acting Weapons.**

A common story was to the effect that a Muramasa sword was once on a time pledged to a pawnbroker. The fellow thought this a fine opportunity to parade himself as a gentleman, and accordingly on a festival day he wore the sword. Quarreling with some idle fellows, he essayed to use the weapon, but his unfamiliarity with it excited the derision of the bystanders, who unmercifully ridiculed his bungling manner. But the merriment of those individuals was short-lived. The sword itself took the matter in hand, as though the taunts impugned its own skill, and soon laid low all its traducers. Then it turned against the unfortunate pawnbroker and killed him. Another story is the basis of a popular Japanese drama, and tells of the adventures of a samurai with a strange sword which he had borrowed from a pawnbroker. He lightly hit a man with the blade without apparently wounding him in the least. Some time after the man suddenly dropped dead, and it was found that the sword had inflicted a mortal wound even when it had scarcely drawn blood. Upon examination this was found to be a Muramasa, which, though coming from the dishonor of a pawnshop and carried in the hands of an incompetent, had thus made manifest its power.—Lyman Horace Weeks, in Lippincott's

**CHRISTMAS NECROMANCY.**

**Tricks to Be Performed with Balls, Dominoes and Cards.**

Prof. Hoffmann Explains Some Simple Devices by Means of Which a Company of Friends May Be Thoroughly Mystified.

Most houses contain a box of dominoes. These may be utilized for the performance of a very effective little feat as follows:

The performer lays upon the table ten dominoes, side by side, face downwards. Anyone is then at liberty (the performer meanwhile retiring from the room) to shift any number of the dominoes (from one to nine inclusive) from the right hand end of the row to the left, retaining the order of the dominoes so shifted however. The performer on his return makes a little speech to something like the following effect: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have shifted a certain number of these dominoes, as many or as few as you pleased. Now, I don't intend to ask you a single question. By a simple mental calculation I can ascertain the number you have moved, and by



ONE, TWO, THREE, PASS.

my clairvoyant faculty, though the dominoes are face downward, I shall pick out one corresponding with that number. Let me see" (pretends to calculate; and presently turns up a domino, say a three-two, representing five). "You shifted five dominoes, and I have turned up a five, the exact number." The dominoes moved are not replaced, but the performer again retires, and a second person is invited to move a few more from right to left. Again the performer on his return turns up the precise domino indicating the number shifted. The trick, unlike most others, may be repeated ad libitum without fear of detection.

The principle is arithmetical. To begin with, the dominoes are arranged, without the knowledge of the spectators, in the following order (the total of each domino being alone regarded): Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. Such being the case, it will be found that, however many are shifted from right to left, the first domino of the new row will indicate their number. Thus, suppose three are shifted, the new order of the dominoes will then be:

Three, two, one, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, and in like manner, whatever were the number moved. So far, the trick is very plain sailing, but the method of continuing it is a trifle more complicated. To ascertain the position of the indicating domino, after the second removal, the performer privately adds the number of that last turned up (in this case three) to its place in the row, one. The total being four, the domino to be turned up after the next transposition will be the fourth. Now suppose six dominoes are now shifted, the new order will be: nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. (Had five dominoes only been shifted, the five would have been fourth in the row, and so on.)

The performer now adds six, the number of the domino, to its place in the row, four:

The total ten gives him the position of the indicator, for the next attempt—



Fig. 1

thus, suppose four dominoes are shifted—the new order will be:

Three, two, one, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four.

The next calculation, four plus ten, gives a total of 14. The ten is in this case cancelled, and the 14 regarded as four, which will be found to be the correct indicator for the next transposition.

While the dominoes are on the table, they may be made to serve for another feat of divination, an old trick, but a very good one, and comparatively little known. In this case the whole set (28) is employed. These are to be arranged by the company during the performer's absence, in any way they please, according to domino rules—a six being placed next a six, a five next a five, and so on. The performer on returning to the room (or even before doing so) will state, without seeing them, what are the numbers at either end of the chain.

The secret lies in the fact that the complete set of 28 dominoes, arranged as above mentioned, forms a circle, or endless chain. (The precise sequence may, of course, vary.) If arranged in a line, the two end numbers will be found to be the same, and may be brought together, completing the circle. The per-

former insures a break in the chain by privately abstracting one domino (not a "double"). The numbers left at the ends will then be the same as those of the "missing link" say the three-five, or the six-two which the performer has in his pocket.

The trick may be repeated, but the performer must first privately exchange the stolen domino for another, taking good care that no one sees him do so.

The reason for avoiding a "double" is that its removal does not force a break in the chain at the particular point. The numbers on either side of it, being alike, would simply be brought together, and the circle would either be complete, or the break would occur at some other point, as to which the performer would have no indication.

Which was the card? For this feat the concurrence of two persons is necessary. For greater clearness, we will designate them the performer and the "medium," the theory being that the trick is performed by means of some sort of clairvoyant faculty. During the absence of the medium from the room the performer lays out in rows of three, nine cards, face upwards, as in Fig. 1, and invites the spectators to touch one of them. This done, the medium returns to the room; the performer gazes at him fixedly, but does not speak or make any visible sign. After a moment's consideration, the medium says: "The card touched was the queen of diamonds," or as the case may be. Again he retires, and another card is touched, with the like result. Finally, to show that the medium's clairvoyant faculty is not dependent upon the presence of the principal performer, the latter steps into another room, or behind a screen, before the return of the medium, and still the card is correctly named.

The secret is of the simplest. The performer having laid out the nine cards, keeps the rest of the pack in his hand. The surface of the top card, by previous agreement with his confidant, represents the area occupied on the latter by the three cards, and is divided into nine imaginary spaces corresponding with them. (See Fig. 2.)

The performer has only to let the tip of his thumb rest on the proper space, and the medium, noting its position, knows at once which card has been touched. Now the thumb in the position shown in Fig. 3 shows that

the ten of spades has been touched; a shade lower, but still in the middle, the ace of hearts; at the left hand bottom corner, the nine of diamonds. The same information is conveyed in the performer's absence, by the position in which he leaves the pack on the table. The nine cards are placed on the table in such manner as to leave space for nine more imaginary cards, similarly arranged, to right or left of them. (See Fig. 4.)

When a card has been touched, the performer carelessly leaves the pack on the table, in the position occupied, by the corresponding imaginary card. Thus, suppose the ten of spades was touched, he will lay the pack on the spot marked. The medium, noting its position, again knows with certainty which card has been touched, and points it out accordingly.

The principle, which will be observed, is the same as in the first case, with table substituted for the top card, and the pack for the thumb as indicator.

The feat is made still more effective by laying out the cards face downwards, instead of upwards, the medium still naming the card, which has to be turned up to see whether he is right. The pack is in this case arranged according to some easily remembered formula, as for instance, the time honored "Eight kings threaten to save 95 ladies for one sick knave," suggesting: Eight, kings, three, ten, two, seven, nine, five, queen, four, ace, six, knave.

The suit must also be arranged in a determinate order. The alphabetical (Club, Diamond, Heart, Spade) being as good as any. In arranging the pack, the performer takes face upwards the eight of clubs, and on it lays the king of diamonds, on this the three of hearts, then the ten of spades, two of clubs, seven of diamonds, and so on till the pack is complete. This must be done privately, beforehand. Before laying out the nine cards, the performer invites some one to cut the pack. He then places the lower half on the upper, and takes the nine cards needed from the top. When the medium returns, he first notes the bottom card, which the performer takes care that he shall have full opportunity of seeing. This gives him the first card of the nine, being the one next following in the formula. Thus if the bottom card be a queen of spades, the first card on the table will be the four of clubs—and knowing this, it is easy to calculate the names of the others.

The Silver Tube and Ball.—This is a more ambitious feat. The visible apparatus consists of an ebony ball, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and a nicked brass tube six inches in length and of such diameter as just to admit the ball. Midway between the two ends its internal diameter is restricted (by the application of minute dabs of metal at four points of the circumference) to the extent of rather less than one-sixteenth of an inch. The projections are rubbed down to smoothness, and are so slight that no one casually looking through the tube could even perceive their presence. Beside the visible ball, the performer is supplied with two others, one

of them exactly like the visible ball, which is of such a size that it will drop freely into the tube, but is just too large to pass the constriction in the center. The third ball is a shade smaller, and passes freely through the tube, notwithstanding the central impediment. The difference is, however, so slight that to casual inspection all three appear precisely alike.

When about to show the trick the ball performer conceals the smaller ball about his person or elsewhere, so that it will be instantly get-at-able. The professional conjurer for this purpose tucks it just under the front of his vest; if the garment be fairly tight there is little fear of its falling. Of the two equal-sized balls, one is concealed in the palm of the left hand, and the other with the tube is exhibited to the company. This last, for convenience of reference, we call No. 1, the ball in the left hand, No. 2, and the one concealed under the vest, No. 3. The spectators, it will be remembered, are only aware of the existence of one ball. "Here," says the performer, showing the tube in such a manner that the audience can see right through it, "I have a little silver tube, and here I have a ball (No. 1) which passes freely through it." As if merely suiting the action to the word, he takes the tube upright in the left hand, (See Fig. 5), letting the lower end fall over and conceal ball No. 2 and drops ball No. 1 in at the upper end. He then lifts the tube and shows No. 2 in the hand. This the spectators naturally take it to be the ball they had just seen, believing that it has fallen through the tube. As a matter of fact, that ball (No. 1) has stopped midway, and has jammed itself very slightly in the middle of the tube. (See Fig. 6.)

