

THE IRON PORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL XXVII.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

NUMBER 1

GLIMPSSES OF CITY LIFE

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

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

Rev. Dr. Thomas will preach at the Presbyterian church to-morrow morning. In the evening the pastor will deliver the seventh of a series of lectures, his subject being: "The New Testament Writers and Its Undisputed Writings." The ladies of St. Joseph's church, than whom there are none more charitable in this community, distributed a large number of suitable articles among the worthy poor of the city on Christmas day, the same having been contributed by more fortunate members of the parish.

While in Chicago a few days ago Geo. T. Burns secured a real nice little plaything for his friend John Cotterill, and the recipient has occupied a large share of his leisure hours since operating it.

If the Iron Port falls a trifle short of being up to its usual standard of excellence this week, its readers may lay it to "ignorance." We can enjoy Christmas and attend to business, too.

The statement of the condition of the First National Bank, published elsewhere, shows that institution to be in sound financial circumstances. It is a good showing.

Owing to the large Xmas trade the American Express Co. was forced to run two wagons the first part of the week. Tom Burke took charge of wagon No. 2.

Our very contemporary, The Journal, pokes fun at the Iron Port because of an oversight on the part of the proofreader. This is news.

Midnight mass was celebrated at the Catholic churches Tuesday night, and at both St. Joseph's and St. Anne's the attendance was unusually large.

John Lafave, whose mother lives in Escanaba township, was killed in Lower Michigan this week.

The handsome woman is inadvertently overlooked less frequently than is her plainer sister.

John Henderson, of Ford River, is at the Tracy hospital with an ugly gash in one his legs.

A religion that does not stick to a man during business, is no good after business hours.

The Diamond Drill, Crystal Falls, issued a very creditable Christmas edition.

The friends of Dr. Todd presented him with a large arm chair on Christmas day.

The Board of Education will hold a regular meeting next Friday evening.

Fred Hodges has the finest wet grocery north of Milwaukee.

A Mistaken Notion.
Some wise people are trying hard to figure it out that the selection of St. Louis as the place for the republican national convention favors this or that candidate for the presidential nomination. 'Twas ever thus, and it would have been the same if any other city had been selected by the national committee.

But history proves that location has little to do with the choice of the convention when it comes to nominating the ticket. And why should it? The location of candidates sometimes enters largely into the contest as a controlling factor, but the location of the convention makes little if any difference with any of the candidates.

So when it is said that this or that candidate is favored by the selection of St. Louis it is all wind. Even if the local shouters in the convention should show a decided sentiment in favor of a certain candidate, it is not the shouters that do the voting. The delegates are not influenced by the local sentiment of the town to which the convention is held. They simply make "due allowance" for it, and that is all.

There may be and often is a distinct advantage in the location of a state or congressional convention to some particular candidate residing there, but that is entirely different from a national convention held in a city where there is no candidate seeking the nomination. Chicago has had several national conventions, but when did Chicago or Illinois profit by them in this way? True, Gen. Logan was nominated for vice-president there, but the ticket would have been Blaine and Logan if the convention had been held in New York or San Francisco or St. Louis, or anywhere else.

The records show that the location of the convention signifies nothing as to the positions of candidates, and all speculation on that point is profitless.—Inter Ocean.

To Grow Big Pansy Blossoms.
One can get large-sized flowers from pansies by making the soil quite rich. When buds show apply some sort of liquid fertilizer. In this way you will succeed in getting some large flowers, but your plants will not be benefited by the forcing resulting from this treatment.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

Among the City Schools.
During the school month ending Nov.

22, there was a total enrollment of 993 pupils in the public schools, with an average daily attendance of 820.

There are 33 girls and 14 boys in the high school.

Frequent complaint is made against the conduct of some of the high school boys. One of their recent acts of depravity was the kicking in of one of the boards in the wall of the commercial room.

From September 1st to November 22d, only six parents or guardians visited the high school. Other visitors numbered seventeen. Parents should visit the schools.

The new Barr school building will be ready for occupancy about February 1st.

A TERRIBLE TALE

Of a Lady's Trials and Tribulations in Her Selections of Domestic.

"I want to advertise for a domestic," said an Escanaba lady to the business manager of The Iron Port Tuesday. "I have had no inconsiderable trouble and annoyance the past twelvemonth, and would like a girl different from those I have been wrestling with," and with a sigh the lady dropped into one of the elegantly upholstered chairs that adorn our sanctum and proceeded to unfold her tale of woe. "Last fall I heard of a school girl, and went to work systematically to get her. I learned afterwards from a neighbor that it was a put-up job. The girl's name was Cleopatra. She wanted \$15 per month and the use of the piano. I was confident that she was an extraordinary piece of household furniture, and engaged her forthwith. Cleopatra had lovers innumerable, and on the Sabbath day the sofa was moved into the kitchen while my husband and I sat around on the floor. We wanted to throw all the home influences possible around Cleopatra, so that she would be cheerful and contented, and like one of the family. She used to wear my dresses when I was away. When my dresses got shabby Cleopatra got discontented and took her departure very unceremoniously," and the lady sighed another sigh as memory carried her back over the few short months.

"Then I got a real nice girl from Gladstone, but immediately after she got so she could manufacture a pie that would succumb to the softening influences of time, she married a Rapid River man who was so cross-eyed that when he wept the tears rolled down the back of his neck. I then got a fresh arrival from the 'Land of the Midnight Sun.' She was 'long' on Swedish and 'short' on English and our sociability was somewhat distressing. If I told her to wash dishes she invariably blacked the stove. I sometimes poured out my soul to her, but she had a fur-away look in her mild orb, like a man who is short on his board bill. When I asked for the dessert she brought in the dish-rag; she brushed the children's hair with my husband's shoe-brush. One day she brought in the soup with about eleven inches of her thumb therein in order to get a firmer grip on the tureen. In the first impulse of coy and maidenly surprise she thoughtlessly spilled the consommé in my husband's lap. With a graceful movement, my husband rose to his full height and would have killed her with the carving-knife had I not grasped the murderous weapon. I then got a hollow-eyed domestic from across the big bay—Garden. She was an orphan with pretty pale hair that used to appear regularly in the hash. She was extremely proud and impulsive in her nature, and ate everything in the house. She used to go about at midnight when ghosts go forth and graves give up their dead foraging around after cold pie and fragments of rich and expensive food. She had a singular longing for jam and an impassioned yearning for preserves that we never succeeded in quenching. When the fruit-cake and jelly gave out, she would sadly turn her undivided attention to cold ham and mustard, with the smouldering ruins of baked beans and cabbage. We stood it until our disbursements far exceeded our receipts, when we requested her resignation. My husband threatened to make an assignment. What I want now is a good, sensible all-round girl, not so much as a companion and confidential promoter of financial ruin, but more to wrestle with manual labor in the kitchen at so much per wrestle and board. I am not difficult to please but I don't want to pay the same salary that Cashier Lyman gets just for the sake of having a pampered menial in the house who doesn't do enough work to drive away that tired feeling.

Death of Mrs. Forsberg.
Mrs. J. B. Forsberg, of Duluth, a resident of Escanaba from 1880 to 1886, died at Duluth last Friday of consumption. She leaves a husband and three children. Deceased was a sister of A. W. Stromberg, and a cousin of John Stromberg.

Winter Steamboating.
The Anabel, Capt. Coffey, came into port from Fairport on Thursday afternoon. She brought something over 2,500 pounds of fish. The little steamer is now receiving some necessary repairs, the Escanaba Iron Works doing the work.

Liquor License Report.
The sum of \$45,756.68 was paid into the county treasury the past year for liquor licenses.

GENERATES ITS POWER

THE M. & I. R. COMPANY TO TRY AN ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENT.

The Plan is a Novel One in Railroad. Heavy Ore Cars Pick Up Electrical Power As They Slide Down Grade—A Fall of 800 Feet.

Perpetual motion is not yet an accomplished fact, though long-haired geniuses of a mechanical turn of mind are still wrestling with the problem in various parts of the country, says a correspondent of the Evening Wisconsin. In view of this fact the proposition to build a railroad which shall generate all its own power without any auxiliary plant is rather startling, yet the railroad has been surveyed and incorporated, though it is not yet built, and the possibility of generating its own power automatically without use of steam has been passed favorably upon by such electricians as Brush, Edison and others of high standing as practical workers in electrical fields.

The plan on which the new railroad is to be operated, when built, is one embracing such novel departures from the accepted standards of rail traction and such a unique generation of power that it is worthy of examination. The proposed road, the route for which has already been surveyed, will run between Ishpeming and Marquette, and will be fifteen miles in length. In Ishpeming are located the largest and richest mines of iron ore in the world and the shipments of iron ore amount annually to more than 1,000,000 tons of ore from the Ishpeming mines alone. The nearest lake port is Marquette, on Lake Superior, fifteen miles east of Ishpeming, where much of the ore is taken for water shipment to eastern ports. Other large shipments from Ishpeming are made to Escanaba, on Lake Michigan, sixty-five miles southward. The ore forwarded to Marquette is transported over the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railway, with a charge of 35 cents per ton for the fifteen-mile haul. The mine owners feel that the charge is too high for the service, hence the projection of the Marquette & Iron Range railroad, which is to furnish its own power and make glad the hearts of the shippers of iron ore.

There is a fall of 800 feet in the fifteen miles between Ishpeming and Marquette. It would therefore be possible to operate a gravity road on which the loaded train going down would haul the empty train coming up, were it not for the length of the line and the many curves which it will be necessary to make to obtain a grade as low as 2 per cent. Just how to save up the power generated by the running down of the loaded trains and use it for hauling the empty cars back to the mine was a point which gave rise to much cogitation on the part of Hiram A. Burt of this city, the president of the projected line, but he succeeded in solving it, theoretically at least, and has the assurance of some of the brightest electricians of the country that his theory is correct and will work out in practice.

The ore cars on the new line will be of the common gondola type, holding about twenty-five tons each. To every ten or fifteen cars there will be attached a motor car. This will contain a dynamo. On the down grade no brakes will be applied, but the motor will be thrown in gear and the force otherwise wasted on brakes will be turned into electrical energy. This will be transmitted to a trolley line and taken off again by an empty train making the up trip. The weight of the ore will be sufficient to overcome the loss of power through friction and an electric road will be built which practically runs itself.

The full plans of the Marquette & Iron Range road are on a most ambitious scale. Along the right of way there are repeated falls on the Carp river, a stream of fair size, giving many thousand horse power which simply require electrical harness to be available for any work which is on hand. At very low cost a dam could be built and an electrical plant installed to generate additional power for the operation of the railroad in cases of emergency. It is proposed to build great crushing plants here, covering several hundred acres, where the ore will be brought from the mines and crushed, furnacemen now insisting that their hard ore supplies be crushed to certain fineness before reaching the smelter. Electrical power could be cheaply brought from the numerous falls of the Carp to run a gigantic plant of crushers and the ore could then be brought down from the mines in winter as well as summer, as it would be stocked at the crushers instead of at the mines. This would enable the road to perform a large amount of work with the minimum equipment, as the rolling stock could be used twelve months a year instead of seven, as is now the case with the cars of the ore-carrying lines.

The matter of electrical smelting of iron ore is also being looked into, and it is possible that some of the great power now running to waste may be utilized in reducing the ores to pig iron. The

project is on a large scale and should even a portion of it materialize would be not only of great benefit to the district but of much interest to electricians also. The development of the Marquette & Iron Range electric line will be watched with deep interest by all who have faith in electricity as the coming power which is to perform our tasks at the minimum of expense and with the maximum of economy and efficiency.

List of Jurors.

The following list of petit jurors have been drawn to serve at the January term of the circuit court which convenes on the 20th prox: City of Escanaba, Pat. Fogarty, N. D. Randall, Peter Arnold, Wallace Mitchell, Fred Hess, Louis J. Strom, Charles Erickson, Timothy Killian, Elmer Van Valkenburg, Peter Olson, August N. Stromberg, Louis M. Rionx, Peter Yunker and Alfred Champ. City of Gladstone, William Young, Collins C. Ireland, J. V. Clark and Peter H. Snyder. Bark River Township, George W. Douglass. Baldwin Township, Henry Lanecour. Bay de Noc Township, Geo. Hartwig. Escanaba Township, John Barron, Sr. Fairbanks Township, Henry Lemke. Ford River Township, John Blomberg. Garden Township, Aristides Thibault. Maple Ridge Township, Basile Lenzi. Masonville Township, John DeMoore. Nahma Township, William Barlow. Sack Bay Township, Henry B. Hazen. Wells Township, Andrew Wicking.

The W. & M. Road May Change Hands.

The Wisconsin & Michigan Railroad company will hold its annual meeting in Marquette next month. Preparations will probably be made for an extension to the Menominee iron range from Fairborn Junction to Florence, Wis., extending through Iron Mountain. A report was recently started that the Canadian Pacific intended ultimately to purchase the Wisconsin & Michigan. At present the two roads have close traffic arrangements and the consummation of the project would only be a logical consequence. Officials of the Wisconsin & Michigan do not deny the report. It would give the Canadian Pacific entrance to Chicago by way of the Wisconsin & Michigan railway line.

Might Have Proved Disastrous.

During midnight mass at St. Joseph's Catholic church at Marquette, just as the Rev. Fr. Caron, the pastor, was giving his blessing, the drapery about the altar of the Virgin Mary and around the manger with the image of the Holy Babe in it caught fire. In a twinkling the flames shot up the altar and the immense congregation was thrown into a panic. Several of the cool-headed members of the church rose during the excitement and prevented a stampede. Seven or eight men rushed to the altar and with their overcoats smothered the flames, so that they did not spread.

The Christmas Exercises.

The Christmas entertainment at the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening was largely attended. The program was interesting, and all present had an enjoyable time. Christmas bricks, filled with candy, were distributed by Santa Claus.

No less interesting was the exercises at the Methodist church, where a splendid program was rendered in praiseworthy style by the Sunday school.

The Sons of Herman had a Christmas tree, at their hall, for the little ones, and Santa Claus himself was there to assist in the festivities.

Death of Peter Williams.

The funeral of Peter Williams, who died at the home of his son, Joseph Williams, at an early hour on Monday, was held from St. Joseph's church Thursday morning, and was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and relatives. Mr. Williams was born in Luxembourg, Germany, sixty-three years ago, and came to this country when a young man. He was a respected resident of Escanaba for many years.

To Operate the Indians.

The Indiana mine at Iron Mountain, which has been idle for eight years, has been leased from the Canal company by Joseph Pope and James Billings of Ishpeming, and mining operations will be resumed early in January. The Walpole, which has been idle an equal length of time, has been leased to the Peewabie company and will begin hoisting ore at once.

Ishpeming's Gold Mine.

Peter Genggrass, owner of the land on which the once noted Michigan gold mine was located at Ishpeming, has set up a small mill on the property, and will reopen the mine. This property yielded \$17,000 in gold from a single pocket but failed to prove profitable, and was abandoned several years ago, the fee reverting to Genggrass.

List of Accidents.

While Dr. Phillips was opening a box of matches the other day, the "little torches" became ignited, quite badly burning the doctor's hands.

Lillie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Fish, fell on the ice while skating, breaking one of her arms.

SUPPORT HOME PEOPLE

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD IS OUR MOTTO.

A Green Bay Grocer Refused Advertising Space in These Columns—The Home Merchant Should Get the Local Business.

One of an observant turn of mind will probably notice that the columns of The Iron Port are free from "foreign" advertisements, such as are usually found in the average country weekly. The motto of this paper, which is nailed conspicuously to its masthead, "Home first, the world afterward," is lived up to as nearly as possible by the publishers. We can not conscientiously advise our readers to patronize home institutions and home merchants and at the same time carry advertisements to entice trade away from Escanaba which rightfully belongs here. No outside merchant advertises in Escanaba for love or glory—he is advertising for business, and he does not seek business for pleasure, but to make money. By holding out a few inducements and offering a few baits at low prices he draws trade from surrounding towns, and then makes it up on some other line. Bear in mind, that in nine cases out of ten you can buy as cheap at home as you can abroad, and you are at the same time keeping the money in circulation at home; besides if the article is not what it should be you can go down town, invite the home merchant into the back yard and wallop him around among the dry goods boxes for while for misrepresenting. If you get "touched" away from home you must grin and bear it.

The Iron Port recently received advertising propositions from a Green Bay firm asking for advertising space, which were refused; not that the Green Bay concern is not responsible, but because home merchants are the ones who assist so materially in maintaining our city—and The Iron Port—and we are not the ones to entice business away from them. So long as the business men of Escanaba continue to bestow a liberal patronage upon The Iron Port its columns will be closed against outsiders who desire to draw money away from the town.

Forging to the Front.

The Ann Arbor Railroad company, under the new plan of reorganization, has arranged to expend over \$3,000 per mile on that road and for equipment, which will place it on a par with any railroad in the country, says the Menominee Herald. Cyrus J. Lawrence, one of the board of directors of the Wabash, and also a leading member of a committee to reorganize the Ann Arbor, stated at a meeting of railroad magnates held in Detroit on Monday, that Frankfort harbor would be improved by the government at an expense of \$50,000, and as much more will be spent by the company in perfecting plans for carrying the trade of the west to the east and also carrying to the northwest the great coal trade which has formerly gone by other roads. Arrangements had also been made with the Wisconsin Central for a connection at Manitowoc and two car-transfer steamers would render unnecessary the breaking of bulk in transit. Besides, the road would be in position next summer to care for the vast summer resort traffic of northern Michigan.

A Long Log Haul.

Stickney, who is doing some logging on the upper Whitefish for the Garth Lumber Company, has done some good work thus far this season, notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather during the past fortnight. At camp three, Jim Hatley in charge, three and a half millions will be cut and hauled nine miles. In order to make this long haul successfully a half way station has been established, after reaching which another teamster takes the load to the "dump." At camp one two and a half millions will be cut, and at Hay Meadow about the same amount.

For Another Revenue Cutter.

Senator McMillan has prepared for early introduction a bill appropriating \$200,000 for a new revenue cutter on the great lakes. The grant for the revenue cutter now building in Cleveland was \$175,000, but it is found that that sum leaves too small a margin to warrant contractors in again undertaking the construction of a craft of similar dimensions and design.

A Young Life Goes Out.

Daisy Keek, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Keek, died on Monday morning last in the fourteenth year of her age, pneumonia being the cause of her demise. She had a host of young friends, all of whom greatly mourn her death.

In New Quarters.

The common council will hereafter meet in the store building recently vacated by the Mead Chemical company.

Pay Your Small Debts.

