### FOUR TIMES AS MANY

EIGN 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,-687, 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 1890 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 statis-

Of the total number aged 10 and over returned in the present census as unable to read or writes 24,600 are native and 46,112 foreign-born. Of the native 13,-280 had native parents, 6,983 foreignborn 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 thechildren of native parents, and 69,375 foreign-born or the children of foreignborn 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 overin the cities is 635,838, of whom 379,288 are native and 156,550 are foreign-born. Of the native 5,257, and of 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 foreignborn. 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 foreignborn male population aged 10 years and

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 foreignborn 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,

the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for the extracted theball, and the wounded man week ending Dec. 14th, 1895: Wm. Bel- is recovering.

lamy, Wm. Brady, Mrs. E. B. Brandt, John Cook, Mrs. E. Cordner, Pietro Dallasega, John Douglas, Rev. C. A. French, Melia Greanley, Mary Jansson, Mrs. Lizzie Jonson, E.S. Judd, Mrs. Annie Lafave, OF OUR ILLITERATES ARE FOR- Mrs. J. F. Lans, Eli Lauffdry, Napoleon Lalonde, Maria LeMay, W. Morricy, 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. Rosce 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 and G. E. Merrill, 40 acres in section 27, township 42, range 22; consideration \$50. William Rebbein 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 Cleve to Henry Oldenburg, lot 16 of block 1 in the Cochrane addition to Escanaba; consideration \$300. Reuben Jock 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 se 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 acthe foreign-born, 21,785 cannot read or count with the bank and received a negative reply, whereupon the stranger was politel 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 gallows 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 Regnstrom, 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 dwellngs in the residence portion of the city for the company, the tenement houses be ing near the furnace.

The Police Mill.

Conductor Jones, of the Soo, was arraigned in Justice Glaser's court on Wed nesday, 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 Degrandjagnage accidentally shot his brother Martin, the ball List of letters remaining uncalled for at taking effect in the back. Dr. Cholette

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 is a decidedly lengthy document, and construction, operation and maintenance of a plant suitable to a city the size of are actuated only by speculation motives. Escanaba. After describing the present necessary to construct a similar plant, the co-operation of the Escanaba Water | you light. Works Company in the appraisements.

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 way back.

Oliver Hill, Peter Shultz, James Martin part for Georgia to locate and possibly lowing program will be rendered: settle certain city lots and farm tracts they have acquired by purchasing tendollar memberships in a southern emminext meeting of the council. The report gration scheme having its chief source at | Solo and Chorus, "The Lord is Come" .... Indianapolis, Indiana. A large number enters into details connected with the of our citizens are interested in the movement, but the leading ones among them

plant Mr. Loweth estimates the amount | purchase a package of cigarettes and at night they proceeded to try the things basing his estimates on present prices behind an unused building, and of course for contract work, and also of the depr. struck a match. The eagle eye of one ciation of the plant, thus arriving at its girl's brother caught the flicker and he present cash value. The estimate is, he communicated the sensation to his says, necessarily based on a superficial mother. Just all that followed no examination of the works, not having tongue can tell. Moral: Take care how

The people of this place should know The conclusions arrived at are as follows: that a review of its affairs each week in Real estate, \$500; well and intakes, \$12,- a widely circulated, well established 435; building, \$4,700; pumping plant, newspaper, like The Iron Port, is of in-\$7,460; pipe distribution, \$46,837.51, a cr'culable and lasting benefit to them,

Before making your list for Holiday Gifts see our

display of Novelties, and suggestions for that pur-

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, Clgar Holders, Glove But-

toners, Shoe Buttoners; Paper Cutters, Cigar Cut-

ters, Pocket Books, Purses, Card Cases, Ink Stands

Scissors, Whist Counters, Seals, Photo Frames, Tea

Balls, Letter Openers, Pin Trays, Pin Cushions.

pose, including the latest

Aterling Silver Movelties,

All Prices.

SPLENDID PROGRAMS PREPARED BY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Programs of the Methodist and Pres byterian Schoole-Special Services ut St. Stephen's-At the Other Churches-Hotes.

For some weeks past the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church has been rethe shed was so steathily secreted away hearsing for a Christmas entertainment, that not even its ghost has made its to be given at the church on Christmas Eve, and that it will be a pleasant affair goes without saying. After an address and several others are arranging to de- of welcome by the superintendent the fol-

Song, "Happy Day".....School Song, "The Belt" School
Recitation, Selected B. Miller
Song, "Merry Xmas Day" Little Folks Recitation, "Dess Afore Chris'mas".....

Chorus, 'We Love the Merry Xmas' ... School Recitation, Selected. ... Sophia B. Todd Solo and Duet, "The Light of Love" .... Choir Two girls combined enough cash to purchase a package of cigarettes and at the control of the con Song, "Glory to God"......School Santa Claus.
Distribution of Gifts.....

> Mrs. M. K. Bissel will preside at the organ. Admission free, and all are invited. Program to begin at 8 o'clock.

Song, "The Merry Bells".....School

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

Music ...... Bice's Orchestra

Recitation, Two Little Stockings, Mertie McMartin Recitation, Santa Clans...... Barney Ooldman Recitation, Why she flidn't laugh. Esther McCourt Vocal Duet...... Two Young Ladies Recitation, A Child this Day is Born. Ethel Winn Chorus......Six Young Ladles Recitation, First Christmas ...... John McMartin 

Music ......Orchestra
Recitation, A Boy Hero .....Conrad Stevenson Doxology. The Daughters of the King will have a sale of fancy articles suitable for Xmas presents in the basement of the Episcopal evening from 4 to 9:30. A splendid supply of cream and other candies will be on | Helen Katen and Willie Hall. hand. Lunch will be served during after-

noon 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 antici-

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.

pated. All are invited.

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 of the kind within fifteen months, your 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

Rev. Carl P. Edblom will hold Christmas services at Barkville on Christmas

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- 200 tons daily so far. Similar shipments 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 after- Mahoning valley by rail this winter. noon, Rev. Mr. Williams conducting the

Coming Entertainments, Manager Peterson bas H. P. Aldrich, reader, booked for January 1st, "Charity Ball," January 30; "A Wife" February It will be in pamphlet form with a beau-3, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for a tifully engraved cover, and advertisers 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 Mon-day last, and is now at the Tracy hos-

U; W. hall, by Mrs. Rogers, an organizer sindeed, a good one.

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. Lilian Defuit; sentinels, Mrs. Mary Moreau and Miss Lulu Fillion; trustees, Mrs. Fransisca Loell, Mrs. Alex. Roberts and Mrs. Eva Kessler; medical examiner, Dr. Gfrard.

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, east 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

High School Notes.

The following were excused from takng the final examination in civil government because of the high quality of their daily work: Matie McRae, 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 Orchestra 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 con-Recitation, Little Christel ...... Birdie Owen venes in Lansing next week. Miss Mc-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, Gertie Boprie, Mary and Emma Hall, Richard and Herman Anderson church, this Saturday afternoon and Madeline Krouth, Romeo and Joseph Beauchamp, Luisa and Emeline Geroux,

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. Seriously Injured.

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 to Chicago are being made from Gogebic range mines and sales are now being negotiated of ore to go as far east as

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. tifully 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,-Catholic Lady Foresters.

A court of Lady Foresters was instituted in Escanaba last Sunday at A. O. | chandise, 40,000 tons. The showing is,

tion, which he places at \$12,220, and adds five per cent to the balance, thus making the original cost of the plant | realized and that one hundred copies of \$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.

All Silverware and Clocks Remain-

ing from Auction Sale at a Great

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 In the evening the service will be the for the past thirty years, died Wednes sixth of the series of special Sanday even-

total of \$71,932.51. He then deducts and much more valuable than any puny, what he terms as the natural deprecia- subsidized local sheet, such as was encouraged by some of our citizens during the summer. It is time this fact was The Iron Port came to this postoffice. Quite a sensation was created here on

H. M. STEVENSON.

Tuesday night by the escapade of a young lady. Since this is the second case correspondent will obtain the full particulars and next week give a complete history of the case from its earliest inception, as a warning and admonition to parents-most of whom are very much G. E. Merrill is in Chicago on business

Another Car Ferry.

The contract for a new steel car ferry, to run between Manistee and Gladstone, connecting with the "Soo Line," has been lef 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 exursion 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

Menominee Pioneer Dead. Pascal Perket, a resident of Menominee

Bethlehem's fair wondrous and en-Which unto man foretold the graclous birth Of a Redeemer to the sons of earth.

The years have many changes brought Nations have had their rise and fall, and Have come and gone and left their impress

In thoughts and deeds we cannot but re-But though the world has through them

better grown, Still greater, better far the influence Upon the world by Him, who, Son of Man, His reign of peace at Bethlehem began.

The little town, the ever-glorious day, The manger where the infant Jesus lay, hese have an interest, to none denied, And meaning sweet as comes the Christ-

(As babe, He came, that He might fully be Each stage of life He met with such a grace As spoke the great Redeemer of His race.

A man of sorrows, yet with no complaint, He bore earth's trials and its rude constraint And gave from earliest life until the end.

To all, the love of a devoted friend.

His words of wisdom, as He came of age, Proclaimed Him both the teacher and the In words that all could understand, He taught The Heavenly truths which unto man He

brought. Lover of souls, to rich as well as poor, He showed alike the ever-open door,

Through which all might an entrance safe To massions fair, which ever such remain.

Blessed His work, and on this Christmas morn, Which speaks of when, to us, the Christ

was born, We feel His love and messages of truth Have in them still a freshness as of youth. He was, and is, the gracious Friend and

The One to whom glad offerings we bring: May He to us send down this Christmas

Rich gifts that shall through coming years

-J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.



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, Mr. Browning was a good mechanic, and in reasonably good times always made a comfortable living for his wife and five children; but the stagnation of business and frequent cessation of work during the past two years had cramped them greatly in money affairs. The children grew so fast, and wanted new clothes so often, and needed so many books, and had such healthy appetites, that the struggle to supply them had, for a long time, been a hard one. Mrs. Browning had done all her own work and taken in some sewing besides. Mr. Browning had worn his old clothes and boots until they were scarcely respectable: had left no stone unturned to get work, and yet withal the butcher and grocer were pressing him, and things looked discouraging generally. As a result of a general survey of the situation, Mrs. Browning said:

"Well, it is evident we can't have much Christmas, yet I do think we ought to make the children as happy as we can. It does no good to have them feel the weight of care, or realize the burdens and difficulties of life as we do; and so, if you can collect enough money on the small bills due you, I think we ought to get them some small present, and that we had better get a turkey if we possibly can."

With this conclusion her husband agreed, and they began to count up what money they might probably depend upon. Mr. Browning took cut his scount book and pencil and commenced to figure.

"Col. Randall owes me \$2.30 talance for fixing his porch. He is able to pay, and I think I can depend upon that. Mr. Smith owes 50 cents for a fireboard; Mrs. Jones, the milliner, owes me a dollar for a screen for her window; that new grocer around the corner owes me \$1.25 for making him a seat for his wagon, and perhaps some other piece of work may be found between this and Christmas. But even if I get no work we can depend on five dollars with a good deal of certainty."

All good is comparative. Having thus concluded to have as happy a Christmas as possible, and also that they had five dollars to be happy on, John Browning and his wife went to sleep with a feeling of contentment and ess which many a rich family nning for costly expenditures might

The next morning the ground was overed with a deep snow, and while sat at their frugal breakfast a off? If I was a man I tell you people knock was heard at the door. On ling it, Mr. Browning was met by I earned my money I'd collect it."

There was danger that in addition to

west, and my wife and children want to enjoy it. Can you come over to my house right after breakfast and see how I want it made? Then I want a large wood-shed built this week. Could you go on and build it immediately?"

John Browning's eyes glistened, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure at this unexpected good fortune. He agreed to come at once, and when he sat down to finish his breakfast he could not forbear saying to his wife and children: "L guess we are going to have a jolly good Christmas. Mr. Potter is a rich man, the people say, and will pay well and promptly for work done. I can earn \$20 this week if he gives me the work he speaks of."

The effect of the good news of work obtained was felt by the whole family. The children were exultant and good tempered as they went off to school. Mrs. Browning went around with a light step and cheerful heart singing at her work. It is wonderful how hope lightens toil. As she sang and worked she thought what comfort and pleasure the coming \$20 would bring. They could nearly square off with the grocer and butcher, and consequently enjoy Christmas that much better. She thought of her husband working away so cheerfully in the cold, his heart full of the thought of what his wages would procure for his family, and her heart blessed him as a good, kind husband, and life seemed very sweet and bright to her. Mr. Browning came home at noon even more full of good cheer and hope than when he went away in the morning. Mr. Potter seemed to be a man to whom money was of small consequence. He was having a wonderfully nice "jumper" made for his children, and had given orders for Mr. Browning to go right ahead and build the wood-shed. The children all rejoiced again over the good news of work, and exulted in the thought of generous gifts and a turkey for Christ-

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.

Christmas day came on Sunday, and it would be necessary to get all the gifts and the good things for the Christmas dinner on Saturday. The day was very cold, and John Browning found it was going to push him hard to get the wood-shed done by evening. As he wished to have a little time in which to enjoy spending his hard-earned money, paying what he owed, and in the happy employment of going with his wife to buy Christmas gifts for the children, he employed a fellow-workman to assist him on Saturday. At noon he made out his bill to Mr. Potter, and carefully placed it in his pocket, feeling that it was as good as so much money. About five o' clock the last nail was driven, his tools were gathered up and Mr. Browning went around to the front part of Mr. Potter's house to see his employer and get his pay. Just as he raised his hand to ring the bell, Mr. Potter came out, followed by his wife and children, all heavily wrapped up, and evidently just starting on a journey. A large sleigh stood at the front gate loaded with trunks and valises.

"I have finished the wood shed," said Mr. Browning, "and called to ask you to look at it and to present you my bill." "All right, all right, Mr. Browning,

but we are just starting to the city to spend the holidays, and I cannot pay your bill till I return, which will be in two or three weeks."

"But my family are needing and depending on this money," said Mr. browning, with a sinking heart, "and it would be very inconvenient to wait. Could you not-"

"No use at all in insisting, my dear fellow," said Mr. Potter, in a tone half gay, half insulting. "I need all the money I have, and more too, now that I am taking my wife and children to spend the holidays in the city."

Anger and disappointment flushed John Browning's face crimson as he said: "Mr. Potter, I depended on your prompt payment of this bill or I would

"I have no time to parley," said Mr. Potter-"here, wife and children, jump in, or we shall be too late for the train. I tell you I can't pay you now." With this he sprang into the sleigh himself, and giving an impatient order to the driver, the sleigh rapidly carried them out of sight to catch the train already whistling in the distance. How suddenly was the bright sky of

the Browning family darkened by this piece of thoughtless, cruel injustice! Mr. Browning stood for a few moments irresolute, while feelings of anger, humiliation and disappointment atruggled in his heart. The fellow workmen whom he had employed also waited for his small pittance, and when Mr. Browning informed him of the state of affairs, with an expression of profanity he threw down the tools he held in his hands and walked away. But to break the news to his family was the hardest of all. How could he blast their hopes and chill their hearts, and on Christmas eve, too? But it was growing nearly dark, and something must be done. The butcher and grocer would both be looking for him, and altogether it was too hard to endure.

Mrs. Browning saw her husband coming up the walk, and she knew by the expression on his face that something was wrong. She opened the door to meet him, and exclaimed anxiously:

"Mr. Potter has gone off to the city to spend the holidays and did not pay me, and he will not be back for three weeks," said Mr. Browning. "Well, if that isn't too outrageous!"

said Mrs. Browning, with a sudden flush of anger. "Why did you let him

e a great overcoat with coatly fur the loss of the expected money there are and gloves, who asked if he was would be the loss of that more precious Well. I want to get you to make a | mony and sympathy; for Mrs. Brown. | ready to blame him into the bargain."

'jumper' for me right away. We don't ling was human, and had that human inoften have such a snow as this in the stinet 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.

"If you think you can collect better than I can," was the reply, "just try it. You can take that bill for the balance Col. Randall owes me, and see if you can get it. We have nothing to fall back on except those little bills we counted over last week, anyway."

The children had gathered around and listened in silence and dismay to the conversation. "Can't we have any Christmas now?" was their tearful query; and when their mother sharply told them "No!" reechoing in her voice and manner the anger of her spirit, it was but a few moments till they, too, were inspired by the same discordant feelings, and quarreling and angry words were heard where but an hour before all was good temper and pleasurable excitement.

John Browning moodily waited while his wife placed the supper of oat meal and milk on the table. She herself was almost faint for a more substantial meal, and Mr. Browning in the earlier part of the day had said to her: "We will have a good steak for supper this evening; working in the cold makes a fellow fearfully hungry." He was so full of chagrin now that he scarcely noticed what he ate, and a gloomy silence fell upon all as they sat around the table. When the meal was through, he said, as he put on his hat:

"I wish, Mary, you would take that bill over to Col. Randall's; it is but a step, and I have to go clear to the other side of the village to see if I can get those other small bills. Perhaps he will pay it to you even quicker than he will to me. Then I must call and see the grocer and butcher. Dear me, I'd rather be lashed than to meet them now."

With this he handed her the account against Col. Randall and went out. The original account had been \$32.30, and there was the balance of \$2.30 due. Mrs. Browning washed up the tea things, her mind filled with bitter and complaining thoughts. She disliked to go to Col. Randall with a call for so small a balance; she feared he would

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. When she reached home she found only the two older children still awake, and them she consoled cheerfully, telling them that though they could not have much for Christmas, yet they must be kind and cheerful and not add to dear papa's troubles by fretting. Her own spirit was reflected in theirs; kind and affectionate feelings were inspired by her cheerful words and talk; and although before they went to bed they hung up their stockings by the fire, in case any good luck should come, yet their little hearts were bravely preparing for dis-

appointment. It was nearly an hour before Mrs. Browning heard her husband's foctsteps on the walk. She hurried to the door, and, as he entered, she looked lovingly and sympathizingly in his face. His feelings also had evidently been moved by reflections of a gentle and tender kind, for as soon as he closed the door and noticed the kind look on his wife's face he held out his arms toward her. She threw hers lovingly around his neck and pressed her cheek

"Never mind if we do have hard times and bad luck, John," she said; "we have ach other and the children, and we will be happy in spite of all."

"My dear, good wife," said John, holding her close to his heart, "if I could only give you what you deserve you should have every comfort and pleasure in life."

And then in a few moments they sat down and compared notes. Mary told her ill-success with Col. Randall. John had got no money except the one dollar from Mrs. Jones, the little milliner, but the new grocer wanted to pay for the making of the seat for his wagon in trade, and they could get two chickens and a few groceries there. The dollar would get a small Christmas gift aplece for the children, and so they would make the best of it.

"Well, let us go out and buy the things for Christmas," said Mrs. Browning, and a few moments later, closely bundled up from the cold. John Browning and his wife walked cheerfully and lovingly along the village street. They think them mean to ask for it. Then got two plump chickens and enough



"I CANNOT PAY YOUR BILL TILL I RETURN."

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. They would never get ahead at this rate of doing things.

The early moon was shining brightly when she was ready to go to Col. Randall's with the bill. Giving the elder children directions to put the younger ones to bed, she muffled up warmly, for it was bitter cold, and passed along the short distance that lay between her little home and Col. Randall's fine residence. Ringing the bell, she was ushered into the hall, and there left waiting while the servant called the gentleman out.

"Good evening; what can I do for you?" said that severe-looking gentleman, not recognizing her as a near

neighbor as he came into the hall. "Mr. Browning, my husband wishes te know if it would be convenient for you to pay the small balance on this bill this evening."

Col. Randall took the bill hesitatingly, turned it over and hemmed and

cleared his throat and then said: "I've paid \$30 on this bill, and should think Mr. Browning need not trouble me for the balance on Christmas

"But he has been disappointed in getting pay for work and needs the money." So do I need money. People seem to think I'm made of money. I really can't spare this trifle this evening. Besides, I told Mr. Browning the last time he asked me for this balance, and he has bothered me about it a great deal, that when I got ready and could spare the money Iwould pay him. Good evening, ma'am." And with this the colonel turned on his heel, and while Mrs. Starrett, in Chicago Interior. Browning waited for the servant to let her out she heard him say to his wife in the sitting-room: "It is one of the annoyances of having work done by starveling workingmen that they are always dunning one for the pay. I am sure John Browning has bothered me more for that little balance than the whole bill is worth."

