



A DISHONEST METHOD

SHALL PUPILS HAVE HOME HELP WITH THEIR STUDIES?

Shall pupils of our public schools have help at home in preparing lessons for the next day? Is a question worthy of some thought.

The Iron Port is of the opinion that home help is detrimental to the pupil, and consequently emphatically answers the question with an emphatic "no."

Few parents discriminate between judicious and unjudicious assistance. It is far easier to take the slate and do the work, than to lead the young mind step by step to do the work.

The child who has been helped at home comes to the class with all the work done; another, who has had no help, gets but half of the lesson prepared.

The teacher loses the best opportunity of studying her pupils' minds, their mental habit, their needs, and thus is shut out from that adaptation of her teaching to the wants of her pupils, which comes so swiftly to the teacher who really knows how the minds of her pupils work.

Parents cannot be expected to detect as quickly as the teacher, whose business it is, those mental peculiarities which a little well-directed effort would remove.

Morning o'clock. The was telegraphed for had one fire engine and ready to place on a flat car when word came that it was too late.

Iron Ore Freight and Sales.

The Marine Review contradicts the report that the iron ore freight from Lake Superior had been made at \$1.10. It says that a Cleveland firm made an effort in good faith to close a few contracts at that figure, but failed, and adds: "Strange as it may seem to ore shippers who now advance the opinion that a lower range of prices in the iron market and heavy contracts in shipyards will result in \$1 freight next season, not a single vesselowner was found ready to accept the offer of \$1.10 referred to above."

Milwaukee mineowners say they have not made a sale of ore or approached anywhere near a sale thus far the present winter, and for this reason they manifest a strong disinclination to talk freights.

Decided In Favor of Garden.

Judge Stone has rendered a decision in the case of the Village of Garden vs. Edward Disco and Octave Boudreau, tried at the October term of the circuit court for Delta county. Some years ago the trustees of the village offered a cash bonus of \$2,100 for a flour mill.

He Left Instructions.

Samuel F. Cook, of Lansing, one of the pure food inspectors appointed under the new state law, left Escanaba on Sunday after instructing grocers and liquor dealers how they shall proceed to handle goods so as to comply with the requirements of the recent enactment.

Ore Freight Rates Average Well.

The average ore lake freight rates for the period of 20 years from 1876 to 1895 inclusive, were: Escanaba, contract, \$1.05, wild, \$1.30; Marquette, contract, \$1.35, wild, \$1.30; average for past ten years: Escanaba, contract, 91 cents, wild, 91 1/2 cents; Marquette, contract, \$1.09, wild \$1.12; Ashland and other ports at the head of Lake Superior, contract, \$1.19, wild, \$1.30.

Mann Bro's Logging Operations.

The Mann Brothers Manufacturing company is having a very successful logging season in the northern part of this county and south of Ishpeming and Negaunee. The company has four camps, employing 200 men, and it is the intention to bank 6,000,000 feet. This, with the large amount which they were unable to drive down the Escanaba river last season, owing to the low stage of water, will aggregate over 10,000,000 feet.—Iron Mountain Tribune.

The First Team to Cross the Bay.

Geo. Williams, who lives across the bay in Bay de Noc township, drove across the ice to Escanaba last Tuesday. The ice was comparatively thin where the Ann Arbor boat went through to Gladstone, but Mr. Williams unhitched the horses and took them over the thin place one at a time, afterwards pulling the sleighs over by means of a long rope.

Fell Upon An Axe.

James Beckmann, living at Section 4, slipped and fell while walking through the woods on Saturday last, and in so doing cut a severe gash in his forehead upon a double-bladed axe which he was carrying. He was brought to Escanaba, where the wound was dressed, and held for home Monday morning.

RAPID RIVER RIPPLES

A FOUR YEAR'S CONTRACT TO CARRY EMPTY MAIL BAGS.

Many Horses Are Dying of a Contagious Disease.—General News Notes From That Thriving Village By Our Special Correspondent.

The Brampton mail route is a striking example of the red-tape stupidity of the general government. Last winter when a change on the Soo road promised an one-mail one way each day, the Chicago portion of which would lie over a day at Fenbina, our business men were forced to petition for a daily mail from the Northwestern line via Brampton.

Wedding bells again! In the city of Gladstone on Tuesday, the last day of 1895, Miss Mary Guerrero to John Dismour, both highly respected young people of this place. The accomplishments of the bride, the universal esteem in which both are held, and the business capacities and financial standing of the groom, who is a member of the firm of Dumour Bros., bespeak for the happy couple only fair winds on the sea of matrimonial bliss.

The 2d entertainment of the Slayten Bureau course under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church will be given in the church on Saturday evening, the 11th inst, at eight o'clock. The previous concert was fraternal and so will the others be.

From the Richmond Gazette: Mr. Loising is an incomparable entertainer; in one programme appealing to all passions. From the Chicago Tribune: Those who have heard Mr. Loising once will be desirous of hearing him again. He is a host in himself.

From the Chicago Daily Inter Ocean: Whatever Mr. Loising does in his profession is commendable.

As the entertainment will be in the church it will be unnecessary to select seats. Course tickets including the Ingal's lecture, \$1.50. Single admission, 35 cents.

If our citizens will subscribe for The Iron Port and after reading it themselves send it off to some friend, they will do more for the prosperity of the township than a dozen hemmed-in local sheets could do. We are a township of over two thousand souls and surely the people abroad will care to read something about us.

Mrs. Warren Earley spent the past week in the village. She is spending the winter in 43, 22 where her husband is operating a camp for Young & Merrill. Any one who was present at the masquerade Wednesday night will readily acknowledge that the musical attainments of the Paragon cornet band would amply meet the requirements of places much larger than this.

Since Jacob Ackly retired from the dray business he is employed at his old trade in the harness shop of Henry Boyer. This reminds us, too, that in different departments of this same stand are carried on by Mrs. Boyer, assisted by Misses Cora and Martha Barbeau, a lucrative business in millinery and in dressmaking.

Next week we shall endeavor to give a sketch of all the business stands of the township. We think the business done is so creditable that it merits a record of it in the files of a standard newspaper.

Messrs. Darrow & Hill enjoy a lucrative business these wintry days. They have a large and well selected stock of general merchandise, and being hustlers for trade enjoy an enviable patronage.

Schuman & Horwitz, our enterprising merchant tailors, have an advertisement in The Iron Port to-day, and the attention of the people of Delta county tributary to Rapid River are invited to peruse their announcement. They have a large stock of foreign and domestic cloths to select from, are stylish cutters and good tailors, and consequently are building up a nice trade among our people.

B. B. Baker takes no inconsiderable pleasure in driving his speedy mare. H. E. Pfider is doing a good business since re-opening his meat market.

Will Young, senior member of the firm of Young & Merrill, is kept busy these days looking after this firm's extensive logging business. The last freeze-up making perfectly sharp horses an imperative necessity.

GLEIMPSES 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.

Appropriate services to the first Sunday of the year will be held in the Presbyterian church to-morrow. In the morning Dr. Todd will preach on "The new year."

The Iron Port is now on sale at Chas. Hamilton's drug store, where it may be had "hot from the press" each Sunday morning. Everett Bassford, who is taking a course at the Green Bay commercial school, was honored with a farewell party at his father's residence Saturday evening.

Rev. Crane has been so indisposed for a week or more that it was necessary to have Rev. Martin, of Gladstone, fill the pulpit Sunday morning and evening. The latter minister has continued revival meetings during the week. The former is convalescent.

Raymond Shady has entirely recovered the use of his hand which was so severely burned a few weeks ago, and is back behind the counters in B. B. Baker's hardware store morning and evening and attending to his studies in the high school during the day.

In climbing out of his furnace apartment Dr. Roseborough accidentally struck his lower thigh in such a manner as to necessitate the attendance of two Gladstone physicians and to rest under the influence of morphia. He is much improved at this writing.

William Akeley lost a valuable horse of a heavy draught team Friday, from what has the indications of being a fatal contagion. The disease is extremely violent and appears to attack the spine, most probably the spinal cord. Alec La Francois lost two from the same cause. Many other lumbermen have suffered unusual losses. Young & Merrill lost two some time ago and although the malady has only very recently been diagnosed as above, it is now quite certain that the entire trouble has had a common source.

D. P. Chapman is the mail subcontractor between here and Brampton. He makes two round trips daily and travelers arriving at that station for this village may get transportation without delay.

The people of Limestone and Winters postoffices in Alger county found it more to their advantage to have their mail come from this place than from Au Train as formerly. The route was accordingly advertised and let to Antoine Rusford, who has ever since July 1st made bi-weekly trips, always equipped for both freight and passengers. The contract price is five hundred dollars annually, and the entire distance thirty-seven miles.

The Escanaba lady with the "terrible cross-eyed Rapid River friend, whose tears flow down the back of his neck," if she should now visit him in person and witness the practical use his hurtive brain is now turning those falling tears, in the generation of electric energy.

Mrs. A. Lozo is still visiting friends at Stephenson.

Dick Gray has returned from Minneapolis, where he spent Christmas.

After a week's vacation the village school opened with all teachers at their posts except Miss Flemming, who arrived a day later, her place being temporarily filled by Miss Sarah Bassford.

Mrs. Dr. Roseborough was on the sick list over Sunday but is able to be about again. We had not been aware until recently how well our high school is supplied with pupils abundantly able to act as special teachers in cases of unavoidable absence of the regular one. Miss Blanche Kinzel has repeatedly acted in that capacity and Miss Lizzie Laraby has done so on several occasions.

The Paragon Cornet Band gave a very enjoyable masquerade New Year's eve.