This is a form of charity which may be exercised without giving away a penny

that rightfully belongs to the giver, and which puts the taker under no embarrassing obligations, but confers inestimable benefit. It consists in the prompt payment of small debts. Don't let the grocer, the dressmaker, the baker, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher, the man who sells you fish, or the woman who sells you frills, suffer for the lack of money you owe to each or all of them. Pay as you go, "and so shall the poor rise up and call you blessed by reason of your nimble pence." The prompt payers are the salt of the earth.

Notes From Dicksonville.

Mike Baker, better known as "Haywire Mike," is getting out logs for Sturgeon Bay Co., Canada, peakers going to the river every day.

J. W. Henderson transacted business in town this week and drew a load of supplies to his camp. Owing to soft weather he was unable to haul to the river.

Louis Olson was in town on a visit to his many friends. Needless to say, they gave him a very cordial reception. He reports having a splendid time.

Alex. Dickson, finding he can not supply the demand of Ford River with eggs from his poultry farm, is enlarging his premises, intending to enlarge his stock and, having had success in the past, will devote his whole time to chicken farming.

Olof Rasmussen having bought a farm out here, intends to go in for farming on a large scale. He came from Chicago last summer and intends to settle here.

The fishermen having taken their nets out, are now taking their stakes out of the woods ready for spring fishing.

Frank Seymour, the noted fisherman of Dicksonville, gave a big feast to his many friends from Ford River. Geese, turkey and beef were the order of the day. Cordials and cigars flowed pretty freely and everyone present had a good time.

Joseph Martin, Jr., insurance agent, spent Xmas at home with his parents.

Chris. Jepsen, one of our old settlers, is suffering from a severe attack of lumbago.

The Police Mill.

"A wanderer upon the face of the earth" appropriated one of Q. R. Hessel's nice, fat turkeys on Tuesday, sold it for 50 cents, and returned for another haul when he was arrested and turned over to the police. In Justice Wright's court the prisoner gave the name of Frank Miller. The magistrate imposed a fine of \$15, but Miller's bank account was overdrawn and he could not liquidate, whereupon he was ordered to quit town immediately, which pressing invitation he readily accepted.

E. Trueblood commenced celebrating Christmas on Tuesday by taking on a load of mixed drinks. It proved too much for him, and he became hilarious, and was gathered in by an officer. He paid a fine of \$5 in Justice Wright's court.

Elmer Ellsworth pleaded guilty to the charge of disorderly conduct, last Saturday, and was fined \$10 and costs by Justice Moore.

Runaway Switch Engine.

The switch engine used at Norway was left standing at the usual place, on the Norway mine spur Tuesday supper time. From some unknown cause, it started towards the mine. Near the mine is a short spur track on which cars containing mine supplies are sometimes unloaded. The switch was thrown for this track and the engine, after running the length of the spur, ran off the end and made its way thirty feet into a store house, forcing the full length of the tender into the building and smashing things generally. The wrecking train arrived here Wednesday morning and replaced the engine and tender on the track, and they were taken to Escanaba for repairs. The building (the old supply office of the Penn Iron Co.) is a total loss.—Norway Current.

Christmas Entertainment To-night.

Christmas exercises will be held at the Swedish Methodist church to-night, commencing at 7 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged, part in English, and all who attend are assured a good time. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged.

A Verdict of Not Guilty.

As the Iron Port went to press Saturday a jury was trying Mary Ault, charged with keeping a house of ill-fame, in Justice Moore's court. During the afternoon the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and the woman was discharged from custody.

Suffered a Stroke of Paralysis.

Peter Welch suffered a stroke of paralysis Monday morning, his entire right side being affected. He has been in a somewhat precarious condition during the week, but is convalescent at this writing.

Score of the Gun Club.

The Escanaba Gun Club shot on Christmas day, the following being the result out of a possible twenty-five: Abner Aley 11, A. G. Crose 11, A. R. Holmes 10, Ed. Voght 10, John Alger 9.

Christmas at Duckville.

The Swedish Methodists, of Barkville, held a Christmas entertainment Thursday night. Rev. J. K. Owen, of this city, was in attendance. All had a most enjoyable time.

Waiting For Ice.

Work on the new ore dock is progressing slowly on account of soft weather, there being no ice on which to work.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the carrier, whether directed to his name or whether by a subscriber or not, is responsible for the cost. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the carriers, in violation of law, having them uncollected for a period of six months is intentional fraud.

THE BURDEN OF THE HOURS.

The days go slipping swiftly by
With gifts of joys and sorrows;
So soon are draped in amber garb
Our longed-for bright to-morrows!
Their rose-hued robes are laid aside
To don dull memory's gray;
Their longed-for joys have lived and died—
'Twas only yesterday.

So swift, so swift, they change and shift,
Each and so joyous how!
To-day they bear a lily fair,
To-morrow passion's flower,
And yesterday they bore away
A wreath of orange bloom;
To-day they bring forget-me-nots,
To lighten memory's gloom.

Thrice bleat the hours whose fairest flowers
Bring gladness to the heart,
Though fleet and gay they speed away
And quickly from us part;
But sad and slow the moments go
That lure our loved away:
With tear-dimmed eyes, we yearning cry:
"Come back, Oh, yesterday!"

'Tis vain! 'Tis vain! Oh, not again
The hours shall come to thee
With blessing they have borne away
To join life's surging sea.
And hours of pain, whose tears like rain
Have drenched thee—all are past.
They come no more—on time's vast shore
Their burdens have been cast.
—Mary Morrison, in Housekeeper.

A FORGER AND THIEF.

"I tell you, Marx, that what you ask is impossible! My banking account is already overdrawn, you hold a bill of sale over this furniture and my horses and carriages, and I haven't a penny in the world but this handful of loose silver—and you don't want that, I suppose?"

"Well, seventeen and thirteenth wouldn't go far to pay off seventeen hundred pounds, would it? Ask yourself, Mr. Vandelliar, and Mr. Moses Marx smiled affably, rubbing his fat yellow hands one over the other as comfortably as though he were Dr. Vandelliar's greatest friend instead of his most implacable creditor.

"The doctor frowned inquiringly. "Seventeen hundred pounds?" he cried, incredulously. "What are you talking about? The bill you discounted was drawn for 1,500 only."

"Yeth, I know," returned Mr. Marx, calmly; "but the other 200 is extra interest for cashing a forgery!"

"Forgery!" exclaimed Dr. Vandelliar, in well-assumed indignation and surprise. "That's an ugly word, Marx!" and his long wavy hands twitched nervously, making Mr. Marx think how painful they would prove if dug inductively into his fat throat.

"I know it's an ugly word, doctor; but it isn't so ugly as the crime itself. What's the use of beating about the bush? I knew that the names on the back of your bill were forgeries when I discounted it."

"You infernal old scoundrel! But why did you, the shrewdest, most clove-fisted money lender in London, discount a bill you knew to be forged?"

"For the thimble reason, my friend, that I knew you'd have to take it up when it fell due."

"Then you've made a mistake; I can't. The bill's overdue now!"

"Oh, another day or two don't matter to me," said Marx serenely.

"But don't you see," explained the doctor, impatiently, "don't you see that I'm broke—smashed altogether?"

"It can't be so bad as that? No, no. Now, Vandelliar, my boy, you're joking; now, ain't you?"

"No," answered Vandelliar, grimly. "I never was more serious in my life."

"Then, if that's the case," stormed Mr. Marx, his amiability suddenly vanishing, "you'll have to meet this bill to-morrow or go to prison!"

"Very well," said the doctor, who grew calm as his creditor became excited. "If that's your decision you may as well send for the police at once."

Being a man of action, the doctor rose from his reverie and left his study with the intention of visiting his wealthy patient. As he ascended the stairs he heard the street door close with a bang. Meeting his housekeeper, Mrs. Mallingier, on the landing, Vandelliar asked her who had just gone out.

"Young Mr. Harold Trefusis, Sir Michael's nephew," the woman replied. "He had a private interview with his uncle, sir, and left the room in an awful hurry."

Left the room in a hurry! Shut the door after him with a bang! That seemed to imply anything but a pleasant interview between uncle and nephew; and Vandelliar argued well for himself from the circumstances.

"Mrs. Mallingier," he said, curtly, "Sir Michael's state is precarious, and while he is under my care I will not have him annoyed. He must not be upset in this manner. Give orders that Mr. Trefusis is not to be admitted in future!"

In another moment Dr. Vandelliar entered Sir Michael's room. He would see how his patient was, and then, by persuasion or force, make him execute a short will, bequeathing something handsome "to his dear friend and attentive physician, Otho Vandelliar, M. D.," etc. He advanced to the bedside and called Sir Michael by name. There was no answer.

"Asleep," muttered Vandelliar. "Sorry to disturb the old fellow, but it can't be helped."

So saying he lit the lamp—for the wintry afternoon light was failing fast—and, approaching the bed, placed his fingers on the silent occupant's wrist. He drew back with a start.

Gen. Sir Michael Trefusis, K. C. B., was dead.

Dr. Vandelliar stood for a moment staring blankly at the corpse. Death had stepped in to thwart his plans, and absolute ruin must follow.

Must follow? Surely something could be done? Something must be done!

The doctor locked the chamber door, and sat down in a chair by the side of the dead man. For a minute or two he could not compel his thoughts to definite form; but slowly, under the influence of his indomitable will, they took shape.

Sir Michael was dead—so forcing him to sign a will in his favor was out of the question. But what of the iron box of bonds-to-bearer, and precious jewels brought from India, which the general insisted upon keeping in the cabinet by his bedside? The contents of that box were worth £10,000 or more, and immediately realized. The box was still in the cabinet, the doctor saw, and the key was hanging round the dead man's neck as usual. The iron box should be Vandelliar's salvation, for he would swear that the original owner had given it to him on his deathbed. Of course, the thing was quite easy, and impending ruin would vanish in the sunshine of prosperity.

And then, like a cold hand laid upon his hot heart, came Vandelliar's recollection that such gifts, to be legal, must be conferred by hand, and in the presence of witnesses.

So it must be ruin after all unless—but no, he would not put himself in the power of his servants by making them his accomplices in false swearing. With a sharp exclamation of rage and disappointment Vandelliar rose from his ghastly vigil, thinking bitterly that as Sir Michael had died without a will, all his property, bonds and jewels included, would go to his heir-at-law, his nephew, from whom he had parted in anger.

But just as his hand was on the key of the door Dr. Vandelliar turned back again to the bedside. He had thought of a device which might secure to him the valuable he so coveted.

An adept in electrical and galvanic science, Dr. Vandelliar possessed all the newest apparatus for experimenting upon animals and human beings supposed to be dead, with a view of bringing them back to life. Many such experiments had been made by the doctor. He had never succeeded in restoring a subject to life, but he had succeeded in making corpses imitate the movements of living bodies. He had also utilized his ventiloquial ability—acquired as an amateur entertainer in his student days—and in some of his demonstrations, by making his subject's lips move in sympathy with his disguised voice, persuaded students and onlookers that his galvanized corpses were living, speaking beings. True, in such cases the lights had always been low, and no examination had been made until he explained the deception.

All this flashed through the active doctor's brain with the rapidity of thought, and he instantly decided to put his idea into practice, risky as it was. Sir Michael's body was not yet cold, and the plan could be carried out forthwith.

Softly Vandelliar quitted the death chamber, locking the door behind him, and thinking how fortunate for him it was that Sir Michael's nurse was out for her daily walk, so that he could conclude his operation before her return. Entering his surgery, Vandelliar quickly adjusted his electric apparatus, and carried it up to Sir Michael's room. He soon fixed it beneath the clothes, and attached the electric communicators to the proper parts of the dead man's frame. He rehearsed the conversation and effects once or twice, and, though any suspicious witness might not have been deceived by the jerky, hesitating movements he succeeded in producing, he considered that they would pass muster with his housekeeper and butler, whom he intended to call as witnesses. Placing the lamp so that the dead man's face was thrown into the shadow by the bed curtains, and arranging the electric apparatus so that he could govern it while pretending to support the sinking invalid, Vandelliar unlocked the door and rang the bell violently.

"Mallingier," he said as the housekeeper entered, "fetch Jurgan, the butler, quickly. Sir Michael is worse, and wishes to say something in the presence

of witnesses before the end, which is, I fear, only too near."

Jurgan, blank and frightened, and Mrs. Mallingier, stout and fussy, soon hurried together, and, in obedience to their master's orders, sat down at some distance from the bed.

"Now, Mallingier and Jurgan," said Vandelliar, solemnly, "please pay the strictest attention to what passes, for you may have to repeat it upon oath."

Then, bending over the corpse, he continued: "They are here, now, Sir Michael. Oh, you wish Jurgan to give you the iron box from the cabinet, there?"

The dead man's jaws worked convulsively, and from his lips, apparently, came the monosyllable: "Yes."

"Jurgan," Vandelliar commanded, "do as Sir Michael desires."

Jurgan rose and handed the box to the doctor, who placed it in Sir Michael's hands; and then with artful leading questions and short, decided answers, Dr. Vandelliar proceeded with his grim mummery until the two servants had duly witnessed the legal handing over of the precious box, and heard, as they thought, Sir Michael's words conferring the gift. The box and key once in his possession, Vandelliar dismissed the awed witnesses to their customary duties.

Dr. Vandelliar rapidly removed his apparatus to the surgery; and then, having returned to Sir Michael's room, he again summoned Mallingier and informed her that the poor old gentleman had suddenly passed away.

At this juncture, and before Vandelliar had an opportunity of opening the box, and gloating over its contents, two unexpected visitors were simultaneously announced. One was Herald Trefusis; the other was Mr. Moses Marx. Vandelliar decided to be at home to both, but he saw Marx first.

"Well," he inquired impatiently, "what brought you back so soon?"

"I just called to see if you were keeping cool, doctor—I mean I hope you ain't going to do anything so wicked as to commit suicide? Think what a dreadful thing it is—and remember that suicide invalidates your life policy, my friend!"

Vandelliar laughed. Then he hastily explained the circumstances, though not the modus operandi, of the gift of the box.

"Now," he said, "as the bonds and jewels will be deposited at my bank as soon as the doors open in the morning, I suppose you will take my check in exchange for the bill?"

Marx was anxious to get rid of the bill, and he knew that the doctor's check, though it might not be met, was a safer thing to sue upon than a bill he had admitted he knew to be forged when he cashed it, so he made but little demur, merely asking, "as a matter of bithness," if the bonds were ready in the box.

"I saw them there yesterday," said Vandelliar, truthfully. "Is that good enough for you?"

Marx thought it was, and handed the forged bill of Vandelliar in exchange for the latter's check. The doctor then tore the incriminating paper into fragments, which he threw into the fire.

"Now, come along, Marx," he cried, "and support me in my interview with the despoiled heir!"

The pair proceeded to the library, where they found Harold Trefusis impatiently waiting.

"I am told that my Uncle Michael is dead," said Harold. "It's a surprise to me, as he seemed rather better this afternoon. But, as his only surviving relative, I should like to see the poor old gentleman, and to take formal possession of his effects."

"I shall be very glad if you will do so," said Vandelliar, smiling blandly. "Though I must make an exception of the iron box in which, as you know, your lamented uncle kept all his bonds payable to bearer and his India jewels. That box and its contents Sir Michael gave to me, in the presence of witnesses, about an hour before his death."

GOOD NATURE.

When Genuine May Be Regarded as a Real Virtue.

To become a quality worthy of admiration, good nature should be associated with regard for justice and a sense of duty. When good nature is simply a form of weakness it finds expression in kindnesses that work injustice. The man who is free and generous with his companions is called good-natured, but his character appears somewhat different to his creditors if his bills are unpaid, or to the wife whose weekly allowance is cut down that he may enjoy his selfish pleasures. There is such a thing as good nature, and it is a very great virtue; but when it is worthy of the name it is coupled with consideration for others, and is manifested in such a way as to do no injustice to anyone. It is better, after all, to be just than generous, unless we can make sure that our generosity is founded upon and supplementary to justice. In the social state men and women are bound together by innumerable ties, so that motion by an individual in one direction affects more or less the mass. It is only with our surplus time or money or other agency that we can play the part of a good-natured man without injuriously affecting those to whom we are bound. The good-natured young man who serves on committees and attends to public or semi-public business with as much zeal as he could bestow upon his private affairs is much to be commended, provided he does so by a sacrifice of time that is wholly his own; but if he robs his employer of the hours devoted to charitable or church or public work, his good nature is exhibited by a sacrifice of duty. So, also, if, having grown older, he neglects his family to care for the waifs of society, he is disregarding his duty, though the world, being ignorant of such neglect, may applaud his public spirit.

The grossest misapplication of the term, however, is when it is applied to men of convivial habits, who ruin themselves and others by their so-called good nature. It is, indeed, a very ill nature, for it is the very essence of selfishness. The good-natured drinker seeks first the gratification of his own depraved appetite, and he does this without consideration for anyone, and too often at the expense of other people. He may pay the bills, it is true, and with money that is nominally his own, but upon which creditors and relatives have unsatisfied claims. Yet he takes credit to himself for being generous and good-natured, and is too often accorded by the unthinking. The social state might, perhaps, be improved in some degree if men would take a more just view of life, and draw proper distinctions between the surface indications of good nature and good nature itself.—Home Queen.

LITTLE CROW.

Some of the Misdeeds and the End of a Very Bad Indian.

The Sioux or Dakota tribe of Indians has been for a considerable time the most powerful confederation of aborigines on the American continent. They could place to-day several thousand warriors in the field, and they have given our government much trouble during the past generation. It was the Sioux who were the most actively engaged in war with us, after the discovery of gold in California, in 1849 caused such a stream of emigration across the continent; they were the leaders in the destruction of Custer and his command; it was they who perpetrated the terrible massacres of 1862 in Minnesota, and who came so near bringing on a general war in 1890-91.

Among the famous leaders of the Sioux was Little Crow, who at the beginning of the outbreak of 1862 was living in a comfortable brick house, near one of the agencies, which had been erected by our government as an inducement for him to help in the civilization of his turbulent people. He was counted upon as one of the staunchest friends of the whites, and, indeed, had lost caste with many of his own people because of his support of their measures.

Yet on the fatal day in August, when the fierce bucks ran to his house and awoke him from sleep to ask his advice as to what should be done, Little Crow, instead of counseling peace, told them that, inasmuch as trouble must inevitably occur between the whites and his people, it might as well begin then as at any time. He proposed that they should go to the agency and kill the traders, and volunteered to act as their leader. Having thus identified himself with the hostiles, he became one of the most bitter and unrelenting of them all. He possessed considerable ability, and he threw himself heart and soul into the fight. He was the leader in several of the most decisive defeats received by detachments of troops; was in command in the attacks on New Ulm, Fort Ridgely and the agencies, struck many hard blows, and though he personally did not wish to torture prisoners, was too weak to prevent his men from doing so.