"And so this is what poor John has to stand when he tries to collect his bille, mid Mrs. Browning to herself, as abe hurried home. "Starveling working men, indeed! And then to think I am

she fell back to her mood of trying to | material to make a substantial dinner blame somebody. John was a kind 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. Coming home they busied themselves for awhile in wrapping each article in a separate piece of paper and in deciding which should go into the different little stockings, not forgetting to put in two or three sticks of candy, all wrapped in separate pa-

Very early Christmas morning Mr. Browning got up and put on a good fire, so that the room might be warm when the little folks should discover their stockings, which they did in the early dawn. It was a joyful surprise to the children, who were just as happy as though the gifts had been costly. As for Mr. Browning and his wife, the blessed alchemy of love had transformed their disappointment into affectionate sympathy for each other's trials and disappointments, and they listened with happy hearts to the gay chatter of their children, saying to themselves and to cach other: "We are having a good Christmas, after all." What was lacking in material good was made up in kindness and love, and earnest effort to make the best of things, and to cause their children to have a happy day. And when, at dinner, they sat down to partake of the two nicely-browned, stuffed chickens, instead of the expected Christman turkey, their happiness and enjoyment might well have been envied by the two inconsiderate employers whose injustice and disregard of the honest claims of those whose labor they had enjoyed came so near spoiling the Brownings' Christmas .- Mrs. Helen E.

Discouraging. Mr. Fangle (to Johnny Cumso)-Well, Johnny, are you praying for many Christmas presents this year? Johnny-No, I ain't. I didn't get half what I prayed for last year .--

-Santa Claus is a gay deceiver and is never as kind to a girl after marriage as he was during courtship .- Judge.

-It is a good plan to act at Christma tide as if you never expected to see another.—Judge.

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

Only a manger, shadow-thronged, That to some public inn belonged, Where sweet-breathed cattle quietly For midnight slumber bent the knee.

Only the light of tapers small, That on two tender faces fall, Two tender faces—one divine-That still through all the centuries shine

From palace walls, from thrones of gold, From churches, shrines, cathedrals old, Where the grand masters of their art Wrought faithfully with hand and heart.

Only a babe! in whose small hand Is seen no sceptre of command, But at whose name, with freedom's sword, Move the great armies of the Lord. Only a cross! but oh, what light Shines from God's throne on Calvary

His birth, His life, the angels see, Written on every Christmas tree. -M. A. Denison, in Youth's Companion.

COSTLY GIFTS.

Not So Much Appreclated as Presents Cheaper and More Useful.

Holiday presents have become each

year more and more expensive, while the actual giving is getting less and less hearty. We bewail the worry of planning gifts, and get ourselves irritable and sick in the necessary shopping and purchasing. And hundreds, yes, thousands, of us give a sigh of relief when Christmas has passed, and are ready to confess that we are "so glad it is all over for another year." And why? Simply because of one thing; we are actuated by the wrong feeling. The whole system of our living is becoming one grand mass of foolish ostentation, and our present made of Christmasgiving is the outgrowth of it. We feel that we cannot afford to give a simple present; we must give something expensive, something hat will make an appearance and sho & This is felt by the recipient, and next year, to hold her own, she feels that she must return something equally costly. The following year this must again be outdone, and so it goes, each year adding to the expense, and less to the true spirit of the giving. We all try to outdo each other, and we are proud when we are told afterward that our present was the most beautiful of all that were received. Now, as a matter of fact, the most expensive things we can buy are generally the most useless, particularly when we go into the realm of ornamentation. Surely these are not the times to lock up hundreds and thousands of dollars in ornaments as useless as ofttimes they are ugly. Of the useful we can scarce have too much: of the useless a little goeth a very long way. Presents with a purpose are presents indeed, but how few we see nowadays. With a great heat of people it does not seem to matter so much whether a present is appropriate, or whether it will prove acceptable to the recipient, so long as it is costly and "makes a show." We too often lay others under obligations which it is impossible for them to meet without embarrassment.-Ladies' Home Jour-

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. Just think about it for a moment and see if it has not proven true in your own experience. Have you not given something upon which you had spent a great deal of time and work, and which you had intended should give pleasure, and then had all your glad enthusiasm chilled by a lack of something, you could hardly tell what it was, in your friend's manner? Don't you suppose you have sometimes disappointed some one else in like manner yourself? It is worth while to think about the gracious way to receive a gift, and then it may be that this Christmas time you will confer as much happiness upon the giver as you receive yourself from the gift, and so it will be a two-fold source of happiness. In the first place, think only of the generous intention of the giver to give you pleasure, instead of the value or usefulness of the gift itself. There is an old Arabian proverb which fits in well just here: "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." When a man is going to buy a horse he examines his teeth to see his age and determine other matters relating to his value. If the horse is to be a purchase this is all very right and proper, but it would be very ungracious if the horse was intended for a gift to examine its mouth and look into the value of your present. Let us be very careful never to look our gift horses in the mouth. Even if we may have reason to suspect the sincerity of the intention of the gift, which sometimes may be the case, crush out all thoughts of that kind as unworthy of yourself, if not the giver, and receive it gratefully, taking it for granted that it was meant to give you pleasure, and that you intend to express that pleasure.-Christian Work. CHRISTMAS' EVE.



CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN GREECE His Long Slavery to the Turk Has Left Its

The Mohammedan kneels most punctiliously in the mosque or on his prayer mat in the street. The Armenian Christian, who removes his shoes as an act of reverence when he enters his church, though be may keep his fez on his head, kneels like his western brother. But the Greak stands to pray, as his early Christian forefathers did before him, to show his dignity as man made in the image of God, and as a partaker of the divine nature through the incarnation of the Eternal Son. No amount of suffering, not even his long slavery to the "unspeakable Turk," has been able to quench this spirit in the Greek, nor to change that outward sign of it, his standing to pray, which has been the national custom since Greece was first Christian.

But that long and hard slavery, which could not change the Greek in his relation to the church, did leave its mark on him as a man. A single incident may serve to indicate what that result has been. On November 8 last an American bishop was traveling by railway from Patras to Pyrgos. On the journey a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age was discovered hiding under a seat in one of the third-class carriages trying to steal a ride to his home in Pyrgos. He had been sent to Patras by his mother to learn his trade as a carpenter and in a fit of homesickness was running back to the maternal apron strings. Just at nightfall he was put down at a little station with hardly a house in sight, and as the train prepared to move his hope of getting home was about to depart with it, he looked as if his heart would break. When the needed railway ticket was furnished by American gold (of which the Greek thinks there is an unlimited supply) the boy came rushing to the railway carriage with his heart quite overflowing, and showed his gratitude to his benefactor by kissing both his hands and by placing them to his forehead-to indicate that he was the "slave of my lord"-then by kissing the right knee, and finally by going on his knees and kissing the right foot. It was very touching, but would a Greek have shown his gratitude in that same manner before the period of his slavery to the Turk?

One result of Turkish rule shows itself in what may perhaps be called an ecclesiastical custom. During the period of their domination in Greece the Turks were constantly on the watch for concealed arms and ammunition among the subjugated race. So strict was their search that all coffins were sequred to be open to the inspection of the officers of the law, that they might be assured that they contained nothing contraband. Hence arose the custom of burying the bodies of the dead in open and uncovered baskets, in order that the funerals might not be interrupted by Turkish officials. And this custom, which is in reality a relie of the days of their slavery, the Greeks cling to with the greatest tenneity is said that if the body of one of the poorer and more ignorant class were placed in a closed coffin the friends would suspect foul play and tear the coffin to pieces.

Other funeral customs in Greece are unique. The body of an unmarried girl is always dressed as a bride, the common saying being "She is married to death." The body of a boy is always dressed as a sailor. No especial reason is given for this, but one might be suggested by the fact that Greece is the most sea-girt nation in Europe. It has only twelve square miles of territory of each mile of seacoast, while England, which ranks next has eighty-four and one-half. square miles to each mile of shore. Women never accompany funerals to church or to the graves. Processions are always on foot, the priest leading, accompanied by acolytes bearing the cross and lauterns. The body of the deceased is invariably exposed to view, and at the close of the service in the church which concludes with the words "Take the last kiss," both friends and strangers press about the body and give this token of farewell. Every effort is made that the body shall turn "dust to dust" as quickly as possible, only the merest shell separating it from the superincumbent earth at the time of burial.

Another funeral custom is peculiar to the rural districts. The church bell is tolled from the time that the breath leaves the body until it is buried. But that time is not long. It was on Saturday, November 3 last, that poor Theodora Papadiamantopoulou died, largely from overwork, in Old Corinth, the very place where St. Paul spent eighteen months. (Acts xvili., 11.) The church bell rang all day until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the wornout body which had breathed its last at ten in the morping was laid to rest. The other women of the village all liked poor Theodora, but nevertheless they spent that afternoon at the stone washtubs around the public springs, for being women, they could not go to the funeral, and, besides, no matter what happens, Saturday is the Greeks' washing day. -N. Y. Church-

Dead Ants' Heads Put To Use. One curious fact about an aut 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. The sides of a wound are drawn together and the necessary number of large ants are held with their heads to the ridge directly over the gash. When their jaws come together on the place where the skin has been separated the insect's head is pinched off and left clinging to the severed skin, which they hold together until the wound is perfectly healed.— St. Louis Republic.

On the Make.

Buttons-The count gave me a dollar to tell him truthfully if Miss de Riche was at home.

The Maid-And did you?
"Not much! I told Miss de Riche bout it and she gave me a dollar to ell him she was out."-Westchester

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

One cold afternoon as Dave was re-

turning 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 him-

self. "How you gwine git dat gold bird

an' you all crippled up yere in de house?" she asked. "It jestpeer like you

always lookin' fur suthin' ter hurt yo'-

self wid. I thought you gwine kill dat

bird sho, dis time. But yere you is, er

"De Lawd gibs de rheumatiz an' de

She tossed her head at him. "Datain't

it er tall," she said. "De fool gits de

rheumatiz an' de fool kaint 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'se feered I'll hat-

"Doan you fret, Liza. I'll git dat gob-

bler. Doan you fret; I'll be well in er

Lawd takes it erway," the old man re-

cripple."

plied.



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.

just as you and I and all of us clung to

Only a little star. It shone forth in the Heavens, and to ordinary observathan the myriads of stars which make with their combined effulgence the and their portents saw the star, and of infinity incarnate.

and to attain distinction, solely because | the kingdom of Heaven. the little boy baby was born there.

manger, in the little town of Bethle- you celebrate it at home. Our children hem, and there the little mother gave hang up their stockings, some of them birth to the little boy, of the house of also place plates upon the kitchen or

cause it is coming Christmas day, and that is the anniversary of the birth of the little hoy in the little manger, in the little stable, in the little town of Beth-

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 mantion it was no more worthy of attention | hood and was speaking as never man spake, His every utterance being wisdom, He said of little children: "Of milky way across the sky. But wise such is the kingdom of Heaven." So men of the east who studied the stars | because it is the children's day, and they are emblems of the innocence of knew that it would lead them to a won- Heaven, Christmas day is the day of all der beyond their mortal ken. And days in every year which we hail with they followed it until it led them to joy and gladness. The little Son of the where the young child was. And then little mother brought a new commandthey began to realize that although the | ment into the world, "that ye love one star had brought them to a babe, only another," and so this is the day when a little one, they were in the presence, we put aside all selfishness and all uncharitableness and rejoice with exceed-Only a little town, and a town very | ing joy that the little mother who was obscure. Its name was not known 100 overshadowed with the Holy Spirit gave miles away; and yet its name was birth to the little boy who grew to such destined to be placed in the zenith of stature that His name is salvation and human affairs, to be known of all men, extends all over the earth, and even into

Here in Washington, the nation's cap-Only a little stable, and only a little | ital, we celebrate the day very much as



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 wiseacre 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 bellowed on the rugged peak and echoed in the deep ravine, but when spring came again the king of turkeys was heard gobbling among the velvettipped shrubs on the hillside. The Bob Toombs 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 understood de reason why, an' in his heart he would er hil 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 becaze er enemy stood in de way."

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

"Dat's er fack, sah; an' lessen I feeds de haungry I kain't be just ter mer-

"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 haungry an' who kin blame

"By the way, Dave, are you going to hunt the Gold Gobler 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'ly 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 fif season dat he has 'sturbed dis yer neigh-



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

The dog sat down. The children rere happy, but Liza mou 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 wush you wouldn't talk ter

me datter way."

"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 wush you'd hush, Dave. It do peer dat you all time tryin' ter hupt yo'self some way jest er bout de time you is most needed. I wush I could shoot. I'd take dat gun an' go atter 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 chimley. Git up dar an' take er few boa'ds 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 lissum 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 by 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! Want 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'se well dis minit. Jes' looke er yere, jes' look er yere. Oh, you neenter kick, honey. Lawd love you, you neenter kick. Steve, hitch up dat buckboa'd, gwine dribe right ober ter dat gun club. An' we gwine hab er dinner yere dat will make ever 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 yere

Out of Sight.

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."

give her."-Chicago Record.



With the early "Californians" Christmas was almost continuous, and, per- ity in grace and execution. haps, there was not a happier people on the globe than the people of California during the first two generations of the jota and el jarabe afforded the best oppresent 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 clime. 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 | vocal and instrumental musical accomowing to the sparsely settled condition of the country, they made the most of the opportunity-bringing along their flores. The dancers formed a ring on necessary baile clothing. In every pueb- the green sward, and circled round, lo, and in each neighborhood, someone of chanting an ode to the flowers-the emthe gente de razon of wealth would an- blem of love. At its conclusion, each nounce a Christmas baile and pasco del man embraced the senorita whom he campo ball and picnic. Invitations were | loved most. not necessary, for the proud don, in accordance with custom, kept open house, and his casa belonged to everyone carrera el gallo, which latter consisted who came. As dancing was one of the chief industries of the Californios, nearly every house had a ballroom, however yards a horseman would run his steed small it might be.

At a gran baile the music was that of a violin, guitar, and sometimes a harp. sports with great interest. In the even-El jota was the favorite and the most popular of all the Spanish dances, per- next day another picnic, more bullhaps 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 privileged to come and eat his fill. more. The senor faces his partner and when the music begins each couple be- early days were black cloth breeches,

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 exeecuted 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 off their artistic dancing, and there was a rivalry among both sexes for superior-

It was a practice for the spectators to applaud the more artistic, and la portunity 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 caten with paniment. The picnic ended with an informal dance called Canistita de

In the afternoon there was horseracing, bull-fighting and a sport styled in burying a rooster in the sand, the head alone exposed. At a distance of 50 at full gallop, and lean over and catch the bird. The ladies witnessed these ing there was another dance, and on the fighting and horse-racing, to be followed by more dancing, until the Christmas festifities extended beyond New

Ypar's. The dons kept "open house," the tables being always served, and everybody was

The costumes of the gallants of the



SCENE AT AN OLD-TIME FIESTA.

ner, as the song prompted, and the answer required -- a pantomime accomkept step to the music of the dance in alternately raising the feet and half turning with a light spring or hop, main-Some of the more graceful and dexterous 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

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 have you got?" for instead of el bamba. The floor manager, who was supposed to keep me ten cents, I'll have 11 track of the expert dancers, escorted Harper's Young People.

gin their refrain-the lady answering, | reaching to the knee and sometimes in verse, the song of her partner. This longer, open on the outer side and faced was accompanied by each moving the with satin, buttoned with gold or silarms in a flirtatious or endearing man- ver buttons. Around the waist a broad sash of black or red silk was worn, ornamented with gold or silver fringe, paniment to a love story. Each dancer | 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 taining a stately grace as in the minuet. | black silk and his shoes of dressed deerskin. The hair was braided, parted in senoritas, in addition, accompanied the center, and worn long, falling over themselves with castanets. The next 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 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

> And he gave her a pocketbook; Then she hugged and kissed him for half as For she saw there was something hand-

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

-N. Y. Press.

"That's very nice of you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "How muc "Well," Willie replied, "if you'll give me ten cents, I'll have 11 altogether."--



BIRTH OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

David and of the tribe of Judah, and | dining-room table, and those who love they called His name Jesus. And that them make provision over night for was 1895 years ago, but the event was their good cheer on Christmas morning. not forgotten. It became known to the | Some of the little ones write letters to whole world, and forever the name will | Santa Claus, but that dear old friend of be honored, cherished, venerated, be- our childhood cannot always bring cause it was learned later that He was | what the children want. But there is the Son of God, and the only begotten always something provided for the chil-Son of the Most High.

Joseph was a carpenter and worked very hard at his trade. He married Mary, the little mother, and she be- Christmas day. One of them is about came his loyal, loving wife. And the six years old, another one is two years child grew and waxed strong. He did not know His divine origin. He called | months old. They will have plenty of Joseph His father, and He learned to presents, for their papa can get many work at the trade. He helped Joseph in | things from Santa Claus, because he is many ways, and sharpened his tools for | president of the United States. But him, and made implements and helped' their papa does not love them any betbuild houses. But all the while Mary | ter than any poor man loves his chilwas praying for manifestations of proof | dren. Their mamma cannot love them of His divine origin. More things are any more than the mammas of poor wrought by prayer than this world children love them. But there is love dreams of, and Mary did not herself in the white house, just as there is love know what great manifestations were in your home; and the same spirit of 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 in- also the Son of God, so many years ago fluence fell from Him, and His eyes in Bethlehem. 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 little mother and the poor little boy think of the revelation that must have stunned that mortal brain of the poor little boy, who had supposed Himself have come from the fact that so long 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 world; and that because of that fact God. Until that time, He was only a little boy, just as other little boys; but He such good times on that great children's was divinely fashioned for the work be- day. And moreover, every little boy fore Him, and accepted the ordeals as

ago, and all around the world the peo-ple are making holiday and gayety, be-

dren on Christmas day.

There are three little children in the

white house, and they will have a great old and another one is only & few joy exists there that exists in all homes. because the little mother in the little manger gave to us all her Son, who was

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 baby, and learn to understand that all of our happiness and liberty and hope ago in the little stable, in the little manger, in the little town of Bethlehem. there was born a Saviour of the whole we celebrate Christmas day, and have and every little girl who enjoys Christmas must realize that we are made hap-Only a little town, only a little stable, py because when the little Son of the only a little manger, only a little moth- little mother became a man, "He went er, only a little baby, only a little star, about doing good;" and that we will and yet you and I are celebrating with always increase our happiness if we mirth and joy that event of the long go about doing good, and trying to beg him to let them take the bullet in make others about us as happy as we

SMITH D. FRY.

Borhood. I yere 'em say now dat de gun club gwine pay de money eben ef you fotches 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 me er army gun dat will tote true jest ez fur ez er pusson kin see, an' I'm gwine load it wid one deze yere minnie balls. I ain' gwine take no mo' chances wid shot. Oh, I'se got at de reason de raskil hain't been hit-he's so bright dat you think you'se right on him when de fac is you'se 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. "Yas, honey," he would say, "you gwine through dat ole raskil; yes you is an' you neenter say you ain't." And the children would gather about him and their hands. "Turn it loose; take kere, chile. Doan you know you gwine rub

Christmas mawnin." OFIE READ. Mildred-What do you think of the Christmas decorations?

"Yes. You see, it's all I can afford to

### The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO. ...... Publishers LEW. 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 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 wi h which they are identified.

There is no branch of the public control to which the results of this popular neg.ect 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 pounding 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 impres sion. 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

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 Herard 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 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 t 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, inwhich case an upper peninsula candidate would be in it with both feet. If it is necessary for Menominee county to sperifice her most popular citizens for the sake of harmony in the party, she will in the future, as

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

in the past, be found ready for the

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 opresent 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

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.

country. Public abuses will flourish | the Lake Superior iron district was in blast. Now the Excelsio 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.