Richard Crook's venerable father, from Ohio, is spending the winter here. F. W. Gray has returned from his much needed Christmas vacation at Minneapolis. Mr. Gray is the head of the plant that of all others is most closely associated with the progress of Rapid River, and, it is needless to say, enjoys the confidence of the people.

Louis Wolfe, with F. W. Gray & Co., is the highest salaried mechanic in the place, although there are men with Naugle, Holcomb & Co. and also with the Garth Company whose per diem, six to ten dollars, exceeds Mr. Wolfe's while it lasts. He earns twelve hundred dollars per annum. Besides being the first engineer at the mill, he is a skilled machinist, at which branch he spends a portion of the winter.

PLEINLY OF IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

The common council will convene in regular monthly session next Tuesday evening, at which time several matters of the utmost importance to the community will probably be brought up for action.

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The electric light commissioners have promised a report for January 1st, and this will probably be presented at Tuesday's meeting of the board, which information will doubtless prove interesting to the entire community.

Monster Locomotives.

The new passenger locomotives being put on the various divisions by the Chicago & Northwestern road are said to cost the company \$15,000 each, delivered. They stand fifteen feet high and weigh just ninety tons each. The other day in the company's roundhouse at Chicago, purely by accident, one of these modern monsters was run into a stall adjoining one occupied by one of the very first locomotives purchased by the company, No. 17, which has been in service for a quarter of a century or longer. The contrast between the first and the last—the representative of almost the crudest class of engines and one representing all the improvements made since—was something remarkable.

Fishing Is Good.

Peter Jordan, who is fishing this winter at Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, writes The Iron Port that fishing is good at that place. The tugs Welcome and Truscott are engaged in the work. Peter says the farmers on the island are unusually hard up this winter, on account of the low prices last fall, potatoes selling at ten cents per bushel. The island is about the size of a township, and is quite thickly populated. There are not more than three sections that are not under cultivation. Boats make regular stops at Detroit Harbor during the season of navigation.

To Improve the Track.

Persons interested in the success of the Delta County Agricultural society stand ready to subscribe a couple of hundred dollars for the purpose of adding gravel to the race course, and the probabilities are that the work will be done within a few weeks. The track needs improving before next season, and it can be done cheaper this winter than at any other time. A sufficient quantity of clay to even up the track would make it one of the best in this section of the country.

A Deserved Promotion.

Louis Anderson, of Marquette, has been promoted from foreman of a bridge crew to the superintendency of bridge builders on the peninsula division of the C. & N. W. railway, the place recently made vacant by the death of A. S. Rowell. Mr. Anderson will move to Escanaba in the near future. He has been in the employ of the Northwestern company during the past fifteen years.

A New City Hall.

The question of building a city hall will probably be brought up at the next meeting of the common council. The city, through the mayor, has, it is understood, negotiated for the purchase of a suitable site on Charlotte street, and the project will be vigorously pushed by those councilmen who believe Escanaba is in a position to become possessed of a city building.

January Weather.

Louis H. Durocher, Rapid River's weather prognosticator, says the weather for the present month will be cloudy, with lots of snow and rain for the first two weeks, with fine weather to the close. He says we will have one of the finest winters for many years.

Death of Mrs. Genessee.

Mrs. A. Genessee died at her home on Ayer street on Sunday last, aged 46 years, cancer being the cause of her demise. The remains were taken to Green Bay for burial on Tuesday. A husband and four children survive her.

Injured By a Horse.

A. Ouillette, employed at Richie's livery stable, was kicked by a horse on Tuesday, badly shattering his knee-cap. He is now at the Tracy hospital. The injury is a serious one.

Will Be Extended.

The hospital sewer has been completed by Contractor Morris, but being found of insufficient length to abate the nuisance, it will be extended 2,000 feet.

ing that they had been hidden there some time. The money was all bogus \$20 gold pieces made of lead gilded over. Several were very like the real double eagle, but the job on the whole is not considered a good one from an expert's view. The place where the coin was found has been vacant for some time and the dates not having been fixed it is possible that the water works question will have to be deferred until the following meeting, when an election will be called to decide the matter.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether by a subscriber or not, is responsible for the same. The courts have ordered that persons who take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or receive and having them unsealed for to print false evidence of intentional fraud.

A SPOILT IDYLL.

CHAPTER I.

"HELLO! Excuse me, sir, you're not Mr. Hillyer—Mr. Ben Hillyer?" "I guess I am, though, stranger. But you have the advantage of me. I don't seem to recognize—" "I'm Tom Ward." "Not Not old Tom Ward, of—eh? But—great scissors! Now I look at you—why, of course it is! Here—shake!"

The traveler dropped his portmanteau and held out a big brown hand, which the other grasped heartily. "I only landed in Liverpool this very morning!" cried Mr. Ben Hillyer, "and here it is old Tom Ward isn't waiting to meet me at Euston, as if he'd known I was coming!"

"I thought it was you. I recognized you the moment I set eyes on you," declared Tom, laughing. "If I had known you were coming I should have been here to meet you; you may bet your bottom dollar on that, as you Yankees say. And now I have met you, I'm going to stop and have a chat, if I miss my train for it. As a matter of fact, I wasn't waiting for anybody. I'm on my way to Manchester. Been living there these last three years. Eh? Yes. Capital appointment I've got in Manchester. Had to be something good that could tempt me to leave the old city here, I can tell you. Been doing a fortnight's holiday and just going back. Let's come in here out of the crowd."

"Well," Mr. Ben Hillyer began, when the two were seated in the refreshment room on the platform, "I've been coming home for long enough past, but something always turned up to hinder me. I've written half a dozen times to postpone the visit, and now, at last, I've come in such a rush that I never even wrote to say I was coming."

"Take 'em by surprise, eh? And how have you been getting on out there? You are looking remarkably well, and not a day older than when you went away. Come over alone, have you?" "That's so."

"No Mrs. Hillyer yet, then?" Mr. Ben Hillyer shook his head with a quiet smile. And after regarding him curiously for a minute Tom Ward broke into a chuckle, smacked himself on the knee-pan, and glancing round to make sure nobody was likely to overhear him, went on in subdued tones: "I'd clean forgotten! Why, what did you go out for? To be sure! And who is there in the old country you'd come over to see if it isn't her? Of course!"

Mr. Ben Hillyer did not dispute the proposition. "Ten years ago!" ejaculated his friend. "You mean to say that neither of you have changed your minds in ten years? My gracious! if it doesn't beat fairy tales! Young man, young girl, poverty—all the good old-fashioned ingredients—young man goes to Boston to make his fortune; young girl waits. How is the fortune, Ben? Made?"

"The foundation's laid and the scaffolding's up," laughed Mr. Ben Hillyer, "and there's enough of it built to keep the rain out. Yes, I've done fairly, Tom. I got into a solid business, and when the old boss died, three years back, I arranged to take over the whole concern, and I'm running it myself. I run it still in the old man's name. I've pretty well dropped my own. Only use it when I write to her, and, of course, she uses it when she writes to me; that's all."

"Then you've not come over to stop?" "I calculate not."

"Making a flying visit to finish up the fairy tale with the usual ceremony, eh? Ten years! I never used to believe that kind of thing when I read it in books, but when it comes out of the books and sits down and tells you about it—I give in! I never was a romantic fellow myself."

There was nothing about Mr. Ben Hillyer to indicate that he was romantic, either. He was perhaps half way through the 30s and looked his age; his eyes were keen and gray, his bronzed, good-humored face slightly bearded, his whole aspect was as ordinary as his could possibly be.

"Did you ever see her?" he inquired. "Never. You used to tell me about her; but I don't even remember her name."

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Ben Hillyer drew a somewhat faded photograph from his pocket and passed it to his friend. It was the picture of a young girl of 17, a graceful, dainty figure, standing, lonely, against a dark background that made the face look pale; there was a tenderness of

expression on the sweet, half-smiling features, a shy wistfulness in the large dark eyes that instantly won the liking of the beholder as well as his admiration.

"If she is as good as she looks, and I am sure she is," said Tom Ward, emphatically, "no wonder you waited ten years for her."

"I don't believe there's a truer girl on earth," remarked Mr. Ben Hillyer, not without some touch of emotion. "She's no doll, my boy! When that girl's mother died—her father was dead long before—she took her place in the shop, and she's been keeping it going for five years and supporting herself and her two young sisters with no help from any living soul. That's the kind of a girl she is. All the same, she's got as much romance in her still as I have—if you call it romance."

CHAPTER II. Having left his luggage at a hotel near the station, Mr. Ben Hillyer went on as fast as a hansom could carry him to the eastern end of the town. Half way along the Commercial road he dismissed the cab, and, walking a few paces farther on, paused before an ancient, low-browed coffee house, dingy and dull-looking externally, and exhibiting in its window two dusty chops and a steak on a small plate, a selection of eggs, half a dozen stacks of tea cakes, a piece of bacon, a framed price list and some theatrical bills.

There was a shabby, inferior air about the shop that gave him quite a shock and rather dampened his ardor; he wondered he had never been struck by the meanness of its appearance when he had been so familiar with it years ago.

He entered with a strange feeling of reluctance. Within, the shop was closed and dark, and filled with unencouraging odors of miscellaneous cooking. It was long and narrow, with gloomy, high-backed boxes on either side, for the accommodation of customers, and, at the end, a low counter behind which was a private space where the frying and boiling and washing-up was done; piles of plates and dishes, cups and saucers, stood on a long dresser, and similar articles adorned the wooden rack above it, while from an end of the recess which was out of sight, a thick steam floated dreamily and hung in an attenuated cloud all along the ceiling of the shop.