It always takes a civilized government a considerable while to shake itself into shape when such a crisis comes. The civil war being then under way, quite a number of armed men were in Minnesota, because of the call of President Lincoln for volunteers. By and by Col. Sibley was able to reach the Indians, with the consequence that they were badly beaten. Not only did the majority surrender, but the leaders in the atrocious butcheries were caught and tried and 38 were hanged at Mankato, in February, 1863.

Little Crow, however, fled northward with a large body of warriors, and took refuge in the neighborhood of Devil's lake, where, the following year, he renewed his crimes and outrages. He was so defiant that he notified Col. Sibley where he was, adding that soon he intended to arrive with his men at the Yellow Medicine agency.

The authorities became so incensed against the Sioux because of their atrocities that they organized scouts to hunt them down, and offered a reward for every one that was killed. Such was the state of affairs when, on Friday afternoon, July 3, 1863, Chauncey Lamson, a boy, and his father were walking along the road several miles north of Hutchinson, one of the towns that had suffered severely from the massacre. Each had a gun over his shoulder, and they were walking side by side, talking in low tones, when the son suddenly touched the arm of his father and pointed to a little clearing, opening into the woods ahead. The two halted at sight of a couple of Indians picking berries. Their backs were toward the whites, who softly stepped behind the trees, and held a whispered consultation as to what was best to do.

There was no doubt that the Indians were hostiles, and had they seen the others first, would have shot them. Mr. Lamson and his boy decided to anticipate them. Taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a poplar surrounded with undergrowth, the father crept near enough to secure a good aim, when he fired at one of the Indians. The savage threw up his arms with a yell and fell to the ground, badly wounded. Not knowing how many Indians might be near, Mr. Lamson began a cautious retreat, but was obliged to expose himself in doing so. The wounded Indian had partly risen and aimed at him. At the same instant, Chauncey, the son, drew a bead on the wounded savage, while the unwounded one leveled his gun at the boy. Rather singularly all three fired at the same moment.

Mr. Lamson received a flesh wound in the shoulder, the ball of the unarmed warrior grazed the boy's cheek, while the missile of the youth instantly killed the wounded Indian. Then, fearing a charge from a war party, Chauncey dashed off for help. As it grew dark, the father started for home by a circuitous route, and safely reached there after midnight. The body of the slain Indian was carried to Hutchinson, where to the astonishment and relief of all, it was identified as that of the famous chief Little Crow.—Detroit Free Press.

Paper Cigars in Germany.

Paper cigars are one of the most recent forms of adulteration in Germany, where two manufacturers have been punished for making them. In one case only the outside leaf consisted of tobacco, the rest of the cigar being composed of brown backing paper, previously steeped in tobacco juice and then dried. In the other case the cigar-maker had actually entered into a contract with a paper manufacturer to make for him a special kind of brown paper with tobacco remnants and paper pulp, the sheets of paper being afterward cut into strips and rolled into the form of cigars.—Chicago News.

Wonderful Power of Frost.

Speaking of the wonderful powers of nature, a well-known architect says that the frost is one of the most powerful forces in the whole category. Electricity has great and peculiar power, gravity is in immense evidence, the wind and the sun and the rain and the clouds have their respective forces to marshal or command, but he had found that the frost, when once it got below a building, was more powerful than could be well estimated. A whole building, in one case, a large and substantial brick structure, was raised several inches by the powerful expanding force of the confined frost. Foundation walls supposed to be strong enough to last a century, and certainly as strong as all ordinary demands would call for, have been known to be thrown far out of plumb because they were too near the frost of the ground, which, in its invisible and silent might, would push the massive masonry out of place in order to give Jack Frost a little more elbow room.—Minnesota Journal.

Where He Drew the Line.

A little five-year-old boy had some difficulty with a neighbor's children during the afternoon, and that night he was not feeling in a very Christian spirit.

After he had gone to bed his mother came in to tuck him away snugly.

"Did you say your prayers?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma."

"And did you pray for the heathen?" The boy was slow to answer.

"Yes, ma, I did," he said at last; "all of them—except them next door."—N. Y. Mercury.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

594 Hours Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida.

The Meann Route with its customary enterprise has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 59 1/2 hours.

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

This train leaves Chicago next at 8:20 P. M., arriving at Cincinnati daily morning 7:30, Chattanooga 6:30 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 line between Chicago and Florida. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address FRANK J. REED, Genl. Pass. Agt., Chicago. City Ticket Office, 239 Clark St., Chicago.

L. E. SEASONS, 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.

Tuesday, 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 Pullman car service to Canadian points. Tickets may also be purchased reading via Detroit if desired.

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

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelous short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco, and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address: W. B. KNISKERN, G. F. & T. A., Chicago.

The Favorite Route to Florida.

Why not, when going to Florida, take advantage of the opportunity of going via St. 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 & Cairo Short Line, the "Holly Springs Route" to Florida. Through Sleepers to Jacksonville, Low Rates, Liberal Limits with stop over privileges and Fast Time. Address GEO. E. LARY, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Atlanta and the South.

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R. will during the time of the Exposition at Atlanta Sept. 18, to Dec. 31, 1895, offer exceptionally fine service between Chicago and the South. A low rate ticket will be sold, and through cars run to all southern points. This 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, 553 Clark St., Chicago. Charles L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Half Fare Excursion to Virginia and the Carolinas.

January 14th and 28th, 1896, round trip tickets will be sold from the northwest over the Big Four Route and Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. to points in Virginia and North and South Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. Free particulars and free pamphlet descriptive of Virginia lands address U. L. TRUITT, N. W. F. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

The Pilgrim.

(Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—poetry, and illustrations—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. HEARST, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

Go South! One-Way Settlers' Rates.

January 7th, 1896, the Big Four Route in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. will sell first class limited tickets from Chicago to points in North and South Carolina at extremely low rates. For particulars address U. L. TRUITT, N. W. F. A., 234 Clark Street, Chicago.

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. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure, rich and healthy, by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1.00 for 85.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache, etc.

See that hump?

It's the feature of the DELONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter how you twist and turn, it holds the eye in place.

Send two cent stamp with name and address, and we will mail you Mother Goose in new clothes—containing ten color plates; ten black and white pictures; and lots of lively songs.

RICHARDSON & DELONG BOOK, PHILA.

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Hints That Bustles Are Creeping on Us Unawares.

The Girl with the Chatelaine—This Year's Sleeve and Last Year's Coat—Bicycle Clothes for Skating—Will Fashions Come Again?

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After all, even the Watteau shepherdesses, herding their flocks in fleecy finery, under pictured skies which remained conveniently rainless—even they wore bustles—of wool.

Which from our pretty lamba we'll pull perhaps, or all of the lightest down compact; one can't imagine them using woven wire or any such horrible contrivance of the age of steel.

They say that bustles are coming in again. I hesitate to believe it, and hope that the tentative beginnings of them which our eyes can't help seeing will not grow to such monstrous proportions as some of us—alas!—are old enough to remember, but will remain at least as innocuous as the horsehair-lined skirts which are all that are left us from the crinoline panio.

In a way, the things go together. The stiff wide skirts we have now look none the worse for the insidious bit of fullness at the back, and so little by little the thing might grow again to the ancient horrors; but—

Pleasant to think upon are the trifles of scissors, purse, thimble lockets and the like—in useless silver all—which hang from beauty's waist. Even while skating one wears the jingling chatelaines, so that a skate key, if she needs it, is one of the most appropriate bits of bric-a-brac. Whatever there may be thus dependent, it must be little and of silver or gold, solid and set

lapels coming down to the waist. In one design of merit such a bodice surmounts a plain skirt of glass silk, gold shot and piped with white satin. The bodice is the same silk with wide lapels, or more correctly revers, of white satin frilled with chiffon and appliqued with yellow lace. The soft vest is frilled in many tiny folds and finished with three big bows of lace. The sleeves strike an entirely new note, being figured in big designs.

The season's dressing gown, too, has angel wings, as these big revers coming quite to the waist might be called. In some examples they are very wide at the shoulders, falling well over the sleeves; it is an interesting example of the use of materials that would once have seemed dissonant that the low neck of a dressing gown may be bordered with feathers quite as appropriately as with lace. Show gowns are also made with neck ruffles of roses or violets anchored to the low bodices by straps of velvet, black usually, to show off the soft whiteness of the neck.

Whoever has attempted the heart-breaking operation of stuffing this year's dress sleeves into last year's coat will not wonder that the favorite cloak of the season has no sleeves at all, but gets there just the same by means of a generous cape covering the huge arm-holes. With such a garment length of skirt is a necessity; it may be trimmed or enlivened with a yoke—say of white satin upon dahlia velvet, and sparkling jet upon the satin—bordered with bands of fur which diverge all the way down its length to the ground. Such a cloak will have at the collar a roll of fur so high that the wearer can with difficulty look over it.

The problem of wearing this year's cloak over next year's gowns won't present itself, if one indulges in one of these perishable glories of satin and

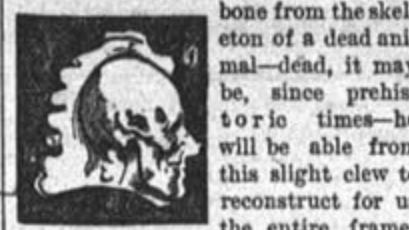
RESTORING DEAD FACES.

How the Remains of the Composer Bach Were Identified.

Features Successfully Reproduced on a Skull That Had Laid in a Forgotten Tomb for More Than a Century.

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An extraordinary illustration of what may be accomplished by modern science and modern art working together has appeared quite recently in Germany. It is well known that if a skilled anatomist be given a single bone from the skeleton of a dead animal—dead, it may be, since prehistoric times—he will be able from this slight clew to reconstruct for us the entire framework of the creature. It has now been found possible to do a thing even more remarkable. Give a sculptor the skull of a man whom he has never seen, on whose picture, even, he has never set eyes, and he will be able in the light of the latest anatomical researches to build upon it a faithful likeness of the dead—to mold upon it a plaster portrait almost as accurate in every detail of feature as if a cast had been modeled from it.

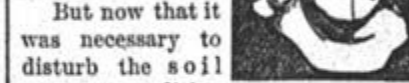


PROFILE SHOWING THE MODELING OF A SKULL.

The story of the circumstances which led to the discovery of how this result can be accomplished is of unusual interest. Towards the end of last year the ancient church of St. John at Leipzig was pulled down to make room for a larger building. Before laying the foundations of the new edifice it was necessary to remove the coffins in that portion of the churchyard. Now tradition had it that somewhere close by Johann Sebastian Bach, the great musician, lay buried. Many attempts had been made in former times to find the grave, but always without success.

In the 150 years that had elapsed since the remains of the master were committed to the earth the exact locality of his last resting place had been completely forgotten.

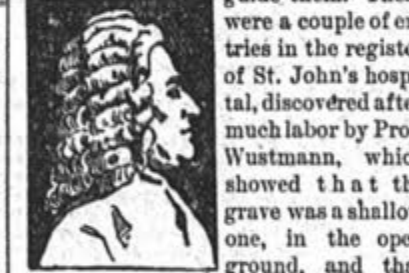
But now that it was necessary to disturb the soil where tradition has always placed the grave, it was resolved to make one more effort to identify the great organist's tomb. At first the task appeared one of insuperable difficulty. In the extensive churchyards that surround the church are vast accumulations of human remains, lying layer upon layer. The plague in olden times, the war of Schmalkalden, the thirty years' war, the seven years' war, the three days' battle of Leipzig with Napoleon, have all added their victims in addition to the normal death rate of the city. To discover one single unknown grave must have seemed well-nigh hopeless; yet, wonderful to relate, on the fourth day after the commencement of the excavations, on October 22, 1894, the remains of Bach were found.



FRONT VIEW SHOWING THE MODELING OF A SKULL.

Besides the tradition already referred to the searchers had only two clews to guide them. These were a couple of entries in the register of St. John's hospital, discovered after much labor by Prof. Wustmann, which showed that the grave was a shallow one, in the open ground, and that the coffin was made of oak. It was known that since Bach's death only 12 oak coffins had been interred in the open ground, and the investigation was accordingly narrowed at once. On October 22 the workmen came upon some pieces of an oak coffin, but the remains on being examined by Prof. His, of the Leipzig university, were pronounced to be those of a young woman.

On the afternoon of the same day another oak coffin was found, and this time the remains proved to be those of an old man. They were taken to the dissecting-room of the university, and after being cleaned and dried were laid out in order on a slab.



COMPLETED BUST PROFILE.

The great question to be decided was whether or not this skeleton was that of Bach. Attention was at once concentrated upon the skull. It had four peculiar characteristics. There was a moderately large brain pan, developed in a broad occipital bone. The forehead was retreating and the arches of the eyebrows so strongly developed that they formed a ridge over the nose, which consequently sprang from a deep indentation under this ridge and projected at a sharp angle from the face. The eye sockets were rather elongated, being more broad than high. Lastly—and this was the most remarkable feature of all—the lower jaw projected beyond the upper one.

The skull was now compared with the two portraits of Bach preserved at Leipzig. These portraits are at first sight rather dissimilar, but on being examined closely were found to have in common precisely those structural features which were so strongly marked in the skull. A collateral piece of evidence was the fact that a portrait of one of Bach's grandsons, who was known to have closely resembled him, was conspicuous for the same slanting line of forehead noticeable in the skull.

It seemed, therefore, only reasonable to conclude that the remains which had been discovered were indeed those of Bach; but the savants and antiquaries engaged in the investigation were not

quite satisfied. They were anxious to obtain a still more decisive test; and it was while meditating upon this problem that Prof. His hit upon the remarkable discovery referred to. He conceived the idea of reproducing



COMPLETE BUST—FRONT VIEW.

In plaster over a cast of the skull features carefully calculated from his knowledge of the human anatomy. This idea he communicated to Herr Seffner, a famous German sculptor, who at once undertook the task, and in two days produced a bust which bore a very striking resemblance to the portraits of Bach.

Still the critics were not content. Some of them asserted that the clever sculptor could form any face he pleased over any skull that had no gross deformities; and to prove their case they requested Herr Seffner to make a bust of Handel over the skull of Bach. The sculptor succeeded in producing a perfect external likeness, but internally, to quote the words used by the writer on the subject, the bust was an anatomical lie. The artist had been obliged to cover the forehead with a thick layer of plaster, and to leave the chin bone (where in life the flesh is thickest on the human face) almost bare. Obviously a likeness produced in such a fashion was a mere monstrosity.

The professor and the sculptor, encouraged by this result, set about their task once more. They were obliged to take up the subject practically from the beginning. The possibility of identifying skulls had indeed been much discussed in Germany during the last 20 years. Thus in 1881 Prof. Kupffer had studied the skull of Kant; in 1883 Prof. Welcker, the pretended skull of Schiller; and more recently a skull found at Menidi, believed to be that of Sophocles, had been submitted to Prof. Virchow. But in none of these cases were the methods employed in any way conclusive; and Prof. His and Herr Seffner had consequently a clear field for their researches.

The question which the sculptor put to the anatomist, and which lay at the root of the whole matter, was this: "Are there certain laws which govern the exact thickness of the fleshy parts covering the several features of the face?" After a course of practical experiments, entered upon for the first time in the history of anatomy, the professor was able to answer this question in the affirmative. Accurate measurements were taken of 15 different parts of the faces of 37 bodies. No portion escaped the most rigid comparative study.

Upper and lower forehead, root and ridge of the nose, root and dimple of the upper lip, and all the other features were measured, compared and calculated. As a result of the inquiry, it was found that no great deviation from the average measure existed, except in those who were unnaturally emaciated through illness or who had suffered from unnatural fatness.

The final estimates given to Herr Seffner to guide him in his task were the normal measurements of eight healthy men between 50 and 72 years of age, with the maximum and the minimum of each. With this group of facts before him, the sculptor again set to work. Adhering closely to the measurements supplied to him by Prof. His, he constructed a face in plaster over the cast taken from the skull. That face, when completed, was found to be an exact likeness of the musician. Moreover, it proved to be endowed with that convincing quality which belongs to great masterpieces, and which immediately compelled those who saw it to exclaim: "How lifelike it is!"

The church wardens of Leipzig have decided to lay the remains of Bach in the church of St. John, and they are now collecting funds to erect in it, as soon as the building is completed, a monument to his memory. The pictures illustrating this account of the identification of his remains were taken from the report by Prof. His to the council of the city of Leipzig, giving the final judgment of the committee appointed to make the investigation.

In Great Luck.

Friend—How are you coming on?
Author—Good. I've got the material on hand for a first-class novel.
"You are a lucky man."
"That's not all! I've got the material for a splendid comedy besides."
"You are fortunate."
"Yes; all I need now is the material for a new pair of trousers."—Pearson's Weekly.

Running No Risks.

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more libel suits if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the city editor of the Morning Sensation, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk.
And he inserted a word so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Their Costly Mistake.

Wife to husband, an insurance agent)—Why, Jack, what kept you so late? It is after midnight.
Husband—Business, my dear.
Wife—Business at this time of night?
Husband—Yes, my dear. A couple of footpads stood me up on the corner and I insured their lives for \$5,000 apiece.—The Wave.

Fate of an Amateur.

His friends they egged him on the stage, At failure they did scoff; But when they saw his Hamlet, They promptly egged him off.
—N. Y. Herald.

ANTE-BELLUM CHRISTMAS.

How It Was Celebrated in the South Before the War.

It Was a Combination of Fourth of July, Halloween, All-Fool's Day and Thanksgiving, with Special Features of Its Own.

COPYRIGHT, 1895.

"Christmas in a log cabin?"
"Yes. Tell me all about it, please."
I was addressing a very dear friend—a man whose 70 years of well-spent life have borne rich fruits of love and honor. Although New England has been the scenes of his labors for almost 50 years, he is a southerner by birth and grew up to manhood in a community almost exactly like that described by Mrs. Stowe in the opening chapters of "Uncle Tom." He is a delightful talker, but I cannot convey his charm of manner. I had begged him to tell me something about the old-fashioned southern Christmas as he knew it in that primitive society in ante-bellum days.

"It was not much like Christmas now," he said. "There was no Christmas tree. But it was the great day of the year with us all, both black and white. It was much as if all the northern holidays had been crowded into one. It



CHRISTMAS EVE.

had the characteristic features of Thanksgiving, Halloween, All-Fool's day and the Fourth of July."

"Fourth of July!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean that the boys burned gunpowder on Christmas, and made the

night hideous with horn-blowing, yelling and all that?"