Proceeding with his demonstrations, the performer turns the tube the other way up, again holding it upright in the left hand, but this time clear of the palm. He then drops in ball No. 2, which by its impact forces out No. 1 which is now, (the tube having been reversed) below the constriction in the center. No. 2 remains in the center of the tube, though to the eye of the audience it has dropped through, and is in the hand. The performer continues—"I will now place the tube here, on the table." As he does so, he again turns it the other way up, and brings it down with a slight rap. This frees the concealed ball, which falls within the tube on the table as in Fig. 7. "I will now go to the further side of the room, and thence pass the ball into the tube." He then pretends to transfer the visible ball (No. 2) from the right hand to the left, in reality retaining it in the right by a slight contraction of the second and third fingers (against the lower joints of which the ball rests. "One, two, three—pass." At the last word he makes a throwing motion with the left hand in the direction of the tube, at the same time opening the left hand, which is seen empty. "Will somebody pick up the tube, and see whether the ball is there?" The tube is lifted, and the ball found. While all eyes are drawn in that direction, he drops ball No. 3. "Perhaps one of the company would like to try the experiment." He offers the tube and ball for that purpose, but in doing so, deftly changes No. 2 for No. 3, which, as the reader is already aware, passes freely through the tube, and with which, therefore, the modus operandi cannot possibly be discovered.

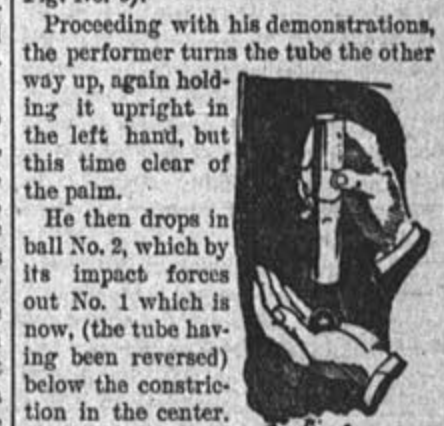


Fig. 6

Proceeding with his demonstrations, the performer turns the tube the other way up, again holding it upright in the left hand, but this time clear of the palm. He then drops in ball No. 2, which by its impact forces out No. 1 which is now, (the tube having been reversed) below the constriction in the center. No. 2 remains in the center of the tube, though to the eye of the audience it has dropped through, and is in the hand. The performer continues—"I will now place the tube here, on the table." As he does so, he again turns it the other way up, and brings it down with a slight rap. This frees the concealed ball, which falls within the tube on the table as in Fig. 7. "I will now go to the further side of the room, and thence pass the ball into the tube." He then pretends to transfer the visible ball (No. 2) from the right hand to the left, in reality retaining it in the right by a slight contraction of the second and third fingers (against the lower joints of which the ball rests. "One, two, three—pass." At the last word he makes a throwing motion with the left hand in the direction of the tube, at the same time opening the left hand, which is seen empty. "Will somebody pick up the tube, and see whether the ball is there?" The tube is lifted, and the ball found. While all eyes are drawn in that direction, he drops ball No. 3. "Perhaps one of the company would like to try the experiment." He offers the tube and ball for that purpose, but in doing so, deftly changes No. 2 for No. 3, which, as the reader is already aware, passes freely through the tube, and with which, therefore, the modus operandi cannot possibly be discovered.

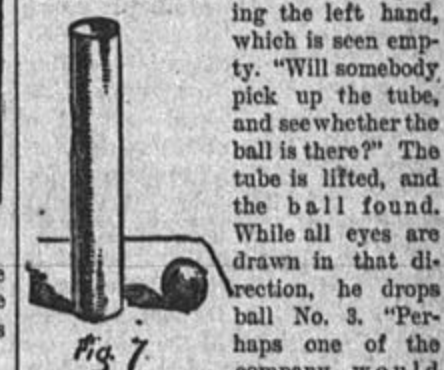


Fig. 7

Proceeding with his demonstrations, the performer turns the tube the other way up, again holding it upright in the left hand, but this time clear of the palm. He then drops in ball No. 2, which by its impact forces out No. 1 which is now, (the tube having been reversed) below the constriction in the center. No. 2 remains in the center of the tube, though to the eye of the audience it has dropped through, and is in the hand. The performer continues—"I will now place the tube here, on the table." As he does so, he again turns it the other way up, and brings it down with a slight rap. This frees the concealed ball, which falls within the tube on the table as in Fig. 7. "I will now go to the further side of the room, and thence pass the ball into the tube." He then pretends to transfer the visible ball (No. 2) from the right hand to the left, in reality retaining it in the right by a slight contraction of the second and third fingers (against the lower joints of which the ball rests. "One, two, three—pass." At the last word he makes a throwing motion with the left hand in the direction of the tube, at the same time opening the left hand, which is seen empty. "Will somebody pick up the tube, and see whether the ball is there?" The tube is lifted, and the ball found. While all eyes are drawn in that direction, he drops ball No. 3. "Perhaps one of the company would like to try the experiment." He offers the tube and ball for that purpose, but in doing so, deftly changes No. 2 for No. 3, which, as the reader is already aware, passes freely through the tube, and with which, therefore, the modus operandi cannot possibly be discovered.

**MARRIAGE IN FINISTERE.**

Odd Customs by Which the Event Is Celebrated There.

Marriage customs in Finistere have remained among the peasants very much what they were centuries ago, and their old-fashioned ceremoniousness is not their least interesting peculiarity. The Breton peasant of today has an almost religious respect for these notions of polite manners which have come down to him from his forefathers of the middle ages, who, as far as they dared, imitated the etiquette of their princes or nearer feudal lords. The basanel, who, with stately bows and old-fashioned phrases, performs the delicate office of asking for a girl in marriage on behalf of the suitor, is really acting the part of a matrimonial ambassador. But the basanel's functions do not end here.

When the bride has been undressed and put to bed by her maids, all the wedding party reassemble in the nuptial chamber, which is more often than not the kitchen and general room. Then the basanel steps forward, and, on behalf of the whole company, he addresses the final felicitations to the young couple. This courtly personage is almost invariably a tailor. His habit of going from house to house in the exercise of his calling—the rural tailor seldom works at home—enables him to become the best informed man concerning the private affairs of all the families in his district. He is a great favorite of the women, because he is to them an unflinching fountain of local gossip and scandal. Their liking for him causes the men to despise him, but they nevertheless have recourse to his services as an intermediary whenever the need arises. Such is the basanel—a name more suggestive to the Breton of ridicule than respect.—Temp's Gaz.







**THEY CALLED HER MAD.**

Miss Edith Lanchester Follows Grant Allen's Ideas.

An Intelligent Girl Starts England by Declaring Against the Marriage Rite—Released by Socialist Agitation.

Miss Edith Lanchester, of Salvadore, Kingstons Hill, England, has created a sensation by her peculiar views on matrimony. She has tried to wipe out marriage laws, banns and everything else pertaining to the sacrament of matrimony.

Miss Lanchester is 24 years old, well educated and good looking. She matriculated at London university, a pretty stiff "exam," and then went as teacher in the Maria Grey training school in London, where she was observed to be one of the newest of the new women. Her views on social questions were found to be so "advanced" that her retirement from this post was rapid, and she got a place as secretary of a mining company.

She was a shining light of the Battersea branch of the Social Democratic federation, where horny-handed reformers met every Tuesday night and passed resolutions beginning: "Whereas, we the people of England," and demanding the abolition of the house of lords, the subjection of the royal family to a course of inanition, and a general era of white-winged reform. Miss Lanchester made speeches, eloquent, but of an extremist character.

The ceremony of marriage was one of the things she preached against, advocating a state of things with regard to home life that it was highly embarrassing to discuss at gatherings of the Dorcas societies.

One day she announced to her family that she had made up her mind to take up her abode with James Sullivan, a man far beneath her socially and intellectually. She said she had no intention of becoming Mrs. Sullivan. Then she proceeded to peck her trunk, at the same time treating her scandalized father and brothers to an impassioned harangue against marriage. She said that she and Sullivan were going to become living object lessons of the utter lack of necessity for any such institution. In vain her father pointed out that hundreds of such object lessons



MISS EDITH LANCHESTER.

paraded the streets of London every night and make a sorry picture. She meant to point the way to the abolition of what she looked upon as slavery, she said, and she knew her business and wanted no dictation, interference or advice.

They sent for Dr. Blandford, the grave, kindly, white-haired family physician. He was greatly shocked at her preparations for an anti-matrimonial campaign. In the presence of her brother he questioned her, and this is his account of what happened:

"First of all, I had heard there was insanity in her family, and that she had been 'peculiar' for a long time. Her chief argument was that marriage was immoral. How it was so she did not explain. That was the most insane thing she said. She would not marry, she declared, because she preferred to be independent.

"I asked her what she would think if she found herself deserted with seven children on her hands. She replied that the man she was engaged to would not desert her. I thereupon signed a certificate of insanity on the ground that she did not know what she was doing. She did not realize that she was committing moral suicide by living illegitimately with Sullivan, and she was unable to take care of herself. She was a monomaniac on the subject of marriage. If she had said that she contemplated physical suicide a certificate might have been signed without question. I considered that I was equally justified in signing one when she expressed her determination to commit this social suicide."

Straightway Dr. Blandford signed one certificate and a Dr. W. E. St. Lawrence Finny signed another. Miss Lanchester was put in a cab, driven to the Rochampton lunatic asylum, and put in one of the strongest cells there. The socialists took up the cudgels on her behalf, and the upshot of it was that the lunacy commissioners ordered her released.