Hesitating, and overcome by an unaccountable nervousness, Mr. Ben Hillyer slipped aside into one of the boxes, instead of going straight to the counter, as he had at first intended, and when the frowzy waitress came to attend upon him he ordered a cup of tea.

From where he sat he could keep watch on part of the space behind the counter; there was an ancient female washing crockery in a large tub, and the frowzy waitress drawing his tea from an urn; from the invisible depths, whence the steam floated, arose a high-pitched feminine voice, monotonously scolding somebody in connection with a disaster to some baking operations.

All the while he was sipping his tea that scolding continued, the rancorous, intolerant tones grating on his nerves like the snarling of a hand saw. He was yearning for a glimpse of that face whose portrait had been his constant companion, and comforter in the tedious years of his absence. He had looked forward to this day with unutterable longings; in his sleeping and waking dreams he had lived through this hour, through this meeting that was now so near, more often than he could have said, and if, so far, the reality was not comparable with those dreams—surely the actual seeing her, touching her hand, hearing her speak, must surpass all imaginary rapture.

His thoughts were broken in upon by the frowzy waitress saying to a man in the adjoining box: "Oh, she's in one of her usual tantrums. It's sickenin'. She's been at it like this all day, very near."

"Kate!" It was the complaining voice raised to a higher pitch; and, answering the call, the waitress scuttled off, vanished round the counter, and could be heard, out of sight involved in a dispute.

She reappeared, later, subdued and sullen, and presently the owner of the scolding voice became visible at the counter, and proceeded to make fresh tea in the urn.

At the first sight of her face Mr. Ben Hillyer started, a peculiar choking sensation rose in his throat, and he shrank back as if he feared she might observe him. She was a stout, full-faced woman, with an anxious, discontented expression; a large, coarse apron concealed most of her faded print dress, and her sleeves were rolled up above the elbows of her red, rough arms. To a stranger, the resemblance between this more than buxom female and the photograph in Mr. Hillyer's pocket would have been imperceptible, but to Mr. Ben Hillyer himself it was at once apparent. He could even trace something vaguely familiar, now, in the altered voice; yet he made a desperate effort to believe that he was mistaken, that this robust, practical, teragant and the dainty, tender-hearted, sympathetic girl he had loved could not possibly be one and the same person.

The dear ideal he had enshrined in his most sacred thoughts during all these years was not to be removed and replaced by such a reality as this. He knew ten years must have changed her, but he had come expecting, nevertheless, to find grace and sweetness, and something at least of the beauty that had first enchanted him; he found instead—

The disillusion stunned and bewildered him. He was in no mood just then to remember how constant she had been; how nobly she had faced the sordid business of life when she and her sisters had been left alone in the world, or how impossible it was for the most delicate-natured to engage in such stern combat without becoming hardened and coarsened, and perhaps embittered. Nothing of such changes had revealed itself in her letters; and he felt it

more keenly because he had been so unprepared for it; he realized only that he had been deluding himself with vain fancies, that the woman he loved had come so far to meet no longer excited, and could be nothing to him henceforth but a regretful memory.

The whole thing seemed so crushingly unreal that with a forlorn idea of assuring himself of its certainty, he remarked to the waitress as he was paying for his tea: "Miss Walton seems—that is Miss Walton, isn't it?" The girl nodded sulkily. "The eldest?" "Yes."

"Ah! I thought so. She seems rather put out to-day?" "Always," snapped the girl. And as she evinced no disposition to prolong the conversation, and he was suddenly seized with a dread that the woman might see and recognize him, he went hurriedly away into the street.

He was dejected and miserable; but the more he thought of it, the surer he was that he had acted well in coming away without making himself known to her. He might have concealed his true feelings from her and have forced himself to redeem his promise, but it was likely that such self-sacrifice could tend, now, either to her happiness or his? He felt in his heart that it would not. It would have been brutal to have faced her and told her of his disenchantment; he could not write and tell her; yet, after what had happened, he could not write to her again as he had been used to.

He was in haste to get back to his work, and try to forget; he saw no hope for either of them except in forgetfulness. And on his voyage home again, a way occurred to him by which he might remove himself from her life and leave her free to lose all remembrance of him. The thought of such a subterfuge could not be other than repugnant to him, but he could think of no alternative, and argued that circumstances justified the deed. Already

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more keenly because he had been so unprepared for it; he realized only that he had been deluding himself with vain fancies, that the woman he loved had come so far to meet no longer excited, and could be nothing to him henceforth but a regretful memory.

The whole thing seemed so crushingly unreal that with a forlorn idea of assuring himself of its certainty, he remarked to the waitress as he was paying for his tea: "Miss Walton seems—that is Miss Walton, isn't it?" The girl nodded sulkily. "The eldest?" "Yes."

"Ah! I thought so. She seems rather put out to-day?" "Always," snapped the girl. And as she evinced no disposition to prolong the conversation, and he was suddenly seized with a dread that the woman might see and recognize him, he went hurriedly away into the street.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Molke stone is to be erected on the banks of the Baltic coast, 20 miles from the western entrance, on the spot where the old field marshal inspected the works in 1891.

Six of the South Africa millionaires are believed to own \$194,000,000 between them. Mr. Alfred Holt is the richest, with \$60,000,000; Mr. Barnato has \$50,000,000, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes \$25,000,000.

A memorial tablet to Mrs. Briggs of Scotia, has just been placed in Peterborough, near the spot where she was buried after her execution. It was subscribed for by English women bearing the name of Mary.

The Russians have a singular method of extorting disclosures from prisoners. In their food is mixed a drug which has the effect of rendering them delirious, and in this state they are divulged.

Imprisonment for debt seems to be becoming common once more in England, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts, 7,625 persons having been sent to jail for that cause in 1894, while 7,775 were sentenced for all varieties of crime.

Baron Dhanis, Capt. van Gele and 40 other white men have started for the Congo, where a force of several hundred native soldiers will be enlisted and taken to Tippu Tib's town of Nyangwe, above Stanley Falls, which will be the headquarters of the expedition. It is understood that the officers in command will also investigate the killing of Stokes by Maj. Lothaire.

Slavery is not permitted by Germany, but there is a traffic in human beings by which black people sell themselves for three years in Germany's South Sea islands. It is called the "labor trade," and is the life's blood, not only of the great German companies, but of all the planters of Fiji, Queensland, New Caledonia, German New Guinea, the Solomon islands and the New Hebrides.

NICKNAMES IN THE NAVY.

Titles by Which Officers Are Known Among Their Comrades on Shipboard. Perhaps "Fighting Bob" is the naval nickname best known to the public. It was early bestowed upon its possessor because of his handiness with his fists, and it is not many years since there were occasional adventures in the career of Capt. Evans that justified the name. The title may now be accepted as merely expressive of an aggressive and energetic character, for a commanding officer in the United States navy has few temptations to the use of his fists. Whether or not a war shall come to give a new significance to the title, Capt. Evans is likely to wear it to the end of his days.

Most of the naval nicknames have survived from the academic days of the wearers, though a few were of later bestowal. One was earned by an officer of high rank by reason of his unpopularity with the younger officers and cadets. It is alliterative, picturesque, almost profane and altogether uncomplimentary. A man with a very long name is likely to lose one or more syllables at the academy and to be known ever after by the resultant abbreviation. Nicknames, however, have their currency limited in actual practice by the tremendous and ever-present fact of rank. It is a bold ensign who addresses the executive officer by a nickname, even in the comparative ease of after-dinner talk. A commanding officer would hardly be spoken of by his nickname aboard ship, though the phrase, "the old man," is not uncommonly heard in the wardroom.

The wittiest nickname that survived in the navy from academic days was that of the bold Chief Engineer W. W. Wood, who was called "W4 O2 D," which, in mathematical parlance, is: "W, fourth power, O square, D."

Commoner in the navy than personal nicknames are familiar abbreviations of titles. The paymaster is often familiarly "Pay." The chief engineer is simply "Chief." The landsman who should use either of these titles or any other than "Mr." for a staff officer would commit a great breach of wardroom etiquette, though there is a disposition ashore to address a paymaster by the title of his office and to couple military titles with the names of other staff officers.

The term "bull lieutenant" is a familiar one in the navy to express the rank of a man who has passed beyond "lieutenant, junior grade." He is still a lieutenant, and his title is "Mr." The officer who commands a ship is by courtesy addressed as "Captain," no matter what his actual rank. Lieut. Buckingham, in command of the Dolphin, is captain on the quarterdeck of his ship. Even the greatest stickler among naval officers for the privileges of the navy would address the commander of a revenue cutter as captain when on board the craft of the latter. It is the courtesy of the wardroom to call the commanding officer of the marines major, even though he be still a lieutenant. This is a sort of acknowledgment that the chief in command should be decorated by some other form of address than "Mr."

The surgeon of whatever rank is "doctor," though perhaps "Mr." would be more nearly the proper thing. "The young doctor," that is, the junior surgeon on a considerable ship, is sometimes familiarly nicknamed "Doc" by the youngsters, and, as unaccustomed and non-military, is liable to have a good deal of chaff thrust at him until he makes his personal force apparent.—N. Y. Sun.

An Eskimo superstition. For many years the furriers have noticed that all the skins of polar bears which they have received have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A Parisian furrier has discovered that this is a result of a superstitious belief prevalent among the Esquimaux that wherever a polar bear is killed his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice or bad luck will follow the hunter.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How completely The Black Cat.

How completely The Black Cat, Boston's new fiction magazine, has already reached a sale of 200,000 copies. And the favor it has found with the press is equally well indicated by the editorial comments of leading papers throughout the country. The New York Mail and Express, for instance, refers to it as "the literary pet," while the Louisville Commercial says: "We predict that this delightfully original and interesting magazine, which is published by the Shortatory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., will have the largest sale ever reached by any publication. Its cleverly told stories of mystery, exciting detective tales, and thrilling stories of adventure render THE BLACK CAT a delightful new departure in story telling."