CHRISTMAS IN THE NEGRO QUARTERS.

times taken from the stable, led to a remote part of the farm, and confined in a 'tobacco pen,' as the inclosures for curing tobacco were called. The poor animal would, perhaps, be half-starved before the owner found him—a very inappropriate way to celebrate Christmas. But in general, the tricks were harmless enough. A snowball, or a cold potato, or a piece of stale pie, hidden in a shoe—or occasionally a dead mouse or a live kitten—caused infinite amusement among the children. Pretty nearly all the familiar 'April Fool' devices of the north were practiced by us."

"Were there any other characteristic features of the day?"

"As I have said, it was the great festival of the year. It lasted through a series of days, and great parties of relatives and friends made a sort of joyful progress from house to house. There were freedom and abandon in it hardly known in the northern states—in these times, at any rate. Even the slaves were given at least four days of freedom from toil. Preparation was made long beforehand. Abundant food for the stock was placed in such a way that they could feed themselves. Great piles of fuel were made ready, and huge fires roared in the great chimneys. Stoves, of course, were unknown. I have never seen jollier companies than were gathered about the great glowing fire-places in these rude rooms bright with the ruddy, dancing light of the flames. Christmas in those days was very different from Christmas now; but it was 'Merry Christmas' none the less."
C. KAY.

The Dejected Young Man.

"Woman," said the dejected young man, "is a fake."
"Yes?" spoke one listener.
"Yes. It has not been so many moons since I saved up all my billiard money and lived on beans two weeks to blow myself on an opera and a supper for a young woman. Then I asked her to marry me, and she said she was afraid I was too extravagant to make a good husband."—Indianapolis Journal.

Shouting "A Christmas Gift."



These, which had been saved and prepared many weeks beforehand, were blown full of air and tightly tied. They were brought out on Christmas morning long before daylight, and when warmed before the fire burst, making a tremendous noise. They were the cannon crackers of those days. The uproar commonly abated about breakfast time, though vagrant guns and crackers were heard throughout the day. Every child was ambitious to make all the noise he could."
"But were there no presents?"
"Yes; though we knew nothing of the hanging up of stockings, and the Santa Claus lore that forms so delightful a feature in child life now-a-days. The presents (those that we received, at

least) were rather trivial—raisins, nuts, candy and a few firecrackers; but they perfectly satisfied us. It was the recognized season for gifts then no less than now; and the unwritten law of the day was that whoever first saluted another and cried: 'Christmas gift,' might claim one from the person so saluted. Hence the children, and indeed all the household, endeavored to be awake and alert early so as to



VERY LIKE FOURTH OF JULY.

catch as many as they could. To refuse the gift was thought very mean. I presume that the eager competition among children now to be first to shout: 'Merry Christmas,' is a survival of this custom."

"But where did the resemblance to Thanksgiving come in?" I inquired.

"In the happy family gatherings at the Christmas dinner. The tables were loaded with a dozen kinds of meat and every variety of homemade dainties. The profusion was astonishing. I fancy that the southern Christmas banquet has reacted not a little upon the New England Thanksgiving dinner, which was not in the beginning quite so much a feast of the flesh."

"But why do you compare your Christmas to Halloween and All-Fool's day?" I asked.

"Because the practical jokes so proper at these seasons were quite the proper thing on Christmas, with us."

"What, for example?"

"Why, gates were lifted from their hinges and carried off, and all manner of impish little tricks were then in order. Occasionally they were a little too serious for sport—for legitimate fun, at least. For instance, a horse was some-



EVEN WHILE SKATING ONE WEARS THE JINGLING CHATELAINE.

with tiny stones if one's purse be long enough. Gems glitter, too, in the gold filigree of the high comb which ladies, young and old, wear with such coquetish effect.

The "beefeater hat" has become a stovepipe, low crowned and decked, perhaps, on one side with a high flaunting plume. Such a hard and glossy bit of picturesque ugliness looks well, seen as I saw it to-day surmounting a skirt of green cloth with white kid piping and a border of black astrachan; a black astrachan coat faced with the kid all down the long lapels, and a high-collared blouse underneath of shot green and blue silk, with an applique of fine lace down the front; and a demurely pretty face above the bobbed and beribboned stock collar. The piping of white kid is carried through all the seams of the black jacket, and let me



THE "BEEFEATER" HAT HAS BECOME A STOVEPIPE.

say it is, if an old device, still a good one.

Where the beefeater survives, it is a mere flat pad of silk, puffed and fluted about the edges, not to be recognized for what it is save by one who has seen its decline and fall. It is prettier for the falling, when all is said, almost as flat as a tax, but much richer.

Another popular hat is perfectly flat in the brim and piled high with billows of ostrich plumes.
A skating gown of gray corduroy velvet above the waist and gray cloth skirt; the bodice is slashed down each side, in front, to show a cream white silk strip, and the edges are defined from neck to waist by vertical bands of fur, and fur also borders the plain skirt. The girdle is gray silk—almost it might be red or some such brilliant note—and the sleeve is belled at the wrist.
Bolero bodices are fitted with wide

fur and passementerie. It seems like a conspiracy on the part of the milliners to bankrupt their patrons; but doubtless milliners have seemed always to be doing that since long before Napoleon locked up Empress Josephine's most subtly successful modiste in a fit of desperation at her bills, bills, bills!

The combination of green and blue of not greatly dissimilar density of shade is one of the season's ways, which is rather trying to those of a dull color sense.

Bicycling is easily possible in most parts of the country during some portion of every month in the year, but until spring it can hardly hope to be a leader. The bicycle gown does very well for skating; and the question naturally arises, as they say in the graduation essays, whether the bicycle bloomers will do on ice. They, or something like them will certainly be worn, but not, I think, in very large numbers. Indeed, even for bicycle use the baggy bloomers are not making the progress their friends had hoped.

Chiffon and tulle are inexpensive and docile materials much in use by the young folks for ball dresses. Freshness is so necessary in an evening gown that there is a general disposition to avoid in their construction the use of very expensive materials, except in the case of women no longer at an age when such dancing allures. The curious use of furred feathers in all sorts of unlikely places and ways creeps in even here, and the necks and yokes of ball gowns are apt to be bordered with it. The low square neck opening is the favorite. Diminutive puffs at the sides which may develop into paniers cause some uneasiness. If we are to have Watteau shapes, bustles and the like, paniers will doubtless be in keeping with them. All women are Frou Frous now, but the rustle is the hissing of silken petticoats, not the crackle of starch.

An evening wrap of satin lined with stamped velvet seems like reversing the usual order of things.
ELLEN OSBORN.

Dogs to Carry Mail to Alaska.

James Jackson, an educated Indian, who is to personally carry the mails from Juneau to Fort Cudahy, on the Yukon river, has arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., on the steamer Willapa. He came down to secure 20 or 30 strong dogs to pull the sleds across the mountains to the Canadian post office on Forty Mile creek. This service is merely a private enterprise, being maintained by miners, who pay 50 cents for each letter. The Canadian government guarantees \$350 for each of two round trips. This is reckoned as being a most hazardous journey. Several miners in years past have lost their lives trying to make it.

The Iron Port

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

THE OLD AND NEW.

Next Wednesday night at twelve, amid sweet melodies and contagious merrymaking, another twelvemonth, alyly laughing at ills and follies, joys and triumphs, hopes and ambitions, pains and disappointments, will pass into the beyond and take its place among the shadowy eternities. It was probably as good as its predecessors; generous with its sunshine and liberal with its sorrows, planting numberless flowers and sowing numberless thorns and tares. If some of us are gratified that it is gone forever, others of us will greet the New Year with tearful, fond memories of the old—memories that deaden the ambition and mantle life in somber gloom. The grief-stricken may continue to forge forward and broaden the scope of their usefulness, and while they are thus occupied comparatively few of us can measure the depth of the agony that is tugging at their heart-strings beneath a calm exterior. But, after all, usefulness is decidedly uncomfortable business, unless it be to sweeten the affections and stimulate resolve.

The mind's eye should not dwell continuously and solely upon dark places where blighted hopes and regrets writhe and coil and hideously grin. In the mysterious mandates of the great Creator, even when they are associated with social dissolutions and the destruction of happy homes, it is not His purpose to send humanity down to a living death. Such ordeals should be accepted by His subjects as a test of their fitness to meet the responsibilities of life—to demonstrate by their accomplishments a clear title to the heritage He has prepared for them the other side of time.

There is enough to occupy thought without sending it along gloomy labyrinths in search of the irrevocable and ir retrievable. The most devastating storm is invariably followed by the cherished sunlight, and those who dwell upon the wrecks following in the wake of the former without an effort to readjust the conditions that surround them in the genial warmth and subsequent blessings associated with the latter do themselves and those whose affections they bear inestimable injustice.

The new year, bravely entering the mad race adown the endless course towards the unknown, is, indeed, the true year. It is the impenetrable turt that breeds enthusiasm and sets the pulse tingling with valiant expectations; the going out to encounter, we know not what, though faith multiplies a thousand fold the chances of rich conquest and enviable achievement. There are cheerful days and blissful nights adown this endless course, only the trail of expiring embers thrown off by outrun hopes along the avenue we have left behind. "Over the hills and far away" the grapes hang purple, spilling luscious juices from their straining stems, and the pomegranates reddened in the glowing sun, and the laurel shines, and the magnolia leaves glisten, milk flows through the valleys and honey drops from the rocks, and there is song, and inspiring melodies, and laughter, and glad huzzas, and applause, and the long days close with golden regards for the toilers. It is over the hills our pathway winds, and swift, and strong, and sure must be the one who shall run the race and pluck for his own the fruits and guerdons that await the winning. The fast departing days and years are valuable only as teachers of how to meet and profit by the years to come. Happy as the man qualified to boldly step over the threshold and welcome the delightful stranger—1896—with hearty good will.

This is the season when the weak make resolves, pledge themselves to eradicate Old Adam and give their conduct in charge of unfamiliar angels. The capable man makes no resolves, for he resolves himself, and wisdom lights him through the darkness. Acts are the only resolutions with which to propitiate the fast approaching new year so proud and and pure, and high-thoughted, knowing not the voice of the sluggard, or the idler, or the promiser. Deeds are the wings of Mercury who is the herald of success and firm purpose; the caduceus that dispels the bats of uncertainty and the vampires of

doubt that flutter wherever human footstep tread.

Meet the New Year with courage; with mind clear and with life unfettered; press on unflinching, and when 1896 in its swift flight turns the old year, it will have been a twelvemonth of unstinted blessings. And there will be music in the heart and old-time melodies on the lips, and contentment in the soul, and a white star radiant on ahead to vouchsafe heavenly benediction as broad and as deep as divine.

FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE.

Whatever else may be the outcome of the present strained relations between the United States and Great Britain on account of the Venezuelan boundary question, it is pretty safe to say that one of the results will be an alliance of all the American republics in defense of the Monroe doctrine.

Advices from Washington clearly indicate the formation of such an alliance at an early day, our sister republics on this continent being as eager for such an international agreement as is ours, and the logic of the situation pointing unerringly to such a consummation.

With the Monroe doctrine given the form and force of international law, governing all the republics of this hemisphere, it would undoubtedly command due respect from our scoffing brethren on the other side of the ocean, who have been trying so hard to convince themselves that it is only a "myth."

The time is now ripe for the formation of such alliance. The sooner it is agreed to and promulgated the better. It would have been good statesmanship and good diplomacy to have entered into such a combine for common defense many years ago, but it is historically true that it takes an emergency to point out to us our sins of omission of this kind.

The old saying that it is time to cross a bridge when you come to it, has always been in need of an amendment providing that the bridge shall be there and in good repair when you want to cross it. This is very important, and it suggests very forcibly the importance of being prepared for war in time of peace. Peace guarantees nothing without protection.

This proposition for an international alliance of the western hemisphere republics, gives emphasis to the need of growing navies and strengthened coast defences, not only in our own republic, but in every other on the continent. Nor is it enough to be able to make a good defense. It is never more than enough to be able to assume the offensive and with full confidence in the results.

We should like to see the American to-day who regrets the expenditure of the millions appropriated by our government for the reconstruction of the United States navy. We have heard him croak and call our congresses down for "wasting the people's money in this way, but we haven't heard him peep for some time past. Perhaps he is now taking a different view of it. Perhaps he has come to the intelligent conclusion that the best peace preserver a nation can have is the power to protect itself. This is Uncle Sam's theory and at the present time we are finding no noisy dissenters.—Detroit Journal.

The legislation formulated by the ways and means committee of the republican house, in prompt response to the appeal of President Cleveland, is not class or partisan legislation, but embraces a series of measures designed for the benefit of the national treasury and of the commercial, industrial, agricultural and other interests throughout the union, says the Evening Wisconsin.

It will replenish the exhausted veins of the treasury with fresh blood. It will restore the tone of the markets for American securities. It will set the wheels spinning faster in the factories and help to protect American workmen from the disastrous competition of underpaid artisans abroad.

While the possibility of a war is too remote to be worthy of consideration, it is a good thing that something has occurred to direct the attention of congress to the needs of our navy. The aggregate strength of our navy is seventy-one boats, forty of which are practically of no real service. This showing is ridiculously small in comparison with England's layout.

VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN.

With this issue The Iron Port enters upon the twenty-seventh year of its existence, and although it is customary, we believe, for a newspaper to indulge in a large-sized puff for itself on an occasion of this character, we propose to deviate from the rule, leaving our readers to judge how successful have been our efforts to publish a live local journal and in advocating the principles of the republican party. We desire, however, to extend to the numerous patrons of The Iron Port our gratitude for their liberal support during the past, and beg a continuance of their favors, assuring one and all that it shall be our constant aim to merit their business. During the past few months The Iron Port has been very materially improved, yet we fully recognize the fact that there is still room for improvement, and it is our intention to better the paper from time to time as opportunity offers.

Quite a number of odd emigration movements in the west are now under way. A considerable party of people who years ago settled in Nebraska are on the move to Georgia. Kansas people are moving to Nebraska; Dakota folks are moving to Kansas, and a great many Norwegians are moving from Minnesota to the Canadian northwest. Twenty-five Norwegian emigrants started from Crookston, Minn., for a settlement near Vancouver, founded a year or so ago, called New Norway. The migration of farmers across the international boundary is pretty constant. Manitobians come over into Minnesota and the Dakotas, and discontented folks from these states move over into Manitoba. The moral of all this problem is, the New York Sun philosophizes, that no place is everybody's El Dorado, no matter what land boomers and real estate agents claim for their particular localities.

The free-trade record of business improvement continues to be very interesting. A study of failures for a single day of this month shows the following: One photo-engraving, printing and publishing house; a tea and coffee merchant; a caterer and confectioner; an importer of buttons and dress trimmings; two liquor dealers; a window glass dealer; a woolen manufacturer; an ice manufacturing company; a firm of masons and builders; a steam heating furnace concern; a manufacturer of machinery; a wholesale dealer in wines and liquors; four dealers in clothing; three dealers in dry goods and a dealer in furs. The tide of democratic prosperity has evidently struck some of the strong concerns that were saved from the wreck of 1893 and 1894.—American Economist.

According to the new state census of Iowa the net gain of population in the state during the past five years has been only 145,354. This is a small increase, far smaller than in some of the other western states. It is evident that Iowa has not attracted a large number of immigrants in recent times. The growth of population in New York city since 1890 has been twice or thrice as great as that in the Hawkeye state.

A large failure in the furniture trade was noted recently. We thought that free-trade in lumber was to make millionaires of all the furniture manufacturers. Possibly the masses of the people cannot afford to buy new furniture.

Every day's delay in passing a revenue bill means more work taken from American labor, less coal used in American furnaces and less demand for the material from which manufacturers make their finished product.

Capt. J. J. H. Brown, of Buffalo, is prominently mentioned for the presidency of the Lake Carriers' association. The annual meeting of the association will be held at Detroit Jan. 15th.

Holland's navy has grown antiquated. It will take \$20,000,000 to put it into working order, but the Ministry does not dare to ask for the money.

A number of our subscribers paid their "Christmas subscriptions," and now we hope others in arrears will not forget about New Years.

The Iron Port wishes its readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

The bicycle craze has started many new industries—for instance, the

making of leggings, for which big factories now exist.

The weather was as green on Wednesday as the Christmas decorations, yet notwithstanding this fact it was Christmas just the same and the usual festivities were indulged in.

Our representative in congress Hon. S. M. Stephenson, is on two important committees—public lands and rivers and harbors.

Those who neglected buying their holiday gifts until the eleventh hour did their shopping in a rain-Tuesday afternoon.

The house has adopted the tariff bill formulated by the republicans for the treasury's relief.

Manitoba refuses to consider any proposal to establish Roman Catholic separate schools.

The Mirror "made an effort" on Tuesday and issued a double number.

The United States army is small but efficient.

Legal.

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 H. Kollinger is complainant and John Wagner defendant.

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

Dated the 26th day of December, A. D. 1895. ALFRED F. SMITH, Circuit Court Commissioner.

JAS. H. CLANCY, Solicitor for Complainant.

First Publication Dec. 7, 1895.

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

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

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph E. Martel, deceased, on reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John F. Carey, administrator of said estate, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said Joseph E. Martel, deceased.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And 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.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

First Publication Dec. 27, 1895.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.

Probate court for said county.

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

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Paul Dubois, deceased.

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

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

And it is further ordered, that said administratrix give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.

PROBATE NOTICE—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1895, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Peter Schlis, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 15th day of June, A. D. 1896, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 2d day of March, A. D. 1896, and on Wednesday the 17th day of June, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

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

(A true copy.)

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.

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

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HOLIDAY

PRESENTS

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

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

THE FAIR,

1004 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich

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THE NAME OF THE NEXT

President of the United States

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune

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

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All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.

THE IRONPORT

WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL XXVII.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

NUMBER 1

Fall and Winter Overcoats.



The....

Fashions

Are....

Observed



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

One Cannot Imagine

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



SEE OUR NEW

OVERCOAT

CALLED THE

GREAT COAT

MADE BY THE STEIN BLOCH COMPANY, TAILORS.

ED. ERICKSON.



Our New Great Coat.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

A Sea of Burning Sand in the Heart of the Continent.

One of the Most Dismal Stretches of Territory in the World--How the United States Acquired It from Mexico.

Special San Francisco (Cal.) Letter
The traveler who makes the journey to California over the southern route, crossing the great Colorado desert of more than 600 miles in extent, will naturally conclude that we should have another war against Mexico and make her take back some of the territory that we took from her. The Colorado, or Yuma, desert, comprising a large portion of Arizona, is a literal sea of burning sand, uninhabitable and irremediable. It begins, properly, about 100 miles west of El Paso, extending westward to within 100 miles of Los Angeles, Cal. The descent from the



FLEEING FROM A BAND OF APACHES.

eastern rim, is from 4,000 feet above sea level to fifty below--the basin being about equi-distant.