Fresident 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 nade 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 poard of education, caused by the death of A. S. Rowell, is very comnendable. 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

Every resident of Escauaba 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 orking. His stand on the Venezuela question assures for him a nomination for a third term.

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 pre-

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

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

· 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

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

The Federation of Labor convention will be held at Cincinnati next

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

Legal.

Eirst Publication Dec. 21, 1895.

CHANCERYSALE—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, 1804. in a carrain 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 Wagoer 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 Eccanaba, 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 mamber 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 Hessel and Hentschel addition to the said city of Escanaba, Michigan, all according to the recorded plats the rest day of December, A. D. 1804.

Developed the cest day of December, A. D. 1804.

Four weeks ago not a furnace in Jas. H. Clance, Solicitor for Complainant

First Publication Nov. 23d, 1895.

ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL purposes and for appointment of an administrator—State of Alichigan, county of Delta, 18.

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.

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

On reading and filing the petition, daly verified, of Anna Schils, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the foreigne, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said state, are required to apperat a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Eacanaba, 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 intrested 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 rue copy.]

[SEAL.]

Nicat Publication Dec. 7, 1805.

First Publication Dec. 7, 1895. RDER OF HEARING, for assignment of rea-idue of estate. State of Michigan, county of

Delta, se.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Esca aba, on the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and minety-five.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Pro-

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 foremon 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 holden 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.

[MIL GLASER,

Judge of Probate.

First Publication Dec. 7th, 1895.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL account-State of Michigan, county of Delta,

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, holden 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, december.

ceased.

On reading and filing the final report and account of Aanie Dubois, administratrix of said estate.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the foremon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persous interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed:

And it is further ordered, that said administratrix said report and account should not be confirmed:
And it is further ordered, that said administratrix
give notice to the persons incrested in said estate,
of the pendency of said report and account, and the
hearing thereo', 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,
Indee of Probate.

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.

DPOBATE 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. their claims against the estate of Peter Schils, late of said county, occased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said proba e 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. on of each of those days.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

# HENRY & LINN

John J. Ingalls denies that he has Have Just Received a New and Ele gant Line of Portland and Swell Body

Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

Mr. Lina gives special attention borseshoeing, and guarantees satisfaction. . .

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba.

Laundry.

New Process

OF

Laundering Woolens.

We make a Specialty of doing up Un-derwear by This Process and Guar-antee it to be Satisfactory.

Isour Mending Department in which we'do all kinds of mending free of

The Escanaba Steam Laundry. \$16 LUDINGTON ST.



We are Showing this Season the Largest and Most 

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.

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# FASHIONABLE TAILORING

Complete Line of Foreign and

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SUITINGS. OVERCOATINGS, and **TROUSERINGS** 

Special Line of New Goods. EPHRAIM & MORRELL

Escanaba \* Brewing \* Co's





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.

Flour, Feed, Etc.

PAT FOGARTY

FLOUR, FEED, HAY and GRAIN

All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.

"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 the blow to fall. 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

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 behef.

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 want ever reached his ears. And yet, after tent with the dignity of Mr. Roberts' housebolts and bars into his very study, where his own servants scarcely dared to enter.

I don't know what dreadful thing might little word "mother" in the child's fluttering was figurative, of course. speech. Children so seldom speak the word nowadays that it gave a little shock of surorise. Instantly he found himself looking beyend the child, at an old, long-forgotten scene 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

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

"Please, sir," said the quavering 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

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

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

The newspaper fell to the floor unheeded. and the crusty old gentleman and the little girl looked at one another. After awhile the old centleman 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 half way down the hill the servants rewas uplifted so far above the noise and dust laxed from their usual stiff propriety and be-and wretchedness of the city that lay below. gan to enjoy themselves in their own way. was uplifted so far above the noise and dust Truly, it was a pleasant thing to live on a hill. A telegram was handed to Mr. Roberts at and thook out-could the watcher believe his

He had never thought of it before, but all a 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

"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-

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

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 You will excuse her until she recovers."

Mrs. Murray went back to her own room and fell into a chair. If it had been consisall, this little beggar had slipped past the keeper 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 have happened if it had not been for that one knocked her down with a staw, though that

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 -a little cabin, with a white country road of golden hair would be seen in the great winding past it and an awkward boy going 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 scrunity, 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

"Mrs. Murray," it said, "do you like Christ-

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

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

"Marjoriel" 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 ame 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 awkyrd 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 shrough 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

down with a weary sigh. Then she unrolled a little bundle that had been lying beside her

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 loiter ing 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

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, serting 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 exclama-

"Mercy me, child! How you frightened

"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 there? 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 li tle waif to her bosom and was rocking her softly to and fro. The old gentleman behind the screen

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 foe 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 spon the rug with her thin cheek on her thin little hand, and the listner 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 CLAUSE-When you come to-night pleas look at me. I'll be down on the rug. You have never seen me before. You needent give me ennything, but pleas fill the stocking with things for mother shes sick. I tied up the toes so they wouldent drop out. The docter says wine and MARJORIE HOLMES.

For a long time the old man sat in the chair before the tire. Something within him was breaking the cold and selfish crust that years had helped to form. He sat there fore him, or that Tiberius, the emperor under

eyes?-a stocking, a poor, forlorn, ragged "Her mother's gone, and whatever's to be-

"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 articu-

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 I ttle one, he came!"

CHRISTMAS.

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

Is this the veritable anniversary of 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 becould see that by the shadow on the floor. looking from the sleeping child to the forlorn whom he died, came into the world forty-two

THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS come of the little thing I don't know."

> CUSTOMS AND FEASTS OF ENG-LAND'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 gormand, we find such dishes as "dillegrout," "karumple" and "maupigyrnun."

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 "maupigyrnun."

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 lovalty of Gloucester was tested every year by the preparation of a huge lamprey pie for the 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

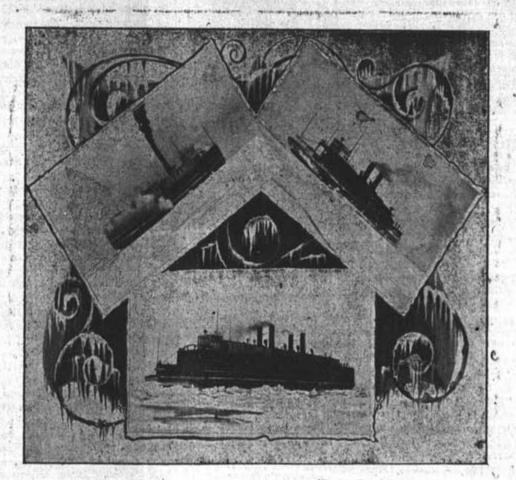
The Christmas lamprey pie, which Gloucester sends to the reigning king or queen, is well worth notice. Last year the custom, fallen into abeyance, was revived, and a pie weighing 31 pounds was dispatched to Windsor and gratefully acknowledged by her majesty. According to an ancient recipe, "take out 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 our 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 clarre, garhiofilac 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 garhiofilac 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

The same king gives orders for peacocks and boars' heads for the feast, showing how was this king whose coronation at Gloucester is depicted in one of the cathedral windows.

But we must never forget that until Creey 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 ceremionious feasts. But the successive generation of the two races became (CONTINUED ON TWELFTH PAGE.)



ICE CRUSHING FERRY BOATS.

He could see, too, that the housekeeper was | little stocking and from the stocking to the years, one month and nine days before him. 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 retreatng 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 radience. 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 tenament 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

ever been hung up in his house-the first

Suddenly the old gentleman rose. He lifted of the great and therewith be content. the child gently and laid her on a couch which had always been sacred to his own use and carriage.

ray knew, this man who went into that sick room, followed by a great hamper filled with "wine and things and house rent?" Was as the birthday of Jesus. this the man that all the charitable organiations 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 of bundles and with a strange, soft feeling tugging at his heartstrings?" He smiled as eyes. He was glad it was dark, so that no

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

child. It was the first time a stocking had 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

It is certain that as early as the year 150 the date we now celebrate was universally covered her with rugs. Then he went softly recognized among Christians without a quesout and astonished the unsuspecting servants tion as their Saviour's natal day. That fact by appearing among them and ordering the alone is all-sufficient for succeeding generations. If all records and allusions to the date Could this be old Theodore Roberts, the of the birth of George Washington were to be money machine, the selfish, brusque, irritable blotted, from all American writings earlier old man, this man who went from store to than 1900 it would be sufficient for posterity store, ordering and buying and spending that at the beginning of the twentieth century money as he had never spent it before? the 22d of February was universally recog-Could this be the Mr. Roberts that Mrs. Mur. nized, and that the day was observed as a legal holiday. This is the best foundation we have for the authenticity of December 25

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 last under the silent stars, with a carriage full Judea, distant thirty-five stadia from Jerusa- garhiofilac and one tun of red wine for claret. lem, in which Christ Jesus was born, as ye can learn from the enrollments completed he went, and yet he had to keep wiping his, under Cyrenius, your first procurator in Jeru- luxury was creeping in more and more. It salem." In the year 200 Tertullian said the same thing: "Finally, concerning the census enrollment of Augustus, which the Roman In a notable Christmas spent there in 1234 archives preserve as a faithful witness of the nearly all his nobles left him because he had Lord's nativity." Any man in the nineteenth given the best seats at table to foreigners. 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 motornen in Philadelphia went out on Tuesday,

### The Iron Port

..... 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 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 wi h which they are identified.

There is no branch of the public control to which the results of this popular neg.ect do not extend. Just how 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 pounding 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 the government. The republicans 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 impres sion. 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 l

country. Public abuses will flourish the Lake Superior iron district was so long as there is public indifference.

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

"About the busiest man in these parts at this writing is our new gov ernor. 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 commissionership to 150, and other positions in like propor-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 Goy. 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

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

which case an upper peninsula can-

didate 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

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 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

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 Jas. H. Claner, Solicitor for Complainant

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.

Every resident of Escauaba 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 an nounces on what is termed "the best authority" that Levi P. Morton is an avowed candidate for the presidency.

Grover Cleveland's "luck" is again vorking. 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 pre-

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

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

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

Newspaper talk about "war" is ather disgusting to the intelligent

The Federation of Labor convention will be held at Cincinnati next

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

Legal.

Eirst Publication Dec n, 1895. Eirst 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 Wagner defendant.

Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest hidder 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 forencon, 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

First Publication Nov. 23d, 1895.

ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL purposes and for appointment of an administrator—State of Michigan, county of Delta, 18.

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.

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 may be appointed on the estate of said deceased. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th 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 holden in the probate office, in the city of Excansha, 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 sublished in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A ruse copy.)

[SEAL.]

First Publication Dec. 7, 1803.

First Publication Dec. 7, 1898.

ORDER OF HEARING, for assignment of residue of estate. State of Michigan, county of

Delta, as.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Esca aba, on the 4th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Pro-

bate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph E. Martel, deceased. Un reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John F. 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

of said cetate to the hetre at law of said Joseph E. Martel, deceased

Therenpon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the foremon 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 Couft, then to be holden in the Probate office, in the city of Ecanaba, 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.) 51 Judge of Probate.

First Publication Dec. wh. 1804

First Publication Dec. 7th, 1893.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL account - State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss. Probate court for said county.

At a session of 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, Honomable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Paul Dubois, decented.

In the matter of the estate of Paul Dubois, deceaçed,
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 holden at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed:

And it is further ordered, that said administratrix give notice to the persons incrested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereo', 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.

PPOBATE NOTICE—State of Michigan, count

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, occased, and that all creditors their claims against the estate of Peter Schils, late of said county, occeased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said proba e court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, tor 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 3d 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 Michiena, Derember 18th A. D. 1896, and on the county of the coun Dated, Escanaba Michigan, December 16th, A EMIL GLASER,

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

# HENRY &

Have Just Received a New and Ele gant Line of Portland and Swell Body

Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

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

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba

Laundry.

SIS OURS

New Process

-OF-

### Laundering Woolens.

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

### ANOTHER HIT

Isour Mending Department in which we do all kinds of mending free of

### The Escanaba Steam Laundry.

516 LUDINGTON ST.



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

Escanaba \* Brewing \* Co's





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

### ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT.

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.

VOL. XXVI.

"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, obviously fluttered and quaking with fear, 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

The childish treble was a little shaken this time, for the shaggy eyebrows were very close to her, and they gave the old gentleman 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 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 was figurative, of course. speech. Children so seldom speak the word nowadays that it gave a little shock of surprise. Instantly he found himself looking bedown the road, stopping at the last curve to

"And who is your mother, pray, and why

should she come here?" "Please, sir," said the quavering 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 re-

ply 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

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

The newspaper fell to the floor unheeded, and the crusty old gentleman and the little girl looked at one another. After awhile 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 half way down the hill the servants rewas uplifted so far above the noise and dust laxed from their usual stiff propriety and beand wretchedness of the city that lay below. gan to enjoy themselves in their own way.

Truly, it was a pleasant thing to live on a hill.

A telegram was handed to Mr. Roberts at and thook out—could the watcher believe his

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

"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 brie

"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 o 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. See 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

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 yend the child, at an old, long-forgotten scene | sunbonnet went toiling up, and then the glint -a little cabin, with a white country road of golden hair would be seen in the great winding past it and an awkward boy going rooms where no child had ever strayed before. Not that she was boisterous, or laughing, or wave his hand to his mother, who stood in | childlike in any way. She would sit in Mrs. the door watching him go out into the world. Murray's room for hours with her hands fold-Then he remembered himself and asked ed 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 scrunity, 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 Christman and every birthday."

Then came a small voice, full of wistful

"Mrs. Murray," it said, "do you like Christ "Why, Marjorie!" was the shocked reply

"Why, of course, I do! Everybody likes "I don't," said the small voice-such

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 awkwrd 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 so far, and the sky's so close to you. Don't in all his life. He had never contributed to you think people can be better when they live | charities, public or private. He had never | districts were all thieves. helped the poor-indeed he had never listened to their appeals.

He had important business in another city which would keep him away all shrough 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

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 loiter ing about the city for awhile he returned me on foot and entered his house quietly ov a side door.

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

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 himselt 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 exclama-

"Mercy me, child! How you frightened

"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, "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

there? 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 li tle waif to her bosom and was rocking her softly to an't

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

She sfood 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 So this was the way they took advantage of 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 apon the rug with her thin cheek on her thin little hand, and the listner 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 unninned the little note and spread it out before him?

DEAR SANTA CLAUSE-When you come to-night less look at me. I'll be down on the rug. You have never seen me before. You needent give me ennything, but pleas fill the stocking with things for mother shes sick. I tied up the toes so they wouldent dr p out. The docter says wine and 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 fro. The old gentleman behind the screen years had helped to form. He sat there could see that by the shadow on the floor. looking from the sleeping child to the forlorn whom he died, came into the world forty-two

"fler mother's gone, and whatever's to be-come 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 articu-

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 saids

"Yes, my I ttle 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

THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS

CUSTOMS AND FEASTS OF ENG-LAND'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 gormand, we find such dishes as "dillegrout," "karumple" and "maupigymun."

Dillegrout required great skill on the cook's part, for it was composed of almond 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 "maupigyrnun."

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

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. history have to offer concerning the birthdays stew ym in beef gravy, port wine and wine of Madeira, put ym in a pie, with chopped an-It is certain that as early as the year 150 chovies, flour and butter; eat yt with lemon

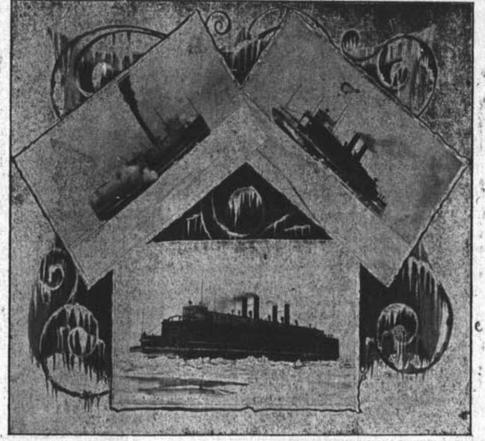
> Accompanying this gift are silver skewers bearing the city arms, engraved or raised in relief. The English had long ere this time been celebrated for their drinking capabilities. Iago says, "Your Dane, your German and

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 clarre, garhiofilac 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 garhiofilac 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 "There is a certain village in the land of for Christmas two tuns of white wine to make

> 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 given the best seats at table to foreigners.

> But we must never forget that until Creevwas fought and won in 1346 there was no English Christmas. Previous to this Saxonand 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





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, time! 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 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, 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. Muray'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 radience. 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 tenament

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 stocking until it was ready to burst, and pinmortal 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

little stocking and from the stocking to the , years, one month and nine days before him. child. It was the first time a stocking had That is to say, it is the decent habit of the world to accept what testimony, tradition and ever been hung up in his house-the first

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 orrowful conviction. "You don't know that out and astonished the unsuspecting servants

> money machine, the selfish, brusque, irritable old man, this man who went from store to 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 as the birthday of Jesus. 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 tugging at his heartstrings?" He smiled as 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 ning 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 possible interest, - Detroit Evening News. and whom nobody loved?

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

of the great and therewith be content. the date we now celebrate was universally juice, mustard and horse radish," covered her with rugs. Then he went softly recognized among Christians without a ques-

tion as their Saviour's natal day. That fact by appearing among them and ordering the alone is all-sufficient for succeeding generations. If all records and allusions to the date Could this be old Theodore Roberts, the of the birth of George Washington were to be blotted from all American writings earlier than 1000 it would be sufficient for posterity store, ordering and buying and spending that at the beginning of the twentieth century the 22d of February was universally recognized, and that the day was observed as legal holiday. This is the best foundation we have for the authenticity of December 25 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: last under the silent stars, with a carriage full Judea, distant thirty-five stadia from Jerusa- garhiofilac and one tun of red wine for claret. of bundles and with a strange, soft feeling lem, in which Christ Jesus was born, as ye can learn from the enrollments completed he went, and yet he had to keep wiping his, under Cyrenius, your first procurator in Ierusalem." In the year 200 Tertullian said the same thing: "Finally, concerning the census is depicted in one of the cathedral windows, enrollment of Augustus, which the Roman In a notable Christmas spent there in 1234 archives preserve as a faithful witness of the nearly all his nobles left him because he had 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

A Philadelphia Strike.

men in Philadelphia went out on Tuesday demanding increased pay and shorter hour

successive generation of the two races because (CONTINUED ON TWELFTH PAGE.)

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

IN GOD'S ACRE.

The white flowers fade above my faded dar

But the soft trees that lean And listen for sweet, absent voices

O'er the lost incense of my withered lilies An amaranthine breath From the mown grass steals round me, With life in death.

No human balm is here for beauty blighted, But on the desert new

Where all my earthly joys lie buried Falls heavenly dow. Where lonely love bemoans her broken

Bright birds their carols fling, The winds lisp low, and in the balsams The locusts sing;

And sometimes thro' the drifts of sorrow's darkness, Like lights on stormy seas, Hope's moonbeams smile, and faintly glim-

The stars of peace.

Fold me, O pity of the skies unbounded, Green rest and rural calms, All tenderness of nature, fold me Like holy arms,

Till the dear quiet of diviner comfort Shall full this longing pain, And all the lost my love surrendered Be mine again. -Rev. Theron Brown, in Boston Watch

### A DELAYED ERRAND.



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

A red-faced and angry woman stood in the kitchendoor, her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo. A meek little man dismounted from his horse at the

gate, and proceeded to unbuckle the girth and take off the saddle, which he threw over the fence. A pull at the head-stall removed the bridle, and the horse, with a snort of satisfaction, at once lay down and rolled in the sandy road. The bridle was thrown across the saddle, and the little man opened the gate slowly and hesitatingly, as one who knows what things the torturer is preparing for him.

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

"Comin'! Yes, I reckin 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! An' the ole red cow o' Peterses has been in kin put me in." the corn again, an' nobody but me to drive her out; but it's little you keer laughed. The laugh was a cheery or what I hev to suffer, so's you kin go to town an' set roun' the stores an' tell lies with that no-'count gang that street. stays there! An' I know jest as well as ef I'd a seen it that you never brung that thread nor them piepans!"