The Pall Mall Gazette says Sullivan was willing to marry Miss Lanchester in due and legal form, but that she would not hear of it. The marquis of Queensbury, who it is said is invariably wrong on moral questions, wrote a sensible letter to Sullivan, saying: "Changes of law follow and do not precede changes of opinion. We want changes of opinion first. It is not fair to place the woman in such a cruel position, to say nothing of the children of such a marriage."

The Pall Mall Gazette points out that the views of Miss Lanchester are held also by Grant Allen, whom no one thinks of clapping into an asylum because of them. The suggestion, however, that Mr. Allen should be attended to has not been received altogether with disfavor.

A Hint for Book Worms.

The torn pages of a book may be nicely mended with white tissue paper.

**GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN.**

Joseph R. McCullagh, Editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Joseph Burrbridge McCullagh, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, who is said to be ambitious to represent Missouri in the United States senate, has been a newspaper man and an ardent republican nearly all his life. Since the outbreak of the civil war he has been well known to the people of this country, first because of his brilliancy as a war correspondent, and afterward as an able director of public opinion on political questions. Mr. McCullagh was born in Dublin in 1843. He came to the United States when only 11 years old and at once became an apprentice in a weekly paper published



JOSEPH BURBRIDGE McCULLAGH.

in New York city. In 1858 he went to St. Louis, where he served as a compositor, and later as a reporter on the Democrat. From there he went in a few months to the Cincinnati Commercial, for which he soon went to Washington, and afterward became war correspondent. His war letters, signed "Mac," made him famous. He crossed the Mississippi river with Grant, and the silent soldier and the brilliant correspondent struck up a close friendship which lasted till the general's death. McCullagh was also with Sherman's army on its march through Georgia. After the war Mr. McCullagh returned to Washington for a time, but between 1868 and 1870 was managing editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer. In the latter year he bought an interest in the old Chicago Republican, which was burned out during the great fire. Returning then to St. Louis Mr. McCullagh became editor of the Democrat, but, when the managers of that paper disagreed as to policy, he founded and edited the Globe. In 1873 those papers were combined as the Globe-Democrat, of which Mr. McCullagh has since been the editor.

**STATUE OF BENTON.**

Missouri's Contribution to the Capitol Gallery at Washington.

The statue of Thomas H. Benton, which is to be placed in the capitol gallery at Washington, will be the work of Alexander Doyle, the sculptor, of New York city. The design for the statue, which is the gift of the state of Missouri, was put in competition and finally awarded to Mr. Doyle. It will be of white statuary marble and of heroic size. Thomas Hart Benton, who for 30 years in unbroken succession represented Missouri in the senate, was born in 1782. He stoutly upheld the right of Missouri to be admitted to the union in his journal, the Missouri Inquirer, in spite of the fact that slavery existed in the state. When his efforts were finally successful, he was rewarded by the grateful Missourians by being sent to the senate in 1820. There he remained until 1850. The people of the state realized that he had largely contributed to gaining admis-



STATUE OF THOMAS H. BENTON.

sion for Missouri to the union, and his election was never opposed with any seriousness. While in the senate he put through many measures benefiting his state, and continued to be active in politics until 1858, when he died. His statue will form one of the two statues of the most eminent men of Missouri, which will be placed in the capitol. The other statue is of Senator E. P. Blair, and is now being made.

**Excessive Piano Practice.**

A corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Music has submitted to that body a memoir in which he maintains that the numerous cases of chlorosis, neurosis and neurasthenia observed among girls is due to excessive practicing at the piano. He has drawn up statistics which go to prove that of 6,000 pupils who were obliged before the age of 12 to learn to play the piano nearly 12 per cent. now suffer from nervous troubles.

**Women in Norway Break Horses.**

In Norway the horses are broken in by women. They make pets of them at first, feeding the colts out of their own hands, and teaching them to follow like dogs.

**DEVOTED TO ANARCHY.**

Louise Michel, the "Red Virgin of the Commune."

A Woman in Revolt Against Every Characteristic of Her Sex—Will Deliver a Course of Lectures in the United States.

Louise Michel, the Frenchwoman anarchist who, according to reports from London, will arrive in this country shortly to lecture and with the proceeds of her lectures found a home for children of anarchists expelled from Europe, was born in Vroncourt, on the borders of old Lorraine, in 1830. Of illegitimate birth, she was from her earliest years allowed to run wild in the ruins of an old castle. With animals for playmates and the howls of wolves for lullabies the "Red Virgin" of the commune grew up as a woman in revolt against every natural instinct and characteristic of her sex.

With a playmate she constructed a scaffold in a corner of the castle of Vroncourt. Here she reveled in realistic representations of the horrors of the reign of terror. This training bore its fruit in later years. Born in the country of Charlotte Corday, she then imagined herself a second Judith and Napoleon III. her Holofernes. She fancied she was a reincarnated Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. Her Sisera was the "man of Sedan."

At the age of thirteen two elderly suitors dared to ask for her hand. One she dismissed with a rude quotation from Moliere, and informing the second that she did not love him and never would, she added: "Were I to be married to you I should treat you as Mme. Angeliue treated Georges Daudin." In after life she referred to her suitors as "two old baboons."

Obtaining employment as a school-teacher she was moved by some of Victor Hugo's verses to attempt on the outbreak of hostilities with Prussia the assassination of the third Napoleon. Her preparations were modeled after those of Charlotte Corday. When she obtained



LOUISE MICHEL.

a letter of introduction to the object of her attack he had left for the front.

Louise Michel took a prominent and active part in the commune, wearing a man's uniform and commanding a regiment of female furies. In May, 1871, she defended the cemetery of Montmartre, near Paris, against an attack by the Versailles forces. Captured with other commands she pleaded for a death sentence, but was deported to New Caledonia, where she taught the natives and collected their folklore stories. She was pardoned in the general amnesty of 1880, but was imprisoned in 1883 and again in 1886 for anarchistic utterances.

Louise Michel now lives in London, and as an anarchist frequently addresses meetings in that cranks' paradise, Hyde Park. Her followers are few and essentially alien in language. She has published two books. Of these her novel, "The Microbes of Society," is, according to W. H. Stead, a shocking "shocker" of the most horrible description, relieved here and there by chapters of great sublimity. Her "Memoires" are an undigested mass thrown upon the world, higgledy-piggledy, just as they were written in jail. She has been called "St. Simeon Stylites in Petticoats," but impulsive insanity of a mildly homicidal type is probably the cause of her firebrand utterances and anarchistic tendencies.

**Reputed Hay Fever Remedy.**

Martyrs to hay fever will learn with interest the experience of Dr. Fuber, of Hamburg, who suffered a great deal from hay fever during several summers. He noticed that in winter a coryza was accompanied with hot ears, which regained their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He tried a reverse order of things on the hay fever, and rubbed his ears until they became red hot. He can now lead an endurable existence. As soon as there is the least amount of fullness in the nose the ears are noticeably pale. A thorough rubbing of the ears has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from congestion. The rubbing must be thorough and repeated.

**Weight in Football.**

The greatest danger, apart from those which arise from the abuses that all lovers of this manly sport condemn, comes from inequality in weight of the players. Men should never be allowed to play with boys, nor big boys with little ones. The rules which require the average weight of teams to be given in the challenge may often be nullified by the challenging team having two or more members so much heavier than the others that the average does not fairly represent the players. By this means teams composed mainly of young and slender boys meet antagonists whose bulk alone creates serious danger.

**Tourist Business in Iceland.**

Iceland is preparing to compete for the tourist business. An association has been formed at Reikjavik to spread information about the island, and the althing has decided to buy a steamer to establish direct communication with England for mails and passengers.

**BARGAINS UPON BARGAINS!**

**NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR CHRISTMAS!**

Make your kin folks and friends happy with bountiful selections from our Grand Holiday display. Come and rest your wistful eye upon these beautiful goods. It will suggest to you the proper present and afford you the lowest prices. Come and satisfy your wants.

**Largest Stock Ever Shown Here!**

Bought to save you time and money. Bought to please and to excite the admiration of our customers. Bought at a bargain for spot cash to give all a Christmas benefit.

**HERE'S A GENUINE SNAP**

Electric Seal, Coney, Possum and Coon Muffs, regularly sold at \$1.50 up, now go for the holidays at 98c.

**STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE GOODS:**

**PILLOW CUSHIONS.**

Pillow Cushions, a hundred and one elegant designs, all colors and shades, sell regularly at \$1.50, our holiday price 98c.

**HEAD RESTS.**

Head Rests, new and unique designs, all the most handsome colors and shades, sell regularly at 45 and 50c, our holiday price 25c. for choice of the lot.

**STAMPED LINENS.**

A large variety of Stamped Linens, all styles, all prices. A most substantial as well as handsome Christmas gift.

**LINEN TABLE SCARFS, ETC.**

Linen Table Scarfs, Table Spreads, Dresser Sets, in Renaissance work. Beautiful and strictly up-to-date. Ask for them.