Irrigationists are urging a scheme for the reclamation of this great desert by digging canals to the Pacific ocean, from 100 to 200 miles in length. They claim that this inundation would produce rains and cause vegetation to grow, thus reclaiming an empire of sand. This vast scheme, it is estimated, would require \$20,000,000. Irrigationists favor it; but it is not likely that such a measure will be considered by congress--especially as there are millions upon millions of acres of land awaiting the settler, already reclaimed, and needing no irrigation. Along this dreary sand waste, the eye is occasionally relieved by an oasis--a railroad station house amid a clump of green trees, with a little garden in the rear, containing a few fruit trees.

These little oases are found at intervals of twenty and thirty miles along the line of the railroad--the only signs of civilization for a dreary stretch of 600 miles, with the exception of the two ancient Indian towns of Tucson and Yuma. Here live the descendants of those Indians whose civilization is so old that not a tradition remains, and whose cities were in ruins when the Spaniards came three hundred years ago. At Yuma, the confluence of the Yuma and Colorado rivers, there flourished a civilization older than our own, but there are no indications that an attempt was made to reclaim the great desert. They lived along the banks of the rivers, and in the fertile valley near by, which the conquering Spaniards christened Santa Cruz. This ancient seat of civilization of the Aztecs has also been the seat of war for centuries. The Jesuits not only established a mission here--the first on the Pacific coast--but also engaged in mining. Immense sums of gold and silver were sent from these mines to Spain; and finally the Yumas descended upon the peaceful valley, destroyed the ancient mission of Tubac, killed the priests and the work-

and a Mr. Wrightson, of the Cincinnati Enquirer staff.

An Indian plotted them to this mine of fabulous wealth, which so many had sought in vain. But no sooner had they found it than Cochise, an Apache chief, swooped down upon them with his command and murdered the entire party, about fifty in all. Near the entrance to this valley, on the line of the road, are two mountain peaks, grim and bleak. They are named Mount Grosvenor and Mount Wrightson.

Through the dark days of the civil war the Indians murdered settlers and immigrants, even until the completion of the railroad some fifteen years ago. Homes were burned and women and children carried into captivity. Along the line of the railroad are seen stone monuments erected over the graves of families murdered and burned by the Yuma Apaches, who claimed that the pale face was taking away his land. This region was the only fertile spot worth having, hence the tenacity of the Yumas in holding it.

A MYSTERIOUS LEAK.

It Was a Worm Hole in the Keel of the Sailboat.

There was a man had a Connecticut-river boat built, which cost him \$235, and she was a beauty. She could go quite nicely and the man was pleased with her till he found she leaked. "Oh, well," said he, "that's easily remedied." So he looked her all over for the leak. He couldn't find a crevice. He filled up several places that he thought might have let in a little water, but it didn't do the least bit of good. He gave it up finally and sold the boat for \$35, and thought he had the best of it at that.

The fellow who bought the craft, says the New York Herald, knew she was a fast sailor and he had an idea that he was smart enough to find that leak, but it wasn't long before he began to think maybe he wasn't such a success as he might be. She leaked just the same regular amount all the time. One Sunday he made up his mind he would find that hole if he never came back. He took her out and, after she had shown that she was in good leaking form, he beached her. After the tide went down he went all around her, listening as a doctor listens for lung trouble. He heard a sucking noise about her keel. He got down on the under side and in the timber of the keel was a worm hole in the wood. It had been there when the beam was shaped. It probably wound around like a letter S and to look for it on the inside would be something like hunting a needle in a haystack. He struck a match in the hole to see how big it was. It just fitted. The match broke off and he let it go at that. She has never leaked a drop from that day to this.

WHY THE GIRLS LAUGHED.

Young Lady in a Fashionable School Was Unable to See a Caller.

In a fashionable uptown boarding school the other day a young miss boasted that her sister was coming on the next visiting day with a handsome and very captivating young fellow. She said all the girls might see him, but only two or three of her best and dearest friends should be introduced to him. It was to be a case of "you may look but you mustn't touch" to nearly all the school. Visiting day came, says the New York Sun, and with it came the sister and the young man. There was a flutter all over the school. The visitors sat in the parlor while Miss Rapid gave the finishing touches to her toilet. Meantime the principal of the school entered the parlor. She asked for the visitors' names and got them. "And you are not related to this young lady?" she inquired of the youth. "No, ma'am," said he; "just a friend, that's all." "Oh," said the principal, "only relatives may visit our pupils, so I must ask you to let me entertain you in my office until the sisters have had their visit." This was the situation when Miss Rapid came down into the parlor. She bore herself bravely, but all through the air of the big brownstone house there was an undertone of strange, choking, indescribable noise. It was the suppressed giggling of the other girls.

A Libel on Girls.

Women are now admitted to lectures at Edinburgh university, where they sit on the front seats. Recently eight women were attending Prof. Tait's lecture on the geometric forms of the crystals. "An octahedron, gentlemen," said the professor, "is a body with eight plane faces. For example," "Look at the front bench," broke in a man from the back seats.

The Strength of a Serpent.

The box-constrictor is capable of swallowing deer, calves or men whole. It first crushes its victim's bones by the strength of its folds. It usually catches its prey by hanging from the branch of a tree near the places where animals go to water, and its destructive powers are pressure--for it has no poison fangs.

PARIS USES LOTS OF ICE.

The Germ Sharps Say Natural Ice Contains Bacilli.

Among the first of the many curious things that impress the American summer visitor to Paris is the way the French have of doling out ice as if it were diamonds, and the horror which Parisians profess for the American custom of icing their drinks and thereby impairing their digestions, says the New York World. Notwithstanding all this the consumption of ice in Paris, especially for domestic uses, has increased rapidly during the last few years, and if it continues at the same rate it will not be long before it surpasses that of New York. The last twelve months show a total consumption of over 110,000,000 pounds.

Most of the natural ice used in Paris is taken from the lakes in the environs at Chaville, in the woods about Versailles and St. Cloud, and even from sheets of water in the Bois de Boulogne and Vincennes. Ice is made artificially in large quantities, however, and is sold at a much higher price than the natural article. Natural ice, indeed, the Academy of Medicine says, is full of bacilli in a state of suspended animation, and the doctors recommend that only artificial ice be used for domestic purposes.

The highest-priced ice comes from Norway and from Switzerland, where it is gathered from the glaciers and from the mountain tops. This costs from 25 to 30 francs a ton. Artificial ice costs but a trifle less, but that which is gathered in and about Paris is sold from nine to ten francs a ton. The city of Paris harvests the ice in the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne and Vincennes, and sells the crop, safely packed in the municipal ice houses, for 55,000 francs, or about \$11,000, annually.

WHY FROST EXPANDS WATER.

Scientists Are Still Puzzled Over the Well-Known Phenomenon.

One of the most curious natural phenomena, and one which has never yet been explained by the philosophers, is that in reference to the expansion of freezing water. The case of water, says the St. Louis Republic, is a singular exception to all natural laws of expansion by heat and contraction by cold, which apply in cases of all other known liquids. When water is freezing it contracts in bulk down to the point where the mercury reaches the reading of 39 1/2 degrees, or 7 1/2 degrees above freezing, from which point it slowly expands according to the intensity of cold. No other liquid is known to possess this remarkable property, except that certain metals expand slightly in passing from a liquid to a solid state. But if heat be applied to water after it has cooled down to a temperature of 39 1/2 degrees (the point where it is ready to begin expanding should a greater degree of cold be applied) it will immediately expand by the universal law. But should we lower the temperature to 32 degrees it will expand by its own special law. Another curious point to be noted here is this: That the amount of expansion is as great in water lowered from 39 1/2 degrees down to 32 degrees as it is in water that has been heated so that the temperature runs up from 39 1/2 to 47 degrees. These points are certainly odd and curious and worthy of attention and experiment.

SHARKS' FINS ARE HIGH.

Becoming Scarce, and Chinese Statesmen Are Greatly Exercised.

Chinese politicians are doubtless making great capital out of the fact just now that the price of sharks' fins has gone up enormously of late. Whether this is really due to these hot sea leviathans becoming scarcer, like whales, or to their displaying more activity in evading capture, is disputable, but the fact remains that their fins, as a delicacy, are becoming dearer and dearer.

It is generally supposed that sharks' fins are never eaten outside of the celestial empire, but they do occasionally figure in select banquets in England and France. So far as known they have not become a staple luxury in this country, however, though they are occasionally served at banquets given by San Francisco epicures. The Chinese are very fond of them, and, notwithstanding the cost of the last war, still show such a desire for these delicacies that the price is still rising.

Sief Machine Gives a Penny.

The automatic alms distributor is a reversal of the ordinary penny-in-the-slot machine in that it dispenses the coin instead of absorbing it. The contrivance is devised to act as a labor test for vagrants and beggars, for it exacts the turning of a handle 100 times before it yields the coveted penny.

And this labor is by no means lost, for it actuates machinery, electrical or otherwise, which will perform some actual work, or store up the energy expended for future use.

Drugs and Medicines.

REMOVAL

Masonic Block.

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

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

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Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries

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

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QUERY:

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

ANSWER:

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

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Time and equipment unsurpassed, trains vestibuled.

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THE FRONTIERMAN'S REVENGE.

men, and obliterated all traces of the rich mine. About the beginning of the civil war this lost mine was again discovered by Col. Grosvenor, Mr. Star-

VARINA ANNE DAVIS.

Known in the South as "Daughter of the Confederacy."

Her Experiences During the War in the Prison Cell of Her Father—Educated with Care in Europe—Success as a Writer.

If anyone should ask Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis for the story of her life she would reply, in the language of the needy knife-grinder: "Story! Bless you, I've none to tell!" This would be quite true so far as her own recollection goes, but at the time of her life of which she knows nothing but by hearsay she had some thrilling experiences.

"Winnie Davis," as she is always called, was born in the executive mansion at Richmond, Va., at the close of the war—in June, 1864, I believe—and when she was in long clothes she was sharing her father's prison cell with him. She had her experiences of war before that, for she took part in the retreat from Richmond, jolting along for hundreds of miles in an ambulance. Even at that early stage of her career she showed that she was worthy to be a soldier's daughter; for, according to her mother, who ought to know, she never fretted or was cross, and if the ambulance gave a particularly hard bounce over the rough roads her baby cheeks would flush with pain, but she kept her tears back for more trying occasions.

Her father had been at Fortress Monroe for a year when Mrs. Davis and Winnie joined him. The other children, being older, were left in Canada with their grandmother. Winnie was still a babe in arms; all day long she would play contentedly in her father's prison room. She was much petted by the officers and their wives, but she preferred to be with her father in his cramped quarters rather than to enjoy the freedom that he could not share.

The first five years of the little Winnie's life were spent in England; then she was brought back to Memphis, Tenn. At an unusually early age she showed a taste for reading, and her parents directed her young mind through the fields where the best lit-



MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

erature grew, says Harper's Bazar. Her father was particularly proud of her precocity, and loved to read aloud to her and listen to her wise comments on what he had read. The climate of the south did not agree with the child, so she was sent to a boarding-school at Carlsruhe, Germany, where she not only learned the language of the country, but became equally proficient in French, so that when she went to Paris, at the end of her German school days, she had only to put the finishing touches to her knowledge of that language. She also studied music and drawing, and though she never has done as much with those two arts as she should have, considering her talents, she occasionally charms her friends with a song or delights them with the gift of a painting by her hand.

At the age of seventeen Miss Davis returned to her native land and continued her studies under her father's direction. She not only studied and read with him, but she shared his love of horses, and many were the long rides they took on their thoroughbreds through the woods at Beauvoir. Though a studious girl, and fond of reading, she is an out-of-door girl as well, and not having a horse in New York, where she spends the winters, or at Narragansett Pier, where her summers are passed, she mounts her wheel and flies over the roads in a manner that would astonish her favorite horse if he could see her.

Miss Davis made her social debut in New Orleans, just after her return from Paris, as queen of the carnival. Shortly after this she accompanied her father to Atlanta, Ga., where at a reception tendered to him she was introduced to the cheering crowd by Gen. John Gordon as "the daughter of the confederacy," and by that name she is known all through the south. That the confederate soldiers regard her in this light is proved by the number of regimental and brigade badges which they have presented her, and which she wears when she attends their reunions.

Miss Davis' debut as a writer may be said to have been made in a pamphlet she wrote for a New Orleans literary club, and which was published and passed through three editions. She has written for the North American Review and other periodicals, so that when she wrote "The Veiled Doctor" she was hardly a novice with the pen. That, however, was her first novel; but, judging by the way it has been received, it will not be her last. In fact, I believe that she was already engaged on another before "The Veiled Doctor" was published.

The death of her father, Jefferson Davis, which occurred during her second visit to Paris, was a severe blow to Miss Davis, and she was so prostrated by it that her life was despaired of. Youth and high health were on her side, however, and she recovered.

How Rapidly a Man Reads. When reading a man usually gets through 400 words a minute.

RAILROAD HOSPITAL.

Western Testimonies Provide Means to Care for Themselves.

A new hospital is being built at St. Joseph, Kan., by railroad men out of their own earnings, and designed exclusively for their own use. In it all those who have suffered injuries while on duty, or who are seized with any serious illness, will be cared for.

The building is four stories high, the first story of Colorado sandstone, and the other three of Philadelphia pressed brick. There are over 70 rooms in the new hospital. There will be accommodations for 60 regular patients, and in an emergency it will hold over 200. The sanitary arrangements, as might be expected, will be very complete. The air in the rooms can be kept at an even temperature, while, at the same time,



HOSPITAL AT TOPEKA, KAN., BUILT BY RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

It will be changed every fifteen minutes. The ventilating apparatus consists of two furnaces and a system of electric fans.

The hospital will cost about \$75,000. It is being built by the employees of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, who have formed themselves into a hospital association. This association was formed over 15 years ago for the benefit of the employes of the road. When the men are injured, or are sick, they are taken care of free of charge. Every employe is required each month to contribute a small part of his salary to the hospital fund. This sum has steadily increased until it now reaches into thousands of dollars. J. J. Frey, general manager of the road, is chairman of the association, and Dr. George W. Hogeboom is medical director.

The hospital will be under the direct charge of Dr. J. R. Fay. His office will be in the building, as will also the office of Chief Surgeon Hogeboom, who has charge of all the medical departments of the road. The staff of physicians at present consists of six well-known medical men.

There will be a fully equipped drug store in the building, and a pharmacist will be employed by the association to attend to the prescription work. The physicians are enthusiastic over the new hospital, as well as the men. There will be none finer in the west, and the employes of the road feel justly proud, for it is their money that has built it.

HON. LLOYD LOWNDES.

Short Biography of Maryland's Republican Governor-Elect.

Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, who has just been elected governor by the republicans of Maryland, is one of the most noted lawyers in the state, a man of wealth, conspicuous in affairs and of distinguished lineage. Two colonial governors of Maryland are among his ancestors, while in more recent times his grandfather and father were men of substance and position. He was born in 1845, and was educated at Washington college and Allegheny college in Pennsylvania. He studied law at the University of Pennsylvania, and when he was graduated, in 1867, went to Cumberland, Md., where he has continued to practice and live. He has always been



GOV. ELECT LLOYD LOWNDES.

an earnest and active republican, and in 1872 was elected to congress by a majority of 1,700 in a district which two years before had gone the other way by 1,500 votes. For the next congress he was defeated by a small plurality. Mr. Lowndes has not held office since, but his name has often been mentioned for the office to which he has just been elected. He is president of a national bank in Cumberland, and is interested in several of the coal, iron, mining and milling companies of his section. Mr. Lowndes is about 50 years old.

The Vote of Army Officers.

Gen. Schofield says he is not in any sense a candidate for the presidency, but if the people want him he will not refuse. It is doubtful if he does himself credit when he says: "In my career I have never voted, nor have I at any time made known my politics, for I always felt that my allegiance was due to the president under whom I happened to serve." While an army officer manifestly must not be a politician, he has a right to his vote, and it is scarcely correct to say he owes allegiance to the president—he owes that to his country—though the president may direct his services.

Given Marked by a Granite Pencil. An eminent German pencilmaker, now dead, has over his grave a gigantic stone representation of half a lead pencil as a tombstone. It is of red sandstone, with a core of graphite eight inches in diameter.

Professional Cards.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Drs. Fraser & Thibault, Dentists.
Office at corner of Ludington and Georgia.
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IS OUR
New Process
OF
Laundering Woolens.
We make a Specialty of doing up Underwear by This Process and Guarantee it to be Satisfactory.

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

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At Wholesale and Retail.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.
HENRY & LINN,

Have just received a New and Elegant Line of Portland and Swell Body
CUTTERS

Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.
Choice Brands of Flour

Mail Orders Given Attention.
ED. DONOVAN,
ESCANABA, MICH.

BARGAINS UPON BARGAINS!

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.

HERE'S A GENUINE SNAP

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

STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE GOODS:

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

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

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

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

ED. ERICKSON

THE
Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co's
Machine Shop

Is now equipped with a full line of modern tools of the best and heaviest type for the execution of general

Machine and Repair Work

Brass Castings,
Iron Castings,
Heavy Forgings,
Pipe Fitting,
Bolt Cutting,
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Special attention given to break-down jobs, Marine and Saw Mill Work, the indicating of the horse power developed by engines, the setting of valves, and the economy of fuel.

We will make careful and accurate estimates of your work, at your plant, if desired.
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UP TO DATE
Plain and Fancy Groceries

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

Full Line of Canned Goods always on Hand
Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

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Masonic Block, Escanaba, Michigan

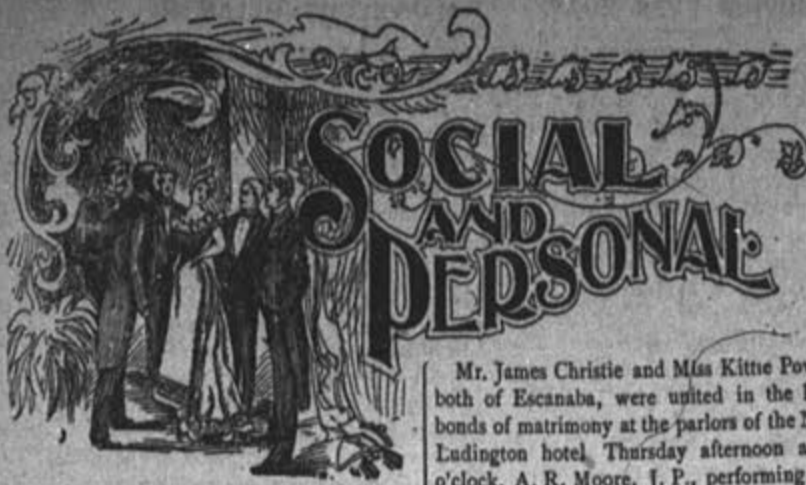
FASHIONABLE TAILORING

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

Special Line of New Goods.
EPHRAIM & MORRELL.
Bottled Beer.