"Excuse me," he said, "if I seem to be a little impertinent, but my curiosity has got so much the best of me that I must venture a question. 'What is it?' Are you a gentleman going golfing or a lady going bicycling?"—Washington Star.

The Melancholy Days Have Come. The saddest of the year, "not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sore and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

AT THE PARTY.—He—"Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit." She—"What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."—Truth.

Low Rates to the South. On the first Tuesday of each month, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. will sell one way tickets to all points in the South at greatly reduced rates. The fast train over this route now leaves Chicago daily at 8:25 P. M. and runs through solid to Nashville, making connection there with all trains for the South and Southeast. City Ticket Office 230 Clark St., Chicago.

When a fellow swears to a girl that he would go through fire and water for her he little dreams of lighting heaters and filling wash-tubs.—Philadelphia Record.

Business Chance—A Good Income. We pay you to sell fruit trees. Stark Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.; Rocaport, Ill.

GENIUS may be described as the spirit of discovery. It is the eye of intellect, and the wing of thought.—Simms.

It is the toper that would like to put a gurgle round the world.—Texas Sittings.

All About Western Farm Lands. See design for give... Hood's Sarsaparilla. And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Get only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills for all ailments.

Hood's Sarsaparilla advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a pair of scissors. Text: "Hood's Sarsaparilla. And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Get only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills for all ailments. Never unfastens by itself, you have to attend to that. Secure, reliable, strong. The DeLONG patent Hook and Eye. See that hump? Send two cents in stamps for New Mother Goose Book in colors to Richardson & DeLong, Philadelphia.

S.H. & M. Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding advertisement. Text: "When to say 'No.' When the clerk tries to get rid of some other binding by calling it just as good as the 'S.H. & M.' Simply refuse to take it. No binding wears or looks as well as the 'S.H. & M.' If your dealer will not supply you, we will. Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S.H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

BATTLE AX PLUG advertisement. Text: "10 CENTS. BATTLE AX PLUG. The largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents. Timely Warning. The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.



"MISS WALTON SEEMS RATHER PUT OUT TO-DAY."



"I RECOGNIZED YOU."

ARMENIANS IN AMERICA.

This Persecuted People Well Represented in Our Own Land.

There Are Over Twelve Thousand of Them Dwelling Here—Large Colonies in New York, Massachusetts and Other Places.

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In this country the Armenian question is looked upon as essentially a foreign one. We do not fully appreciate the influence of the great numbers of Armenians who have made their homes here, and who have become to all intents and purposes an integral part of the population of the United States. There are about 12,000 Armenians permanently dwelling amongst us at present. They are all Christians, and mostly affiliated with the Gregorian division of the church. New York contains probably a tenth part of our Armenian element. Philadelphia has quite a settlement, and there are about 50 Armenian families in California. The nation is fairly well represented in Michigan and in Chicago. It has numerous students of theology and medicine in Canada. Massachusetts, however, has given the Armenians their warmest welcome. The town of Worcester is full of them and they have their own church there.

In appearance these people are dark complexioned, of medium height and suggest usually the southern French type. Many of the Armenians, however, are quite light and decidedly tall. As a nation they enjoy educational advantage of no ordinary sort, and rarely find here destitute resources. Not a few have established themselves well in business in our large cities. Armenians are engaged in the manufacture of electrotypes in New York, and they have done well as photo-engravers. In New Jersey they have taken up carpet making with success. A rising Armenian in New York has an extensive furniture store and another controls quite a trade in Turkish goods. As yet, however, the women of Armenia have

"In this country, as in Armenia," he said, "we all agree that there is no hope for us until Turkish rule is superseded. There is really no reason why we should not be prosperous and contented at home, for our country has great natural resources and a small population. As it is we are not to be industrious, and every Armenian of means hides his property. Hence it is impossible to tell who is rich among us. The rate of interest is enormous. Fifty per cent. is nothing out of the way. Five hundred years ago we were a nation of 35,000,000. To-day we have dwindled to comparative insignificance. No doubt the outrages now attracting so much attention in this country seem terrible to Americans, but they are nothing new to us."

Mr. Krikorian said that his countrymen have not by any means given up the idea of becoming an independent nation once more.

"The Turkish government is well aware of this," he said. "This is why the possession of patriotic emblems and books and pictures is made a high crime. We are very fond of Armenian trophies and pictures. The most popular publication of this sort is a large lithograph showing the best known of our kings, with a picture of our chief temple. It is death for an Armenian to be found with these pictures in his possession, and the Turkish government is much incensed against Russia for permitting the printing of them. I do not myself think the idea of independence by any means impracticable. I am sure we would have the sympathies of enlightened nations in all efforts to reestablish our national existence. At any rate, we Armenians are greatly impressed by the idea, and we are working hard to propagate it. Our chief patriotic society over here has done much to spread a national feeling. Levon, the last of our native kings, is entombed in Paris. The kingdom of Armenia was founded 2,000 years before Christ, and endured until the 15th century."

The capacities of the Armenians, according to Mr. Krikorian, are as great as those of any other nationality.



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In the matter of dress it must be a great satisfaction to be a man. There is so much comfort in the thought that one can go to one's tailor with a check, or the promise of one—which is just as good if it hasn't been given too often—and there confide in a man of unbiased

judgment who knows the correct thing to wear and gives it to you. Then after you have got it you can possess your soul in peace for several months, knowing that if you were correctly dressed at the commencement of the season you will remain so until your suit begins to look shabby.

But that is a long way off, and though the big shops are beginning to exhibit their spring and summer goods we have no idea of starting our summer outfit just yet. At present we are about to plunge into the sea of amusements and new gowns which we abandoned when we began to get ready for the holidays. There are numerous theater waists and ball dresses to be made for the places to which they are worn. Nearly all the new waists have some sort of jacket front, of either the military cut with sharp points at the waist or the now popular Louis XVI. style.

A jacket of silk brocade, with stiff fronts that stand straight out like doors when not buttoned, is the newest thing for a theater waist. There are two or three large fancy buttons of the miniature type on one side with buttonholes to correspond upon the other. Underneath is a lace or mull front which does not stop at the waist but hangs several inches below. The lace front does not bag blouse fashion as was formerly the correct thing, but fits the figure and is not very full. The back is slightly rippled over the faintest suggestion of a bustle.

The bustle is biding its time, but is getting ready for the summer jacket. It consists now of three plaits of crin-



oline starting at the back of the belt and flaring to the bottom of the skirt. It is more like a hoop skirt than a bustle, and gives a very desirable flare to the dress skirt. It is very useful as it can be used under any skirt and removes the necessity of using more than a few inches of crinoline or hair cloth in one's dress skirts.

Another mooted question, and one that is likely to remain mooted for an indefinite period, is the sleeve. There is no use saying that it is getting smaller. One sees pictures of small sleeves very alluringly gotten up, with lace flounces and bows and they look very pretty on paper, but the strange thing about it is that one never sees them on a real woman. Real women wear the biggest kind of big sleeves, and the newer the sleeves the larger the sleeves. A beautiful white chiffon sleeve that was heaped and banked upon itself until it looked like a great cumulus cloud graced a fashionable arm that will hold sway over the social realm this winter, and rule out all approach to a small sleeve.

A sleeve that is a great favorite just now is little more than a bag gathered at the shoulder and just below the elbow. It ends in a flounce of lace or a band of velvet.



NEW OPERA JACKETS.

prejudice against the dividing line between bodice and skirt, and they take every opportunity to dispense with the "string around the waist," and make an unbroken line from bust to hip—the line which is considered by artists to be one of the most beautiful in the human figure. French modistes, therefore, exert all their influence to bring in the close-fitting jacket, to take the place of the full round waist. They have succeeded in establishing the princess dress, which is a step in the same direction, and by the time spring rolls around we shall be making our dresses with basques and jackets which will prepare us nicely for the inevitable jacketed duck suit of the summer girl.

The sleeve that starts several inches below the shoulder is preferred by those who have prettily-rounded shoulders, such as our grandmothers and great aunts in those old deguerrotypes; seemed to be so fond of displaying. They are used with both evening and day gowns. With evening dresses they need no more than the glimpse of the arm where it is prettiest and a tiny shoulder strap of flowers or jeweled trimming to complete their loveliness. These sleeves have been with us a long time—longer than would have been possible half a decade ago, and all because gymnastics are increasing in popularity and collar bones have acquired cushions.

ALICE AMORY.



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I sat alone in my room one night, and thought; I might have said I sat alone and wrote, but it would not be the same thing, for writing is not necessarily thinking nowadays, whatever it may have been in olden times; besides, my writing was at an end before my thinking began. The time was one that has long impressed me profoundly. The hour was the one which separates night from morning, the month the one which separates the old year from the new year. The poet Camoens, who wrote Portuguese and Spanish with equal facility and felicity, was wont to say, the biographers tell us, when he employed both languages in writing the same poem, that he had one foot in Portugal and the other in Spain. I am like Camoens, I thought, not because I am bi-lingual as he was, for my poor mother tongue is the only one I know, and that imperfectly, but because my feet to-night are in two kingdoms. I sat and mused a moment in the silence, and then continued, thinking aloud, as I sometimes do, I am told. No, I am not like that great poet (peace to his perturbed spirit!) but rather like the old Roman god who was potent at this season, bi-fronted Janus, I had never quite understood the significance of the thought of which he was the symbol; but sitting there on the threshold of night and morning, it slowly dawned on me, and colored my meditations.