"I was a-goin' to git 'em, Minervy," began the little man, meekly, "but they was up thar makin' up a company-" "Didn't I know it, Jim Carroll! Didn't I know it! If ever there was a woman neglected an' abused from one year's

end to another, I am that woman. Here I am, slavin' an' slavin' from mornin' till night, an' never knowin' what it is to get nowhere exceptin' to preachin' oncet a month-an' gracious knows if it wan't for bein' a Christian I never could stand this kind of a life, an' you know that well enough; an' here are you, gaddin' about like ef you didn't

soon be a free nigger an'-done with it!" The red-faced woman withdrew into the house, and the meek little man followed her. He hoped that the worst of the storm was over, and he even ventured to remark with a conciliating smile:

"I never thought you'd be so mad

about it, Minervy." "There it is!" shrieked the now thoroughly proused 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



"DIDN'T I KNOW IT, JIM CARROLL?"

but what somebody has to accuse me o' bein' mad ! I reckin' I'll hev to be gagged after awhile, so's I can't say nothin'! If ever I did see a domineerin', overbearin' man you're that man, Here you kin insult me as much as you ease, but I don't dare to say my soul is my own. 'An' when you knowed how I needed that thread an' them piepans, an' you go all the way to town, an' then come back without 'em! Go out an' git a' armful o' wood to git breakfast with! reckin you kin remember that? Graelous knows, if all the men was like the women folks would be a plagued ht better off without 'em than they

The little man went out at the open

and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply: "Whew!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twi-

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

The sound awakened him as from a trance, and he started so violently that the sticks of wood fell from his arms. Some strange emotion seized him at the noise made by the falling wood. He pulled his hat down over his brows, gave one glance back over his shoulder, scaled the fence and fled wildly down the slope of the hill under the thick shadows of the trees.

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. A dozen times he felt Minervy's hand on his coat collar, and he knew that if it were there he would have no choice but to go back. Such time was never made since the days of Tam O'Shanter. Over fallen tree trunks, around upturned roots, vaulting over gullies, dodging low-hanging limbs, dragging himself free from the embrace of too affectionate briars, away he went down the hill, pursued by the avenging shadow of Minervy.

At the foot of the slope, where the hill and valley met, he emerged into the road. It was quite dark, and the fear of pursuit haunted him no longer-that is, not to any great extent. He didn't run now, he only walked rapidly. He carried his hat in his hand, and mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and remarked in an amazed undertone:

"By Ned!"

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. The war was but a few months old, and only vague rumors of it had penetrated to these remote districts. This was the first company of volunteers to go from this section, and it was made up wholly of those more daring spirits who were willing to risk anything in the mere love of adventure.

A commotion back of the door told of new arrival, and the crowd willingly made way for him. A little man, rumpled as to hair and tattered as to garments, struggled into the clear space in front of the enrolling officer

"Ef the comp'ny ain't made up yet you

Everybody knew him and everybody brimming with amusement, and it filled the room and extended out into the

"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.

"Jist think of it, boys," drawled a third. "Think o' Jim Carroll j'inin' 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 hey a keer in the world! I'd jest as the next merning 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, Sile Colburn, remarked in a general way to several of the others:

"Wall, boys, fur's I'm concerned, you kin leave off langhin' at Jim Carroll an' pokin' fun at 'im. Jim, he never growls 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 slep' on the groun' without any kiver so's to give me his extry blankit all o' last week, when I wan't feelin' so mighty vigris. I'll bet they wouldn't none o' the rest o' you 'a' done it."

"Jes' wait till a battle comes up," said long Ben Finks, scornfully. "You won't never hear of Jim Carroll again after the first gun fires. He'll pitch out a runnin', an he'll be a-runnin' yit when the trumpit sounds for the merlenium.

Within three days there was a battle; a battle for which some of the Tigera had longed, and which others had awaited with dread. The weak little man who had fled from Minervy found himself, with the other Tigers and dim, gray-coated ranks beyond, charging up a hill, in the face of a battery that plowed through their ranks and laid rows of slaughtered men along the slope behind them; but still they rushed on, their faces set grimly. Jim Carroll was one of the first to leap upon a smoking cannon and snatch away the fuse, and then on in the pursuit, as the enemy retreated, stubbornly fighting their way inch by inch.

The next day something happened. Jim Carroll was offered promotion for bravery on the field of battle.

"I'm much obliged," he said, fumbling. with his hat in an embarrassed manruther not. I'd lots ruther do jest plain fightin!." So Jim Carroll was left to do "plain

fightin'," and there is no denying that he did it well. It came to be acknowledged as a settled fact that the little man who was ascending the tree barely man whom Minervy had ruled with a escaped with his life. ed of iron did not know what fear was. The first guns of a battle fired door and around the horse toward the roused the sound of the trumpet intercourse with the east the roused like hand across his perspiring forehead, rushed into a charge with head up and China to be exchanged for tea.

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

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. The meek lit-tle man with timid and appealing look made more than one journey into the enemy's lines, and returned with information which no one else could have gained. Long and lonely journeys, through sections bristling with dan-gers, fell to his share, and he was frequently placed where nothing but quick thought and ready wit could save him. No one had ever suspected him of having either resource, but he came out of every difficulty unscathed and reported at headquarters with the old meekness and gentleness.

"That Jimmie Carroll is a caution," remaked Sile Colburn to a crowd of his native villagers, when he was taking a little furlough on account of a bullet through his lung. "It's my belief that Jim Carroll's the bravest man that's fit into the war. Why, when our colonel went down in that last battle, what does Jim do but run right back into the face of the enemy, grab a loose horse, git our colonel onto 'im an' come a-bringin' 'im away, cool as a cucumber. The very Yankees yelled like mad when they seen it, an' he could a got a permotion then an' thar ef he'd 'a had it. But he said no, I thank you, Jim did. He said he'd lots ruther do plain fightin'."

The four years were past-the "plain fightin' " was over. Appomattox was a recent and bitter memory, and along all the roadways trailed dusty and forlorn figures, their faces turned toward whatever region they had once called home. Two men limped painfully down the valley to the little town lying peaceful and serene in the evening light as though there had been no such thing as war in all the world. Purple shadows of clouds drifted across the distant hills, and along a strip of white road on the outskirts of the town a company of small boys with paper caps and wooden guns were playing soldier.

"Now, Jim," urged Sile, 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' stan' up for your rights."

"I 'lowed I would, Sile," 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, ef you give down I'll be plum ashamed o' ye, that's what I will.



HERE'S THE WOOD YOU SENT ME FOR

If you let Minervy git the start o' you oncet more it's good-by to your chances. An' a man that fit like you did, too."
"I'll take keer, Sile," said the hero of

battle and scout. "I'm a-goin' into astore a minute to buy somethin', an' then I'm a-gol' 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. She had set the yellow platter of "corn pone" on the table, and was turning back again when a figure in the doorway startled her.

"Minervy, here's the wood you sont 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.

"Well, you waited for 'em to grow, I reckin'," she ejaculated between sobs. "But it don't make no diff'runce, Jim I'm done scoldin' the rest o' my life. Supper's ready, Jim. I'm glad you got home in time for supper."

And while she cried, the "bravest man who fit in the war" wiped the tears from her face with a hand as tender as through it had never handled a gun or been blackened with powder. -N. O. Times-Democrat.

Thieves Up a Tree.

An odd nest of thieves was discovered the other day in Washington city. It was a small wooden house, about six by eight feet in size, built in the top of a large oak tree some 40 feet from the ground. The tree had been selected for the difficulty with which it could be ascended, and the thieves' nest was only accessible by a rope ladder suspended from one of the branches that supported the house. The nest had been built ner, "but if it's all the same to you I'd by three young men, who had all the winter been engaged in a series of daring and systematic burglaries. When the place was discovered and an attempt made to enter it, the young ras-

—During the early years or European intercourse with the east the Dutch sent large quantities of sage leaves to

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

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

-Ih most parts of Asia where coffe a 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

-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. Certificates of proficiency have to be earned, and without these no girl may marry.

-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. There were nine bays to the nave, divided by columns three feet and a half in diameter of the owns don't pay any dividends."—Brookthe nave of the old Cistercian abbey of columns three feet and a half in diameter. Parts of the rood screen and fragments of shrine in 13th century carving, with traces of color, were found, together with armorial and embossed tiles.

FALL OF THE GOD, KONKOM.

A Poor Wretch Who Preyed Upon Super

stitious People Finally Shot. The Revue des Missions Contemporaines, a Swiss magazine, tells a strange story of a new god eagerly worshiped at Date, on the British Gold coast, Date is one of the stations of the Barel mission. The town contains 6,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly one-fourth are Christians. A number of years ago a god took up his abode in a cave near Date. A kid was given to him every few days, and he was consulted as a wise oracle. All that the worshipers had ever seen was an arm stretched out of the cave to seize the offered kid. One day some of those who came to present the usual sacrifice resolved to see more of the god. When the arm appeared they seized it, and dragged out of the cave a man, wretched-looking object; his nose eaten away by ulcers, his body covered with sores. The men who had dragged him out were terrified, and fled to the town. No one understood that they had been deceived. The monster was a god, the mightier because so hideous. And they came out to the cave to appease him. Full of wrath at the affront put on him, "the god" commanded his votees to destroy their crops and their provisions, promising them to take them back in favor and save them from hunger. The infatuated people did as he commanded; but he then disappeared and left them to suffer a terrible famine.

The god betook himself to a town not far off-Krakya, in German territory. To the people of Krakya he told his tale -of Divine wisdom and power, of dignity and of revenge. They believed him, assigned him to a cave as a dwelling, and became his worshipers-they and the inhabitants of a wide district round the town. The heathen of Date, learing what had become of their missing god, earnestly sought by sacrifices and enchantments to bring him back. At last, by the instruction of a girl, instigated by the heathen priests, a human sacrifice, a slave bought at a distant market, was offered up to propitiate the offended god. The slave was strangled, then set upright in a trench, earth heaped up round him and over

him, and an altar thus constructed. But still the god did not return. The horrid murder leaked out. It came to the ears of the British governor, who had the altar demolished and the body exposed, and then the priests concerned in the sacrifice executed. The Christians in the town, who had meantime been suffering a good deal of persecution at the hands of their heathen neighbors, breathed freely once more, and the cult of the god Konkom (as the miserable man had called himself) was abolished in Date. This was in 1887; but up to a few months ago the god was still worshiped in Krakya, and his priest possessed great power. Some crime of which he had been guilty-probably some arrogant deed of revenge-brought him within the reach of German law. Early in the present year he was seized by a company of German soldiers, tried and shot. The worship of Konkom will not survive this catastrophe.-Philadelphia Telegraph.

The World's Merchant Navy. Recent statistics of the mercantile navy of the world give the total number of sailing vessels now affoat measuring over 50 tons as 25,570, with an aggregate tonnage of 9,323,995 tons. Of this number Great Britain comes first with 8,793 ships of 3,333,607 tons. The United States is second with 3,824 vessels and 1,362,317 tons. Norway is third, with nearly 1,000 less vessels than the United States, but nearly the same amount of tonnage. Prance occupies only the eighth rank, between Sweden and Greece. In regard to the steamers, England counts 5,771 vessels, with nearly 10,000,000 tons. Germany, which comes second, has 826 steamers of 1,-306,771 tons; France, third, with 501 steamers and 864,598 tons; while the United States holds fourth place, with 447 steamers and 703,399 tons. These figures relate only to ocean and seacoing vessels and do not include coasting craft or those employed in lake and mland navigation.—Architecture and

-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,
Haif in the fields, and half in the trees,
Where the children, the sives, and th
fairles stray With footsteps facing the twilight

The fairles and elves can pass through

But a child must pay for the toll with a Before the fairy land it can see, And this must be said, or it all goe

"I believe in the Three Little Bears, and the Prince that climbed the Moun-tain 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.

An Unusual Opportunity.

As Unusual Opportunity.

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

This firm has come to be known as "the guickest mail-order house in the world." It is one of Chicago's oldest and most reliable firms, its business is immense, and every representation made can be relied upon. They boldly announce: "Your money back if not satisfied with your purchase."

Be sure to find and read the big display advertisement above referred to. By doing so you will probably be greatly assisted in deciding on purchases for Christmas, and the Catalogue has a fund of information that will be valuable at all seasons. And all you need do is to write for it to Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., 58 to 72 State St., Chicago.

Great Reduction in Time to California Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental 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-Réom Bleeping 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 Bleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped and Los Angeles, completely equipped borths in uphoistered Tourist Sleepers be-ing furnished at a cost of only \$6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of con-necting lines or address: W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The Pilgrim. (Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—prose, poetry and filustrations—by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to GEO. H. HEAFTOND, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building. Chicago. Ill.

Chicago, Ill. 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.

Dropsy is a dread disease, but it has lost Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgis, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

TEACHER—"Emma, what do you know of the orchid family?" Emma—"If you please, mamma has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip."-Tit-Bits.

Schiller Theater, Chicago. Dec. 8th Mr. Joe Hart appears for one week in "A Gay Old Boy." This announce-ment should fill the house.

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 Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct 29, 1894.

In these day's the matrimonial match only ms to light on the money box .- Truth.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

# Take Ca

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with

Undo it yourself; then it's easy; otherwise the DeLONG

Hook and Eye never un-

fastens.

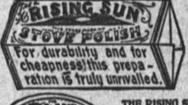
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If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

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Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

THE AERMOTOR CO, does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1,6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw
Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw
Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed
Grinders. On application it will name one
of these articles that it will furnish until
January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes
Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue.
Factory 1 12th, Reckwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicaga.

TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mal

## TES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN Jacobs Oures Rheumatism, Oil 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. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that

they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. 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's growing time with him. He is burning up fat. This fat must be in as constant

supply as the air he breathes. It has got to come from somewhere. If 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

Scorr's Emulsion will take that boy, set his digestion at work, re-build that body. His food may not make him fat-Scott's Emulsion will.

Be surg you get Scott's Emulcion when you want it and not a cheap substitute. cott & Bowne, New York. All Drugglets. goc, and \$1.

### 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.

COPYRIGHT, 1895. Gladly would I write of aught save. feathers, but how may one avoid the

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 sloak, huge and commanding, a gar-



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 contess I find this bold and theatric cloak | sinewy wrist.

made up with novelty velvet in the bodies front in gay colors of the rain-bow 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

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 or-

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-collar edged 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 gowning 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 gymnasties 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



altogether attractive. If we are to ad- | There is a recurrent fondness for mit colors at all, why not let them be panel-lengths of figured cloth or brostrong and bold? But the plumes! They | cade, or what not, set into a plain dark must be dreadfully annoying to the skirt, sometimes at the side, sometimes wearer, they would be positively dan- in front. This effect is generally emgerous were she to walk on crowded ployed in connection with a tight-fitcrossings unable to see behind her. ting corselet bodice employing the same They remind one of the puzzle-"find figured material. The sleeves can be the woman's face." But because they dark, like the gown, and they may carry are correct they are beautiful, I sup- their fullness well toward the wrist. pose. That is what we promptly say of Plaids, so cut as to run diagonally, each new thing when once the shock of are not a fad, but they hold their renovelty is past.

Even more outre are some of the new bodices, like a Japanese raincoat of showy, lines of red and blue and green straw, except that the downward with white, and they generally have a drooping thatch or shingle is of feathers all; or the new boss of the pheasant | fur or velvet. or grebe skins, with a stuffed head at the neck, and the tail feathers dangling down toward the waist. Upon the hat | Practically every woman one meets is worn with such adornment a similar a "fuzzy wuzzy," to use a word coined bird's head perks itself from a nest of for a very different meaning by Mr. puffing feathers. This slaughter of the | Kipling. innocents is decreed by Paris and ac-

cepted by London. There is a kind of white feather used in fashioning the ceremonial cloaks and mats of the dusky chiefs of the South | boas. 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 of the face look softer. 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 shovels shapes is a "combine of "osprey" and ostrich rib-bon 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 was discussed by some of the members of cords of black and green and a brim of black relvet bearing a few folds of Piscatorial society at the Holburn res-green shove book knotted into choux taurant, in London. More than one of at either side; and there are five big os-

trich plumes to wave at the rear. "Tailor gown" no longer spells sim-plicity. One of the prettiest I have seen on these new waters, dropped some of this week is a rough, hairy blue cloth, the spawn from their bills.

spectable own as they have always done. . When used they are big and relief of darker cloth and garniture of

Past belief are the roughness and the hairiness of winter gowning material.

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

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 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 assembled at a recent reunion of the them considered that this was effected by birds which had been feeding on fish



COPYRIGHT, 1895.

(With thanks for all our toil an' search),



VAS 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,

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 ceilin'; Two toke of oxen drawed in line, An' one was Tom's an' one was mine; 'An' trudgin' 'long, we fell, we two, A-gossipin' like women do.



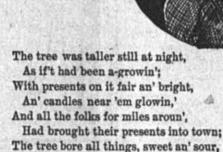
We done our own longcomin's brown. An' other people's knavery



We talked of all the girls in town, Not countin' Gretchen Avery. We wasn't on speakin' terms that

Regardin' her, as one might say; She had two would-be beaux, you see, An' one was Tom an' one was

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.



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.

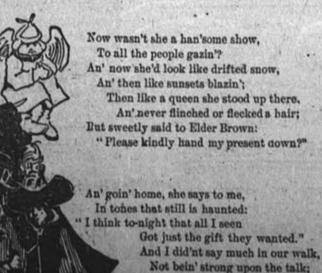
An' then I says: "I won't be beat In cunnin' or in bravery!" An' so I went an' sought a seat Adjoinin' Gretchen Avery. An' she was rather kind, for her-Just like a sister, as it were; An' fluttered some'at from her perch, There in the Presbyterian church.

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."





But couldn't sift my feelings from

The mournful words: "Exceptin' Tom!"



A Series of Useful Hints to Belated Buyers.

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

COPTRIGHT, 1805. "Where are the dolls?"

"Are these stamp boxes sterling sil-

"I'll take two of those rolling blotters, please."

This is Christmas shopping; you hear it repeating itself year after year. Evleast 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 pleted when the calendar warns her suggestions are given:

Almost any sort of store, nowadays, iday 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 confor 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 any- trouble stowing them all away. By thing else. The dealers have gone the time he has disposed of his pocketchina mad, and have made everything knife, his dog whistle, the corkscrew. 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.

dinary presents, and they can be had family present. A book cover of linen

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

The imitation Presden 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 ery woman in Christendom begins at 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 presents. Yet, for all her good inten- from a sweetheart or wife. Paper cuttions, she finds her list hardly half com- ters with a tiny reading glass in the handle, gold suspender buckles and emthat Christmas is only ten days off; and broidered suspenders made by a tailor in her desperation she hies herself to or regular suspender manufacturer, so the shops to purchase at random the that there will be no trouble about the first things that present themselves. It fit, a cigar cutter, a spring tape measis to help this woman that the following | ure, a rubber eraser with a brush at one end to dust off the paper, a silver monkey with a pin cushion in his back, has on exhibition a certain stock of hol- 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 tagion. This involves much danger of while one is reading—the two middle duplicating over and over again. Fancy, 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 in its case, match box, tape measure, pocket comb and glass, with court plaster and pocket scissors, he will find bis 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 other-

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 The smaller ones serve better for or- a gold collar button will make a good in other tints which are quite as fasci- with the words "my book" embroidered



WHICH ONE WILL YOU TAKE?

ple to give to the father and mother of her papa. the bride, and would help them out of | Boys are pleased with cameras, tools, the difficulty of choosing something anything of a personal nature, such as personal for each one.

for a dollar, and this, by the way, would turn of mind. be a pretty present for a young girl nice presents, but cannot be had for less old. than from three to five dollars.

Cups and saucers are not usually very desirable presents unless they are small

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 minature 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.