Escanaba * Brewing * Co's
BOTTLED BEER.

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



Col. Geo. T. Burns indulged in large and luscious chunks of the national bird, and partook bountifully of the regulation accompaniments, with the Hon. Isaac Stephenson at Marinette on Christmas day. He was in high spirits as he took his departure for the Wisconsin town, and but for a misunderstanding on the part of one of the servants of the Stephenson household all would have went as smoothly as a marriage bell. It may not be generally known among his numerous acquaintances, yet it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that the Colonel is the possessor of better clothes than they are accustomed to seeing him wear as he perambulates Escanaba's highways or dignifiedly presides over the board of supervisors. This dress suit caused his discomfort. Fearing his friends hereabouts would not recognize his corpulent figure waltzing around in swell clothes, he decided upon placing them in a grip and taking them with him a la McAlister, which, of course, was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. While en route the Colonel became engrossed in relating laugh-provoking stories, and the "boys" in their mirth trampled underfoot the valise, flattening it into an unrecognizable mass. This discovery was not made, however, until the porter in sonorous tones cried out, Mar-nette. His friends were all heavyweights, and taking this into consideration the Colonel took the matter good-naturedly and thought it a capital joke. Col. Geo. T. Burns enjoys the reputation of being very proud, and his vanity prevented him from conveying the ill-shaped grip up town. He would not have acknowledged even a distant relationship to that grip for forty dress suits. So he cautiously deposited the valise in the depot for future reference.

In the employ of Isaac Stephenson is a native of the Emerald Isle. As the hour approached when the Colonel must present his most captivating appearance before the invited guests, several of whom were of the gentler sex, there was an inward craving for the contents of the unfortunate grip. He sought out this servant, and in a somewhat excited voice ordered him to hurry to the depot for a valise. Off went the nimble Hibernian like a frightened deer, stopping not to look to right or left, and heedless of the pedestrians who halted in their astonishment. With the reflection that he'd soon be in the swim plenty, he donned one of those familiar 18-karat smiles, the effervescence of which brilliantly illuminated his houndier whither he had repaired, and waited. While engaged in reverie he was startled by a sudden commotion throughout the household, and hastening to the reception room he beheld, greatly to his astonishment, the servant and—a policeman, around whom a group had gathered. The Colonel's first thought was of his good clothes; they were nowhere to be seen. The Hibernian was gesticulating and breathlessly attempting to say something, while the blue-coated individual had that tired look. All was confusion. The Honorable Isaac was putting forth his best endeavors to elicit an explanation from the unexpected guest, when the eye of the servant rested upon the Colonel. "He sent me," ejaculated the servant, driving his index finger towards the Colonel, and then the situation of affairs dawned upon the latter. Explanations followed, the police was dismissed, the Colonel got his dress suit, and he now swears by Susan B. Anthony and all that's good and beautiful that a person who does not know valise from police should be hurled off the face of the earth.

The following marriage notice, taken from Wednesday's Chicago Inter-Ocean, will be read with interest by Escanaba people, inasmuch as the bridal pair are to reside here, the groom being the manager of Roseboom Bros.' broom handle factory: "Pretty and unique were the surroundings of the wedding of Mr. Albert Charles H. Meacham, of Escanaba, Mich., and Miss Evelyn May Roseboom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roseboom of No. 1828 Barry avenue. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents at 5 o'clock yesterday evening. The house was prettily decorated. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Arthur Piper, of Grace Episcopal church, and was followed with a dinner at 6 o'clock. The ceremony was solemnized in the drawing-room, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and palms. In the southeast corner was arranged a canopy of greens and mistletoe, beneath which stood the bride and groom. The second parlor was also arranged in harmonious color and the dining-room gave contrasting effects with yellow hangings and smilax. The best man was Mr. Henry Miller of Racine, Wis., and Miss Adelaide Stratton, of Chicago, was the maid of honor. The ushers were Mr. Thomas Hollingshead and Alfred B. Roseboom. The bride was richly gowned in yellow broadcloth satin, with chiffon trimmings. After the ceremony the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where dinner was served, the conclusion of which marked the departure of the bridal couple on a short wedding tour. The groom has prepared a handsome home for his bride at Escanaba, Mich. Mrs. Meacham is a graduate of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Nearly two hundred invitations were issued for the wedding, but owing to the Christmas festivities many were prevented from being present.

The Gladstone Modern Woodmen elected the following officers on Monday evening: Venerable Consul, G. A. Ramsay; Worthy Adviser, D. M. Hayes; Banker, H. C. Henke; Clerk, John Gleason; Escort, H. L. Bushnell; Chief Forester, C. A. Wixson; Physician, R. S. Forsyth; Watchman, Andrew Swenson; Sentry, John Ohman.

D. A. Brotherton and Will Van Duzer went to Rapid River Thursday, to do some engineering work in connection with the new bridge.

Mr. James Christie and Miss Kittie Power, both of Escanaba, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the parlors of the New Ludington hotel, Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. A. R. Moore, J. P., performing the ceremony. The wedding was a very quiet and unpretentious affair, only the immediate relatives of the groom being in attendance, the bride's relatives being wholly unaware of what was transpiring. After the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Christie took the evening train for Chicago, where they will spend a few days, after which they will take up their residence at Marinette for a time at least. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Power, and is well and favorably known to the entire community, having resided in Escanaba from early childhood. The groom is an only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Christie, of the New Ludington hotel. Both have a host of friends, who wish for them a happy and prosperous journey over life's rugged pathway.

J. W. Kinsell, superintendent of the Masonville township schools, and principal and teacher in the schools at Rapid River, is one of the most enthusiastic and progressive educators in Delta county. One who recently visited the Rapid River schools tells an Iron Port representative that never before has he seen a better disciplined school, or more apt scholars than those under the guidance of Prof. Kinsell. "They are singers, too," remarked our informant, "and when Mr. Kinsell says all sing, they sing like so many nightingales." The people of Masonville township are to be congratulated upon securing so able an instructor.

Last week we inadvertently omitted to mention the marriage of Mr. Hugh Lemon and Miss Elma Larsen, which happy event occurred at the Commercial house, Gladstone, on Friday evening, December 20th, Rev. Mr. Emson officiating. A reception followed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moran will go to Chicago for the remainder of the winter as soon as Mr. Moran completes his sewer contract.

Mrs. A. Brady returned home Sunday from Big Rapids, where she has been visiting with relatives for the last six weeks.

Jesse McCourt, who is at present travelling for a wholesale jewelry house of Chicago, spent Xmas with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wood and mother and two sisters left for Foster City on Tuesday, to spend Christmas.

Miss Clara Hamacher spent Christmas at Marquette, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Conolly.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hancock, of Gladstone, have located at Minneapolis, for the winter at least.

Geo. Henderson left for Swanzy Thursday morning after spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Donovan and Mrs. Phil Kelly spent Christmas at Oconto, Wis.

Dr. F. T. Long, of Gladstone, spent Christmas with his parents at Menominee.

G. T. Burns spent Xmas in Marinette, the guest of Hon. Isaac Stephenson.

Wm. Loeffler, of Bark River, transacted business in the city Tuesday.

Thos. Cass is spending the holidays with friends in Milwaukee.

John P. Symons and wife spent Christmas in Fond du Lac.

Nic. Reilly will go to Mt. Clemens after New Year's.

Mrs. Jas. Rogers went to Racine, Wis., Tuesday.

Tim Curran, of Lathrop, spent the holidays in town.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas F. Follis, of this city, and Miss Martha Clulo Jackson, of St. Ignace, was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother on Christmas day, in the presence of a concourse of invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Follis will be at home, 516 Michigan avenue, after December 30th. The Iron Port extends congratulations, and with the groom's host of friends in this county wishes the young couple a happy future.

Misses May and Edith Harris pleasantly entertained a party of young friends at the Hawarden Inn, Gladstone, Christmas night. Among those from Escanaba who attended were: Lucy Burns, Grace and Dolly Doran, Frankie Blake, Flossie Eastwood, Josie and Winnie Longley and August Erickson, Geo. McKana, Jos. Symons, R. E. McLean, Joe and Matt Smith, John Barras and Jesse McCourt.

Hollings Lodge, No. 10, Degree of Honor, will entertain their friends at a leap year party, Friday evening, Jan. 3, 1896, at A. O. U. W. hall. Go, and don't forget to take the gentlemen.

John Ward and Joe Deloria spent Christmas at home. The Great Northern, at Chicago, wasn't rough enough to hold them.

Edward Hewlett jerked lightning at Menominee this week, while the regular operator enjoyed a holiday layoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carney, of Marinette, spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll, in Escanaba township.

Miss Marie Doyle, of Oshkosh, Wis., is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McDermott.

Ed. Peterson arrived here from Chicago the first of the week to spend Christmas with his parents.

Mrs. F. D. Mead returned from Milwaukee the first of the week and spent Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Broad are spending the holidays with friends in the copper country.

James Greene went to Chicago on a business trip Sunday night.

Mrs. Chas. Miller spent Christmas with Manitistowick friends.

Miss May Power is spending the holidays with her parents.

There will be a dime social at the Baptist hall next Wednesday evening. A musical and literary program has been arranged.

Geo. McCarthy, Jr., has resigned his position with the C. & N.W. company, and will

open a butcher shop on the corner of Charlotte and Ayer streets on January 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Oliver and family, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Long, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Williams, Dr. H. B. and Miss Reynolds and Hon. E. P. Royce were entertained at Christmas dinner at the Oliver.

Mr. J. N. McNally came down from camp to celebrate the anniversary of the Saviour's birth with his family. He has been at Stuckney's camp, No. 3.

Mrs. John Welch was a Green Bay visitor this week, going thither to join her husband, who is receiving medical treatment at that place.

Messrs. Cotterill, Greene and Hodgkins were in Chicago this week on business connected with the Brotherhood of Engineers.

John E. Sullivan, who has a large contract getting out cedar near Metropolitan, spent Christmas with his family.

The bal masque to be given by the volunteer firemen on New Year's night promises to be a very pleasant affair.

Miss Mamie Hirt is visiting Milwaukee friends. She will go to Sheboygan before she returns home.

Harry Long returned from Ann Arbor, Sunday, to spend the holidays with his brother, Dr. Chas. Long.

John Campbell indulged in the national bird with his family on Christmas day.

Miss Annie Johnson, of Ford River, spent Christmas with friends in this city.

Dan Carroll, of Marquette, is at home with his family to spend the holidays.

John Dunn and Pat Dolan went to Chicago Thursday night for a brief stay.

Mrs. W. W. Stoddard is recovering from a severe attack of quinsy.

Mr. C. J. Shaddick spent Sunday with his parents at Ishpeming.

John Harwood was down from camp this week for a brief stay.

A. Lozo, a Rapid River liveryman, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. Thelzer made a brief visit to Chicago this week.

Gibbs & Sons have moved from Green Bay to Cooks.

Capt. Stratton was in town Monday.

Mrs. Eva Pillsbury and children, Mrs. Bradbury and Mrs. Wixson left Thursday night for St. Andrew's Bay, Florida. They were joined in Chicago by Mrs. E. D. Beeson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Corcoran entertained Dr. and Mrs. Jones, of Vulcan, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hogan, of Marinette, and Mrs. Quinn, of Green Bay, at Christmas time.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, of La Crosse, Wis., has been the guest of Rev. Dr. Todd this week. He will fill the Presbyterian church pulpit tomorrow morning.

Harry Thompson returned Thursday from Fond du Lac, where he had been visiting with his parents.

Miss Anna Johnson left for Marinette, on Thursday, where she will visit with friends and relatives.

Joe McGuire spent Christmas with his family, coming down from camp for that purpose, on Tuesday.

Miss Kate Flynn, of Oconto, Wis., is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Burke.

Miss Bessie Bacon, who has been teaching school in Chicago, is home for the holidays.

Sadie Barras returned from Ann Arbor Sunday to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mike Egan, of Marquette, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Winegar this week.

J. F. Carey and wife spent Christmas in Marquette with friends and relatives.

Miss Jennie Cook, of Iron Mountain, is spending the holidays in Escanaba.

Tom and Lary Torney are home, spending the holidays with their parents.

The Misses Rogers are spending their holiday vacation in Escanaba.

Miss Annie Teehan spent Christmas with relatives in Negaunee.

Miss Hattie Taylor is spending the holidays with her parents.

Geo. Harris and family, of Gladstone, were down Monday.

R. F. Endress, of the Soo, was in Escanaba on Tuesday.

Chas. Sherman, of Foster City, spent Xmas in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Valentine returned home on Friday.

John Walsh was a Green Bay visitor this week.

Among those who will take part in the comic opera, Paul Jones, are the following: C. J. Shaddick, James Tolan, F. I. Phillips, J. J. Sourwine, A. B. Chambers, Ted Turner, A. Crebo, Mrs. Henry Wilke, Miss Benedict and Miss Dottie Chickler.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Connell spent Christmas at Bessemer. They will spend New Year's with Mr. Connell's mother at Ishpeming.

Miss Nellie Denton returned home from Chicago on Sunday last, where she spent the past year with relatives.

Mrs. Peter Sipchen, of Chicago, is visiting in the city, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Roemer.

Geo. McKana returned home Sunday morning from Ann Arbor, to spend the holidays with his parents.

Miss Baker, of Ford River Switch, returned home on Tuesday, after a month's visit in the city.

Andrew Hughes and Clarence Shaffer came home Sunday morning to spend the holidays.

Zorasta Cornell and Jemina Johnson were married at Gladstone on Christmas day.

Jas. Christie came up from Menominee to eat Xmas dinner with his parents.

Mr. Wm. Buchholtz and wife spent Xmas with Mr. Buchholtz's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Riley ate Xmas dinner with friends at Ishpeming.

Fabian Defnet spent Christmas with relatives at Sturgeon Bay.

Geo. Stoik left on Monday for Marinette to spend Xmas.

James Todd is spending the holidays with his parents.

Pat Glynn was in town for a few hours on Monday.

A. R. Moore is a great sufferer from rheumatism.

Chas. Chappel was a recent visitor to Chicago.

David Thurston went to Gladstone Friday.

John Power spent Xmas with his family.

Will King, the printer, is sick.

There was a pleasant social gathering at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Lindquist on

Thursday evening, being given for the benefit of the Swedish Methodist church. There was a large gathering. Music was one of the principal features.

R. E. McLean, he who so efficiently presides over the office of the I. Stephenson Company at Flat Rock, spent Wednesday in Escanaba and received his full quota of turkey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, of Gladstone, celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Main, of this city, were numbered among the guests.

Miss Della Lindquist, who is teaching school at Barkville, is spending her vacation with her parents in this city.

Eddie Yockey returned from Dayton, Ohio, Tuesday. He is spending the holidays with his parents.

Will Struckmeyer left on Monday for Ashland, where he will spend the holidays at home.

Miss Carrie Dietrich, of Ford River Switch, was in the city Tuesday, looking for Santa Claus.

Miss Kate Dinneen returned, Tuesday, from Iron River, to spend the holidays at home.

Louis Stegmiller spent the week at Daluth, and the Elder looks lonely-like.

John Hirt, of Marquette, was down and spent Xmas with his parents.

John T. Burns left for Eagle Grove, Iowa Tuesday evening.

Jos. Cooney went to Gladstone, Tuesday, on business.

Roscoe Power is spending the holidays with his parents.

Chauncey Yockey returned from Chicago Tuesday.

Thos. Golden returned from Chicago Tuesday.

The music pupils of Mrs. Gelzer presented her with a very handsome parlor table on Christmas morning. Those of her pupils who contributed are as follows: Mrs. C. H. Long, Misses Zella Cox, Florence and Alice Eastwood, Ida Greene, Bertha Swan, Clara, Sadie and Minnie Farrell, Clara and Libby Spargo, Sadie Thatcher, Mary McCourt, Amanda Neuber, Lydia Wicking, Jennie Weekman and Masters Freddie Cram, Freddie Erickson, Walter Swan and Robbie Mead.

Mr. David Thurston spent Xmas in Escanaba and will return to his home in Milwaukee the first of the week, accompanied by his family.

Editor McKenna's attack of quinsy is letting up on him, and he will be able to be down town next week.

Will Erwin will spend the winter in the south, and Mrs. Erwin with her parents in Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Merriam, of Gladstone, partook of Christmas goodies in Escanaba.

Mrs. John A. Stromberg has been confined to her bed by illness for several days past.

W. A. Stromberg bustled string at the Cash Mercantile company's store this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellison were entertained this week by Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim.

Miss M. Finley is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. Shinnick, at Watertown, Wis.

F. F. Davis, of Masonville, was an Escanaba visitor on Tuesday.

Capt. A. V. Lindquist transacted business at Masonville yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coburn, of Schaffer, were in town Tuesday.

Mrs. J. K. Owen is entertaining her brother during the holidays.

Rev. Fr. William left for Louisville, Ky., yesterday morning.

F. D. Mead transacted business at Crystal Falls yesterday.

J. Lowry spent his Christmas vacation at Minneapolis.

Miss Caddie Oliver returned home on Saturday last.

F. H. Brotherton was at Marquette on Tuesday.

Harry Tucker, of Manitowick, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Walker, the barber, spent Christmas at Marquette.

Mose Kurz went to Iron Mountain yesterday.

The social dance under the auspices of the North Star society, Thursday evening, was a pleasant affair, and the organization netted some cash as well.

Samuel F. Cook, of Lansing, has been in town the past few days, looking after the proper enforcement of the adulterated food law.

Miss Annie Kelly has gone to the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Chicago. Her father, Paul Kelly, accompanied her to the Windy City.

T. V. Ward, superintendent of the Ford River Lumber company's business at Ford River, dined at the Oliver on Christmas day.

Mrs. J. Franzen went to Chilton the first of the week, called there by the serious illness of her sister, Miss Lena Heil.

A party of young friends "surprised" Miss Jessie Brown last evening. All had a delightful time.

Roscoe Young returned to Munising Thursday morning after eating turkey with Mrs. Young.

Ed. Erickson has been confined to his home by illness a portion of the week.

W. J. Turner, of Vulcan, transacted business here on Thursday.

Harry Long writes that he has shaken the snows of Ann Arbor from off his sandals, and

Baking Powder

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

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

is spending the holidays in Chicago with his sister, Mrs. Dr. Westcott.