My early recollections of New Year's were not connected with the little old town in which I was born, nor with any of the little old towns in which my boyhood was passed; for if my family and the people about them cared more for New Year's day than for any other in the year I did not discover that fact. But I suspect they did not, for the Massachusetts of 60 or 70 years ago had no holidays to speak of—only the Fourth of July when rustic patriots assembled in halls and churches to hear the declaration of independence read and the times that tried men's souls enlivened in long orations, and Thanksgiving, when the separated members of families reunited themselves in the old homesteads, where around the crowded table they sat down to the midday dinner and devoured the annual turkey and the occasional mince pie. Not in old, Puritan Massachusetts, but in old, Dutch New York, did my first actual acquaintance with the New Year begin. It was late in the '30s or early in the '40s—precisely when it matters not—and I was a lad of 15 or thereabouts; we were poor people, and consequently my knowledge of what was going on in the world was the slightest. I don't think I read the daily papers, and I know I didn't read the monthly magazines, for I believe there were two or three then. My literature was confined to my school books—to Malte Brun's geography, to Colburn's arithmetic; I think it was Colburn's, and to the grammar of Gould Brown, that grammatical Columbus who discovered the common gender.

Still, there are things that we learn without reading; things that are in the air, as one may say, and one of them was the knowledge that New Year's was a general and general holiday. I know it was a general one, for I did not go to school that day, nor did my stepfather go to work, and I knew it was a generous one when my mother sent me to the little corner store where she purchased our groceries, for the grocer gave me two or three cakes, oblong cakes, stamped with ornamental patterns, sprinkled with sugar and flavored with caraway seeds. I was so astonished at his liberality that I almost forgot to thank him. While I was remembering my manners a bevy of boys and girls entered, self-invited guests, who wished their host a happy New Year, and were rewarded as I had been. I have eaten angel cake since (but that was in Massachusetts) and have not relished it, for what is the angel cake of manhood in comparison with the caraway cake of childhood? Nor was that all, for while we youngsters were enjoying our entables our elders were enjoying their drinkables. For in the little store of which I am speaking, there was a hot stove where there was a kettle, a vessel, an urn—I know not what, which boiled, and steamed and sent out a spirituous flavor. And around this stove and close to this urn there was a group of men with tumblers in their hands, who were emptying these tumblers as if they liked what they contained. What did they contain? I know not, but I think the royal houses of Bourbon and Rye had not yet successfully invaded the eastern states, which were stoutly defended by their native sovereign, Rum, who, assisted by his trusty valets, sugar and lemons, nutmegs and all-spice, stood up boldly among his thirsty subjects that cold day in the masquerade of Hot Stuff.

Such was the way in which the commonality of New York to which I belonged celebrated the advent of the New Year. The gentry, as I learned later, celebrated it with decorum. His honor, the mayor, for example, held a levee in the forenoon at his room in the city hall, where he received his fellow citizens, high and low alike, with urbanity, exchanged the compliments of the season with them, chatted a moment with those whom he knew personally, and, tempering hospitality with dignity, dismissed them with a

glass of Madeira and a stately bow. Lesser magnates, councilmen, aldermen and the like, received their constituents at their own homes, with less formality and more profusion. So the day sped. At night the theaters were crowded. Yankee Hill burlesquing the down easter at the Chatham, Forest enacting the noble red man, or the nobler Roman at the Bowery, while some wandering British star shot madly from his sphere at the park. But the event of the night was the great charity ball for which scores of tailors and hundreds of dressmakers had piled their shears and scissors, their thread and needles, and thimbles day and night, and which had loomed for weeks before the imagination of the young, the fair and the rich, who on that happy occasion rivaled one another in splendor of apparel, affability of manner and determination to "dance all night, till broad daylight, and go home with the girls in the morning."

When I emerged from my poor environments, or, as my Lord Lytton more logically expresses it, when I escape from the dungeon of my low estate, my knowledge of and familiarity with the merriment of the New Year increased; for, from being the mere spectator that I had been, I became at last an actor therein. Several years must be supposed to have elapsed before this good fortune came to me, and the scene to have shifted from the little corner store where I first met his jovial majesty, the New Year, to the comfortable dwellings of certain friends whose acquaintance I had made in the interim, and to whom, accompanied by other friends, I made an annual pilgrimage. We were young fellows, most of us, and all good walkers, as we had need to be, since many of those shrines were far apart, not easily reached, as they would be now by horse cars, electric cars or elevated roads, but sheltered in the silent security of pleasant streets. We met in the forenoon in the rooms of one another, A, B, and C, say, at the room of D, and each producing the names and residences of those whom we intended to visit, we



WE COULD WALK FOUR AHEAD.

discussed the order in which our visits should be made, or, as we put it, planned the day's campaign. This settled, we started, arm in arm, if the sidewalks were wide enough to permit of marching four abreast, or tandem if they were too narrow for that, tramping along in the cold wind, which soon brought a glow to each cheek, and humming, it may be, the air of some popular melody.

New Year's day, beyond all other days in the 12 months, was ladies' day, and it was to the ladies and not the gentlemen of the house that we paid our visits and our respects—to their wives and daughters, their mothers and sisters, their aunts and nieces, and all their womanhood. They expected us and were waiting for us, clad in their most becoming frocks and laces and jewels, and all, as one of our old-time poets declared, beauteous with roseate smiles. They rose as we entered, and—it was long since, remember—courtesied as we bowed. It was "Happy New Year" from us, and "Happy New Year" from them, and before we ceased our greetings, collective and individual, we were well in the century of happy New Years! It was a cold day, and we must take something. What should it be? There were decanters of sherry, decanters of Madeira, and there was something warm; perhaps it was hot lemonade! There were also cakes (not caraway cake now, but sponge cake and pound cake), and there were sandwiches, and pickled oysters, and chicken salad. So the campaign opened, and so the engagement went on, house after house, street after street, hour after hour. Recruits of 15 and 20 may have blundered somewhat in their drill before the day was over, but old soldiers of 24 pressed on unflinchingly until nightfall and all the works were carried. We were brave, we were young, we were light-hearted, and if we had a little headache in the morning we didn't mind it much. Some of us married money, and are fathers of families, are grave, potent and reverent signora. Others of us lie in quiet graves on country hillsides and others in long trenches in the neighborhood of great battlefields. I do not lament these, or not to-night, for the dead are more alive to me than the living, and never so alive as now, when the midnight bells are pealing, and they are with me, as in the old time, keeping the old, old New Year's.

—The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more of what he is intending to say than of what others are saying, and we never listen when we are planning to speak.—Rochefoucauld.



AN ANCIENT ARMENIAN CONVERSION.

not come to this country to any great extent. The men outnumber the women ten to one.

There now exists here an association of Armenians formed for the purpose of aiding their distressed mother country. Its headquarters are in New York. This organization is more or less secret in its methods, but it has made a standing offer to support any Armenian who will return to his native land and fight the Turkish oppressor. As a result of this, many young men are now leaving us and helping their countrymen in Armenia to resist to some purpose the tyrannies of the sultan's government. Nothing is more surprising than the facility with which Armenians here learn to read and write English; and they have no difficulty in adopting our manners and ideas, a fact which is largely due to their educational advantages at home.

Martin Krikorian, of New York, is a typical Armenian of Armenian affiliations. He has been in the United States more than three years now and understands the Armenian question in all its phases, being particularly well acquainted with the condition of his countrymen in this country. His experiences afford a capital illustration of the tribulations endured by Armenians in their efforts to escape the Turks.

"Any Armenian with money about him is at the mercy of the Turks in his own country," he said. "There is practically no such thing as law when Turks and Armenians come in contact. When I determined to come to the United States, my father gave me a \$150 for expenses. The possession of that sum made it dangerous for me even to exist. We in Armenia are more careful in hiding our property than a criminal here in hiding his crimes. However, after many risks of losing everything, I succeeded in making my way to Alexandria, Turkey. Here I fell into the hands of the government officials, who, of course, took all my money away from me. It would have been more than a waste of time to make any protest. I had a brother in Marseilles to whom I wrote for funds, and he supplied me with the means of reaching the United States."

Like all his countrymen, Mr. Krikorian has no hopes whatever for his country as long as the sultan has any authority over it.

"We have been a Christian people for 15 centuries," he said, "and we can turn our hands to anything. In our own country we could establish thriving manufactories and schools. There would be a decided movement back to Armenia on our part if civilization had any chances there. 'Armenia for Armenians' has become our watchword. Fully a thousand young men, as it is, are to be equipped and sent back to their native land by our patriotic organization here, and we think they will do good work in developing a native solidity among our countrymen. As things are now, it is a crime to educate an Armenian in Armenia. The Turks carry out a systematic method of keeping us ignorant, and for years they have tried to stamp out Christianity.

The Armenians, however, are by no means insensible of the encouragement they have met with over here.

"There is a very warm feeling among us towards the United States," declared Mr. Krikorian. "To begin with, thousands of Armenians now have relatives and friends over here. Then this country has lately begun to have a very sympathetic feeling for us. The relief funds raised for Armenia have done wonders, notwithstanding the hostility of the Turkish government, which has lately excluded the agent of the Christian Herald, who sought only to distribute money among our people and relieve their sufferings."

The Armenians are endeavoring to support a clergy of their own here in America. In this they have been successful, and in time New York and the other large cities will have Armenian Christian churches of their own. Already a fair-sized body of itinerant clergy exists. The Armenians are now supporting numerous theological students in American seminaries. They also have students at the medical colleges.

The efforts to achieve independence must necessarily be made from without. Armenians all over the world are prepared to make great sacrifices, to carry out the idea, but it is not likely to become an accomplished fact for a long time. Mr. Krikorian has great hopes of it, and these hopes are shared by the great body of his countrymen here. When one considers how capable and intelligent our Armenian population is, its national enthusiasm is neither surprising nor irrational.