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 miles above the earth.

nating. Such a lamp would be a very on the back is one of the novelties that nice present for a young married cou- may be easily made by a little girl for

gloves, neckties, shirt studs, caff and A china clock would serve the same collar buttons, mufflers, There is a purpose. These are made in the real great deal of electrical apparatus made Delft ware as well as the imitation. A for boys which is delightful and invery pretty litt. clock can be bought structive to a youth of a mechanical

A case of modeling apparatus with away at school or for any lorn, lone clay ready to be shaped in the molds woman who boards, and has no kind that come with the set, into rabbits, and solicitous relative at hand to see dogs, houses, walls, church steeples, that she-wakes up when she should in etc.—all of which can be had for from the morning. Traveling clocks, set in \$1.50 to \$2.50-would be a source of joy leather and made to fold up, are very to a youngster of from five to ten years

For girls or young women there are pretty belts and buckles of many varieties. Those of cut silver are the ones intended for the five-o'clock tea 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 fillgree, 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 ANNIE L. WOODS.

Reight of the Atmosphere. It is impossible for a human being to breathe at a height greater than seven

NO ACTION TAKEN IN THE MAT-TER OF TEXT BOOKS.

A. R. Northup Succeeds the Late A. S. Rowell On the Board—General Proceedings of the Board's Last

The adjourned regular meeting of the board of education was held in the high chool 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, Wiltsie, 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 re
ferred to the auditing committee:
H. Salinsky & Co \$ .5
C. H. Long, postage 1.0
B. Ellsworth 28.4
John Hirt 1.0
C. S. Anderson, heating pipes 500 0
R. Goram, oil 1.0
C. & N.W. R. R. Co., freight 16.6
Amount allowed to teachers by auditing
committee for absence due to sickness. 10.0
F. Defnit, draying 1.0
A. S. Cohen 2.2
M. A. Burns 4.6
Fuel (wood)
Inspector LaPlant was appointed or
the auditing committee in place of In

spector 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 investiga-

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

Moved by LaPlant, Wiltsie 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 fluishing 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 resignaaccepted. Motion carried

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

It was moved and seconded as an amendment that Miss Peurl Southwick receive \$5.00 per mouth 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, Wiltsie, Duff, Wixson-4. Amendment carried. Original motion as amended: Ayes-Bacon, Barr, Cotterill, Robertson, Long, Helm. Morgan-7; mays-Lehr, LaPlant, Peterson, Wiltsie, 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 Christman vacation commence Dec. 20th, 1895, and school commence January 6th, 1896. Motion carried unanimously, The committee on teachers and disci-

pline prepared the following resolutions and presented them to the board for their ern R'y. consideration: WHEREAS, A. S. Rowell, a member of this

board, has a ely pa-sed from life and labo 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, he it RESOLVED, That, while bowing to the Divine will, this board deplores 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

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

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,
Leur, Bacon, Long, Helm, Wiltsie, Morgan—10. Substitute lost. Vote on
original motion: Ayes—Cotterill, Barr,

and Chas. Boda, Hyde Postoffice, Mich.

Butter Logs
A Special
Price or
and Chas. Boda, Hyde Postoffice, Mich.

Peterson, LaPlant, Lehr, Bacon, Long, Helm, Wiltsie, Morgan—10; navs—Duff, Wixsou—2. Motion carried. Mr. A. R. 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 monthy 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, La Plant, Barr, Helm, Long, Morgan-7; nays-Wixson. Duff, Cotterill, Peterson, Wiltsie

-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 Wixon'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 woolens 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 percent, discount sale now

on at Ed. Erickson's includes all the choice novelties in Priestley black dress

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 their own price. Catholic and Episcopal prayer and hynmal books at Mead's. Finest line in

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

Don't buy a Christmas gift entil 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

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 Skeping 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 agents Chicago & North-West-

A Great Premlum. 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, \$5 per thousand, without losing money. When stumpage, 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 thecity 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.

Fifty men to work in kiln woods for

(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 make common cause.

Wis have no tale of the reverence of the cross to fell 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 Chancer, 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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501 Wells Avenue, Escanaba, Mich. Office hours 9 to 4, Established 1877.

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GRADUATED MIDWIFE. 207 Jennie Street. ESCAJABA, : : : MICHIGAN.

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### LAWYERS IN THE LEAD

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED OF THEM IN THE NEW CONGRESS.

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

tives of the fifty-fourth congress is com-posed of 223 lawyers, 24 farmers, 18 architect, 1 druggist, 1 theatrical mana-

ness or profession than politics.

The senate of the fifty-fourth congress contains 60 lawyers, 6 merchants, 3 garian. In the senate there are four newspaper men, 2 farmers, 3 railroad men, 2 clergymen, 2 miners, 1 physician, wegian and one Irishman. 1 manufacturer, 1 banker, 1 ship owner, and five men who have followed politics

variety of occupations and professions cans, were abroad on a visit, as were represented by their colleagues in the minority, it would appear that this dignified body is capable of at leust consid-ering any question which may appear on York, who was born in the Fatherland 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 engineer-ing class, however, is doubtless due more to the fact that men of their profession have no time for politics rather than to of Wisconsin and Cook of Wisconsin enter the possibility that their good works lack appreciation.

autobiographies-for they are really such | far to travel across the border. -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 when mere youths. Woodman, new not been educated in college. That is to member from Illinois, is the sole represay, about 48% per cent. of the representative of Denmark. He came to this sentatives and about 43 per ceut. of the senators are college educated.

body appear to have extraordinary edu- soon after the war, where he studied cations. Among these are Taft, new law. member from Ohio, who was graduated In the senate, the Englishmen, beside both at Yale and the University of Heidle- Wetmore, of Rhode Island, are Mautle, berg, Germany; Bartlett, of New York, new senator from Montana, Pasco of who graduated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Florida and Jones of Nevada, all of whom 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 the University of the South, the University of the University of the South, the University of th

Of the eighteen newspaper men in the house, those worthy of mention among the new members are Taft, of Ohio, new house are twenty years above the editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star; minimum limit for age. But one is be-Southwick, of New, York, editor of the tween the ages of 25 and 30, and but ten Albany Evening Journal, and McCormick, of New York, whose reputation as a journalist was better known a generative days after this letter appears. He tion ago than it is to-day. McCormick has been admitted to the bar but four was a Wall street business man until years. Galusha Grow, the venerable exforty years ago when he traveled in speaker from Pennsylvania, still owns Europe, writing letters from the Crimea, the distinction of being the Nestor of the during the war. At the time of our late house. He is 72 years and 3 months old. war he was also with the army of the Potomac as correspondent of the New York Evening Post, and subsequently re-ceiving a government app. intment in the The "father" of the present house is Harceiving 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 have served previous terms in the house ing congress except the forty-fourth. are Quigg, of New York, editor of the Culberson, of Texas, ranks next in senior-New York Press; Bartholdt, of Missouri, ity, having served in the forty-fifth and 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 The Cost of Bad Roads. 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 Pennaylvania, who has been correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, Pittsburg Com-mercial-Gazette and other well-known

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 Educationa Russo-

death of his father, which shifted the maintenance of a large family upon his shoulders. During many long years of toll he acquired the rudiments of an edu-cation at night school. In the 60's he went to Cincinnati and started at the lowest round of the tobacco manufactur-ing 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 According to the new congressional directory which has just made its appearance, the house of representaprises in the state which he represents.

Twenty-three members of the bouse newspaper men, 16 merchauts, 15 manu-facturers, 9 physiciaus, 6 bankers, 5 lum-bermen, 3 brokers, 4 railroad men, 3 col-no matter how high they may rise in the lege professors, 2 clergymen, 2 ship esteem of their fellow citizens. These owners, 2 miners, 2 builders, 1 printer, 1 comprise the foreigners of congress, at comprise the foreigners of congress, at least those who were born outside the ger, 1 school teacher, 1 music teacher United States. The foreign class in the and 16 who have followed no other busi- bouse includes six Canadians, five Germans, four Englishmen, three Irishmen, three Scotchmen, one Dane and one Hun-

Members of the house born in England, besides ex-Speaker Crisp, are three new republicans—Milnes of Michigan, Lorimer In other words about 63 per cent. of of Illinois, and Jenkins of Wisconsin, all our representatives and about 68 per of whom came to this country when cent. of our senators, in the national leg-small boys. Crisp's English birth was islature, are lawyers. With such a host of lawyers to make the laws and such a country while his parents, both Ameri-

> 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 the Canadian section with Stephenson of Michigan, McCleary of Minnesota and By a careful examination of the 450 Grout of Vermont, none of whom had

McLachlan of California and Spalding of Michigan, both new members, with Henderson of lown, are the three Scotchmen of the lower house, the first named emigrating to this country when three years of age, the others likewise arriving country a sailor lad of 19, who afterwards defended the Union in the navy, A number of the members of the lower eventually finding his way to Chicago

University of Virginia, and finally at the University of Heidelberg.

Hampshire and McMillan of Michigan are the Canadians.

More than half of the members of the Next to him stands Avery of Michigan, at 71, and third, Harris, of Ohio, also at mer, of Pennsylvania, who was a member of the forty-second congress and reelected as representative to each succeedeach 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 ex-

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. Estimat-ing 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 of the Minnesota State Educationa Rassociation 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 United States consuls abroad where the

# 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 valor, 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.

PRESENTS

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\$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 WI. HEP MITY. How the Queen Celebrates the Day at Osborne.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller Tells of Brillian estivities Within the Palace, and of Many Homes Made/Happy Ontalde Its Gates.

COPYRIORY, 1895.

Christmas-tide festivities had de eliped 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 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 firtree, it was a novelty when the prince consort set it up in the palace on the first Christmas after his marriage. The cusotm 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 s trees is nightfall on Christmas eve; for, as we all know, the tree is not itself axcept 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 fistened with impatience for your step which was to usher us into the giftroom. 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 ra diant candles." It is more than 30 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 Princesa Ena (Eugenie Victoria) of Battenburg, and her brothers, the children of Princess Beatrice, are especial-ly the little ones who enjoy the treat at After church, luncheon is taken at the

Christmas at Osborne is now the fast. The afternoon is spent in various queen's rule, though in the prince con-sort's time it was always spent at Wind-sor. Though the royal borough is now house which used to be called "Rachreft at the festive season; it is not forgot- eler's hall," because when the big en: for the poor of Windsor, to the num- house was full any young men amongst in Lippincott's

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 the house, relies of the prince's foreign 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 sort fully follow the example of the queen in trying to make the time a the estate has a Christmas dinner provided. The meat for these gifts is cut | finished. up in quantities corresponding to the size of the various families, and set out



on long tables in the village school each portion labeled with the name of the recipent; 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 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, brasschasing, and poker-work, as well as embroidery with the needle and water color painting, are all done really well 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. guests with seasonable 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 vehi-

small tables that were used for break-

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 Tricks to Be Performed with his wife. If the weather be cold enough, skating is enjoyed on Christmas afternoon on the lake. The princess 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 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 brought up. He and his gracious con- Wales is a good billiard player and a great smoker, and the gentlemen may spend part of the evening in the billiard bright and pleasant one for all around | room; but as the royal dinner is not bethem. Every laborer and cottager on gun till a quarter of nine, there is not much evening to get through after it is 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 without the knowledge of the specta-Christmas" for others. The Needlework Guild is a society of which H. of each domino being alone regarded): R. H. is president, and it numbers many hundreds of "associates" fill 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 the schoolroom to see the spread ready, 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 by these clever young ladies, who are rags. The family from White Lodge inspired in all these undertakings by 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 for church, some little time before it I the derision of the bystanders, who unis necessary to set out, to greet their | mercifully 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 impunged 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 samural with a strapge 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 Weekz,

Balls, Deminoes and Cards,

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

COPTRIGHT, 1893.

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 dominces (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.

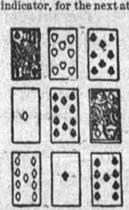
The principle is arithmetical. To begin with, the dominoes are arranged, tors, in the following order (the total

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 wall be: nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, ten. (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-



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 transposi-

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 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 and numbers will be found to be the same, and may be brought to ther, completing the circle. The pe

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 dominon 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 t, being alike, would simply be brought together, and the circle would either be complete, or the break would occur 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

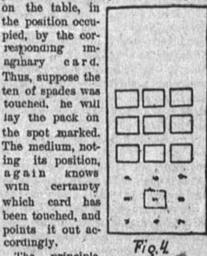
which card has been touched. Now the thumb in the position shown in Fig. 3 shows that the ten of spades has been touched; a shade lower, but still in the middle, the ace of hearts; at the left hand bottom corner, the nine of diamonds. The same information is conveyed in the performer's absence, by the position in which he leaves the pack on the table. The nine cards are placed on the table

Fig. 4.) When a card has been touched, the performer carelessly leaves the pack

in such manner as to leave space for

nine more imaginary cards, similarly

arranged, to right or left of them. (See



The principle, t 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 learts, 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 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 paratus consists of an ebony ball, 11/4 inches in diameter, and a nickeled cation 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. Besides the visible ball, the perence. Besides the visible ball, the per-former is supplied with two others, one of ridicule than respect.—Temple dar.

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 impedi-ment. 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 equalsized 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. No. 6).

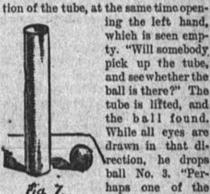
Proceeding with his demonstrations, the performer turns the tube the other

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 eve 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 direc-



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

MARRIAGE IN FINISTERE.

Odd Customs by Which the Event Is Celebrated There.

operandi cannot possibly be discovered.

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 basfanel, 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 matrimorial ambassador. But the basfanel'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 queen of spades, the first card on the not the kitchen and general room. Then the basfanel steps forward, and, on behalf of the whole company, he addresses the final felicitations to the young couple. This courtly persona more ambitious feat. The visible ap, age is almost invariably a tailor. His habit of going from house to house in the exercise of his calling-the rural brass tube six inches in length and of tailor seldom works at home-enables such diameter as just to admit the ball. him to become the best informed man-Midway between the two ends its inter- concerning the private affairs of all nal diameter is restricted (by the appli- the families in his district. He is a great favorite of the women, because he is to them an unfailing 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 basfanel-

### UNCLE COTTLE'S WOOING

"I'm going to get married, Tim."
Uncle Cottle sat very upright in his chair, and spoke with an air of invinci-

"What, again?" drawled his nephew,

wearily. "Again, sir? When was I married be-

"But this isn't the first time you've been going to do it, uncle; that's what I meant," Tim explained, "Do I know the favored lady?"

"It's Miss Sybil Holt, Tim," said Uncle Cottle, confidentially. "The most lovely—the—the—oh-h! I met her the other evening at Mrs. Dynham's silver seemed to take to me. I'm older than she is," he sighed, pensively, "but I look a good ten years younger than I am; don't you think so?"

Young Tim regarded him critically, without hazarding an opinion. He was past middle age and looked it; a full-bodied little gentleman, with short, dumpy legs and a bland, moon-like face, whose prevailing expression was of imperturbable simplicity.

"Have you proposed?" "Why, no, I've only seen her once. Besides," Uncle Cottle sighed again, "I'm so shy, you know, Tim-so infernally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose was when I wrote to that widow-you remember, you helped me with that letter - and she never answered. You didn't say," he added, "whether you know Miss Holt?"

"I don't remember ever to have met "Ah! If you had you couldn't forget her. She's an aunt you'll be proud of,

my boy." "But she may not appreciate the honor of obtaining me for a nephew."

"If she refuses me, Tim-if I lose her as I've lost all the others," cried Uncle Cottle, wildly, "I shall think there's a curse on me, and I'll give in-I'll never love again. I'll live and die single!"

Young Tim hoped he would. Uncle Cottle had been his guardian ever since he was quite a boy, but since he came of age, some six years ago, he had rather reversed the position of affairs, and looked upon Uncle Cottle with the jealous eye of a sole proprietor who didn't want anybody to meddle with his busi-

"I'm his only relative," he complained to his wony, Ted Merrows, as he sat at breakfast next morning in the chambers they tenanted in common. "What's his is mine. He's said so lots of times. If he gets married, though, his wife will expect at least half; and if he has children,-there'll be no meat left on the bone for me!"

They were both reading for the bar, but Ted Merrows put aside his paper for the moment, and placed all his intellect at the service of his friend.

"What's the use of looking black about it? He's been going to marry often enough before-

"But he's never seemed so determined as he is now. He's dyeing his hair and cultivating a figure."

"Gone so far as that!" exclaimed Ted. "Then I'm afraid nothing will stop him."

"I shall try, anyhow," growled Tim. "If I can't hit on anything better, I shall tell him I've found out she's engaged. I've stopped him twice like that; he's so nervous and afraid of seeming presumptuous. That widow was the most dangerous-three months ago. I really thought I'd lost him that time. He was so bewitched he was going to call at her house, only I persuaded him it wasn't ediquette, and that he ought to write first and disclose his sentiments, and ask permission to call. I undertook to post the letter on my way home here to the Temple, and I

put it in the fire. When he got no answer he wished he hadn't written-felt he had been impertinent and she was of-"Suppose he meets her and mentions

"He daren't; I know him too well. He'd be so ashamed and panic-stricken he'd run away at the sight of her."

"Well, you have been lucky so far, but it can't go on like this forever," observed Ted Merrows. "Take my tip, and make hay while the sun shines."

"How do you mean?" "You are old enough to marry, and, as your uncle's sole heir, you'd be a valuable article in the matrimonial market; but if he marries, you'll find yourself on the shelf among the damaged goods and remounts. Dispose of yourself while you are still heir and the fitting lord for an heiress. You can't stop the eld man marrying, but you can take care he doesn't spoil you by marrying first."

"But I don't know anybody!" remonstrated Tim. "How am I to find an heiress, get introduced and engaged, and marry her out of hand in-" "You might find one through the mat-

rimonial journals." "Nonsense! Heiresses don't adver-

"Don't they? All heiresses are not in society; some of them want to go there, and they advertise. They wouldn't marry a gentleman with nothing, perhaps, unless they happened to be old and ugly, but they would be glad to snap up a man like you, moving in good society, with a liberal allowance from your uncle and hopeful prospects. Then, if your uncle deserts you afterward, her money will keep the wolf

from the door and save you from work-

ing yourself to death."

Young Tim had a morbid horrow of poverty and overwork, and that story aunted him all day. It shone through his dismal forebodings like the moon through a mist; it seemed almost too good to be true. He dined alone that evening at a restaurant in the Strand; and, passing a news agent's on his way back into the Temple, he noticed some matrimonial journals in the window, matrimonial journals in the window, well do the thing thoroughly and give and went in and bought one. He was away the widow as well; then he would somewhat relieved on entering his have nothing and nobo

was not yet at home. He opened the journal, and studied the crowded columns in private, and lighted at length on a business-like advertisement that impressed him favorably:

MAUD, young, dark and good-looking, with private income, wishes to corre-spond with middle-aged gentleman of means and position, with view to matri-mony. References exchanged.

Replies were to be sent to a letter of the alphabet at the office of the paper.

"There's no harm in writing," he doesn't seem good enough I can drop your potato mound.—Farmers' Union.

And while the impulse was upon him he wrote. He wrote vaguely of his income and said nothing of his age, but pan, cut side down, baste with butter craved an interview. If he explained wedding party, and she - er - quite his precise position, he feared she might fancy it was too insecure to render him eligible; but if he could see her, he flattered himself that the charm of his conversation and personal presence would dazzle her and divert her attention from his less pronounced monetary qualifications. He signed his own name: "T. Cottle," because, if the negotiations came to anything, it might shake her confidence when he had to seknowledge that he had approached her under a false name; at the same time, as she had withheld her surname and address, he felt justified in requesting her to direct her reply, in the first instance, to the post office in Bayswater Road, to be left till called for.

"I can look in for it the next time I go to see uncle," he reflectd. "If it turns out a frost, I needn't tell Merrows anything; he'd only grin about it. I'll

get the letter off before he gets in." And he ran out and posted it at once.

He half regretted his impetuosity when he contemplated what he had done in the cold light of the next morning.

Nevertheless, a couple of evenings later he journeyed to Bayswater and inquired at the post office for his letter, but it hadn't arrived, so he walked on to see Uncle Cottle, but as his uncle was not at home, he told them to say that he had called, and wouldn't wait.

His interest in his rash matrimonial project had cooled considerably; but going to see his uncle on the following Saturday afternoon, he inquired casually at the post office again, and was not altogether displeased that there was still no letter for him. He decided that his epistle had not created a satisfactory impression, and that he should hear no more of it.