Louis Stegmiller, one of Escanaba's bustling citizens, was in town early in the week. Mr. Stegmiller is quite extensively interested in the development of mineral properties and it is stated is paying attention to certain interests in this vicinity.—Negaunee Herald.

The following Gladstone people visited Escanaba during the week: Milton Call, Geo. Heiman, Miss Alberta Murney, A. M. Mathews, F. J. Bozdeck.

Rumor states that Phil J. McKenna, of the Escanaba Mirror, will soon forsake the newspaper business to study law.—Menominee Leader.

Supt. S. S. Beggs is spending his vacation at home. Five teachers went to their homes for the holidays.

Walter Power, now a prosperous attorney at Ontonagon, spent Christmas with a friend at Gladstone.

Lawyer Barras got out of doors the first of the week after being housed by illness for a fortnight.

Dr. F. T. Long, of Gladstone, is visiting at his home in Menominee this week.

J. N. Collins, of Gladstone, has gone to Chicago for medical treatment.

Mr. John McHale, of Lathrop, was an Escanaba visitor yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cram entertained friends on Christmas evening.

AMETHYST'S TALK

The custom of serving wine on New Year's day has passed through many phases. Several years ago, as a young man forcibly expressed it, "Young ladies consented to make bartenders of themselves once a year. So much intoxication was the result, that a strong tide of feeling set in against the custom; but gradually it became once more popular.

Were our women to remain slaves to a custom so full of danger? A thousand times, no; for see how women of influence, in Boston, New York and other large towns have formed associations where they have united hand in hand against the serving of wines and other alcoholic liquors on the coming New Year's day, parties and on all other social occasions.

Here is the answer to the author's puzzle given last week: 1 Hawthorne, 2 Lovelace, 3 Webster, 4 Reid, 5 Polycarp, 6 Braddon, 7 Ruskin, 8 Smiles, 9 Dorr, 10 Felton, 11 Kaut, 12 Hugo, 13 Cooper, 14 Swain, 15 Sheridan, 16 Dumas, 17 Addison, 18 Poe, 19 Kingsley, 20 Cunningham, 21 Cozzens, 22 Butler, 23 Whittier, 24 Currie, 25 Wright, 26 Warner, 27 Alexander, 28 Yonge, 29 Macmillan.

For four weeks this column will be open for those who will send a list of recent writers in the same form as those just published.

"What shall I wish thee for the coming year? Twelve months of dream-like ease? no care? no pain? Bright spring, calm summer, autumn without rain? Of bitter tears? Wouldst have it thus, my friend? What lesson, then, were learned at the year's end?"

"What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth well, If I could have my way, no shade of woe Should ever dim thy sunshine; but I knee Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep, Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

"Ah! would my wishes were of more avail To keep thee from the many jars of life! Still let me wish thee courage for the strife, The happiness that comes of work well done, And afterward the peace of victory won."

AMETHYST.

Passed to the Other Side.

Daisy, only daughter of Mrs. Lizzie Kecht, died on Monday last after a painful illness of nine days, the immediate cause of her demise being pneumonia. She was fourteen years and three months of age. The funeral services were held from the family residence, Rev. Dr. Todd officiating. The remains were borne to their last resting place in Lakeview by six of her girl associates—Lula Moger, Amanda Wright, Elsie Warn, Jessie Guckstein—while Fanny Guckstein, Winnie Harvey and May Albright acted as flower girls. Daisy was a general favorite and will be greatly missed.

"Only a thin veil between us, My loved ones, so gentle and true, Only as mist before sunrise, I am hidden, away from your view. Often I come with my blessing, And strive all your sorrows to share; At night, while your quietly sleeping, I kiss down your eyelids in prayer.

"Only a thin veil between us, Some morning the angels will come, And then, in a bright land of beauty, We'll gather with loved ones at Home. Beautiful Home, no longer in sadness to roam, But safe in the kingdom of glory, We'll dwell with the loved ones at Home."

Notice to Tax-Payers.

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

E. M. ST. JAQUES.

City Notes.

Uncle Tim feasted on possum on Christmas day. When asked about it the good-natured old gentleman replied, "Nebber mind about dat possum chill!"

The Sturgeon Bay Advocate should be more careful in its credits. It takes an article from The Iron Port and credits it to another Escanaba paper.

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.

Pharmacy

SAY CATES, SAY

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

READ, WRITE, SING, PLAY, GIVE, PRESENT, SMOKE, CHEW, RUB, BLISTER, SMELL, WEAR, PAINT, DRAW, DRINK, (HARDLY) COLOR, PHYSIC, SEND, WORK, WRAP, POWDER, PENCIL, WASH, DAZZLE, GLITTER, CURE, KEEP, HEAL, at THE HILL DRUG STORE or SOURWINE DRUG COMPANY.

AN OBITUARY

DEAD YEAR, upon whose hier I lean! Dead Year, whose shaggy features lie Half-formless in the falling snow! You brought such joys, such sorrows keen, Such mingled pain and ecstasy, I cannot lightly let you go; But pause awhile to shed a tear That you should lie so low, old Year.

How blithe you were when first we met! A flying chorus round you sung, The snowdrops peeped to see you pass, And where your hasty foot you set Deep violets and field daisies hung. Their trembling blossoms on the grass; And hope, with swiftly-moving wing, You brought to make eternal spring.

A grass-green kirtle next you wore, And gathered wild-flowers in the wood, Sweet colors all around you stole. Forth from the chalice that you bore, Knee-deep in tangled brakes you stood; The red sun cast an aureole About your golden head, old Year, And that glad vision brought me cheer.

Then with a sheaf of ripened grain Laid close against your heaving breast, And crowned with purple grapes, you came. I marked the brown and stubby plow, I marked the forest's waving crest, With tufts and branches all aflame. With every feature grown more dear, I loved you daily more, old Year.

At last the solemn winter laid Its diamond crown upon your brow; The icicles hung on the eaves; And deep within the beechen glade The bare trees in the blast did bow. Their heads all shorn of crisp, brown leaves. You taught me how old age might be Made grand by simple majesty.

Now garbed and silent for the tomb, You lie before me still and white. With burning tears I say: "Good-by," And take you out the darkened room. The happy hopes that once were bright, In guise of tender memory. What most was precious cannot die, Old Year, although so low you lie! —Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE DOLL



MARTHA, Jeanne and Yvonne were in the library with their mother. Add the ages of the three and you will have just 30 years. The last—the little one—was only eight, the second nine, but the eldest, who was 13, restored the equilibrium and made the average ten years a head.

It was the 2d of January, and the room was filled with great picture books with gilded edges, with dolls and with toys. Martha, the eldest, seated on a cushion, looked at a book posed on her mother's knee. The knees of a mother serve as a table, a chair or a refuge to little girls; even when they grow big, very big, they are not ashamed to climb them—perhaps when they wish to tease—and does their mother ever find them too heavy?

The second daughter was counting the plates of a wonderful porcelain dinner set, which she had spread upon the floor. It was no longer a full set, however, for she had broken three of the plates since morning.

The little one, instead of playing, sulked in a corner. Why does she sulk on the 2d of January? It is not natural, with all these beautiful surroundings. And the other two sisters are listening to every noise outside, and start toward the door when the bell rings. Can they be hoping for more gifts?

Yes; a gift which they long for most evidently, which they have seen in their dreams for two weeks, a gift promised them by a friend who has known them all their lives, who loves them with all his heart.

A little while before New Year's he had called them to him and said: "What shall I give you for New Year's?" They had expected the question and had an answer ready. With one voice and as one man they made answer: "An indestructible doll!"

"An indestructible doll?" he repeated. "I will remember it. You shall each have your indestructible doll."

"Oh, no!" cried Jeanne, "they would be too small; we want one, only one, but a big one, as tall as this, as tall as Yvonne."

"But are there any?"

"Yes, indeed; we've seen them."

"And you will all play with the same doll?"

"Yes," replied Martha, the eldest. "I shall be grandmother, Jeanne the mother and Yvonne the aunt."

But he had gone to spend New Year's day with his mother in the country. But as Jeanne on this 2d of January broke her fourth plate she bell rang, Martha left her book, Jeanne her dinner set, Yvonne her corner, and all three in a row waited anxiously. The good friend appeared. They rush at him, embracing him, perhaps a little absent-mindedly, looking all around him. Of course he has the baby; perhaps he is dragging it by a limb. No, he is alone—quite alone; nothing in his pockets, nothing behind him.

Martha and Jeanne, being big girls, made faces, but did not dare to cry, but the little one, who had not yet acquired a respect for conventionalities, could not help it and began: "And the indestructible doll?"

"Well, are you pleased with it? Is it large enough?" Astonished and perplexed, they look at him; at their mother, who says: "Your baby must have stopped on the way, for she has not arrived. You don't know what a life these children have led me."

"What? I bought her day before yesterday evening, and they promised to send her yesterday morning."

"You must have given the wrong address."

"Not at all."

"Then there is some mistake."

"Probably. Give me half an hour, children, and I will bring your baby back again, dead or alive."

He fled. The smiles returned to the children's faces. Yvonne pouted no longer, but helped Jeanne to break her plates. Ten minutes elapsed, then another ring at the bell. The good friend could not have returned so soon; it was probably some visitor. No, the maid entered and said: "There is a man who wishes to speak to madame."

"What does he want?"

"He did not say, but it seemed to be something very important."

"Where is he?"

"In the reception room."

"Very well. I will speak to him."

She rose, went out of the parlor, leaving the door open, and advanced toward the stranger who was waiting there. He was a man of 40 years, with a sweet, sad smile, his bearing was modest, self-respecting.

"What do you wish? What have you to say to me?"

"Madame, I want to explain to you, but it will be a little long."

"Go on, I am listening."

So, with a trembling voice, which gradually grew stronger, speaking quickly, very quickly, as if he were in a hurry to get through:

"Madame, last year at this time I was clerk in a banking house. My salary enabled me to live and support my wife and two little girls, and as the house in which I worked seemed prosperous, and the greater part of the employees placed their savings there, I did as they did. I gave all my savings and 3,000 francs which I had invested. In the course of the year the house stopped payments, dismissed its employees and closed its doors. I had lost not only what I possessed, but also my place."

He stopped, took breath, and with his eyes lowered, twisted his soft hat with nervous fingers, and continued: "I was desperate, but no one has a right to allow himself to be discouraged when he has a wife and little children. I began to look for another place. Alas, I could not find one. Everywhere they

said to me: 'Times are hard just now, we have too many employees, come later and we will see.' I came later, to have the same reply. What could I do? I was obliged to hide it all from my wife, for she was very sick with consumption—she died last month—"

Mme. X. still standing, leaned against a desk a few steps away from the man who was speaking and listened without much emotion. His story resembled all others usually retailed by the needy, the private beggars. She was tempted to say: "There, that will do—it tires me to stand up and listen to you. How much do you want? Five francs I suppose! Here it is." But she did not, for this unknown man inspired her with a sort of unreasoning sympathy, and then the three little girls, finding the parlor door open and seeing their mother in the reception-room had come out and were leaning against each other looking with all their eyes and listening with all their ears. So she did not dare, before her little girls, to interrupt this poor man and send him away too abruptly. It was one of her principles that children ought to be taught while very young, to be charitable and listen patiently to the com-

plaints of unhappy people. The man continued:

"My last resources were exhausted by my wife's illness, and I was so unhappy that I did not know anything and did not hope for anything. It is still more pitiful you see, madame, at this time of year, because the streets and the brilliant stores have such an air of festivity. At each step you meet people carrying flowers, candy, presents; and all the toy stores with their playthings! Oh! It was that above everything else which made me sick at heart! All these playthings and my children would not have even one of them! More than that, several days before her death, my wife, with her eyes resting on her little girls, murmured in my ear: 'I shall not live until the New Year. You will give them some pretty New Year's presents for me, will you not?'"

As he said these last words, the long-repressed tears escaped their bounds, and fell down his cheeks. At last Mme. X. was moved, she no longer leaned carelessly on her elbow against the desk, but was standing up, resting her hands on the three heads pressed in a heap against her.

He wiped his tears, and with a stronger voice, went on with his story. "If my wife had thought of New Year's gifts during her last moments, my children did not forget them either. They did not know that I was poor and miserable. What good would it do to tell them? Would they have understood it? In the evening when I came home after a thousand useless attempts to find a situation, they surrounded me and said: 'Papa, you will remember us on New Year's day, will you not?'"

He replied: "Yes, yes, I think of you children, I always think of you." Then the older one, encouraged by my words and my smiles, said to me one of the last days of December: "What we want, sister and I, is a beautiful doll which we saw the other day. Oh! such a doll! A very, very large doll. An indestructible doll."

"An indestructible doll! I repeated the words over and over again, and repeated them all night during my sleep." Martha, Jeanne and Yvonne, after his mention of the indestructible doll, listened more attentively than ever, silently pressing their little hands together with excitement.

"It was several days afterwards," continued the unknown man, "that I was returning for the tenth time from an employment office, when some one told me that X, the great toy dealer, wanted more hands to deliver packages and offered good wages. I did not hesitate about applying, and was accepted. And all day long, as well as evening, I was traveling about to every quarter of Paris. I liked it far better than staying in the stores, were the sight of the toys, the parents and the children who came to choose, made me sadder and sadder. All day long I carried the toys in my hands, by armfuls, on my back, but they were all done up in parcels and tied, so I did not see. I was more hopeful then, for I would receive my wages at the end of the month, they would add a little gift, and I could buy my girls, if not the large doll which they desired, at least a smaller one."

"On the 31st of December they told me at the store that they could not pay until the first day of January. The firm was too busy with receiving money to give any."

"How could I live until pay day? And the New Year's gifts? To wake up on the 1st of January with no money in the house and nothing, nothing for the children! I did not have courage to wait for them, for I dreaded their New Year's greetings and their kisses would make me sick on that day for the first time. I went very early in the morning before they waked up, with a sort of feverish despair, and for a long time I walked the streets. At eight o'clock I went to the store where I thought they might have some presents for me to carry to other children. Yes, they gave me a very heavy load of them. I had taken several bundles and there were still three to be taken—two in my quarter, and one farther off here in this street, where I was to deliver the largest package, which was an enormous one. I had had no breakfast, and I thought I would go home to get a little to eat, without letting the children see me. I entered to find that the two little rooms which I occupied in a basement at the foot of a court, were empty. A neighbor had taken my children out to amuse them. So, as the large bundle was very heavy, I put it down in a corner, to take it

again soon, when I should have carried the other two in the neighborhood. Half an hour afterward on my return, I heard cries of joy. I entered and my children rushed to me and kissed me. The older one exclaimed in the midst of her kisses: 'Thank you, dear papa, thank you!' And the little one: 'Thank you, papa, thank you!' Thank you? For what? And while I was wondering for what they could thank me—me, who had given them nothing, they ran into the next room and came back with a magnificent doll—an indestructible doll! Oh! heavens! I understood then! They had come in during my absence and seen in the corner the bundle I had laid down. It was the shape of the large doll of their dreams, and they thought it was my New Year's gift. They had undone the parcel and were soon in possession of the doll. I ought to have snatched it from their hands crying: 'That is not for you—it is not for you. It does not belong to us. It is for some other little girls.' But they were so happy! Oh! If you had seen their joy! With what big eyes they looked at their baby and devoured her with caresses. I did not have the courage to take her away from them. I went out, I was saved. I wanted to run to the store and say: 'You owe me money, give me a large doll instead.' Then I would have carried it to you, madame, for I had read your name on the package. But I could neither speak to the owner nor to the cashier, they were so busy just at that moment, and then, I was afraid. I was really afraid. This morning I decided to come and tell you all about it—confess everything. Madame, I beg of you not to complain of me at the store. They know nothing about it and think you have received it. I have the reputation always of being an honest man. I shall get my pay in a few days, and I will swear to you that I will bring you a doll exactly like the one which my children kept—in perfect innocence, I assure you."

The door bell rang. It was the good friend back again. "They say positively," said he, "that the doll was sent yesterday morning."

"That is true," said the mother. "Well, where is she then?"

"In the hands of some little girls not quite so fortunate as these. Isn't that it, Martha, Jeanne, Yvonne?"

The eldest answered: "Yes, we have given it away," and the two little ones echoed: "We have given it away."

And all together they rushed from the room, to return a few moments later with the dinner set, which they thrust upon the father, saying: "Give this to your little girls from us."

The good friend understood nothing of all this. Afterward, when they told him the story, he looked up the man's references, and finding them excellent, he gave him work.

And he gave to his little friends another indestructible doll. For, although it is well to teach children to do good, they ought not to regret having done it; not until later will they learn that one gives doubly when one makes a sacrifice.

The two indestructible dolls have neither heads nor legs now—but that only verifies this story.—Translated from the French by Annie E. Gardner for Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

LOOKING AT THE PAST.

Think of the Pleasant Things, the Kind Words and Loving Deeds—The Need of Self-Encouragement.

Of the mistakes of life we read: "Exemption from mistakes is not the privilege of mortals; and the man who, on discovering his errors, acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred." We believe the kind Father in Heaven looks with loving compassion on the struggles of poor, weak humanity, helping and commending every honest effort toward using past failings as warnings and safeguards, inducing better living in time to come.

Each passing year is sure to have brought its trials, its griefs and disappointments to many hearts; so the discouraged, sighing retrospective view is not the wise, healthful way of regarding matters.

Take the second and better way of looking at the past. Ask the old year what the entire record has been. Review the bright things, the kind words you tried to speak, the visitations made in homes of sorrow, the various little deeds of charity willingly performed.

Over against some sins of omission, set a bit of work done here and there for the benefit of those needing your help. There need be no over self-gratulation in doing this. One good deed helps on another, and self-encouragement is often sorely needed. Alone with memory there need be no reluctance to do one's self justice on the good, the winning side of life's complicated requirements. If there have been days of sharp sorrow to contemplate, remember the helps kindly sent, the sustaining promises of Scripture, the tender ministrations of friends, and, above all, the sure hope of Heaven.

Take all consolation possible along the entire line. Make retrospection something to strengthen hope and to stimulate courage. The whole scene is to close before long. And when the end is reached, the tired feet and weary brain are usually full ready for the rest. Then it will be the motives, the honest intentions actuating the entire past, that will weigh with our just and merciful Judge.—Christian Work.

To the New Year.
One song for thee, New Year!
One universal prayer:
Teach us all other teaching far above—
To hide dark hate beneath the wings of love:
To slay all hatred—strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed,
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only love can lead—
To live for all mankind!
Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free,
Our only master Duty; with no god
Save one—our Maker—monarchs of the soul!
Teach us, with all its light,
Its day, its night,
Its grief, its gloom,
Its heart-beats tremulous,
Its beauty and its bloom—
God made the world for us!
—Atlantia Constitution.