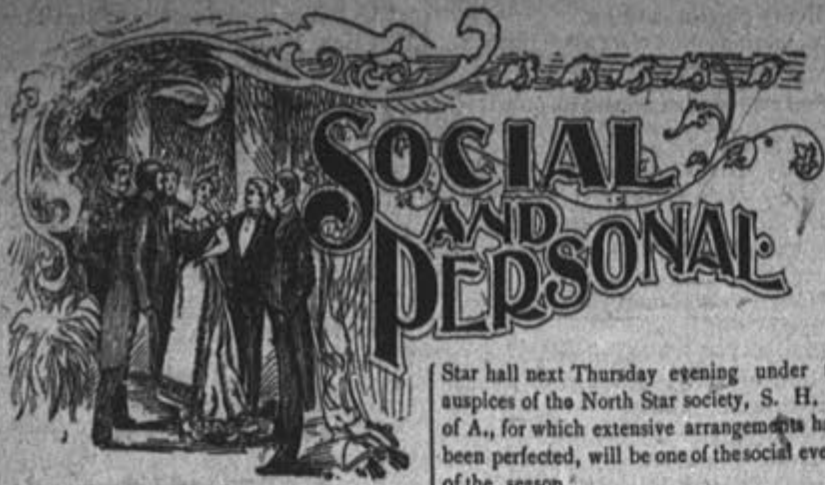
**Another Car Load of Toys**

Arrived Yesterday,

Being the second car load for this season. The purchase was necessary to meet the demand made upon us for toys cheap and we propose to sell them cheap, too. Toys! Toys!

**ED. ERICKSON.**





SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Jack Gleason, "Reckless Jack," formerly driver of one of the horse carts here, has been visiting in town the past few days. Jack is running a camp for the L. Stephenson Co. on the Flatrock. He has 65 men under him and is working 15 teams. Though a great logger Jack still takes great interest in "fire" matters and especially in the Marine department.—Marquette North-Star.

Priester went to Manistique this morning, where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Married, at Grand Ridge, Illinois, at the home of Mrs. A. D. Rowe, aunt of the bride, by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mrs. L. R. Walker, of Escanaba, Mich., to Mr. R. J. Moore, of Victoria, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Moore go immediately to Florida, where they will spend the winter. They will return to their home in Victoria, Ill., about March 25th next.

GLIMPSSES OF CITY LIFE

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

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

on Tuesday last, aged 72 years. Rev. Carl P. Edbloom, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church of this city, conducted the services Thursday. The public schools closed yesterday, and will not re-open until the 6th of January.

AMETHYST'S TALK

Christmas giving becomes a burden instead of a pleasure when one allows himself to give more expensive presents than he can afford. If a desire for display comes in and crowds out a heartfelt, spontaneous love of giving, the pleasure is destroyed for the recipient as well as for the donor.

Municipal Gossip.

We wish to call the attention of the public to our large and complete stock of necktie, collar and cuff boxes in celluloid and natural wood. Manicure sets, toilet cases, albums, games, Christmas cards, etc. Perfumes, especially for the holidays, put up in elegantly designed cut glass bottles. Don't fail to see our stock. Prices as low as anywhere in the city, at The City Drug Store, 1101 Ludington street.

Municipal Matters of Minor Importance

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of Delta Chapter, R. A. M., for the ensuing year: F. H. Atkins, H. P. T. Theo. Farrell, K.; F. F. W. Greene, scribe; O. B. Fuller, treasurer; O. D. Mathias, secretary.

SAY CATES, SAY

SAY

In The Iron Port this week that you can get anything to READ, WRITE, SING, PLAY, GIVE, PRESENT, SMOKE, CHEW, RUB, BLISTER, SMELL, WEAR, PAINT, DRAW, DRINK, COLOR, PHYSIC, SEND, WORK, WRAP, POWDER, PENCIL, WASH, DAZZLE, GLITTER, CURE, KEEP, HEAL, at THE HILL DRUG STORE or SOURWINE DRUG COMPANY.

Advertisement for PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER, MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.





THE VETERAN  
A DRAMA OF THE STREET  
BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS WARD.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—Henry Holt (a blind veteran of the civil war.)  
Maria Holt (his wife).  
Molly (their daughter); a child.  
A Lady (name unknown).  
People in the street.

Wife—We always have, dear—most always.  
Husband—That's so, most always. But we can't afford to talk. Time to talk is for rich folks. You've warmed my fingers up nicely in your shawl, girl. I'll go at again.  
The street musician plays.  
"How can I bear to leave thee?  
One parting kiss I'll give thee,  
And then what'er befalls me  
I'll go where duty calls me."  
Lady blocked in front of the shop-window starts and stirs.  
The musician, reflected in the mirror, plays on:  
"Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
Farewell—fare—well!"  
Lady turns her back on the show window and urges her way through the crowd towards the man and the woman. In the mirror her figure replaces for the moment those of the street-players. The light of the pink candles is obscured. The dummy in ermine and the dummy in rose chiffon exchange haughty glances over her head.  
Woman in the Crowd—Now, there's an air about that brocade.  
Second Woman—Give me the chiffon! It's the fashionable shade.  
First Woman—I'll tell my husband he shan't have any peace till he fits me up a room like that yonder. He's goin' to begin with the silver hairbrush come Christmas.  
Second Woman (sighing)—But then the children clutter and muss all! Do you think it would pay for the bother? I'd rather have that real ermine opera cloak. It's marked four hundred dollars.  
Henry Holt plays:  
"In the beauty of the lilies  
Christ was born across the sea  
With a glory in His bosom  
That transfigures you and me."  
(Lady with sighs of emotion stops in front of the street musician, and silently observes him).  
Henry plays:  
"Since He died to make men holy,  
Let us die to make men free."  
Lady (to herself)—I can't stand this! I suppose the Congregational Anti-Pau-per Mission would disown me forever, but I cannot stand it! (Empties her purse of its silver into the musician's cap.) As she does so, she withdraws a nickel coin and says apologetically: "You see I'm a suburban, and I must keep a car fare to get to the station. I'm late to my train now. It's too bad there is no more. Oh, I'm sorry for you!"  
The lady hurries away. Maria Holt looks after her wistfully, as she deftly

turns the silver from the cap into Henry's pocket.  
Her eyes fill. Henry plays and sings:  
"Let us die to make men free!  
For God is marching on."  
Lady, (unexpectedly returning)—Never mind my train. I've given it up. I can't bear this! I must know something about you—why, what's the matter? Why, you poor woman! What ails you?  
Maria Holt (bursting into tears)—Oh, it's the words you said! It's the words you said! Nobody else—for so long—and we have had such a hard pull—Oh, don't mind me! Oh, I am ashamed—Henry, Henry, I'm ashamed of myself! I don't know whenever he's heard me cry before—have you, Henry? But it's the words you said!  
Lady (much moved)—The words I said? Oh—that! Such a little common human—oh, you poor woman!  
Henry Holt puts down his flute. His pinched face works pathetically. He rolls his eyes helplessly towards Maria. Then, with the most exquisite motion by which knight or gentleman could express reverence or tenderness for women, the street musician gropes for the cheek of his wife, and strokes it with the palm of his blue hand.  
A crowd has begun to thicken around Henry, Maria and the lady; but neither of the three appears aware of it.  
The man caresses his wife as ingenuously as if she and he were alone in the world. He shows no consciousness of the presence of observers.  
Lady—Tell me all about it! Tell me how it happens. Why are you like this? You are Americans—  
Henry (interrupting)—New England, born and bred.  
Lady—You don't look as if you ought to be doing this. You look above begging on the street.  
Henry—Ma'am?  
Maria—Oh, madam! Don't you see Henry, he don't understand. She didn't mean it. She ain't that kind of lady. Madam—  
Henry—Begging?  
His face flushes from white to purple. His flute drops to the pavement. His wife picks it up and wipes it with her shawl. She speaks in a crooning tone.  
Maria—There, there, dear! She don't know. She don't understand. Madam! my husband is a musician. He is not a beggar. He works hard for a living. Try it and see—all weathers.  
Maria Holt raises herself with dignity and with a trembling forefinger points at her husband's eyes.  
Lady—Blind?  
Maria nods silently.  
Lady (overcome)—Oh, I beg your pardon! Oh, you poor people! I beg your pardon with all my heart.  
The Street Musician (bowing with a fine grace)—Madam, you have it from mine.  
Lady—Tell me how it came about—this great misfortune. Do you mind telling me? I will try not to hurt your feelings so stupidly again.  
Henry Holt (drawing himself erect)—Yes, ma'am, I will tell you. It happened thirty years ago, but it don't need thirty words to tell it. Seems to me, ma'am (smiling) if you'll excuse me, you're the one that don't see of us two!  
The street musician lifts his purple fingers to his sightless eyes and then, with a superb gesture, points in silence to a faded decoration pinned upon his shrunken breast. It is the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.  
The crowd about the group has slowly increased. Silver begins to fall into the street-player's cap. There is a gap among the women at the show window.  
Maria Holt looks through this gap. Her wan eyes raise themselves to the ermine opera cloak with instinctive feminine attention; she glances at the pink and silver room. The blind man's pale face turns blankly in the same direction. To him alone of all the people before the window its luxurious display appeals without arousing interest. The dummy in ermine and the dummy in chiffon regard him scornfully.  
The First Woman in the Crowd—It's a hand organ, I guess. Isn't there a monkey? I dote on monkeys.  
Second Woman—It isn't a monkey. It's only a little man with a flute. Let's move on to the millinery window.  
First Woman—Wait. I've got ten cents.  
Second Woman—I've spent every cent I've got in the world on that ostrich plume and my jet tricornin'. I've got to borrow of you to get home. I feel kind of ashamed, too—seems so mean. Let's move along, and they'll think we didn't see him.  
Lady—Did you lose your eyesight in the army?  
Henry Holt (cheerily playing Yankee Doodle. Finishes the strain conscientiously before he speaks)—Excuse me, ma'am, it seems to be silver that's coming in. I know it by the note it strikes, I want to earn what I take. I don't beg. I am a musician. I used to play in bands. I've always been fond of music. Yes, ma'am. I lost my eyes in the war; one of 'em.  
Maria Holt—The other followed, come five years. That was when we was first married, so I know. I was young then, a slip of a girl. It came dreadful hard on us.  
Lady—Is he quite blind?  
Henry—I am quite blind. One eye don't look it, they say. Some folks think I'm shamming, but they're folks that don't know anything. I got a piece of a shell at Antietam.  
Lady—But the United States does not leave its blind soldiers to be—play on the streets—on public sympathy—for a living. What is your pension?  
Henry (smiling)—I don't get the pension for serious disability. What I get just about pays our rent. It don't clothe nor feed us. I don't get a blind man's pension. But we get along sometimes quite well. It depends some on whether my wife can get a job, and then there's the weather. I ain't so strong as I was before the war. I don't stand bad weather. I have the pneumonia—and that's expensive. There's a hitch about my pension, you see. I used to think it would come round. But we've given up bothering, haven't we, Maria?  
Maria (apathetically)—Yes, it only riles you up and disappoints you. Nothing comes of it.  
Lady—Weren't you honorably discharged?  
Veteran (proudly)—Madam?  
Lady—Well—of course—but I mean—  
Wife—It's something about a surgeon. He died.  
Henry (recovering himself and smiling)—So he doesn't find it convenient to testify. His testimony is lacking.  
Lady—Ah! A flaw in your pension papers?  
Veteran (That's about the size of it. Lady (gently)—Hard!  
Veteran—Well, yes. But we're kind of used to it. It is hard, though—sometimes.  
Lady—How many children have you?  
Henry (eagerly)—There's Molly!  
Maria—And the two little ones. We had two older boys. They died. The drainage was bad where we lived. We tried to save on rent those days. We don't—since.  
Lady—Do you make a living? Do you suffer? Have you clothes? A fire? Food enough? How many battles did you serve in? Now give me your street and number. I must look into this matter. How many battles, did you say?  
Veteran (putting his flute down from his mouth and counting on the stops with his cold fingers)—Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam. It was at Antietam I got the shell.  
Lady—This is pitiful! It is not right. The country—patriotic people ought to do something!  
Veteran—Oh, folks are kind enough. I get a turkey most every Christmas. Last year we had cranberry sauce and fixings.  
Lady (sotto voce)—He gives his