Turning the corner a little beyond the post office, he was surprised to run into Uncle Cottle, gorgeous in a new white waistcoat and with a flower in his but-

"Tim, my boy," he ejaculated, "Tve been expecting you daily. Sorry I was ont when you called last-I was out on particular business."

Tim had dim premonitions of disaster; he upbraided himself for neglecting the affairs of Miss Holt.

Uncle Cottle winked his left eye and smacked his nephew on the shoulder exuberantly.

"I was arranging to get married." "To Miss Holt?" faltered Tim.

"No," laughed Uncle Cottle. "You'll never guess. It's the widow-Mrs, Netley. You remember, we wrote to her? She answered my letter that evening, an hour before you called."

Tim was too confused to grasp what he heard. "But you said," he stammered, "that

f Miss Holt rejected you you'd know there was a curse on you, and-"

"I haven't asked Miss Holt-besides, it's three months since I wrote to the widow, so, in any case, she has a sort of prior claim over the-"

"The other curse," suggested Tim, bitterly.

"Here's her letter," said Uncle Cottle, disregarding his interpolation. "Read it for yourself."

"DEAR SIR: If you care to call on me I shall be pleased to see you. I regret you did not give me your own address, as I should have thought it implied either a want of confidence in me or candor in yourself, had it not been that we are almost neighbors, and I had the pleasure of meeting you a few months ago, and I know you by reputation. Under the circumstances you will appreciate my preferring to send this to your private address, which I have taken from the directory. Yours truly, "MAUD NETLEY."

"That's all right, Tim, ain't it?" chuckled Uncle Cottle,

Tim realized in a flash that this was his "Maud," and it was his letter she was answering, not his uncle's; but he could not see his way to saying so.

"What does she mean about your address?" he said.

"Why, I was nervous when I wrote that letter, and I must have forgotten to put my address in; that's why she didn't answer before; she couldn't. And it's just occurred to her to look in the directory. See? I meant to have asked her about it, but she was so nice and amiable and smiling, and I was so -so-well, I hardly know how I wasbut there didn't seem any need to apologize; and, in fact, I never thought about it till I was coming away."

"Is she young?" asked Tim, for the sake of saying something. "I thought at first she was nearly 40,

but she's only 29—she told me so her-self. I showed her my bank book and a list of my securities. "'Oh, that's all right,' she says laugh-

" 'Then when's it to be?' says I. "And it's going to be next month."

"Next-"Month. I'm going around to the vicar's now to put up the banns-you come with me. And, I say! she's an orphan, so we want you, my boy-age don't matter; it's only a matter of form -to be a father to her at the wedding.

and give her away." Tim was gloomy and reckless, and said he would. Why shouldn't he? He had given away his prospects; he had given away his uncle; he might just as have nothing and nobody left to seep-

### DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

-Ramequins. - Beat together four ggs. a quarter pound of softened buter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and a quarter of a pound of grated cheese. Bake 15 minutes in fatty pans filled two-thirds full .- Country Gentleman.

-Lamb Chops. - Trim off fat and skin, leaving a bare bit of the bone at the end of each. Broil quickly over a clear fire. Butter, salt and pepper, and argued. "If I change my mind or it stand them on the larger end around

-Glazed Sweet Potatoes. - Boil till tender, peel carefully, cut lengthwise in halves, lay in a buttered dripping several times as they brown, and when | \$54 Hours Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida glossy and golden sprinkle with granulated sugar.-Ohio Farmer.

-Here is a remedy for burns, particularly valuable for those who have charge of children. The burned part is to be bathed with common essence of peppermint, such as one may procure at any druggist's for a few cents. Relief is almost immediate, but the bathing should be continued till the pain is

-Peppermints-Delicious peppermints are easily and quickly made with two cups of granulated sugar and a half cup of water. Let this boil hard all over for three minutes, and then add two teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint. Take from the fire and stir hard until the mixture is white and creamy. To be dropped on greased paper of any size desired.—Prairie Farmer.

-Calf's Brains au Beurre Noir-Boil the calf's brains with a bay leaf, two sprigs of thyme and a little salt in the lower pan of a chaffing dish. When they are done take them out, cut the brains in thick slices and pour over them a sauce made by cooking in the blazer until brown two tablespoonfuls of butter. When it reaches this point, add four drops of vinegar and pour it nt once over the brains. -Boston Bud-

### NOTHING NEED BE WASTED.

Uses to Which Broken Glass and Old Bones May Be Put.

When a tumbler or other glass vessel is broken do you think its usefulness is gone? It is not, by any means. It is tossed into the ash barrel, indeed, but it is pretty sure to reappear in another form on the table. In making glass it is usual to melt the materials together with a quarter or half their weight of "cullet"-that is, broken glass of the same kind. This uses up great quantities of broken glass which the ragpickers carefully sort out from the barrels and dumps. Some of the coarsest glass is melted and colored in the paste. When it is cold it is broken into irregular pieces and sold for cheap mosaics in the decorations of shops, while broken bottles are ground up to make sand or glass paper.

Bones have a long career of usefulness after they are discarded from the kitchen. Ground to dust they make valuable fertilizers, while at some English dyeing establishments bones are boiled to get the gelatine, or size, for stiffening goods. Sometimes bones are boiled and bleached and then sent to the turners to be made into knife handles, toothbrushes, nailbrushes and buttons, while ground up and mixed with other things they are used as bonemeal to feed cattle. Where does the ivory-black of the artist come from? From burning old bones in closed retorts, and the same substance is used in making blacking. Bone charcoal is used in refining sugar, because it is so absorbent that it will remove all trace of indigo from sugar colored with it. This charcoal can be used over and over again by washing and heating, and when finally worn out for refining purposes it is used in making phosphorus.

Old tins are cut into strips, punched, blackened and varnished, and used to strengthen cheap trunks and boxes, while old iron is remelted and appears in fresh new form. It is said England ships as ballast much of her worn-out gridiron boilers, shovels and the like to us to be melted over. Even such small things as corks are collected and recut, while those that are too rough for cork making are used for floats for fishermen and for stuffing horse collars .- N. Y. Times.

Popular Misconception.

"There never was a bigger fool notion in the world," said young Fullback, pulling on his padded trousers, "than this idea that football is a dangerous game. These reports about boys getting hurt," he continued, adjusting his shin guards and fastening them on securely, "are half the time exaggerations and half the time they're made out of the whole cloth. A fellow simply can't get injured in a game," he proceeded, stuffing a quantity of wadding about his hip bones and around his shoulders and chest, "unless he just wants to injure himself and does it on purpose, Now I've been in a dozen games this year,"-here he strapped his ear guards round his head-"and with the exception of a black eye now and then, and one or two fingers dislocated, or something like that, I haven't had the slightest injury."

Here the young man put on his nose guard and mouth protector, and shortly afterward went forth to engage in a harmless little game of football.-Chicago Tribune.

Same Old Story. "Now, that," said mother rabbit, "is

a boy-a young man-" Little Rabbit-What a funny looking

Mother Rabbit-Yes, my dears. He doesn't look much like a rabbit, does he? Chorus-Ha, ha, ha! No-o-o!

Mother Rabbit-No, he don't. But his brother is around the hill, hunting for rabbits, and pretty soon he will see the young man through the bushes, and take him for a rabbit and shoot him. My children, always respect the emateur hunter. He is our friend.— Take a Hint from Mary.

Mary had a little lamb;
Tou do not look surprised;
Of course you don't, for Mary has
Been widely advertised.

And something you may learn from this,
If you are not a clam;
You can be just as widely known
As Mary and her lamb.

Your name can be a household word, And you be known so well That folks will confidently by The things you have to sell.

And when you once have Into the cheering rays
Of the sunlight of publicity
You bet your life it pays.

—Printer's Talk.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

The Monon Route with its customary enterprise has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 85½ hours.

This train is composed of elegant Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibuled. Open and Compartment Sicepers, including Drawing Room and Buffet Sleepers, as well as comfortable day coaches, with Monon Celebrated High-back Seats.

This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 P. M., arriving at Cincinnati next morning 7:30, Chattancoga 5:50 P. M., Atlanta 10:40 P. M., reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida.

This is the fastest time ever made by any

and Southern Florida.

This is the fastest time ever made by any time between Chicago and Florida.

For time cards, pamphlets and all other information address Frank J. Reed, Genl. Pass. Agt., Chicago. City Ticket Office, 223 Clark St., Chicago.

L. E. Sessions, N. W. Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

Annual Half Rate Excursions to Canada Via Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway. The Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway has arranged for the usual Half Rate Holiday Excursions to principal points in Canada for season of 1895.

Thursday, December 19th, Friday, December 20th, Saturday, December 21st. Tickets good to return up to and including January 9th, 1896.

Avail yourself of this opportunity to visit
Canada and spend the Holidays with the

Folks at Home.
All through trains of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway pass through the Great St. Clair Tunnel, one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, and is the only line offering the public advantages of through Pull-man car service to Canadian points. Tickets may also be purchased reading via Detroit

Excursion tickets on sale at all stations. For further particulars apply to Ticket Agent, 103 So. Clark St.

ALL Hn COULD Do.—The Wife—"Two weeks ago you said my husband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well." The Doctor—"Madam, I can only express my regrets."—Puck.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "Bronch's Bronchial Trockes" will give effective relief.

The true work of art is but the shadow of the divine perfection.—Michael Angelo. A LIVE man should not want the earth-he should be above it.—Texas Siftings.

HEAVEN is never deaf, but when a man't heart is dumb .- Quaries.

Tun man with a xew gold watch selder knows what time it is.—Texas Siftings. A coop book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever .- Tupper.

PATIENCE is the key of content.-Ma

HUMAN foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils .- Colton. Event inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

Inteness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter. Tim true danger is when liberty is nib-bled away, for expedient, and by parts.— Burko.

THE instinctive feeling of a great people is often wiser than its wisest men.—Kos

Tourist (on Swiss lake)-"Has anyone ever been drowned in this lake?" Rower"Oh, yes, but only tourists."-Fliegeode

LEARNING teaches how to carry things in uspense without prejudice till you resolve -Bacon.

extravagant man grows poor by se rich.—Shenstone. WHILE a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music, but for construc-tion. When it is finished it shall be played

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor; an

for melodies. God is fashiouing the human heart for future joy.—Beecher. "PAPA, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else't hand when they are trumps," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist—Harper's Bazar.



### KNOWLEDGE

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

Its excellence is due to its presenting

in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kid-neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-

nevs, Liver and Bowels without weak-ening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-ufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not

Highest of all in Leavening Power Latest Sov't Report

Ir is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago

quicker time than any
to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over
125,000 patrons to and from California.
Why! Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has
the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. BEBASTIAN, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Carlyle. CALUMNY shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch on my actions.—Ben Jonson.

Disastrous Failure !

We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver and bowels may be relied upon. The litters conquers malaria and kidney troubles.

Improved Virginia Farms. Improved Viginia Farms.

In Virginia they have no blizzards, no droughts, perfect climate, cheap lands and the best-markets in the world. Excursion rates Dec. 17th via Big Four Route and Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. Send for free descriptive pamphlet and rates. U. L. TRUITT, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark Street, Chicago.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. Joseph Jefferson appears in "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "The Cricket on the Hearth" week beginning Dec. 9.

"Look here, Schiumpenbagen, you mushelp us at our smoking concert. You play the flute, don't you!" "Not ven dere lab anypotty apout." "How's that!" "Day you't let me!"

Atlanta and the South.

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R. will during the time of the Exposition at Atlanta Sept. 18, to Dec. 21, 1736, offer exceptionally fine service between Chicago and the South. A low rate ticket will be sold, and through cars run to all southern points. This is 55 miles the shortest route to Atlanta is 55 miles the shortest route to Atlanta, Chattanooga and the South.

For guide to Atlanta and the Exposition address C. W. Humphrey, Northwestern Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or City Ticket Office, 230 Clark St., Chicago. Charles L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

LITTLE MAN-"I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar!? Big Man—"No; I didn't use the word 'unmiti-gated." Little Man—"Then I accept you apology."—Tit-Bits.

The Favorite Boute to Florida.

Why sot, when going to Fiorida, take advantage of the opportunity of going via Bt. Louis, making but one change of cars en route and that in the grand St. Louis Union Station, the largest in the world, and thence take the St. Louis & Catro Short Line, the "Holly Springs Rouis" to Florida. Through Biespors to Jacksonville, Low Rates, Liberal Limits with stop over privileges and Fast Time. Address

GEO. E. LART, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mc

CLERK—"That gentleman you sold a bot-tle of hair dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day." Druggist—"Was he after another bottle!" "No, sir. He wanted to know if we kept wigs."—Life.

Oxe part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—Crates.

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

COVETOUSNESS swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.

—Jeremy Taylor.



No. 50. Plaid Walst-

SEND FOR SAMPLE CLIPPINGS

A Cordial Welcome for the values are almost more than printers' ink can do justice to.

No. 217. Box Contfull box-pleat front—extra large well stiffened sleeves—tight fitting percaline lining—black satin stock-collar—belt of solf—material—sizes 32 to 44, \$2.75 Postage 14 cents. as inches long — pure wool rough
Houcle, the season's most popular
fabric — black only — extra large
melon sieeves — full ripple back,
wide self-facing and high storm
collar. All sires for Misses and
Ladies. In ordering state bust
measure. The best value
of the year at . . . . \$5.00

Handkerchiefshalf-inch hemstitched sheer union
linen with hand
embroi de red
initial, on ehalf dozen in
dainty boxregular as cont regular as ceni grade, 15c

regular price 150 - for the Holiday trad-ing, 60 cts. per

doren, or so A Black Slik

Flannel Waists-

does n't flatter them either. All Dress makes a gift that will give more satisfaction than any other Xmas remembrance. Black Satin Duchesse and black Peau de Soie are this season's two leading fabrics. During our Holiday Sale we offer either cloth in no-st inch width — real \$1.50 quality, all silk, yard, 986

Genuine—
for we are exclusive agents for the
West. This particular lot consists of
the regular \$t.50
grade — k n o w n
everywhere as the
standard of quality. Real French
kid, five hook, in
black, brown, tan,
mode and slate —
all sizes while they
last, for we do not last, for we do not expect to be able to duplicate this grade st. . . \$1.00 Postage s cents.

is assured these HOLIDAY BARGAINS -

No. 165. Box Coat-

London style—
4 button effect — s4 inches long,
strictly all wool fast dye long curl.
Chinchilla, either navy or black.
The new Pleated Sleeves — extralarge—full ripple back, wide selffacing and high storm collar. Two
weeks ago price was 57, 30. Sizes
ys to 44—suitable also for

3s to 44—suitable also for \$5.00 Misses of 14, 16, 18 yrs. \$5.00

"Foster" Cloves-

Jointed Dollseyes that open and close. French serge dresses trimmed with ribbon and tinsel gimp. Bonnets have real estrick tips. Postage 305. Equal in every way to the kind usually retailed at \$s. 950

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XXXXXX YOUR MONEY BACK SEND if not satisfied with your purchase. FOR "THE SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST"

The most complete Shopping Guide ever published—zz8 pages devoted to good form in woman's wear, the correct Spring styles as shown in our seventy departments being accurately described and handsomely illustrated. Ready March 18t.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO. CHICAGO CHICAGO

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packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered

ADAMS & SONS CU., Sands St., Bronklyn, N. Y.

A PART DELOTED, WE WILL THAN THE OWNER DESTRUCTION OF THE PARTY BROWN IN CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. FREE

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE

### THEY CALLED HED MAD.

Miss Edith Lanchester Follows Grant Allen's Ideas.

Miss Edith Lapchester, of Salvadore, Kingston Hill, England, has created a sensation by her peculiar views on mat-rimony. She has tried to wipe out marriage laws, banns and everything else ertaining to the sacrament of matri-

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 ahe got a place as secretary of a mining

company.

She was a shining light of the Batter-sea branch of the Social Democratic federation, where horny-handed reformers metevery 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, advo-cating a state of things with regard to home life that it was highly embarrass-ing to discuss at gatherings of the Dor-

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 intel-lectually. She said she had no intention of becoming Mrs. Sullivan. Then she proceeded to pack 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



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

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 ac-count 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 monomaniae 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

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 be-cause of them. The suggestion, how-ever, that Mr. Allen should be attended to has not been received altogether with

A Blet for Back Worms.

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

GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN.

Joseph Burbridge McCullagh, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, who is said to be ambitious to represent souri 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 publie 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 M'CULLAGH.

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 "Mack," made him famous. He crossed the Mississippi river with Grant, and the silent soldier and the brilliant correspondent struck up a close friend-ship 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. Mc-Cullagh 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.

arl's Contribution to the Capitol Gallery at Washington.

The statue of Thomas H. Benton, which is to be placed in the capitol galof 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.

on 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

A corresponding number 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 nerrous 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

Woman in Reveit Against Every Char acteristic of Her Sex-Will Deliver a Course of Lectures in the United States.

Louise Michel, the Frenchwoman anrchist who, according to reports from ondon, will arrive in this country shortly to lecture and with the pro-seeds of her lectures found a home for children of anarchists expelled from Europe, was born in Vroncount, 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 lullables 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. Angelique treated Georges Daudin." In after life she referred to her suitors as "two old baboons."

Obtaining employment as a schoolteacher 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



a letter of introduction to the object of ber 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 Versaillist 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 Pet-ticoats," 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 cars 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.

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 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. 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 agland for mails and passengers.

### 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.



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 Renessance work. Beautiful and strictly up-to-date. Ask for them.

# The greatest danger, apart from those which arise from the abuses that 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.



spend the holidays with Mr. Stock's brother

Jas. Christie, who is not clerking in a cloth-

ing store at Menominee, spent last Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Christie.

George and Sam Whybrew came down

from camp Tuesday, and saw the city illumin-

ated by its own electric lights that evening.

John Powers, of Appleton, Wis., spent Sun-

day in the city. He says he always enjoys to

A. B. Chambers spent Sunday at Marquette.

'Andy" must have something on the string

D. Delaheya, of Brampton, was here on

Ed. Arnold returned to camp life on Mon-

day after spending the Sabbath with his

Pat. Glynn left for Green Bay Wednesday

Mrs. A. R. Kuehl and Mrs. B. Turner, of

Miss Abbie Flynn will go to Negaunee

C. J. Shaddick\_spent the Sabbath at Ish-

Tracey Greene and Bertha Swan have re-

Mr. J. E. Lyon went to Oshkosh on Thurs-

J. Scott, of Iron River, will spand the holi-

Henry J. Derouin, of Chicago, was an Esca-

Mr. Sherbenow transacted business a

Dr. O. E. Youngquist spent Sunday with

Chauncey Yockey is at Chicago, visiting for

Fred Smith is confined to his home by ill-

Fred Colter went to Chicago Sunday night.

Miss Lydia Lindblom, of Cedar River, is

expected here next Tuesday to spend the holi-

Henry Buchholtz, who is at Cincinnati

C. H. Dodd, representing the Medberry,

Bemis Co., of Oshkosh, visited his customers

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Buchholtz, of Norway,

Owen Curran, of Lathrop, was in the city

Editor McKenna has been housed by quinsy

N. J. O'Donnell, of Hardwood, was in Es-

Chas. Thatcher and wife returned from

Tobias Winegar will return home Monday

Geo. Deloughery, of Eustus, was in town

Lamb Lindquist, of Chicago, is visiting with

Frank Loeffler, of Bark River, was in town

B. D. Winegar returned from Chicago

Mr. M. Boyle has returned from Marinette,

where he was pleasantly entertained by his

Mrs, John Lolan and son Will, left Tues-

Mrs. Launderville and son, of Ford River,

J. B. Clyborn, supervisor of Maple Ridge

J. A. Stewart, of Gladstone, was in the city

Ben. Douglas, of Bark River, was in town

Chas. Walker returned yesterday from a

Tom McDonough was down from Glad-

N. Laporte, of Manistique, passed through

Thos. H. Rice, of Menominee, was here on

C. W. Mallock, of Ford River, was at Mar-

H. J. Payne, of Marquette, was in Escana-

John Ward and Joe Deloria are in Chicago

I. A. Pool is in Chicago writing for the met-

Fred Patred, of Ford River, was in Esca-

A. S. Sanberg was at Metropolitan the first

Justice Moore is a sufferer from rheumatism. Mrs. Chas. Miller and children and Mamie

were in town Thursday evening.

was in the city on Thursday.