The Iron Port

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

THE WATER WORKS QUESTION.

The present municipal administration is evidently determined to put forth its best endeavors to construct a water works system, and with that end in view a special election will be called for in the near future. While it must be acknowledged that under favorable circumstances the ownership of its water works by a city the size of Escanaba is a profitable investment, and otherwise advantageous if economically managed, there are many things to be taken into consideration in our own case under the existing condition of affairs, and every tax-paying citizen should thoroughly inform himself upon the subject before determining upon what action to take at the polls. It may be interesting to some to know that the present bonded indebtedness of the city is as follows: Mary Breitung, \$20,000; C. C. Royce, \$5,000; F. H. Van Cleve, \$20,000; Chicago National Bank, \$5,000. School bonds: First National Bank, \$9,500; Farnon, Leach & Co., Chicago, \$11,000; Escanaba Lighting Co., \$48,000, a grand total of \$118,500. Adding to this amount \$50,000, with which to construct water works, means a bonded indebtedness of nearly \$170,000, the interest alone upon which would aggregate a considerable sum annually.

Then there is the franchise of the Escanaba Water Works company to annul, which, unquestionably, means lengthy litigation in the courts, for the company's investment of \$80,000,—according to Mr. Loweth's figures—warrants it making as strong a fight as possible. The mayor expresses himself as being confident that the contract between the city and the company can be annulled, but would it not be wise to annul the contract before constructing a water system? Then in case the mayor should be in error as to his opinion Escanaba would not have a \$50,000 white elephant on its hands. Should the tax-payers vote to build a plant, and the plant is built and then we should be disappointed by finding that the Water Works contract was valid, the city would be obliged to pay \$8,000 per annum for hydrant rentals for twenty years, or at the expiration of ten years purchase the water works from the company. Of course the latter proposition would be out of the question, for what would the city do with two plants of its very own. If, however, the franchise can be annulled that ends the Escanaba Water Works company; it could be compelled to discontinue forthwith. The query is, can the franchise be annulled? It has been argued that if the contract of the company should be annulled before the city had a plant ready for operation, the company would immediately discontinue operations and leave the city without service, but the argument is rather shallow. This situation of affairs would undoubtedly be in favor of the city, for then the company would be compelled to accept a low offer for its plant, rather than tie it up to decay.

The mayor and his councilmen may be on the right track, and their course may prove of great benefit to the community if successfully carried out, yet it is well enough to carefully study the situation before rushing headlong into something we may have cause to regret. It may be true that the service of the company is inadequate and that the city, in the language of the street urchin, has a kick coming, but great care should be taken that the interests of the city are not jeopardized. We have just recently become possessed of the electric plant, and although it is believed that the investment is a good one sufficient time has not elapsed to fully determine whether it is or not, and anyway it might be wise to wait awhile before making further purchases. It is, however, a matter, as we have said, where there are many points to be considered, and while The Iron Port may be in error it is our opinion that the time has not arrived when Escanaba should take this important step, even if the franchise of the company could be annulled to-morrow.

The Episcopalians feel highly pleased at the honor conferred on

Bishop-Elect Williams by Cornell University, which has not only offered the right reverend gentleman the degree of doctor of divinity, but has invited him to preach before the university, which is considered one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to any of its former students or graduates.

EFFECT ON CANADA.

The reinforcement of the United States tariff on the plan of the bill drafted by the house committee of ways and means would add, it is estimated, about \$40,000,000 to the revenue now received from customs duties. Of this amount the additional levy on wool and wool manufactures alone is counted on to yield \$20,000,000. The lumber duties and the 15 per cent. addition spread over the remaining \$14,000,000. This calculation would appear to make full allowance for the proposed new imports. Fourteen millions seems a moderate estimate of the earning power of the lumber and extra horizontal duties. Whatever their contribution to the revenue, these two changes are the ones that have most interest for this country. They would raise the duty on articles of which Canada exports large quantities to the United States. The bill provides that plain lumber which is now free, shall be subjected to a duty of 60 per cent. of that imposed by the McKinley act. The McKinley rate being \$1 per 1,000 feet on planks and boards, the change would mean a duty of 60 cents per 1,000 feet. At that rate the revenue raised from the Canadian lumber passing across the border would not be much short of a million dollars. In the fiscal year 1894 our exports of boards and planks alone to the United States exceeded a million thousand feet, though that was a year in which exports in that direction were checked by anticipations of the removal of the McKinley duty.

The lumber item of the new bill contains the same conditional threat of retaliation that is embodied in the existing tariff law and that was in the McKinley act, namely, that the duty on sawed lumber will be raised to \$2 against any country that imposes an export duty on logs. The lumber duty would unquestionably be a material concession of protection to the lumbermen of Maine and Vermont and Michigan, but, while it would enable them to add something to the price they receive, it would scarcely affect the volume of lumber imported from this country. The United States has to look to us for a certain proportion of the lumber it uses, and its importation under a duty of a dollar a thousand were not much below those it has taken since lumber was placed on the free list. Nor has the change affected the towing of logs across Lake Huron so much as was anticipated. Whether there is a duty or not, the mills of the Saginaw district will look to the Canadian ranges for raw material.

The increase of duties in the other schedules by 15 per cent would strike our agricultural products—one of them, barely, quite forcibly. The present duty on barley is 30 per cent ad valorem. Fifteen per cent of this amounts to 4 1/2 per cent ad valorem. The duty would therefore be increased from 30 to 34 1/2 per cent ad valorem, and would make a difference in the price—which, at a rough average, may be quoted at 50 cents—of 2 1/4 cents a bushel. But, though it would make this important difference in the price, it would not prove prohibitive, as in New York state our barley is preferred above all other, and we have been furnishing it freely under the 30 per cent duty. On the other cereals and bread-stuffs, which are taxed 20 per cent at present, hay, which is taxed \$2 a ton, butter and cheese 4 cents a pound, apples 20 per cent, potatoes 15 cents per bushel, live animals 20 per cent, meats 20 per cent, the extra 15 per cent would amount to a considerable revenue, but it would not greatly discourage the large border trade done in these articles. On the whole, the changes would lower the net price obtained by our shippers, but not sufficiently to restrict our exports to the United States materially.—Toronto Mail and Express.

It is sometimes objected to Masonry that many of its members are unworthy men, which is doubtless true. We make no apology for unworthy men in masonry or in the church or anywhere else. It is too true that unworthy persons are found in all

organizations, but it is one of the worst forms of wickedness to seek the name and protection of that which is good. Masonry owes all its beautiful and sublime lessons to christianity, for christianity exceeds it as the sunshine exceeds the moonlight—there is no conflict between them. The christian man will be a better mason because of his spiritual light, and the sincere mason will soon see his need of the spiritual life to satisfy his soul.—Rev. Smith Baker.

By way of allaying the fears of English owners of property in America some English newspapers attempt to make the point that the time has passed when war means confiscation of property, so far as the private interests of men owning property in the hostile country are concerned. In other words, the British journals would convince their readers that in case of war with the United States English owners of vast empires of territory in the west and English owners of millions of American railroad stocks and bonds would have their individual rights fully protected in this country, while British guns were bombarding and attempting to destroy American seaport towns; that British men-of-war might move to within range of the national capital and destroy it and still the American government would take care that English private interests were in no way molested. This is a milk-and-water idea of war that must be peculiar to British minds only. Let the first fuse be touched off by British hands or the first cap snapped with hostile intent by the British sailors or soldiers and at once the millions of dollars of British interests in this country would become the property of Uncle Sam, to be used in prosecuting the war. This subject is not open to discussion. It is an international law recognized, even if the Monroe doctrine has not yet been spread upon the international code.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A man who lives in Lorain, Ohio, went to sleep the other day and dreamed the city was governed by women. He saw a wondrous state of affairs. The city was scrupulously clean. While walking around he saw three men arrested for spitting on the pavement. A garbage barrel at the end of each lot was hand painted and tied with blue ribbons. Mail boxes were decorated with drawn work throws and fire plugs had cushion seats on top of them. Sweet pea vines were climbing over the electric light poles, and a hand painted cuspidor occupied a prominent place on every corner. There was no business, not a team being allowed to pass up and down the street for fear of making a dust. The town was deserted save for the police women who marched up and down to see that no one with dusty shoes stepped into town. During the dream a man was hanged in the suburbs for being out with the boys.

Gold coin valued at \$1,000,000 was sent from the Philadelphia mint to New York last week. It is believed most of this has been used in recent shipments to Europe. The mint received \$2,000,000 worth of gold bars in August, and all this has been made into coin. There is now on hand gold bars valued at \$20,000,000, and as the work of coining is going on daily, and there is no decrease in the demand, it is only a matter of a short time until it is all done. Small shipments of gold bars are being received day by day, but not in quantity to keep even with the demand for coin.

The reports of the United States attorney general show that whisky is the same curse in the Indian Territory as in more civilized communities. The courts of the territory are mostly occupied by illicit liquor selling cases or trouble caused by the over-indulgence of "fire-water" by the redskins. It is estimated that ninety per cent. of the time of the courts and appropriations for the administration of justice in the Indian country is monopolized by reason of the sale of whisky in the territory.

President Cleveland has selected the Venezuelan commission, all five being prominent Americans. They are David J. Brewer, of Kansas; Richard H. Alvey, of Maryland; Andrew D. White, of New York; Frederick R. Coudert, of New York, and Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland.

The New York World has compiled a list of 137 American heiresses who

have married foreigners of titles or rank during the last twenty-five years. It gives the amount of money which every one of these heiresses possessed, and foots it up at \$161,153,000, to which must be added the ten or twelve millions which Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt has brought to the young Duke of Marlborough.