youth, his manhood, his health, his eyesight for his country, and he gets a turkey and cranberry sauce on Christmas.  
Veteran—Ma'am, there was thirty-five thousand of us the last time I inquired. I'm only one of the delayed list. Don't take it to heart so. We're kinder used to it. Some weeks we get on very well. It depends so much on the weather!  
Man from the Crowd—How do you know that he ain't one of the fraudulent claims? There's been a good sight more than thirty-five thousand of them.  
Lady—I don't know, but I don't believe it; and I can look him up.  
Gentleman from the Crowd—I'll spare you the trouble. I know the man. I'm a neighbor of his, in a way. I teach in his ward. His children come to my school. I know about the family. They are honest people. It is all just as he says.  
Lady—I will see you again. You shall hear from me. I will remember—and the children! The holidays are coming along.  
Maria—Yes. We do mind it when we can't make Christmas for the children. That's the hardest. Now, he talks about Molly. I don't see how I can let that child go on the street with him. Her little winter sack's worn to rags; it's past mending, and I've cut over all the flannels I've got. It's no place for Molly, anyhow, but I ain't very strong. Madam—(she whispered).  
Lady—Oh! (She wrings the woman's hand).  
Henry (mechanically counting on the stops of the flute)—Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam—  
Lady (extending her hand, for which the street player gropes)—So, good-by, now. I shan't forget you. Your country hasn't forgotten you, either. I don't believe it!  
Veteran (smiling alight)—Don't you, ma'am?  
Lady—Well, I don't blame you for looking that way!  
Maria—Ma'am, he sings, too. You ought to hear him sing before you go. My husband is a born musician. He gives his money's worth. You ought to know about that.  
Henry (flattered)—Now, madam! My wife is so foolish about me. Women are, you know. (Plays and sings):  
My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty!  
Of thee I sing.  
Lady, with emotion, turns away from the singer and disappears in the crowd.  
II.  
TIME—December a year later.  
SCENE—The same street, the same shop. The show window is superbly decorated. Its side and top are hung with dainty little articles of infants' and children's wear, all of white, exquisitely trimmed with costly lace. Holiday gifts for very young children are scattered among the baby clothes. The rear and floor of the window are given up to a solemn spectacular effect. There is a grotto; and a manger rudely carved in rock. Oxen are chewing their hay on one side. On the other kneel the three Magi in gorgeous turbans and draperies; they present myrrh, frankincense, and gold. Humble Jewish figures—a man and a woman—lean over the manger. The woman is young and fair. In the manger lies a sleeping babe. A powerful electric jet, concealed below, throws a glory upon the face and head of the child. All the light in the window comes from this jet. A crowd is collected before the window. The people talk softly. Rude men and delicate ladies stand side by side. Not an oath is heard nor a peevish exclamation. Many people look silently into the window.  
The street player comes to his stand upon the curb-stone. His wife is not beside him.  
A little girl leads him by the hand. She is decently dressed and of a modest appearance. The player wears a woolen jacket of the kind called cardigan beneath his thin coat. He looks less cold than formerly; but his face wears an expression of deep anxiety. He speaks.  
Henry Holt—Molly, did you say mother seemed quite bright, when you went back, after you left me on that corner to wait for you? She's been so long getting up it worries me.  
Molly—As bright as silver, father! She told me to tell you. She said she was sure she'd be out again by Christmas. Play something jolly, father!

Henry plays and sings:  
Oh, though the world turn a cold shoulder,  
I'll take up my march and I'll fight.  
For wife and for home and for children—  
They need me from morning till night.  
For wife and for home and for babies—  
They love me from morning till night.  
Molly—Isn't that a new song, father?  
Henry—Yes. I composed it last week, after those things came from the lady. I felt so encouraged. I never can write poetry when I'm down.  
Molly—So it's one of your own poems, father?  
Henry—Yes, it's one of mine.  
Molly (proudly)—It is a pretty poem! Sing it again, father.  
Henry (sings)—  
"Oh, the wife, and the home, and the babies!  
I love them from morning till night."  
Molly (in an undertone)—Mother said it was just as well that new baby died. But she cried when she said so.  
Henry (dully)—Yes, that's the worst of such things.  
Molly—But it's been so much easier, since we had the lady, father.  
Henry—God bless her!  
Molly (quaintly)—Yes, I should think He'd enjoy that.  
Henry plays:  
God rest ye merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour—  
Molly (interrupting softly)—Father, the people at the window are turning this way. They're looking at us. I see through the crowd of 'em. Oh, father! There's a baby Christ in the window!  
The Street Player (wistfully)—Is there, Molly?  
Molly (plaintively)—I wish you could see him, father!  
Henry (slowly turning his blank eyes toward the window)—It seems as if I did, Molly. (He removes his faded hat, and bends his uncovered head before the window. Several men in the crowd seeing the action of the blind player, do the same).  
Molly—It's such a pretty little Jesus, father! And there's presents hung round over His head. I wonder if He'll get any. Do you s'pose the lady will send us any more come this Christmas?  
Father (beginning to play restlessly)—I guess likely, Molly. But I'd rather get 'em myself. (He plays eagerly).  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour—  
Molly—Father! Father! Look, look! Henry—Molly, be still! I shan't earn you a supper if you go on like this. (Sternly) I shall lose my reputation as a musician, Molly! (To himself) She says, look, look! Lord, if I could look! I never see the child lose her wits so before.  
Molly—Father, father! It's the lady! Here is the lady!  
Henry Holt (fretfully)—I wish I could see her—once.  
The lady advances rapidly. The

The Veteran (confusedly)—Fair Oaks, Bull Run, Malvern Hill, Antietam.  
The Crowd—For their sakes!  
Molly—Father! I cannot hold the cap. It is so heavy it will break me!  
The Lady—Come, come, Henry! Give them a song.  
The Crowd—Give us a tune! Give us a song!  
The Veteran (trying to compose himself)—Ma'am? Yes, I'll try. Molly? Here, little girl. Molly? I wish your mother was here. Ma'am? Yes, I will try again. (Sings)  
My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty—  
Chorus, and begins once more, tentatively.  
My Saviour, 'tis of Thee—  
He stops, and removes his hat again. "Madam, I've lost my head. I don't know which is which."  
The Lady (smiling through her tears)—It doesn't matter. Either will do.  
The face of the street player falls into his hands. His bowed figure bends

before the lady. With a fine gesture she steps aside. The crowd parts. The light from the head and face of the child in the manger falls in a broad white ray upon the veteran. The soldier can be heard sobbing.  
A Voice from the Crowd—Lord, I could cry myself!  
The Lady—Let us pass, good people, if you please.  
Molly—Father, father! What will mother say? The lady says she'll lead you home. May I run on before? I only want to stay a minute to see that cunning little Jesus—there! Good-by, little Jesus! (Throws a kiss at the child in the window and runs on.)  
The lady and the veteran follow slowly, smiling as they go.  
[THE END.]



"MADAM, I'VE LOST MY HEAD. I DON'T KNOW WHICH FROM WHICH."