Thursday on business,

last Saturday evening.

brief visit at Oshkosh.

stone on Wednesday.

Escanaba Thursday.

business Thursday.

quette on Monday.

ba on Thursday.

for a few days.

ropolitan press.

naba Tuesday.

of the week.

day for Belle Plain, Iowa, where they will

daughter, Mrs. Geo. Bell.

spend part of the winter.

aunt, Mrs. Smith.

her parents.

O'Donnell.

studying for the priesthood, will arrive home

days with her friend, Miss Ellen Johnson.

Monday to spend the holidays.

in this city early in the week.

Vork the first of the week.

Monday and Tuesday.

portion of the week.

canaba on Wednesday.

Chicago Tuesday.

for the holidays.

Wednesday.

his parents.

Tuesday.

parents in this city.

his parents.

Geo. Rowe spent Monday at Gladstone.

Sunday, where she will spend the holidays.

peming, where he has a host of friends,

urned from their visit at Peshtigo.

day, there to spend the holidays.

days with Escanaba friends.

naba caller on Wednesday.

Perkins on Thursday.

Ishpeming friends,

a few days.

Gladstone, shopped in Escanaba on Mon-

morning, after spending several days in Esca-

Monday, and made application for a home-

get up at midnight and shave,

in the Queen City.

stead in Baldwin.

Jack Gleason, "Reckless Jack," formerly driver of one of the hose carts here, has been visiting in town the past few days. Jack is running a camp for the I. Stephenson Co. on Theodore. 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 Marinette department .-Marinette North Star.

The meeting of the Derthick club, at the studio of Mrs. S. H. Talbot, on Wednesday evening was entertaining and instructive. The analysis were read by Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Talbot and Miss Stack rendered the instrumental part of the program. A feature of the evening were solos by Mr. Shaddick and Miss Benedict.

Miss Lucia, one of the teachers at Thompson, left Monday for Nahma, where she will remain until after the holidays, says the Man-

istique Pioneer. Miss Luella T. Hendayx has resigned her position as teacher in the public schools, and will go to Iowa to teach. She will be succeeded by Miss Myra E. Bliss, of Littleton,

G. T. Burns returned from Chicago Thursday. On his way home he stopped at Marinette and told the "boys" a new story or two. Frank Horton, traveling salesman for Penberthy, Cook & Co., Menominee, circulated

among his customers here on Wednesday. Frank Tyrrell, a conductor on the Great Northern, arrived here Wednesday, and will

spend the holidays visiting friends. Rev. Fr. Bede, recently assigned to St. Joseph's parish, officiated at that church for the first time last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Boman, of the Swedish Mission church, is at Wallace, where he will remain during the holidays.

John Buchholtz arrived home from school on Wednesday to spend his holiday vacation-C. S. Strom, the telegrapher, has been transferred from Marinette to Powers.

Mrs. C. Stoik spent last Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Smith, at Marinette.

Will G. Kunes, night clerk at the Oliver, is out again after a week's illness.

John Pasintcke, of Ford River Switch, spent Monday in Escanaba. H. D. Fisher, the "dad" of Florence, was

a recent Escanaba visitor. Nick Johnson, of Ford River, spent several days in town this week.

John Slack transacted business at Iron Mountain this week. Chas, Deterich, of Ford River Switch, was

in town Monday. Mr. H. A. Barr went to Watersmeet Tues-

day morning. J. T. Wixson has recovered from his late

. . . H. B. Horton, of Milwaukee, representing the Chamberlain Medicine Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, was in Escanaba Wednesday, and transacted business with this office. Mr. Horton is a pleasant gentleman, a hustler for

trade, and represents a line of proprietary med cines that are business getters everywhere. Nora McLean, Kate Patton, Josie Laveigne and Gertrude Budinger, all teaching across the big bay, will be at home for the holidays.

Roscoe Young, engineer in charge of the new Munising railway, will spend Christmas

with his family in this city-James Blake came down from camp on Saturday last, and reported too much snow

for successful logging. D. M. Philbin, general manager of the Mesaba railroad, greeted his many Escanaba

friends on Thursday. Guy Shepherd will spend the winter at his

home at Beaver Dam, Wis., and departed for that place Saturday. Miss Maud McKana has accepted a position

in the crockery department of Frank H. Atkins & Co. O. J. Carlson, who left here a few weeks

ago fo. the south, has located at Rockwood,

Ed. Erickson was confined to his home by illness a couple of days the first of the week. Alex. Cummings is the guest of his fatherin-law, Capt. Bartley, during the holidays, Patsey Glavin, of Ashland, visited his

brother, Dennis E. Glavin, this week. Mr. Geo. Douglás, of Bark River, was in the city Tuesday on business.

J. A. Cook, of Gladstone, circulated in the county town on Tuesday. C. J. Ryder of Fond du Lac, was an Esca-

naba visitor Tuesday, J. A. W. Sears, of Gladstone, was in town

the first of the week. Mr. J. Rose, of Ellison's Bay, was in Escanaba on Monday.

A. L. Foster and wife, of Foster-City, was in town Saturday. Mr. A. Spooner is in Illinois this week

buying horses. Wm. Moersch returned from Chicago Sun-

day morning. Mr. Larson, of Green Bay, was in the city

Tuesday. Jas. Tucker, of Lansing, Mich., who repre-

sents the Jas. Hammel Cigar Co., was among his customers here the fore part of the week. M. J. Peppard, of Minneapolis, was in town this week attending to business in connection with his ore dock contract.

Hon. O. B. Fuller, Ole Nelson and Robt. Barclay, of Ford River, were Menominee visitors on Saturday.

Phillip Carpeles, of Milwaukee, was entertained by his daughter, Mrs. Solomon Greenhoot, this week,

Miss Nellie McDermott will return from Ewen, where she is teaching school, this evening. Otto Mertz and Mr. Stewart, of Gladstone,

spent Sunday in Escanaba, John Holdt left Saturday last for his home

at Rolling Prairie, Wis. Chas. Balliet, of Ford River, was in town

The dancing party to be given at North

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Nearman, accompanied by Charles and Sadie Nearman, will leave for Chicago next Monday evening, to spend the holidays with relatives there. Mr. Roscoe Power and his sister May, re-

urned home from Chicago Friday morning to spend the holidays with their parents. Miss Mary Sullivan will return to her home in Negaunee on Tuesday next, after a three Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoik left, Thursday night, for Belle Plair, Iowa, where they will

months' stay in the city. Misses Helen Linsley and Marion Tracy will be home from school to spend their holiday vacation.

A. Z. Sourwine returned home yesterday to spend the holidays with his brother, John Mr. Payne, of Duluth, chief engineer of the

D., S. S. & A. road, transacted business here vesterday. Mrs. John Schmidt returned Thursday from

her extended visit with friends at Lexington Geo, M. West and party got away for St.

Andrew's Bay this week. Dr. Thibault left Friday evening for Norway and Iron Mountain.

Will McNaughtan circulated among his friends here this week. The Misses Harris, of Gladstone, visited

friends kere vesterday. Miss Jessie Barr succeeds Miss Russell in the public schools, Geo. Harris, of Gladstone, was in the city

Will. F. Look is sojourning in the south. R. H. Hull was at Watersmeet Tuesday. John Sullivan is in Minneapolis.

### **\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** 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. Manacure 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.

An elegant stock of Christmas goods is on sale at The City Drug Store, 1101 Ludington street, where prices will be found as low as the lowest. Examine the stock before making your holiday purchases.

"A stitch in time saves nine." A penny saved is yours as well as mine. My goods are up to date and very fine, and Merrill is willing to wait on you any

"Is it war?" Yes, on prices; Merrill's message to the people of Escanaba is, will spend Christmas with Mr. Buchholtz' not forget my number, 803 Ludington. Thos. Shehan left for Negaunee on Wed-

For Xmas candies and nuts call at nesday, there to spend the holiday season with Merrill's grocery, 803 Ludington street, where you will find his prices as low as Miss Lizzte Kendall visited her sister, Mrs. the lowest. John Miller, at Manistique, the first of the Renessance table scarfs, table spreads,

dresser sets, etc., the latest and most John Nolden returned from Green Bay popular thing out, at Erickson's. Monday, where he had been visiting for a few For a useful present for ladies, gentle-

men or children call on Greenhoot Bros. Mayor Geo. Gallup returned from New They have them in large variety. Merrill's grocery offers special inducements in all kinds of groceries, canned

goods and provisions. Head rests, all shades, only 25 cents at

Erickson's. Reduced just one-half for the holiday trade.

Do not buy a holiday gift until you call at Erickson's and inspect his large stock.

Just received, another lot of Chase & Sanborn's celebrated coffees at Rolph's. When making your holiday purchases do not fail to call on Greenhoot Bros.

Toys for everybody at Erickson's. Another car load arrived yesterday. Rolph will have a full line of fresh fruits and vegetables Tuesday, Dec. 24.

Glove boxes at Mead's. Also handkerchief and collar and cuff boxes. Perfumes, in handsome cut glass bot-

tles, for the holidays at Mead's. Erickson has the largest and best line of holiday goods in Escanaba.

Have you seen those handsome stamped linen goods at Erickson's?

Boiled cider, 20 cents per quart, 75 cents per gallon, at Rolph's. Merrill's grocery is still in existence, do-

Ed. J. Noreus leaves this evening for Marinette, where he will spend Xmas with his ng business "all the time." Christmas and New Year's cards at Miss Sadie Barras, who is attending school

Mead's. A handsome line. at Ann Arbor, will spend the holidays with Full line of olives and pickles, bottled and in bulk, at Rolph's.

Mrs. Gurney, of Green Bay, will spend the See Mead's window as you pass. It's holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. full of holiday goods. Pillow cushions reduced from \$1.50 to

98c. at Erickson's. Toys at Erickson's. Largest and most select line in town.

Finest line of caudies and fruits in the city at Rolph's. A big variety of stamped goods at

Erickson's. Fancy figs, bananas, grapes and apples at Rolph's.

Nuts by the pound, bushel or car load at Rolph's. Buy your Christmas gifts of Greenhoot

Ed. Erickson has a new lot of toys. Greenhoot Bros. for Xmas gifts. Books and booklets at Mead's. Books for children at Mead's.

Ripples From Rock. Mr. and Mrs. M. Kirby rejoice over the advent of a baby boy.

F. Trombly has returned from Chicago. Thos. Farrell, of Escanaba, was here New days this week. Mrs. L. Pudvan, of Rapid River, spent Sunday with friends here.

John McHale, of Lathrop, was here few days ago. P. Strong, of Rapid River, was here

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

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

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

Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Methodist church, will take for his theme to-morrow morning, "The New Born Babe, the Joy of the People." In the evening his subject will be "The Glory of Young

An attractive "ad." is that of Sourwine & Hartnett's in this issue. It is somewhat out of the usual order, and consequently attracts attention. That's what counts.

The ladies' society of the Swedish Methodist church will meet with Mrs. Capt. Lindquist, corner of Thomas and Sarah streets, next Thursday afternoon. "It takes a good many matches to

smoke a pipe-full of 'Dick' Roberts' tobacco," said Officer Alex. Roberts as he applied another lucifer to his corn-cob. Jos. Berkman, of Escanaba township.

has sold a quantity of cedar to Erickson & Bissell, and will deliver the same to the Soo depot at North Escanaba. A game of foot ball will be played on the afternoon of Christmas day at the Tilden house grounds, between the high

school boys and a picked eleven. Rev. Mr. Farrell, presiding elder of this district, will preach at the Swedish Methodist church to-morrow, both morning and evening.

Martin Peters was struck under theeve by a bit of steel at the company's boiler shop last Saturday, making quite a bad contusion.

The kindergarten departments of the public schools will be discontinued. The board of education finds it too expensive. Mrs. C. Greenwood and Mrs. C. Bernard will open a home bakery and lunch counter at 721 Ludington street, Monday.

Mr. F. W. Chapple, of Wells township, donated a quantity of candy to the inmates of the poor farm for Christmas. Mr. W. Middestadt will make 'bus con-

nections with the Metropolitan train at Ford River Switch for Ford River. The Escanaba Iron Works has been doing some work for the Ely Dowel

Works, of Gladstone, this week. Wouldn't a year's subscription to The Iron Port make a nice Christmas present to that friend of yours?

Mr. B. B. Baker, of Rapid River, has bought Mr. Spooner's mare, Louise. She is showing good speed. The rains of Monday and Tuesday

ice rinks temporarily. The capital stock of the Chapin Mining company will be increased from \$500,000

to \$1,000,000. Frank H. Atkins & Co's, crockery department was never more attractive than

at present. Read the holiday announcements in

The Iron Port before making up your list of presents. J. A. W. Sears has severed his connec-

tion with the Gladstone Washboard Company. The meetings of the several secret so-

cieties are better attended than for many Owing to the exceedingly soft weather

Tuesday night Carlson's ice rink was Ex-Senator Ingalls cancelled his dates in the upper peninsula on account of ill-

James D. Armstrong drove across the ice from Maywood to Gladstone on Mon-

The Methodist ladies served a ten-cent lunch yesterday afternoon and evening: Reduced rates to all local points on the Soo Line for the holidays. See Levi.

The next rehearsal of "Paul Jones' will be had next Thursday evening. Burns has an announcement to-day, which you are invited to read.

We are getting our stocking ready for those Christmas subscriptions.

Fred Hodges' new saloon, the "Majestic," will open up Xmas eve.

A new time card went into effect on the Soo road last Sunday. Remember the social dance by the Lady

Maccabees on the 30th. Noel Bissorette is kept busy furnishing the city with wood.

Bristol's horse show did a poor business here.

Mrs. L. A. Clapp has closed her home bakery. Daniel Nygren, of Metropolitan, died

Baking Powder.

Awardeu Highest Honors-World's Fair. DR



MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free onia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

on Tuesday last, aged 72 years. Rev. Carl P. Edblom, pastor of the Swedish Lutherau church of this city, conducted the services Thursday.

The public schools closed yesterday, and will not re-open until the 6th of Jan-

Mr. Kratze has a new advertisement

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 beartfelt, spontaneous love of giving, the pleasure is destroyed for the recipient as well as for the donor. We all need to remind ourselves of what Thomas Kempis says: "Consider not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver."

Within a few days of Christmas we sometimes find ourselves without an idea as how to fluish our list of gifts, and we wish we had begun directly after last Yule-tide to decide and to make selections. Here are a few suggestions which may assist. For an invalid friend, make a loose white flannel sacque, trimmed SING, about collar, sleeves and entire outer edge with pinked, blue flannel. These sacques are so much warmer and more convenient than a shawl.

An embroidered or hemstitched linen square as a protection for the bed spread under the tray is a great relief to an exquisitely neat invalid.

Packages of self-threading needles are also a convenience, a greater convenience than those realize who never try to thread the point instead of the eye of a needle.

"Sunshine for Shutins" is a cheery volume for those who cannot get out into the broad sunshine of the outdoor world. It is a dainty volume of cloth and gift side, sold for 75 cents by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 100 Purchase street, Boston.

The "lord of the manor" is very fond of his Yorkshire pudding served as vegetables with roast beef. For every pint of milk take three eggs, three cups of flour and a pinch of salt; stir to a smooth batter, and pour into the dripping pan under the roast beel half an hour before the roast is done.

Here is a recipe for an oyster salad: Let fifty small oysters come to a boil in their own liquor, skim and strain; season the oysters with three tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, one of oil, one-half teaspoonful of salt, oneeighth teaspoon of pepper, and place on ice for two hours. With a sharp knife cut up a pint of celery, using only the tender part, and when ready to serve, mix with the oysters, adding about onehalf pint mayon naise dressing. Arrange in a salad dish, pour over another one-'whipped" the sleighing and closed the half pint of dressing, and garnish with white celery leaves.

Austrian coffee, which is sometimes served at teas and receptions, makes a pleasing change from the conventional hot coffee, tea or chocolate. Cream and sweeten cold, strong coffee; serve in small glasses with a tablespoon of rich ice cream\_added to each glass after the coffee is poured.

Et aussitot arec l'ange, ily ent une multitude de l'armee celeste, louant Dieu, et disant; Gloire soit a Dieu dans les lieux tris-hauts, que la paix soit sur la terre et la bonne volonte daus les hommes!-Luc. 2; 13, 14.

It is supposed by many that in the word Xmas our Saviour's cross is represented, but an authority says that X is the Greek letter chi corresponding to ch in our language, and is the initial letter in the Greek name of Christ, Xmas was used long before Christmas became one

In composing this authors' puzzle I have chosen only names of the older writers, but I hope soon to give you a list of the more recent ones. The bright girls and boys studying literature in the high school will have but little difficulty, and perhaps some amusement, in solving the puzzle. Next week the authors names will appear as answers to each number. Preserve this list for reference:

1. A shrub used for hedges. 2. Affection and a trimming.

3. A trap for flies, and what they do when caught. 4. A musical pipe.

7. A sweetened biscuit and a country.

8. "Whispers of a laugh." 9. An entrance.

sition. 11. Religious hypocrisy.

12. Color and to depart. 13. A dove's cry and a treecherous animal's song.

14. A country gallant. 15. A Spanish wine and one of the twelve tribes. 16. Moisture and mother.

17. A girl's nickname, part of a needle and a father's pride. 18. · Prefix hy and you have a common

complaint. 19. A monarch and a vehicle. 20. Crafty, and the father of Africa.

21. Sons of my uncle: 22. A cup-bearer. 23. A bit and an expression of grief.

25. Never wrong. 26. What you should do when a young lady is in danger. 27. "He it was that conquered Tyre,

and leveled down her walls.' 28. Ponce de Leon sought in vain to keep her.

\* AMETHYST'S TALK. \*\*

SKEKER GREGERER C.

In The Iron Port this week that you can get anything to

SAY

READ, WRITE, PLAY, PRESENT, SMOKE. CHEW, RUB,

BLISTER, SMELL,

WEAR, PAINT,

(HARDLY.)

PHYSIC.

SEND. WORK,

THE

SOURWINE

DRAW, DRINK. COLOR,

WRAP, POWDER, PENCIL, WASH, DAZZLE, GLITTER, CURE. KEEP,

> HILL DRUG STORE

or

29. It will a wonder be into this

HEAL,

5. Wants a cracker, and to find fault. 6. A headless nail and a Spanish title. 10. Material for a hat, and a prepo-

24. A sauce much used in India.



[COPTRIGHT, 1894.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ - 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.

TIME-The afternoon of a bleak December day.

Scene-The main shopping thorough fare of an American city. A crowd block the sidewalk in front of a large dry-goods store in whose windows glitters a splendid holiday display. A wax dummy enveloped in brocade and ermine confronts another in evening head. dress of white satin and rose chiffon. Gorgeous fabrics of silk and velvet drape the sides of the window. These are all akin in tint; the colors of the window resemble a cluster of roses, shading from bride to blush and jacueminot. In the rear is seen the interior of a luxuriously appointed little room; it is labeled: "A boudoir," and is arranged to advertise the prevailing fashions in furniture and upholstery. The room is furnished in rose and ailver. Its dressing-table is covered lady's toilet, costly in value and dainty lars. in design. Tall candles of pink wax burn in silver sconces at the sides of the long mirror. The draperies of rich lace are carefully looped back from the glass, to avoid contact with the flaming

candles. The mirror reflects the street. A lady, plainly dressed in black, is trying to push her way through the crowd, but is blockaded by the women who are studying the show window. She casts a quick glance between the ermine and the chiffon dummies, across the splendors of the rose and silver decorations. Her eyes rest upon the mirror, and an expression of trouble crosses her countenance. In the glass she perceives the reflection of two wretched figures. These are a man and a woman. They stand upon the curbstone huddling together; the I'm late to my train now. It's too bad woman holds the man's arm; both are there is no more. On, I'm sorry for thinly dressed and are seen-in the you!" mirror-to shiver. The man is pale | The lady hurries away. Maria Holt

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,

The street musician plays. "How can I bear to leave thee? One parting kiss I'll give thee, And then what e'er befalls me I'll go where duty calls me.'