"Gossip has made many a home hell upon earth. Gossip has parted husbands and wives. Gossip has blackened and sullied the character of many pure girls. Gossip has parted lovers who would be very happy if it were not for gossip. One little misstep or one little indiscretion will cause gossip to arise with new strength and start on her mission. Her, did we say? We ought not to, for we have our male gossipers, and, as a rule, they are ten times more venomous than the females. A good healthy man gossiper is about as mean and low and dangerous as the meanest thing on earth."

Henry C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, has been elected president of the American Economic association.

Technicians and Founders.

STEE

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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,
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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.

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Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

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

Shop on Elmore Street, Escanaba.

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 certain cause, therein pending, wherein Carl Röllinger 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 Heisel and Hentschel addition to the said city of Escanaba, Michigan, all according to the recorded plats thereof of record.

Dated the sixth day of December, A. D. 1895.
ALFRED P. SMITH,
Circuit Court Commissioner.

JAS. H. CLAWAY,
Solicitor for Complainant.

First Publication Dec. 21, 1895.
PROBATE NOTICE—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.
Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1895, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Peter Schils, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 15th day of June, A. D. 1896, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 24th 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.

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

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

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

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

Yours for Business,

J. N. MEAD.

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All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Ed. Erickson entertained her young lady friends on New Year's eve. The guests were: Mrs. Beggs, Misses Kate McGillis, Marion and Gertrude Selden, Mattie Cox, Peet, Fairlow, Southwick, Heddril, Wadsworth, Sammons, Rigby, Munnings, Musson, Reynolds, Effie Northup, Burris, Fanning, Dagget, Hastie and Miss Cook of Iron Mountain. Delicious refreshments were served. Those assisting in serving were Mrs. S. B. Rathfon, Mrs. C. H. Long and Mrs. Warren Brown. The principal feature of the evening was the game in which all were engaged in finding the greatest number of words contained in a few given words, the allotted time being fifteen minutes to each word. The prize, a very dainty pin cushion, was awarded to Miss Marion Selden. All the guests present, with one accord, pronounce Mrs. Erickson one of Escanaba's most charming entertainers.

The annual masquerade ball of the volunteer firemen on New Year's eve was not as largely attended as anticipated, yet those present had an enjoyable time and the fire laddies netted about \$40. Prizes were awarded as follows: First lady's prize, Miss Vina Landine; second lady's prize, Miss Lilly Martin; first gentleman's prize, George Deloy; second gentleman's prize, P. Wilh. Axelson. The judges were: Dr. Reynolds, J. P. Symons, Jos. J. Cooney and Dr. Rowells.

There was a family re-union at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Vassaw on New Year's day. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bouton, Mr. and Mrs. John Vassaw and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vassaw, of Stephenson.

Joseph Chevrier, who has been suffering from falling sight for some time past, will again visit Milwaukee soon, where an eminent physician will treat him. A complete recovery is looked for.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiston and children returned home on Tuesday, after spending Xmas with relatives and friends at Green Bay.

John Damour, of Rapid River, was in Escanaba on Monday interviewing County Clerk Linden concerning a marriage license.

Geo. Bonefield, of Bay de Noc township, was in town Tuesday, and made The Iron Port a pleasant call.

Miss Clara Finley, who has been spending the last six weeks in Watertown, Wis., returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Jas. Rogers returned home Monday from Racine, where she spent Xmas with friends and relatives.

John T. Crane returned to Escanaba on Saturday last after an absence of several weeks.

Manser Way, manager of the I. Stephenson company at Swansy, spent Sunday in Escanaba.

Jas. Blake came down from camp on Tuesday and spent New Year's day with his family. A permit to wed was issued to Anton Hanson and Carrie Anderson on Tuesday.

Wm. Hanf, of Fond du Lac, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Jackson, this week.

Fabian Defneft and wife returned from Green Bay and Neenah Monday.

Will Smith, of Marinette, spent Sunday here, the guest of relatives.

Erick Olson, of Bark River, was in the city Tuesday on business.

John McCarthy, of Gladstone, was in Escanaba on Monday.

Eddie Hewlett returned home from Marinette Tuesday.

Mayor Geo. Gallup went to Menominee Tuesday.

Tom Cass returned from Milwaukee Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cox entertained a party of friends Tuesday evening. Progressive pedro. Mr. and Mrs. Q. R. Hestell took first lady's and gent's prizes, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gross the "booby" prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lawrence, of Spalding, spent Sunday in Escanaba. They were accompanied by Miss Eva Haggerson.

Mr. Anders, of Marquette, spent a portion of the week in Escanaba in the interest of Ginn & Co., text book publishers.

Sir Knight Babb of Escanaba, attended the reception yesterday, and also the dance in the evening.—Menominee Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Connell departed for Ishpeming Tuesday, to spend New Years with relatives.

Miss Phemie Mercier went to Ishpeming Tuesday to spend New Years with her parents.

John Gorman, who spent the holidays with his family in this city, returned to camp on Friday.

Mrs. Frank Armstrong and Mrs. Henry Valentine are visiting friends in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Dan Gallagher this week entertained Miss Kittie Cahil, of Ishpeming.

Editor McKenna is again on duty, after a fortnight's tussle with quinsy.

Geo. Gallup made a professional visit to Wilson on Thursday.

Dan Murphy visited Green Bay friends the first of the week.

Thos. Rice, of Menominee, was in town this week.

A. Spooner spent the week at Rapid River. Hugh Lyons returned home on Tuesday.

Lizzie Morris, of Metropolitan, was here to spend Christmas with her sister Ella. She returned home this morning.

Theodore Lavigne returned on Sunday last from a few days' visit at Green Bay and Marinette.

The Eastern Star gave a decidedly pleasant dancing party New Year's night.

Miss Julia Durancneau went to Bark River on Thursday.

nominee; Mrs. Painter, Mrs. Londerville and son John, Mrs. Swanson and son Eddie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bader, Stewart Campbell, George Maguire, Miss Maud Kaiser, Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Maguire and Mr. and Mrs. Mittlestadt, of Ford River, attended the Maccabees' party Monday evening.

Mrs. John McNaughton, Misses Georgina Helps, Mhnag Seegmiller, Eva Campbell and Jennie Brown, of Ford River, dined at the Oliver on New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Rowland, of Gladstone, enjoyed their New Year's dinner at the Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stok returned home from Belle Plaine, Iowa, Tuesday, after spending Xmas with relatives.

Miss Abbie Flynn has returned from Neegaunee, where she spent the holidays with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fisher spent the week at Marquette, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Depew.

Miss Lillian Stoffel went to Chicago last Saturday, where she will remain a couple of months.

Geo. E. Merrill, one of Rapid River's most popular townsmen, was in Escanaba on Tuesday.

Hollings Lodge, A. O. U. W., gave a pleasant Leap Year party last evening.

Hon. John Power spent New Year's day with his family in this city.

Mrs. Amos Parkhurst spent New Year's with Green Bay friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Beets, of Foster City, were in town Tuesday.

Geo. T. Burns was laid up several days this week by illness.

Chas. Thacher spent New Year's with his wife and family.

Mrs. Steve Murphy and son Johnie returned home Tuesday.

Miss Ida Williams left Monday morning for Oshkosh.

Mrs. Joo. Mogan returned home Tuesday afternoon.

Will Struckmeyer is ill at his home in Ashland.

Chas. Irving returned from Chicago Tuesday.

John Ward went to Ishpeming on Tuesday.

Wm. Petry is confined to his bed by illness.

Pascal Peron was at Wilson on Monday.

The meeting of the Derthick Club on Monday evening last was interesting, as usual.

Chopin and his compositions formed the subjects of the program, which was rendered by Mrs. R. E. Morrell, who read the analysis; C. J. Shaddick, who read the essay; Mrs. Talbot, Miss Palmer and the Misses Nannie and Loretta Stack, who executed the instrumental numbers.

Mr. Dan McCarthy left on Thursday for Metropolitan, where he has accepted a position with the Metropolitan Lumber Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamacher departed on Thursday for Marquette, after spending New Year's with relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Thurston returned to their home in Milwaukee, after spending Christmas with Mrs. Cox.

Jas. B. Wilkinson and wife left Tuesday morning for Commonwealth, to spend New Years with relatives.

Fred Kaufmann, of Iron Mountain, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kaufmann.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Whitney left on Thursday for Mackinac, to visit friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Krutch transacted business in the city the fore part of the week.

Harry Fry, of Metropolitan, spent a few hours among Escanaba friends Monday.

Harry T. Bentley, of Duluth, has accepted a position with Wm. Gibson.

Chas. Barth passed through the city Monday, en route to Marquette.

Mr. J. E. Lyon returned from Oshkosh, Wis., on Tuesday.

J. F. Carey was at Asu Train on legal business last week.

O. L. Mertz spent a few hours in Escanaba last Sunday.

John Dunn returned from Chicago Tuesday morning.

P. Gagnon, of Wilson, was in Escanaba on Monday.

Jesse McCourt returned to Chicago Monday.

Will Bacon, who had been suffering from pneumonia for a couple of weeks, is again about.

Mrs. Salinsky went to Rapid River Friday, to visit with her daughter, Mrs. M. Glazer.

Upon their arrival at Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Christie were re-married by a priest.

John R. Green, of Gladstone, circulated at the county town on Tuesday.

Misses Clara and Libby Spargo returned from Neegaunee on Thursday.

Mr. Clinton Rathfon, of Pineville, Ky., is visiting relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly returned from Chicago on Friday.

Tom White visited friends at Bark River on Tuesday last.