NEPTUNE HELD HIS JOB.  
Convinced His Master That There Must Be Two Parties to a Discharge.  
Not long after the war old Neptune Burgess drifted up in Illinois from his plantation home in the south, and was so well satisfied with "God's country," as he was pleased to term it, that he settled permanently in McLean county, becoming a fixture upon the farm of Ezra Miles, a well-to-do planter.  
Neptune was gray-haired and lazy when he bargained for this place, and time did not improve his value as a servant. He was good natured, faithful after his fashion, and apparently much attached to Mr. Miles, but nothing could persuade him to imitate the use in industry.  
One year passed and another, and still Neptune remained, while his contentment was a real comfort to behold. Nothing in the world troubled him except a delay in serving his meals, and as this rarely happened his serenity practically remained unbroken.  
The negro was coal black when he first entered Mr. Miles' home, and he seemed to take on deeper shades as his hair whitened. But the latter was the only sign he gave of advancing age. He was thin, tall, erect and active—when moving toward the house at dinner time. Day after day, though, he became lazier; yet there were those who knew him that declared he had reached the lowest possible descending point in the first year. Mr. Miles even, who was one of the most forbearing men in the world, could finally stand it no longer and resolved on drastic measures. Coming up with the darky in the barn when he should have been out in the field, he said sternly:  
"See here, Nep, you are not worth your salt. You are discharged. Get yourself off at once."  
The old negro, who had been leaning out of a window looking dreamily upon the landscape, now turned about, regarded Mr. Miles half curiously for a moment, and then shook his head negatively.  
"Kain! do it, Marsa Ezry. It teels two ter meck eg' burg'in', n' I ain't er gwine ter fling er way er job I's hit nigh onto twenty year, comin' nex' Jinnerverry. I lakks de place mighty well, n' reckons I'll stay ontwel I dies." Here Neptune turned to go away, having rejected what he considered an undesirable proposition.  
"Come back here," cried Mr. Miles, angrily. "If you talk to me that way I'll thrash you."  
The negro halted, moved half about, and answered, reflectively:  
"Dat you kin do, Marsa Ezry, because it on't teels one ter do de lammin'; but it sho'ly do tek two ter meck a bargain, n' I ain't sich er blame fool's ter frow up dis er place."  
And stay old Neptune did to the end of his days, persuaded to the last that the right of the employe to remain was as potent as that of the employer to discharge.—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly Honest.  
Housekeeper—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.  
Washerwoman—Yes, mum, but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum.—N. Y. Weekly.  
Convincing Proof.  
Morton—Are you sure that Penman is really reconciled with his wife?  
Crandall—Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks.—Truth.



"OH, I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU!"

look; his hands are cold and blue; he raises a flute to his lips, then puts it down, and tries to warm his fingers.  
The woman has a delicate face; she holds out a cap, somewhat timidly or proudly, as if she shrank from the act. Now and then a passer drops a nickel or a penny into the cap. The woman removes her other hand from the man's arm, and wraps his fingers in her shawl to warm them.  
The Man—Cold, Maria?  
Wife—Not so very, Henry.  
Husband—Tired, girl.  
Wife—Standing hurts me a little. But I don't mind.  
Husband—It is pretty cold. It comes hard—draggin' you out. If I could come by myself! Oh, Lord, if I could get about alone!  
Wife—Now, Henry! Dear Henry! Why you know I don't mind it—much, I like to come along of you. I think it does me good to get the air. Only the stormy days—and you ain't fit to play when it storms, yourself. You will have to give it up this winter, I'm thinkin'.  
Husband—I'll take Molly next time. You're beat out, Maria. Molly—she can take me in tow like a little lady. She's the smartest of the blood, Molly is. I'd feel bad if we shouldn't make out a Christmas for 'em, this year, Maria. Somebody may send a turkey—but that don't go into little stockin's.  
Wife—If I get another dress to make over we can manage. Don't you feel anxious, Henry! That fat customer I had wears out dreadfully on her side seams. I calculate she'll need another cheap wrapper soon.  
Husband (more cheerfully)—Yes. That's one thing about it. You can always now when you can get the job. And Molly can tend to me. I guess we'll manage.

and children's wear, all of white, exquisitely trimmed with costly lace. Holiday gifts for very young children are scattered among the baby clothes. The rear and floor of the window are given up to a solemn spectacular effect. There is a grotto; and a manger rudely carved in rock. Oxen are chewing their hay on one side. On the other kneel the three Magi in gorgeous turbans and draperies; they present myrrh, frankincense, and gold. Humble Jewish figures—a man and a woman—lean over the manger. The woman is young and fair. In the manger lies a sleeping babe. A powerful electric jet, concealed below, throws a glory upon the face and head of the child. All the light in the window comes from this jet. A crowd is collected before the window. The people talk softly. Rude men and delicate ladies stand side by side. Not an oath is heard nor a peevish exclamation. Many people look silently into the window.  
The street player comes to his stand upon the curb-stone. His wife is not beside him.  
A little girl leads him by the hand. She is decently dressed and of a modest appearance. The player wears a woolen jacket of the kind called cardigan beneath his thin coat. He looks less cold than formerly; but his face wears an expression of deep anxiety. He speaks.  
Henry Holt—Molly, did you say mother seemed quite bright, when you went back, after you left me on that corner to wait for you? She's been so long getting up it worries me.  
Molly—As bright as silver, father! She told me to tell you. She said she was sure she'd be out again by Christmas. Play something jolly, father!

crowd parts before her. She speaks a word here and there to right and left, as she comes through. She looks agitated and happy. Her delicate face has a beautiful expression. She comes up to the street player and lays her hand upon his arm. She speaks:  
"Mr. Holt, don't be too much disappointed."  
Henry (patiently)—I've lived too long to be disappointed. That's for young folks.  
Lady—If it shouldn't come out as I hope—but I do hope. And the senator says I may hope. In fact he writes—here is the letter—that he is just as good as sure.  
The Veteran (flushing pitifully)—Oh, you don't mean the pension.  
Lady—Yes. I mean the pension—the full pension. All that belongs to you—that part of what the country owes to you. That part of the big, deep, terrible debt. The letter says he hopes it isn't too late to set a great wrong right. He hopes before long—perhaps by New Year's—sooner than we expected—  
The Veteran—Oh, my God!  
The soldier weeps upon the street, before all the people. They crowd around him. At a sign from the lady money rains into the cap in Molly's hand.  
Molly—Father! It's growing so heavy I can't hold it! And there's bills— Oh, they'll blow away!  
A Voice (from the crowd)—That's for Christmas' sake!  
Another Voice—That's for his own sake!  
The Lady—For honor's sake.  
A Voice—For freedom's sake, and them blind eyes he gave for it!



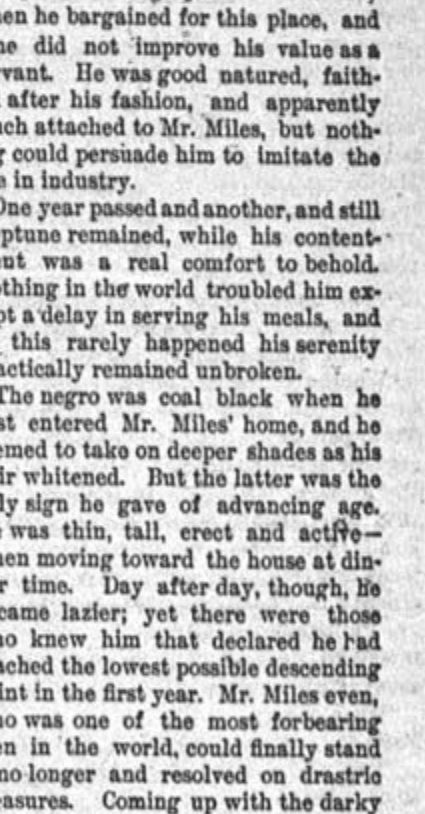
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THE INN was full at Bethlehem; A busy crowd were there; And some were rich, and some were wise, And some were young and fair; But who and what they were to-day There is not one to care;

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

MARION HAYES was standing before the entrance of a large dry goods store in a western city, waiting for a car.

A tall, rather distinguished-looking man, wearing eyeglasses, rose, and beckoned to her to take his seat.

"Two years ago, Been here ever since. Queer I never ran across you before. Tell me what you are up to."

"Oh, my eyes gave out. I strained them that last winter in New York, after you left. I spent three weeks in a dark room then, and when I came out they were so weak I could do nothing."

"The next day was Saturday, with its extra toll, for they had to stay at the store until ten o'clock. She slept from pure exhaustion that night. Sunday afternoon about four o'clock Jack called."

She couldn't make up her mind which one she liked best, so she decided to go home and think it over.

Jack smiled and changed the subject by saying: "Don't you want to show me what you did that last year? You went to Darnell after you left the league, didn't you?"

"Pretty good ones. They all say the same thing; it will take time to recover from the strain. I did ever so much extra work, you know—dinner cards, Christmas cards, all that kind of stuff."

"It is tough, and no mistake," Jack said, emphatically. They talked a little longer, then he rose to go.

Christmas was now but three days distant. They were miserable days to Marion, for the revival of old ambitions made the sordid life at the store unbearable.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Her cousin's little girls were exulting over the treasures Santa Claus brought, and although Marion received her share of pretty remembrances, her heart was heavy as lead.



JACK EXAMINED THE STUDIES ONE BY ONE.

postman came, among other things for Marion was a letter addressed in unfamiliar writing.

"Pay to the order of Marion Hayes," "J. HARWOOD."

A note was inclosed which read: "Please accept this as a substantial expression of the sympathy of your old friend, and use it in some way to get back your eyes."

She would take it back. She put on her things and started at once. As she left the elevator and waited for an answer to her knock, she wished she had written a note instead.

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you," he said. Marion dropped into a chair. "It is ever and ever so kind of you."