Lady blockaded in front of the shopwindow 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

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 so! Do you think it would pay for the bother? I'd rather have that real ermine opera with the elegant conveniences of a cloak. It's marked four hundred dol-

Henry Holt plays: "In the beauty of the lilles 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! suppose the Conglomerate Anti-Pauper 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.

and undersized; he has a consumptive looks after her wistfully, as she deftly

Her eyes fill. Henry plays and sings:

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

Maria Holt (bursting into tears)-

Oh, it's the words you said! It's the

words you said! Nobody else-for so

heard me cry before-have you, Henry?

Lady (much moved)-The words I

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

A crowd has begun to thicken around

The man caresses his wife as ingenu-

ously as if she and he were alone in

Lady-Tell me all about it! Tell me

how it happens. Why are you like

Henry (interrupting)-New England,

Lady-You don't look as if you ought to be doing this. You look above beg-

the world. He shows no consciousness

Henry, Maria and the lady; but neither

with the palm of his blue hand.

of the three appears aware of it.

of the presence of observers.

this? You are Americans-

born and bred.

ging on the street.

said? Oh-that! Such a little com-

mon human-oh, you poor woman!

But it's the words you said!

"Let us die to make men free!

For God is marching on.

"OH, I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU!"

look; his hands are cold and blue; he turns the silver from the cap into

ails you?

raises a flute to his lips, then puts it | Henry's pocket.

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

Wife-Standing hurts me a little.

Husband-It is pretty cold. It comes

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

seama. I calculate she'll need another cheap wrapper soon.

Husband (more cheerfully)-Yes.

That's one thing about it. You can always sew when you can get the job.
And Molly can tend to me. I guess

we'll manage.

hard-draggin' you out. If I could come by myself! Oh, Lord, if I could

The Man-Cold, Maria?

Husband-Tired, girl.

Wife-Not so very, Henry.

to warm them.

But I don't mind.

get about alone!

ple. His flate drops to the pavement. His wife picks it up and wipes it with her shawl. She speaks in a crooning 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.

lady. Madam-

Maria Holt raises herself with dignity and with a trembling forefinger points at her husband's eyes. Lady-Blind?

Henry-Begging? His face flushes from white to pur-

Maria nods silently. Lady (overcome)—Oh, I beg your par-don! 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 aboutthis 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 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 sbrunken 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 closk 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 fay jet trimmin's. 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, 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 Autietam.

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?

long-and we have had such a hard Veteran-That's about the size of it. pull!-Oh, don't mind me! Oh, I am Lady (gently)-Hard! ashamed-Henry, Henry, I'm ashamed of myself! I don't know whenever he's

Veteran-Well, yes. But we're kind of used to it. It is hard, though-some-Lady-How many children have you?

Henry (eagerly)-There's Moily!

Maria-And the two little ones. We had two older boys. They died. The drainage was bad where we lived. tried to save on rent those days. 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 Antietsm 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

Henry-Ma'am? Maris-Oh, madam! Don't you see? Henry, she don't understand. She youth, his manhood, his health, his eyesight for his country, and he gets a turkey and cranberry sauce on Christdidn't mean it. She ain't that kind of | mas

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 its Some weeks we get on very well. It depends so much on the

weather! Man from the Crowd-How do you know that he sin't one of the fraudulent claims? There's been a good sight more than thirty-five thousand of

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 flaunels 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, Ball 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 slightly) - 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. TIME-December a year later.

Scene-The same street, the same

shop. The show window is superbly decorated. Its side and top are hung

Henry plays and singst 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 bables—
They love me from morning to night.
Molly—Isn't that a new song, father?
Hanry—Yes I composed it last week

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 posm! Sing it again, father.

Henry (sings)-"Oh, the wife, and the home, and the bables! 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. see through the crowd of 'em. Oh, father! There's a baby Christ in the win-

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.



FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE AND THOSE BLIND EYES HE GAVE FOR IT.

pointed-"

and children's wear, all of white, ex- | crowd parts before her. She speaks a quisitely 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 la-dies 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!

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 disap-

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

The Lady—For honor's sake.

A Voice—For freedom's sake, and them blind eyes he gave for it!

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 tunel Give us-

The Veteran (trying to compose him-self)—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-Chokes, and begins once more, tremulously

My Saviour, 'tla 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



"MADAM, I'VE LOST MY HEAD. KNOW WHICH FROM WIRCH."

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.]

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, faith-

ful after his fashion, and apparently much attached to Mr. Miles, but nothing could persuade him to imitate the bee 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 dirst 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 activewhen 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 drastric 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 neg-

"Kain' do it, Marse Ezry. It tecks two ter meck eg barg'in, 'n' I ain' er gwine ter fling erway er job I's hilt nigh onter twenty year, comin' nex' Jinnerwerry. I laiks de place mighty well, 'n' reckons I'll stay ontwell I dies." Here Neptune turned to go away, having rejected what he consid-

ered 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, Marse Ezry, bekase it on't tecks one ter do the 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; out 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 cats what she cooks.-Truth.

HE INN was full at busy crowd were nd some were rich, wise, And some young and fair; it who and what they were to-day There is not one to

But in the cattle's manger There lay a baby stranger, Boft nestled, like a snow-white dove among the scented hay; and lo! through Him was given

Our song to Earth and Heaven, The song two worlds together sing upon a Christmas day: "Glory to God! Good will to men!

O listen! Wake it once again! Peace upon Earth! Good will to men!" They sing it, those who sang it first,

The angels strong and high; They sing it, in shining white, the saints, Who died long years gone by, And all the fluttering cherub throng, The children of the sky; They sing, the patient, waiting souls

Who still faith's conflicts know, They sing, life's happy innocents, Their faces all aglow; One melody fills Heaven above And floats from earth below, The song of that sweet stranger, Who, in the cattle's manger Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among

the scented hay! All sin and wrong forgiven, Earth seems close kin of Heaven, And sweet two worlds together sing upon a Christmas day! -Marion Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

ARION HAYES was standing be-

fore the entrance of a large dry goods store in a

western city, waiting for a car. Her day's work was over, and she was dreadfully tired. The holiday rush had begun; she had sold that day over \$300 worth of goods in her departmentthe cloak department. A car came plunging along, illumined with a green light, the gong clanging loudly. In obedience to her signal the motorman stopped the weird, heavily laden conveyance, and she stepped aboard. Once inside, she caught the strap quickly in order to steady herself as the car lurched forward.

A tall, rather distinguished-looking man, wearing eyeglasses, rose, and beckoned to her to take his seat, As Marion came toward the vacant place a look of recognition leaped into his keen eyes. He said in a pleasant, mellow voice: "Why, isn't this Miss Hayes?"

"Well, Mr. Harwood! Where did you come from?" she exclaimed, extending her hand, which he grasped heartily.

"Where did you come from?" he retorted. "Didn't I leave you in New York, painting with the combined energy of seven ordinary women? Well, I've a studio here; getting along firstrate, too-lessons, portraits, and what I sell. Sold three pictures yesterday; made a pretty good haul. These westerners have the cash, you know. They are Philistines and all that, but I don't intend to starve in a garret for art's sake; it isn't my style."

"When did you come back from Paris?"

before. Tell me what you are up to." "I am a saleswoman in Wilson & \$50. It was indorsed: Carr's cloak department."

"Great Scott! What's that for?"

"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. I went home for a year; they were not one bit better. It was necessary I should do something, for my father has a hard time to get along; so my cousin got me this place. This is my corner. Please stop the car."

He pulled the strap. "I'm coming to see you. When are you at home?" "Sunday, and every evening but Saturday evening. No. 32, this street."

When they were both students in the Art League in New York, some years ago, she and Jack Harwood were great chums. As Marion vainly tried to sleep that night she had an attack of memory and lived those days over again. It had been a terrible thing to put by all the dreams and aspirations of that time. Seeing Jack once more brought back the old pain which the dull routine of her present occupation had almost ef-

The next day was Saturday, with its extra toil, 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. "Couldn't you find anything but this murdering shop work?" he asked, thinking Marion looked uncommonly well in that soft brown thing with the

hig lace ruffles. "No. I can't even teach; I tried it at home. The work isn't so bad when

you're used to it." He shook his head in disapproval.

Marion went on nervously: "Really funny things happen some times. The other day a man and wom-

pulled it till he gave in."

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?"

Marion brought her canvases and laid them before him silently. Jack examined the studies one by one.

"Same power, same touch; but, by Jove! how you've improved! That boy's head is fine! Darnell was the man for you. Remember how we differed about that academy picture of his? What a thundering shame about your eyes! Have you seen the best oculists?"

"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. Electricity would do my eyes good, but it is too expensive." She tried to speak lightly, but felt her attempt was not a

"It is tough, and no mistake," Jack said, emphatically. They talked a little longer, then he rose to go. "Come around to the studio and see what I have done," he said; and she promised she would do so soon.

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. It seemed wrong, unjust, that for the want of a little money she must give up forever all it was in her to become. She spent the little she had saved consulting another oculist, who told her the same thing-electrical treatment was all that could help her.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Her cousin's little girls were exulting over the treasures Santa Claus brought, and although Marion received heart, while something gleamed susher share of pretty remembrances, her piciously in his own eyes, under the heart was heavy as lead. When the glasses.

She couldn't make up her mind which | sense thought and talked about friendone she liked best, so she decided to go ly relations like ours. I don't deny I home and think it over. When they shouldn't care to do it for most girls; went away I asked them to come to me no, I don't know another girl I would if they came back again, and the old do it for. I want you to know that. I man said: 'Guess we'll know you—you enjoyed our friendship in the old times, look just like our Bridget.' Then a Bobecause you were sensible and didn't hemian woman came in last night to think whenever a man liked to talk to buy a coat. She brought her husband you and take you around he was in along, and when he objected to the duty bound to fall in love with you. I price she just took hold of his nose and won't ask any woman to share the struggles and hardships of a poor artist's life, and I always thought you understood it."

Marion calmly folded the check and putit 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 elenched 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 got as far as the elevator shaft, then she turned back. She knocked at the studio door, then, not waiting for him to open it, walked inside. Jack was staring out the window; he turned quickly.

"I must not take it," she said, fumbling at her purse, not seeing for tears. He placed his hands on her shoulders. "See here, Marion, I do care for

you, awfully; and perhaps it is kinder, after all, to let you know, and at least give you a chance to say whether you couldn't take me instead of the money, or take us both."

Marion's tender brown eyes brimmed over. She tried to find her handkerchief, but she had come away without one. Jack gently dried her tears with his own, then they both laughed. 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. "I'll take you, Jack, dear, and we'll share the struggles and hardships. O Jack!" and her arms stole around his neck. He gathered her close to his



JACK EXAMINED THE STUDIES ONE BY ONE.

"Two years ago. Been here ever Marion was a letter addressed in un- Sara Anderson, in Demorest's Magasince. Queer I never ran across you familiar writing. She hastily tore the zine. envelope open and took out a check for

"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."

Marion, woman-like, had a good cry when she was alone in her room. Feelings of mingled surprise, pleasure and resentment passed rapidly through her mind. Of course, she mustn't keep the money, everybody would talk so; but her heart was touched by his kindness. She always had liked him so much in the old days-too much, she once had thought.

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. Jack opened

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you," he said.

Marion dropped into a chair. "It is ever and ever so kind of you," and her lips would tremble, "but I can't take it, indeed I can't," she said, holding the check towards him.

"And why not?" he asked, with an

amused smile. "Because it isn't right. I know the kindness of your heart. I appreciate your sympathy-"

"Do you imagine I can't afford it?" he interrupted. "Come! Own up." Marion laughed nervously. "Judging from the financial condition of most artists, I should call it a munificent sum to give away."

"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. It seems very little to do for you; I only wish it were twice the sum! Wait," he continued, as Marion tried to speak, "let me have an came to see about buying a shawl. my say out. There's too much non- veston News.

postman came, among other things for | The check again fell to the floor .-

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

O Christmas angels, softly sing! O bells of Christmas, sweetly ring! Tell of the blessed Babe of earth-The holy Babe of Heavenly birth-For whom the angels first did sing. For whom our carols loudly 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-Which floods our happy homes to-day, And fills with peace the hearts which pray

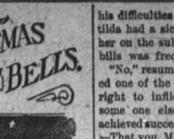
O Christmas angels, sing again Those words of cheer to waiting men! Let each sad heart forget its pain In listening to the sweet refrain. And know that Heaven has given again Peace and good will to weary men!
-Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Ledger.

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



Billy Brass-That stocking game ain't large enough for me; I guess I'll spring something new on Santa Claus,

-If some men should pass their good resolutions on the road on Christmas day they would not know them .- Gal-



HE midnight stars Vith more than usual brightness; The hills and valleys are arrayed. In robes of dazzling whiteness:

And jeweled sprays of frost and rime To forest boughs are clinging: And sweet the anthem and sublime The Christmas bells are ringing.

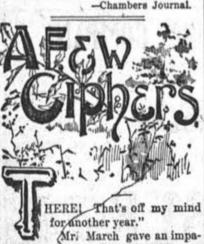
It wakes old memories again: The vanished past is nigh us; We feel anew old bliss, old pain, And long-lost friends are by us-Friends who have reached the better land Friends who have never faltered In friendship e'en around us stand

With friends estranged and altered. And voices silent long we hear Sweet words of pardon speaking; And other voices reach our ear, Our words of pardon seeking;

The wrongs we met too trivial seem To merit angry feeling; The wrongs we did we greater deem While Christmas bells are pealing.

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 near and far Calm, holy thoughts are bringing,

And Heaven and earth the nearer are While Christmas bells are ringing. -Chambers Journal.



Mr. March gave an impa-tient little flug to the last sheet in a series of letters he had been writing. Short and stereotyped they were-all running much like this:

"DRAD --: Inclosed find a trifle in rememirance of the day, with good wishes for all.

Affectionately,
"JOHN MARCH."

"It's a kind of nuisance," went on Mr. March, as he gazed at five checks which lay on his česk with the letters, each one dashed off and left to dry while the others were written. "I don't know-" a grumbling coming into his tone-"really, I don't-why I should keep it up year after year. There are some things which might be considered outgrown as time goes on, and this is one of them."

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. With the passage of the years he had grown apart from them; his interests and theirs had become widely separated, and yet he could not well have persuaded himself to sever this almost only link which bound him to the members of his own family.

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 done well from the first; and, even now, as he gazed upon the five checks, he recalled with a slight warmth at his heart the first time he had sent home gifts of money. They had been smaller then; a dollar each to three cousins, five dollars each to his brother and sister. What a stir they had made in the famlly. John could easily realize the feeling of opulence which it spread over his home roof and that of his uncle living near. Later he had enlarged the gift. Brother, sister and cousins had married and set up homes of their own. None of them had, like himself, prospered abundantly; and when first John March had written out three checks for ten dollars and two for twenty-five, he still knew the rejoicing they would carry into families in which money was scarce.

He had rejoiced in doing it, all the more that a little effort and self-denial had been necessary accompaniments of the gifts. That woofmany years ago. Time and circumstances had built up walls between him and his relatives, and the old heartiness of good will was

wanting. "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 pect help from me, and they have no made you a cripple for life?" right to."

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. It had been given, and that was the end of any trouble from David. 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 in extremities, but was given to keep- you and your wife." ing her burdens and struggles before him in a way which he sometimes found exasperating.

Cousin Tom had been a scapegracealways in trouble, always looking for going again on the basis of many promises of better things. Cousin Harvey was the possessor of a large family and small everything else. It was not with your crippled limb." so very long since Mr. March had helped

tilda 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 fold--That you, Mike?"

"It's meailf, sor. Ready to shut up when you say the worrud.'

"I'll take the key myself. I'm not quite done yet, but you needn't wait." 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. but the blissid Lord an' thimsilves He came slowly toward Mr. March-an undersized figure of an oldish man with a painful limp.

"If I might be thrubblin' ye jist a minnit, sur."

"Goon, Mike; no more lawsuits, hey?" taste. "No more o' thim. It's the funny man ye are, sor." Mike shook his head, his whole insignificant face beaming with delight. "It's only that bein' it's the blessed sayson comin' so near-Christmas eve to-morrow, glory be to again to the five checks on his desk. God!-that I'm axin' a bit o' help o' ye, Musther March, to sind a bit of a prigint to me two brothers, Pat an' Dinnis." "So you have relatives, too, have you?"

"Thanks to the blissid saints I have, sor. An' so I'm comin' to ye to fix up the bits o' paper that'll carry some money to thim two-the leetle mite of s scrap that manes so much." Mike laughed aloud as if in great relish of

"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'erd 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

"Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole," repeated Mike in the delib- knew, to express what he was worth,

his difficulties to himself. Cousin Ma- wid the ache in me ould bones. But ye see, aur, they're me own flesh an' blood-Pat and Dennis. They feel the pinch and the hardness jist like mesilf. Would it be mesilf 'u'd sit by me fire ed one of the checks, "people have no takin' me aise knowin' things was right to inflict their mistortunes on harder for thim nor for me? Be me some one else just because he has sowl! Musther March, I'm thinkin' it's achieved success where they have failed. 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 Mike, however, showed no hurry to the blissid Christmas day." Mike took leave, but busied himself about the a few limping steps in growing excite-room with occasional glances at Mr. ment. "Think of it, sur! It'll be makin' 'em feel rich! It'll bring the shmile to their faces, and the laugh to 'em, God bless 'em! on His own birthday! It'll aise the ache that no one l'nows of."

Yes, there was a radiance added to the gentleness in the faded eyes-aradiance written by a joy of which few in this self-seeking world know the

Without saying more Mr. March wrote the checks, to which the old man added his trevulous signature. As the sound of the limping footsteps died away in the hall, Mr. March turned

"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 deubted 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 vet."

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



"IF I MIGHT BE TROUBLIN' YE JIST A MINNIT, SUR."

erate tone of one taking special pains | and the initial figure would not be one to make himself understood. "What do you mean, Mike?"

"Jist phat I'm afther savin', sur. Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole, an' five hun'erd 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'erd

"Where sure enough! Why-" Mr. March gazed at the old janitor with a comical mixture of amazement and friendly contempt. "Why-you old-

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 mine is what I have made it. They ex- street railway for injuries which have

"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, them down with its iron touch, narrow-"Mike," he continued, seriously, "if you do mean such a crazy thing, I hope you will hear me when I advise you against Why, man, you are getting old. Your two thousand dollars is almost all directly applied to him except when your dependence for your old age-for

> "It's the ould wife and mesilf 'll be sirnin' this many a year yit, sur, plase the Lord."

"But, Mike, think of the difference this money will make in your comfort. some one to help him out and set him 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

"Musther March," he said, "I know it would be agreeable that he should keep | fire nor to go out in the perishin' cold | orest's Magazine.

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 stares 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 ing 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 priviiege 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 him out west, finishing his assistance ail, none betther nor mesilf. I know were finished each showed still one with the suggestion that in future it jist how much assier it is to sit by the more cipher.—Sydn. y Dayre, in Dem-

### MR. CARLISLE'S ANNUAL

1894 OVER 842,000,000.

This Year's Estimated at \$18,000,000 Refirement 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, \$33,-178,426, a deficit of \$42,805,283. Com pared with the fiscal year of 1894 the receipts for 1895 show an increase of \$17,570,705. 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 atany 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

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 beneficient 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 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

### 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, Brilliantine (plain and fancy), Silk Warps, etc. The greatest values ever offered.

Now for something durable and fash-Jonable. Attend our 20 per cent discount sale of black dress goods.

Erickson's black dress goods sale is a

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.

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Brass Castings, Iron Castings. Heavy Forgings, Pipe Fitting,

Bolt Cutting,

Boiler Work, Sheet Iron Work.

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We will make careful and accurate estimates of your work, at your plant, if desired.

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co.

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To my many patrons in the city and county I take this method of extending my thank's 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.

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