VESUVIUS EVER BUSY.

showers of Lava Are Increasing the Mountain's Height.

Year after year and century after century Vesuvius puffs away. Last July it suffered a new eruption in the side of its great cone. It did no damage save to the roadway by which the traveler ascends to the steep cog railway that carries him from the middle of the mountain to the apex of the smoking, spluttering cone itself. The first recorded eruption of Vesuvius was in 79 A. D., when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. Between the first and sixteenth centuries nine eruptions are recorded, and since that epoch there have been 48 great ones. The last destructive eruption was on April 26, 1872, when about 34 sightseers were killed and more than 40,000 people fled from Naples. Of the present conditions of the ominous monster the Paris Herald says: "Vesuvius is 150 feet higher than it was nine months ago. The constant showers of porous lava have filled in one side of the old hollow crater and have built up the new cone, which from its bold outlines has greatly changed the appearance of the summit, and is still changing it slightly every day. Formerly the volcano, as seen from Naples, had a rounded top, but now it comes to a wedgepoint. A year ago visitors looked into the hollow of the old and somewhat cooled-off crater. Of late they have gone inside the boundaries of the new cone, from the summit of which, at intervals of a few minutes, there is a gust of steam, laden with red hot ashes, which are sent into the air 200 feet or more. Before the steam has drifted away there is another rumble, a sound of watery explosion, and another shower of ashes. Thus, from a distance, in the daytime, there seems to be a constant curl of white vapor from the summit, but at night each separate eruption throws up a vivid light, which then fades away to a dull glow."

"The natives who live on the slope of the mountain say that after the new cone has been built somewhat higher it will fall in of its own weight and close the present breathing hole. Then the mountain will be like a corked-up bottle. A new vent will have to be made, and in the making of this vent there will be a fierce eruption, an overflow of lava and the formation of a new crater."

"There was, indeed, a general belief that the renewed and growing activity of the volcano would lead to some sort of eruption, but it was hoped that it would be nothing more serious than a flow of lava down over the old and hardened beds. The last outbreak and the flow toward Resina (in the direction of the buried city of Herculaneum) was therefore not unexpected."

"The large cone is simply a heap of cinders dignified by size. The ride to the foot of the cone consumes five hours, but it requires only ten minutes to reach the top of the funicular railway. Then there is a walk of ten minutes up the jagged edges of the huge crater to the bowl, and in this is the little cone thrown up by the recent eruptions."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN ENGLAND

Their Path Now Made Easy—The Requirements for Success.

The woman physician no longer finds her path stormy in England. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., has been writing on the status and qualifications of women practitioners, and she shows that their hardest days are over. Her first statement is that it is as easy at this moment for a woman to get a complete medical education in Great Britain as it is for a man, the course of education and the necessary expenditure being practically the same in both cases; the same examinations must be passed and the same qualifications and diplomas must be obtained by individuals of either sex. Some of the examining bodies, such as the Royal College of Surgeons in England, do not admit women to examination, but even with them there is no direct opposition, and hours are set apart at the museum of the college solely for the convenience of women students. The degrees of the universities of London, Durham, Ireland, Edinburgh, Glasgow and St. Andrew's, and the medical colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Ireland, and the license of Apothecaries' hall, are now open to women, who are prepared for examination in many medical schools, some of which are open for women only and some for men and women together. The schools for women are those of London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and there are mixed schools in Ireland and one in Newcastle. The course of education is laid down by the examining bodies, and therefore must of necessity be the same in all schools, though more completely carried out in some than in others. A very considerable number of women have passed their qualifying examinations and obtained degrees. Of these, upward of 50 are now practicing in London, and several medical charities are worked entirely by their aid.

Mrs. Anderson speaks strongly of the requirements of the woman who wishes to practice medicine. She insists that all these are necessary: A vigorous, healthy constitution, with no tendency to bodily or mental disease or weakness of any kind, a determination to spend five years in arduous study, a sufficient amount of capital to support the student during that period and pay for the expensive education and surplus enough for maintenance during the establishment of a practice.—British Journal.

Singular Loss of Memory.

A curious instance of sudden loss of memory is reported from Brighton, England. While sitting on the sea front a woman felt something break in her head. She thereupon became unable to tell her name, address or anything connected with her past life. She is at present in the Brighton workhouse, her continual cry being: "Oh, shall I get my memory again?" Her clothing does not contain a single mark or initial whereby she might be identified.—N. Y. Sun.

MARVELOUS HELEN KELLER.

she is Now Adding Singing to Her Varied Accomplishments.

Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl who has been rendered famous by the triumph of special sense development over her infirmities, is now completing her education in a private school for the deaf in New York city. I had an interesting conversation with one of the principals of the school a day or two ago. He said that since the girl had been under his care he had been teaching her to sing with great success. Placing her fingers on the throat of a singer, she is able to follow notes covering two octaves with her own voice. I mean that she sings synchronously with her instructor. The only difference between her voice and that of a normal person is in its resonant qualities. So acutely developed has her sense of touch become that by placing her hand upon the frame of a piano she can distinguish between two notes not more than half a tone apart.

The gentleman to whom I have referred above said that the mind of Helen Keller, owing to the special efforts which had been made to educate her, was far more finely developed than that of any girl of her age that he knew. He also spoke of the remarkable development of her senses of taste and smell. He said that she was always conscious of the presence of another person, no matter how noiseless his entrance into the room in which she was at the time. He explained this knowledge by the acuteness of her sense of smell. She is able to detect presence by odor. He said her sense of taste was very pronounced, and that she could not be persuaded to take food which she disliked.

He told me something else about her sense of touch which seemed miraculous to me—well acquainted as I am with all the possible developments of special senses. By placing her hand on the face of a visitor, she is able to detect shades of emotion which the normal human eye absolutely fails to distinguish. In other words, her sense of touch is developed to such an exquisite extent as to form a better eye for her than are yours or mine for us. And what is more, she forms judgments of character by this "touch-sight."—N. Y. Herald.

RETURN OF THE BUSTLE.

Indications That It Will Be Worn Later in the Season.

Women who study fashions in a far-sighted way have prophesied for some time that the days of the bustle were about to return. They have said that organ-plaited backs presaged the advent of the bustle and that widely flaring skirts lined with stiffening would inevitably lead to the readdoption of that clumsy article of attire which women gave up so gladly a few years ago.

The lingerie department in the shops would seem to bear this prophecy. The bustle has made its reappearance there, tentatively so far, but still with the air of having come to stay. It is not the monstrous article which was banished when clinging skirts became fashionable. It is rather small and is made of haircloth, sometimes black, sometimes gray, and sometimes white. It consists of three vertical puffs which look like the abbreviated lining to an organ-plait skirt, and it is finished by a frill of haircloth. Its main object is to give the skirt a start in the right direction. A well-lined skirt will flare at the bottom with the aid of a very small bustle.

Of course, this slight reappearance of the bustle may be followed by a bustle revival on a large scale, which will make camel-like humps once more the style. Doctors will object violently to the re-introduction of the bustle on the ground of health, and artists will declaim against its use on the score of beauty, but the medical and aesthetic world may grow hoarse with anathemas against it before it will be discontinued. If fashion once more says authoritatively that it must be worn Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette styles both require more or less padding about the hips. The panniers of the Louis Seize coats and the stiff skirts of the Marie Antoinette period demand some bouffancy and this is obtained only by padding or by a bustle.—Chicago Tribune.

Slaves of Samoa.

The German company, from which we got our black boy Arick, owns and cultivates many thousands of acres in Samoa, and keeps at least 1,000 black people to work on its plantations. Two schooners are always busy in bringing fresh batches to Samoa, and in taking home to their own islands the men who have worked out their three years' term of labor. This traffic in human beings is called the "labor trade," and is the life's blood, not only of the great German company, but of all the planters in Fiji, Queensland, New Caledonia, German New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides. The difference between the labor trade, as it is now carried on under government supervision, and the slave trade is a great one, but not great enough to please sensitive people. In Samoa the missionaries are not allowed by the company to teach these poor savages religion or to do anything to civilize them and raise them from their monkey-like ignorance. But in other respects the company is not a bad master and treats its people pretty well. The system, however, is one that cannot be defended and must sooner or later be suppressed.—Lloyd Osborne, in St. Nicholas.

Eucalyptus as an Air Purifier.

It is said that a very remarkable illustration of the benign and wholesome influence of vegetation on climate has recently been supplied by the French in Algeria. They have planted some millions of eucalyptus trees in that colony, with the result that these have absorbed all the stagnant impurities hitherto prevailing, and had tended to purify both the air and the earth.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Vinalhaven, Me., claims the most cosmopolitan population of any place in the country. With two exceptions it is said that every nation on the globe is represented among its citizens."

RAPID RIVER NEWS

A review of the progress of our township during the year just closing is indeed very gratifying. Owners of village lots have reaped a rich harvest. Every branch of trade gives evidence of material improvement. The Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, entirely without solicitation on our part, located within our limits and has nearly ready for operation a plant worth more than half a million of dollars. Through the village, touching both churches, the school house and every business stand, thanks to the management of the township board, there have been built more than one and one-half miles of new sidewalk, one hundred rods of which is twelve feet wide. Two new rooms have been added to the village school, making four departments in all, and putting on a firm basis a high school to which the entire township has access. One new meat-market and a new tailor-shop have become fixed institutions. New houses, among which are two or three really fine residences, have appeared in all directions. Many acres have been cleared for cultivation and both the Whitefish and Rapid River roads have been thoroughly repaired all the way to the county line without calling on the tax-payers for either road-tax or poll-tax. Matrimony has added to our number seventeen new families; death has not broken more than two. Not a single resident citizen need have been nor need yet be out of work for a day. The tie, post, paving-block and shingle mill of Naugle, Holcomb & Co., the tie, post, and shingle mill of F. W. Gray & Co. and the lumber, shingle, lath and planing mills of the Garth Lumber Co. were all run steadily from early spring and although the latter two closed down early, all were operated in a manner that met the approval of the employes. The Garth Company's output of lumber alone must have reached fifteen million feet, and Gray & Co.'s product of shingles alone, twenty million. The new iron bridge over the Whitefish has been so wisely managed and the contract awarded on such favorable terms that the thirty-five per cent. of the liquor money which was last spring again, as always, foolishly voted to the school fund by the annual township meeting, but held back by the township board, will pay one-half and the same thirty-five per cent. next spring the other half without laying any road-tax or collecting any poll-tax.

A certain church organization here surely breaks any known record in reforming downfallen women and they have not depended altogether on the tactics pursued to convert Ingersoll, either. Less than four months ago they succeeded in capturing the most notoriously lewd character these parts have ever known and made her decent and respectable. A second and third penitent with slightly different surroundings soon followed, and within the past two weeks a fourth has been reclaimed right from headquarters. The latter, however, being in a delicate condition may have been more easily run down, but the society is confident that they will get the two or three remaining ones, including the nest egg.

It now leaks out that the board of education is more than one thousand dollars in debt and the question naturally arises: Whence the authority? (Our correspondent may know what he is talking about, but if the township board either justifiably or otherwise withheld from the school money to which the people had voted it, an amount sufficient to pay one-half the township's expense on the new iron bridge, as he explained two weeks ago, it is very difficult for us to see wherein the board of education is to blame for getting into debt.)—Editor.

It may not be generally known to his wide circle of acquaintances that D. C. Dillabough and family have several months ago returned from Canada, after a year's sojourn there. Too much monarchy and its consequent dogmatic bigotry tells Deck's whole story.

Miss Carrie Wicklander had the misfortune to skate through thin ice on the Whitefish Monday evening. Luckily the water at that point was only waist deep and there was by her side a young man anxious to prove himself a hero.

Do our people appreciate the value to their town of a weekly review of its affairs in a paper of good standing? If they do then one hundred copies of The Iron Port will come here.

Fred Vitzhy and Paul King are each preparing skating rinks, but the weather has not yet been at all propitious for out-door rinks and both gentlemen have lost considerable labor.

Miss Sarah Bassford is now soprano in the protestant church and it must be admitted that few sweeter voices are to be heard anywhere.

Father Manning, of Gladstone, holds service here regularly every fourth Sunday. No priest was ever before held in such general high esteem in Rapid River.

Peter DuMour and family have for some weeks occupied their new and extremely handsome residence north of the school house. Peter has not been many years from Canada but he has learned both how to make money and how to enjoy it.

P. G. Hibbard built an eight hundred dollar addition to his hotel and residence during the summer and then repainted and refitted the whole, until the place is not only made very convenient but a real beauty.

What would you think of a school teacher who you know is expected to teach home geography and good citizenship and yet never reads a county paper? Well, there do exist such peculiar geni.

John Johnston has four million feet of pine on skids and Stickney & Co. nearly nine million. Very little hauling has yet been done but both these jobs are about through cutting.

Charles Nugent, an L. L. D. of the Wisconsin University, and teacher at Masonville, is gradually satisfying his patrons that he is just the right man for the place.

Earl Adams appears to be in good

demand as a special salesman. Much of the time he is employed at Brooks' drug store but often at Baker's hardware store and other places.

Dr. Brooks still maintains his unequalled popularity among the young people. At a moderate estimate he must have given away one hundred dollars as Christmas presents.

Joseph Young and family took a sleigh-ride to Escanaba on Saturday to lay in a Christmas supply. Mr. Young has for two years been landlord of the Rapid River house.

William Hibbard, now taking a course in the law department of the Wisconsin University, writes that the work goes easy with him and he is much pleased with it.

Henry Pfeiffer is back into the meat market from which he retired last spring and with him has returned the accustomed popularity of the old stand.

Mr. Everett L. Armstrong of the lower peninsula, but in his second year's work at Whitefish, teaches the best and largest school that place has ever seen.

D. A. Brotherton, county surveyor and engineer of the new Whitefish bridge, was here one day this week establishing the line for the bridge.

The second grade teacher of the village, Miss Flemming, spends the vacation in Escanaba, where she usually spends Saturdays and Sundays.

With the services of W. O. Bagley as teacher the people of Garth feel that the board of education has signally recognized their interests.

The G. A. R. Post gave a ball at Young & Merrill's hall Saturday night. The Paragon cornet band, of this place, furnished the music.

The catholic church of this place recently purchased a new organ, and the choir renders some parts of the service most exquisitely.

Calvin Ackley, having bought out his brother Jacob, a couple of months ago, now controls the entire dray business of the village.

The Congregational Sunday school indulged in a Christmas tree and literary and musical celebrations Tuesday evening.

General Superintendent Myron Grover, of Garth, will within a week return from a four weeks' trip to New York.

Charley Fish went up last week to cook at the camp of Adam Schaible, superintended by John Angullim.

Miss Essie Naugle is in Chicago this winter attending school, and her society is much missed at Masonville.

Miss Edna Wolfe now presides at the organ of the Congregational church and is fully equal to the position.

Miss Eva Morrison, primary teacher in the village, is spending her vacation at her home in Crystal Falls.

Charlie Bland and William Kline, both well known camp cooks, are down on a Christmas vacation.

The Paragon Cornet Band will give a masquerade in Young & Merrill's hall on New Year's eve.

Charles Thatcher, of the steamer Lotus, is spending the winter here in the interest of James Blake.

Everett Bassford expects to leave soon to take a course at the Green Bay commercial school.

Mrs. Maggie Murchie spent Friday night and Saturday in Escanaba on business.

Alec Labumbard now drives a four-hand hauling supplies for John Johnston.

Fred Adams, formerly of Naugle, Holcomb & Co., has returned from the west.

Dick Gray is spending the holidays among the plumages of Minneapolis.

Township Treasurer G. E. Merrill returned from Chicago Saturday.

Rube Young assists in the office of Young & Merrill at busy times.

Rev. Crane gives a midweek service in the school house at Garth.

Willie Baker went up to cook for James Blake.

Reduction in Time to California.

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

Town Topics.

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

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

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

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.

The Farmers' Mutual Ins. Co.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, of Schoolcraft, Delta and Menominee counties, will be held at Escanaba on January 7, 1896. F. G. Donak, Sec'y.

A Great Premium.
The Iron Port offers The New York

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

Commences the Year Right.

The attention of subscribers in this city is called to the address on their papers this week, which will enable them to tell just how their subscription stands. The date after the names shows to what month and year they have paid. If there are any errors we would consider it a favor if we were at once notified, so that the proper correction could be made.

Free to Subscribers.

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

Escanaba vs. Marquette.

The Marquette football team is expected here on Wednesday next to play the game with our high school eleven. The game will doubtless prove interesting.

The game of football advertised for Christmas day did not come off.

Wanted.

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

Leo Boucher won the wheelbarrow race at the City rink Thursday evening; Axel Erickson second, S. Peterson third. There will be a one mile race at the City ice rink this evening.

Groceries.

James S. Doherty,
Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of
CHOICE AND FANCY GROCERIES
Crockery and Canned Goods.
Butter Eggs and Cheese
A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.
264 Fannie Street.

Groceries.

GROCERIES!

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

PURE IN QUALITY, CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

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

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

A. H. ROLPH,
509 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Mich.

Lumber Yard.

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

GEORGE T. BURNS, Mgr.

LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

A GALAXY OF SERVICEABLE GIFTS

This season our ability to supply useful gifts is greater than ever before. In the line of practical presents—articles that will be of special value and service to the recipient and a credit to the donor—we offer a selection second to none in the State of Michigan. The lists below give but a partial idea of our resources. We can only add that holiday shoppers seeking worthy gifts for men, women or children should not fail, before buying, to see the advantages offered them by our

Men's and Youth's Clothing,
Boys' and Children's Clothing,
Gentlemen's Furnishings,
Shoes, Slippers, Hats and Caps.

SPECIAL LINE OF Handkerchiefs, Mufflers and Gloves
Especially for the Holidays.
KRATZE'S
608--610 LUDINGTON STREET.

Holiday Goods.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF.....

Decorated Dinnerware, China, Glassware, and Lamp Goods,
Which are Especially Suitable for the Holiday Trade.

WE HANDLE VERY EXTENSIVELY

Homer Laughlin's White Granite, the best made.
Henry Alcock's Cyprus Semi Porcelain.
Henry Alcock's White and Gold Porcelain.
Haviland & Co's White China and 7 Open Stock Patterns in Decorated Dinnerware, Hotel China and Porcelain.
Jardiniers, large variety, Umbrella Stands,
Pudding Sets, Salad and Berry Bowls, Meat Sets,
Cracker Jars, Sugar and Cream Sets, Stoneware, Etc.

Special Attention Given to Our Mail Order Department.

FRANK H. ATKINS & CO.