"Do you imagine I can't afford it?" he interrupted. "Come! Own up."

"I will be candid with you. I did intend to put that in the bank, to swell my small hoard; but when I saw you and heard about your hard luck, I changed my mind."

sense thought and talked about friendly relations like ours. I don't deny I shouldn't care to do it for most girls; no, I don't know another girl I would do it for. I want you to know that. I enjoyed our friendship in the old times, because you were sensible and didn't think whenever a man liked to talk to you and take you around he was in duty bound to fall in love with you.

Marion calmly folded the check and put it in her purse.

"I will take it just as you mean it, and thank you a thousand times," she said, in a queer tone. "Now show me your pictures."

They roamed around the studio a little while, when Marion made an excuse for going home. As the door closed after her, Jack clenched his fists.

"I do care for her! I always did! She's the only woman in the world for me, and always will be. I'm glad she took the money."

Marion's tender brown eyes brimmed over. She tried to find her handkerchief, but she had come away without one.

The check fell to the floor. Jack stooped to pick it up.

"Will you take us?" he said, slipping one arm around her. She shyly raised her eyes to his face.

The check again fell to the floor—Sara Anderson, in Demorest's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. O Christmas angels, softly sing! O bells of Christmas, sweetly ring!

O happy hearts, rejoice to-day! O hearts that ache, arise and pray! O'er all the earth a glory lies—A glory from the radiant skies—

O Christmas angels, sing again! Those words of cheer to waiting men! Let each sad heart forget its pain!

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HE midnight stars shone overhead with more than usual brightness; The hills and valleys are arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness;

It wakes old memories again: The vanished past is nigh us; We feel anew old bliss, old pain, And long-lost friends are by us—

And sweet voices reach our ear, Our words of pardon seeking; The wrongs we met too trivial seem To merit angry feeling;

And we forget to scheme and plan While Christmas bells are telling Of him who came in guise of man On earth to claim a dwelling.

The sweet bells sounding hear and far, Calm, holy thoughts are bringing, And Heaven and earth the nearer are While Christmas bells are ringing.



A FEW CIPHERS.

HERE! That's off my mind for another year. Mr. March gave an impatient little frown to the last sheet in a series of letters he had been writing.

"It's a kind of nuisance," went on Mr. March, as he gazed at five checks which lay on his desk with the letters, each one dashed off and left to dry while the others were written.

Still Mr. March had a feeling that it would not be discontinued, this every-Christmas offering of a small sum of money to each one of his kindred; it was too firmly based on old association.

It had begun soon after he had left home and come up to the great city in search of the fortune which had finally crowned his efforts.

He had rejoiced in doing it, all the more that a little effort and self-denial had been necessary accompaniments of the gifts.

"It is really time I was letting it go," a thought crossed him of how good the bit of money still came to its recipients.

"But I'm under no obligations to keep it up. I have made my money—they had the same chance. Their lives are what they have made them, just as mine is what I have made it."

He fretfully recalled the time when it had been represented to him that unless the brother who still held the old homestead had a lift of a few hundred dollars the place would pass out of his hands.

With his sister it had been worse. She had made an unfortunate marriage, and then been widowed. Meek and mild in her disposition, she had never directly applied to him except when in extremities, but was given to keeping her burdens and struggles before him in a way which he sometimes found exasperating.

Cousin Tom had been a scapegrace—always in trouble, always looking for some one to help him out and set him going again on the basis of many promises of better things.

With the simple ways it will make years of ease in your life. You can sit by your fire in your own snug hired room, instead of working hard—you with your crippled limb."

"Muster March," he said, "I know it all, none better nor meself. I know just how much easier it is to sit by the fire nor to go out in the perishin' cold

his difficulties to himself. Cousin Matilda had a sickly family; a wall from her on the subject of pressing doctor's bills was frequently heard.

"No," resumed Mr. March, as he folded one of the checks, "people have no right to inflict their misfortunes on some one else just because he has achieved success where they have failed."

"That you, Mike?" "It's meself, sor. Ready to shut up when you say the worruid."

"I'll take the key myself. I'm not quite done yet, but you needn't wait."

Mike, however, showed no hurry to leave, but busied himself about the room with occasional glances at Mr. March.

"That'll do, Mike," at length said the gentleman, somewhat annoyed by the rattle of shovel and tongs, which seemed to show unusual excitement in Mike.

"Check, hey? Well, here," Mr. March again opened his check-book and again began rapidly filling a blank. "To the order of—what's the name?"

"Patrick O'Toole,"—Mike paused a moment as the name was written, then proceeded—"five hun'rd dollars."

"Hey?" Mr. March gave his chair a little jerk and gazed into the thin, freckled face surrounded with its fringe of ill-kept red hair streaked with gray.

"Five hun'rd dollars to Patrick O'Toole," repeated Mike in the deliberate tone of one taking special pains to make himself understood.

"What do you mean, Mike?" "Just phat I'm afther sayin', sur. Five hun'rd dollars to Patrick O'Toole, an' five hun'rd dollars to Dennis O'Toole."

"Out of your damage money?" Mr. March asked, between two short breaths of astonishment.

"That'd be it, sur. Where else would the likes o' me be gettin' five hun'rd dollars?"

"Where's sure enough! Why—" Mr. March gazed at the old janitor with a comical mixture of amazement and friendly contempt. "Why—you old-fool!"

Mike stood quietly with a broad grin on his face.

"Do you mean to say," went on the gentleman, "that you're going to give such amounts out of the two thousand dollars you got as damages from the street railway for injuries which have made you a cripple for life?"

"Such amounts" seemed a little bewildering to Mike.

"Would ye be thinkin' I ought to be dividin' aiquil wid 'em, bein' they're me own brothers, sur?" he began.

"Go long with you!" said Mr. March, with a laugh and a stamp of his foot. "Mike," he continued, seriously, "if you do mean such a crazy thing, I hope you will hear me when I advise you against it. Why, man, you are getting old. Your two thousand dollars is almost all your dependance for your old age—for you and your wife."

"It's the ould wife and meself 'll be airtin' this many a year yit, sur, please the Lord."

"But, Mike, think of the difference this money will make in your comfort. With your simple ways it will make years of ease in your life. You can sit by your fire in your own snug hired room, instead of working hard—you with your crippled limb."

"Muster March," he said, "I know it all, none better nor meself. I know just how much easier it is to sit by the fire nor to go out in the perishin' cold

wid the ache in me ould bones. But ye see, sur, they're me own flesh an' blood—Pat an' Dennis. They feel the pinch and the hardness jist the meself. Would it be meself 'd sit by me fire takin' me aise knowin' things was harder for thim nor for me? Be me sowl! Muster March, I'm thinkin' it's the stingy ould rascal I'm bein' not to give thim more."

"Mike, you're a fool!" repeated Mr. March, but more quietly than before, and simply to fill in the pause.

"It'll be raichin' 'em the mornin' of the blissid Christmas day." Mike took a few limping steps in growing excitement. "Think of it, sur! I'll be makin' 'em feel rich! I'll bring the smile to their faces, and the laugh to 'em, God bless 'em! on His own birth-day! It'll aise the ache that no one but the blissid Lord an' thimselves knows of."

Yes, there was a radiance added to the gentleness in the faded eyes—a radiance written by a joy of which few in this self-seeking world know the taste.

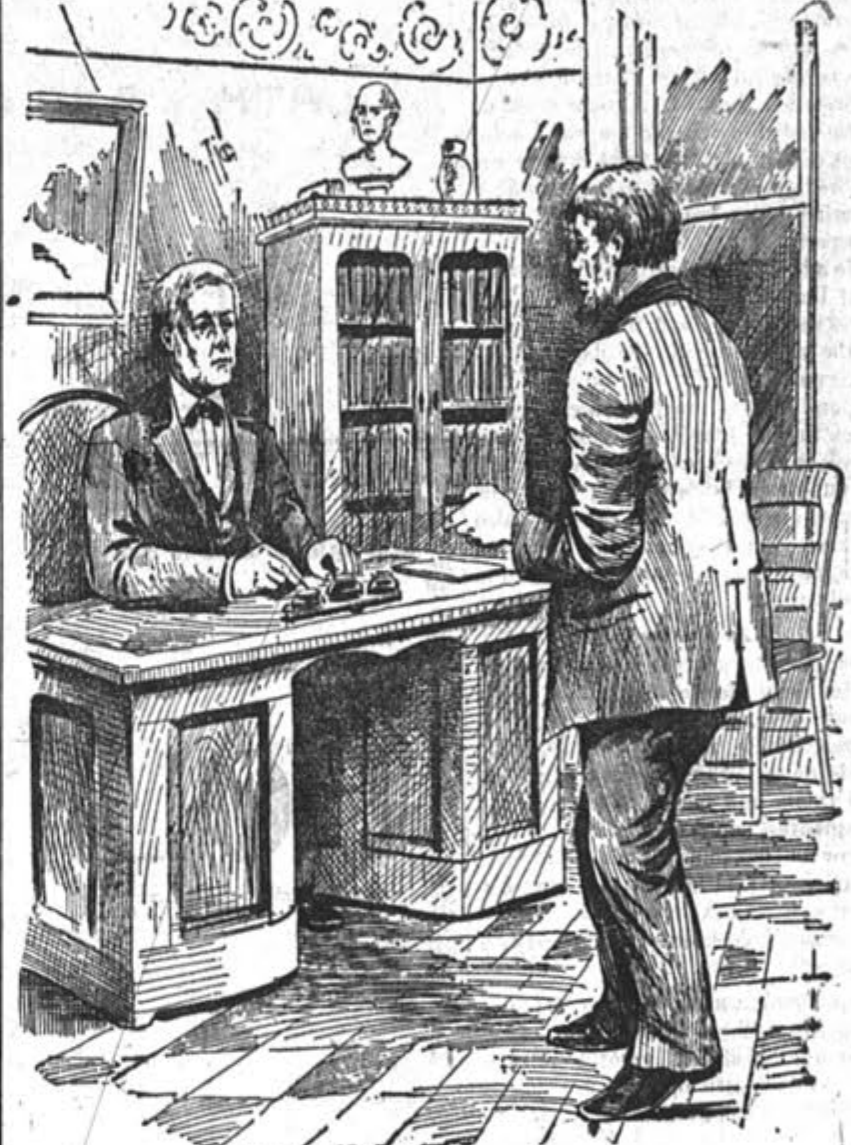
Without saying more Mr. March wrote the checks, to which the old man added his tremulous signature. As the sound of the limping footsteps died away in the hall, Mr. March turned again to the five checks on his desk.

"They look small—yes, they do," Mechanically he added a cipher to the one nearest him. "That looks better." A cipher was added to each check. "One hundred. Two hundred and fifty. They'll all have to be written over."

Mr. March leaned his head on his hands, less in a hurry to get home than he had thought. The glorified face of the old servitor was still before his mind's eye. Mr. March doubted if ever in his life he had looked into a happier one.

"Cutting down his bit of a nest-egg so—the poor old simpleton! Likely enough to end his days in the poorhouse yet."

But it was with a softened smile that the rich merchant thought it. Then his mind ran over his own affairs. Prospered from his first beginnings he had, during these few later years, taken huge strides towards a colossal fortune. Seven figures it would take, he well knew, to express what he was worth,



"IF I MIGHT BE TROUBLIN' YE JIST A MINNIT, SUR."

and the initial figure would not be one of the smaller ones, either. His own family lived well, but not extravagantly; his yearly expenses were but a small proportion of his rapidly increasing yearly income.

"And I've never made anyone feel rich. Old Mike's ahead of me there." With a shrug of his shoulders he drew towards him one of the checks and added to it another cipher.

Rich? There was not one of these families to whom such a check would not come as an angel's gift, with stores and catches of breath, tears of joy from care-burdened elder ones, shouts of delight from youngsters. He knew it all, for he had been poor himself, long ago.

"One thousand dollars. Twenty-five hundred dollars."

There was a little excitement about it. Mr. March left his chair and walked up and down the floor. How had it been that he had never before realized what a small scratch of his pen could do? They were his own flesh and blood. They were in one way and another enduring the hardness, the daily and nightly wear of mind, the pitiful, gnawing solicitude which belongs with small means. Soul, mind and body, the hardness touched them all, binding them down with its iron touch, narrowing them with its cruel limitations. His own flesh and blood. They had stood to him as of far less value than this money he had been accumulating—money which could never bring to him more than food, clothing and lodging.

Yes, it could. It could bring to him, to his very self, his very heart, the happiness of five families—this rare privilege which he thanked God could come with an easy scratch of his pen.

As he still crossed and recrossed his office floor his movements became quicker, a glow spread over his face, and a new light shone in his eye. At length he sat down and slowly wrote again the checks, lingering over them as over an enjoyable task; and when all were finished each showed still one more cipher.—Sydney Dayre, in Demorest's Magazine.



MR. CARLISLE'S ANNUAL

DEFICIT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR  
1894 OVER \$42,000,000.

This Year's Estimated at \$18,000,000.  
Retirement of United States and  
Treasury Notes Recommended.  
Report Made Monday.

Secretary Carlisle's annual report presented to congress Monday shows the revenues of the last fiscal year to have been \$390,373,203; expenditures, \$38,178,426, a deficit of \$42,805,233. Compared with the fiscal year of 1894 the receipts for 1895 show an increase of \$17,570,765. The revenue for the current fiscal year, estimated on the basis of existing laws, is \$431,907,407; expenditures, \$448,907,407, a deficit of \$17,900,000.

The secretary devotes a large share of the report to a discussion of the conditions of the treasury and currency. He says: "The cash balance in the treasury on the first day of December, 1895, was \$177,406,386, being \$98,072,420 in excess of the actual gold reserve that day and \$77,406,386 in excess of any sum it would be necessary to use for replenishing that fund in case the secretary at any time should be able to exchange currency for gold. Therefore, there is no reason to doubt the ability of the government to discharge all current obligations during the present fiscal year and have a large cash balance at the close without additional taxation of any form."

The secretary, he thinks, however, ought always have the authority to issue short time, low interest bonds to supply casual deficiencies in the revenue. He believes that with the complete return to the normal business condition the revenue laws now in force will yield ample means to support the public service.

The secretary reviews the sale of bonds to the syndicate. He allowed a departure from the contract, that all the gold to be furnished should come from abroad, because to have insisted on the contract would have merely resulted in the gold so imported being drawn from the treasury and re-exported. He declares the beneficial effects of the syndicate transaction were felt at once both at home and abroad, and if the just expectations of reform in our fiscal system are realized, there is reason to believe we are entering on a season of unsurpassed prosperity.

He adds, "I am thoroughly convinced that United States notes and treasury notes should be retired from circulation at the earliest practicable day, and the government wholly relieved from the responsibility of providing a credit currency for the people. To take up and cancel the notes, he suggests the secretary be authorized to issue long time, low interest gold bonds. The secretary also favored the passage of a law allowing national banks to establish branches in small towns.

At Erickson's.

Our great 20 per cent discount sale includes every piece of Black Dress goods in our store, consisting of Serges, Henriettas, Boucle, Fancy Worsteds, Whip Cords, Saleil, Corkscrew, Crepon, Brillantine (plain and fancy), Silk Warps, etc. The greatest values ever offered.

Now for something durable and fashionable. Attend our 20 per cent discount sale of black dress goods.

Erickson's black dress goods sale is a "corker."

Winter Tourist Rates Via the N-W Line.

The North-Western line is now selling 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 R'y.

Our Premium Offer.

Those of our subscribers who desire the New York Weekly Tribune free with a year's subscription to The Iron Port, should take advantage of the offer at once. Sample copies of The Tribune (twenty pages) may be had at this office.

Mechanists and Founders.

THE

Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co's

Machine Shop

Is now equipped with a full line of modern tools of the best and heaviest type for the execution of general

Machine and Repair Work

Brass Castings,

Iron Castings,

Heavy Forgings,

Pipe Fitting,

Bolt Cutting,

Boiler Work,

Sheet Iron Work.

Special attention given to break-down jobs, Machine and Saw Mill Work, the indicating of the horse power developed by engines, the setting of valves, and the economy of fuel.

We will make careful and accurate estimates of your work, at your plant, if desired.

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co.

Gladstone, Mich.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas,  
Happy New Year.

To my many patrons in the city and county I take this method of extending my thanks for your patronage during the past year and solicit a continuance of the same, assuring all that, in the future as in the past, it will be my constant aim to make our interests mutual and to serve you at all times with nothing but the best of goods, and at prices as low as business principles and business integrity will permit.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours for Business,

A. H. Rolph.

509 Ludington Street.

Lumber Yard.

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

GEORGE T. BURNS, Mgr.

LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Holiday Goods.

FOR THE  
HOLIDAYS

A MAGNIFICENT  
STOCK OF.....

Decorated Dinnerware,  
China, Glassware,  
and Lamp Goods,

Which are Especially Suitable for the Holiday Trade.

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.  
Haviland & Co's White China and 7 Open Stock Patterns in Decorated Dinnerware, Hotel China and Porcelain.  
Jardiniers, large variety, Umbrella Stands,  
Padding Sets, Salad and Berry Bowls, Meat Sets,  
Cracker Jars, Sugar and Cream Sets, Stoneware, Etc.

Special Attention Given to Our Mail Order Department.

FRANK H. ATKINS & CO.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

A GALAXY OF SERVICEABLE GIFTS

This season our ability to supply useful gifts is greater than ever before. In the line of practical presents--articles that will be of special value and service to the recipient and a credit to the donor--we offer a selection second to none in the State of Michigan. The lists below give but a partial idea of our resources. We can only add that holiday shoppers seeking worthy gifts for men, women or children should not fail, before buying, to see the advantages offered them by our

Men's and Youth's Clothing,

Boys' and Children's Clothing,

Gentlemen's Furnishings,

Shoes, Slippers, Hats and Caps.

SPECIAL LINE OF

Handkerchiefs, Mufflers and Gloves

Especially for the Holidays.

KRATZE'S

608--610 LUDINGTON STREET.

Holiday Goods.

SECOND

HOLIDAY

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Special for this Month!

5c Toys go at 6 for 25c. 10c Toys go at 3 for 25c.

10 PER CENT REDUCTION ON THESE GOODS

FOR THIS MONTH:

CELLULOID AND PLUSH GOODS, WORK BOXES, TOILET CASES, HANDKERCHIEF CASES, MANICURE SETS, ALBUMS, JEWELRY CASES ETC. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS, a Grand Display.

Silverware, Fancy Celluloid Calendars and Onyx Tables and Stands, Meakin's Crockery Chamber Sets, Toy Tool Chests, Lamps and Easels.

A FULL LINE OF DOLLS!

The above are all Fresh New Things and of the Highest Grade. Call Now and save an Extra 10 per cent on goods which are marked way down.

THE SAVINGS BANK

1006 LUDINGTON STREET