"Dick" Flannagan, of Norway, was here on Sunday last.

Frank Derouin, of Bark River, was in the city Thursday.

Maccabees on Monday evening was a decided success. The ladies are right royal entertainers, and whenever they announce a party it is certain that the attendance will be large. Jesse McCourt was at Menominee this week.

O. V. Linden was at Manistique on Monday.

Joe. Wickert was at Rapid River Friday.

Henry Meier is quite ill.

A party of Escanaba young people danced at Ford River Thursday night. Those who attended were Mesdames Eastwood and Van Valkenburg; Miss Josie Longley, Florence Eastwood, Grace Doran, Carrie Wallace, Maude Young, Maggie Robertson, Matie McRae, Maude Hatton, Nellie Doran, Winnie Longley, Alice Robertson and Alice Eastwood; Messrs. Bert Farrell, James Todd, Fred Patred, Bert Hatton, George Eastwood, Harry Morris, Mert McRae, Dan Campbell and Lyman Beggs.

Dr. and Mrs. Todd entertained friends on New Year's eve at a New Year's supper. The invited guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Erickson, Dr. and Mrs. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Rathfon, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Young, Mr. and Mrs. John Millar. The doctor is an adept at entertaining and his wife is equally agreeable. Both are well known for their sociability and hospitality.

A very pleasant dinner party was given by Dr. and Mrs. Long on Thursday evening. Among those who participated in the sumptuous repast were: Dr. and Mrs. Todd, S. B. Rathfon and wife, Theo. Farrell and wife, J. Christie and wife, Geo. Young and wife, J. N. Mead and wife. The doctor and his wife make an entertaining host and hostess.

A reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Folli at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Todd last evening, and was largely attended, in the neighborhood of sixty invited guests being present. Mr. and Mrs. Folli were presented with a handsome lamp and table, the gift being made by Dr. Todd on behalf of the members of the Presbyterian congregation.

Mrs. P. H. Torney and Miss Caroline Hamacher are in Chicago, the latter going thither for medical advice.

Tom Egan, of Baraboo, who spent the holidays with friends and relatives in this city, returned home yesterday.

Capt. Wallace Van Dyke returned from Green Bay on Thursday. His injured arm was again amputated.

Mrs. N. Barth, of Marquette, visited in the city a few days this week.

Miss Carrie Gruner, of Spalding, was in town yesterday.

Miss Kishley has been spending her vacation at Oconto.

Bay de Noc Township.

EDITOR IRON PORT:—A few days ago your correspondent, desiring to be informed as to the progress of the proposed dock to be built here, visited the scene of operation and found all hands concerned working like beavers, cutting and skidding logs to be used for that purpose, and understand that they now have all the logs on skids waiting for snow to haul and ice strong enough on which to operate.

I was informed that one of the committees when soliciting funds from a gentleman, an old resident of your city, for the purpose of building a dock here, was curiously refused, replying, "No; let them swim across." But to do so at present would require the qualities of a seal or polar bear, and perhaps the gentleman in question believes in Darwin's theory, and that in the process of evolution we will eventually acquire those qualities, and the sooner we commence the better for all concerned. But at times we are practically isolated, neither receiving or sending mail for two or three weeks at a time.

Linwood and Arthur Smith were the first to cross the ice, having done so on Dec. 16th. Last year it was not crossed until Jan. 1st. Passengers crossed until the 23d, when Ole Gunderson crossed in a boat, and further north many crossed on the ice but when returning found the ice gone, and twenty-three passengers were glad to return in Gunderson's boat. On Dec. 31st a one-horse rig crossed and on Jan. 1st a double team crossed. Last year Peter Jensen first crossed with a double team on Jan. 9th. On the east side of the bay the ice is very rough and from one to ten feet thick; on the west half smooth and about 12 inches thick; so that next week ice navigation for ice navigators will be open for business.

Olaf Hanson has bought eighty acres formerly belonging to James Robinson, of your city, and is getting cut pine, basswood, birch and cedar and cordwood for Escanaba, preparing to clear up a farm.

Men are beginning to arrive to quarry stone on James Miller's place as it is proposed to haul three thousand cords of stone across the bay to be used for filling at the ore dock.

Deeds in Delta Dirt.

John Moe and wife to Clara A. Breitenbach, the west 1/2 of lot 4 of block 65, original plat of Escanaba; consideration \$2,000, was recorded with the register of deeds on Tuesday.

Baking Powder.

Awardeu 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.

AMETHYST'S TALK.

Our pleasures are increased when we share them with others, so from my Christmas books shall we not read together first from Brillants selected from the writings of Bishop Henry C. Potter. He evidently had in the accusation, sometimes heard by us all, that Christians have done nothing for the alleviation of the sufferings of humanity. He says: "We may disparage Christianity as we will, but the helpful and humane activities of Christendom are explicable by no other key. It is because, behind all that men are doing, whether in this or any other land, to lift men up, there is, whether consciously or unconsciously, the spell of those mighty truths which are incarnated in the person of Jesus Christ—the truth of God's fatherhood and of man's redemption; of God's love and of man's need; of God's judgment and of man's accountability—that men have suffered, and wrought, and taught, have given of their substance, and have consecrated their lives to make this old world a fairer home for man, to soften and dispel its griefs. Go where you will, ask whom you please, and the answer must needs be the same. The hands that have reached down to snatch the perishing from the jaws of death and give them back to life again have been Christian hands. The feet that have run swiftest and soonest on all helpful and healing errands have been Christian feet. The eyes that have seen the deepest into all our sorrow and perplexing social problems have been Christian eyes; and the lips that have spoken the most quickening and consoling words, when all other lips were dumb, have been those of Christian men and Christian women."

Those who love music are gratified by the progress of Escanaba's Derthick Club, and to such anything regarding the lives of their favorite composers is of interest.

In the "Petite" Library edition of Mendelssohn's Life and Works we catch a charming glimpse of the home life of his boyhood—a home in which the duty and privilege of educating the children were enjoyed by the father as well as by the mother.

"The father of Felix was a man of firm character and general ability, and was wise enough to exercise upon the education of his musician son an influence which proved of infinite value to him in after-life. The mother devoted herself without reserve to the education of her children, whom she governed with a gentle firmness which assured their lifelong affection and reverence. Her accomplishments were both varied and comprehensive. She spoke French, English and Italian fluently, played and sang with taste and judgment, and drew beautifully. She gave music lessons to both Fanny and Felix at the respective ages of seven and three, beginning with five minutes at a time, until they were able to keep their attention fixed for a longer period.

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.

Town Topics. Get your Pictures and Picture Frames at Wikon'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.

Advertised Letters. List of letters remaining uncalled for at the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 28th, 1895: Charles Anderson, Janie Baux, Mrs. John Bergeon, Denis Boyle, Evan Carlson, J. N. Drisco, I. S. Erasset, Thos. Erickson, J. A. Goranson, Carl O. Jonsson, Angus S. Largevin, Miss Chloe LeClair, Alex. McDermid, Telesphore Mercier, James Mulowney, Julius Myrval, Mrs. Effie Parker, M. Root, Theodore Schroder, Miss Schaefer.

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

E. M. St. Jacques.

Card of Thanks. To our many friends who so kindly came to our assistance during the sickness, death and burial of our loved daughter and sister, we hereby wish to return our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and especially to mention Mrs. Main, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Warn.

Mrs. LIZIE KECHT. Mr. GEORGE KECHT.

Public Installation of Officers. The joint installation of the officers of the G. A. R., W. R. C. and S. O. V. will be held at the G. A. R. hall on Tuesday next. All members are expected to be in attendance.

Wanted, a Tailor. A first-class pants-maker, to whom good wages will be paid. Apply in person or address Kostka & Boedcher, Rapid River, Mich.

Groceries. UP TO DATE

Plain and Fancy Groceries

WE HAVE THEM!

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

Full Line of Canned Goods always on Hand

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

ERICKSON & BISSEL,

Masonic Block, Escanaba, Michigan

Merchant Tailoring.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING

Complete Line of Foreign and Domestic

SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, and TROUSERINGS

Special Line of New Goods.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

Bottled Beer.

Escanaba * Brewing * Co's

BOTTLED BEER.

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

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT

Oil Burner.



OIL BURNER

TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.

WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms. NATIONAL OIL BURNER CO. 692 CEDAR AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries

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

Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts.

E. M. ST. JACQUES.

Flour and Feed.

ED. DONOVAN,

DEALER IN

FLOUR AND FEED.

Hay and Grain,

At Wholesale and Retail.

Choice Brands of Flour

Mail Orders Given Attention.

ED. DONOVAN,

ESCANABA, MICH.

Laundry.

A Great Hit

IS OUR New Process

OF Laundering Woolens.

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

ANOTHER HIT

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

The Escanaba Steam Laundry.

316 LUDINGTON ST.

TELEPHONE 20

THE COLLEGE COUSIN.

In two of the leather-seated chairs before the big window of the hotel the Junior and the Sophomore sat side by side. Each wore a large chrysanthemum and carried a cane decked with streamers of ribbon. The rufous behind them was filled with restless groups of young men, all wearing ribbon of carrying flags and air talking hoarsely and excitedly. The street in front of the hotel already filled with the dusk of the early twilight, through which the street lamps seemed spheres of golden haze, wore much the same look; but with the difference that the groups took the form of a procession moving along the west sidewalk. Across the way the shirts in the window of the "Gents Clothing Palace" were all of the same color as the ribbons. The entrance to the dry goods store further down was draped with the same shade. Even the bootblacks and newsboys, perhaps with a view to personal benefit rather than from any strong affection for the college, wore knots of the same. The Sophomore looked out at the moving crowd and tapped the floor lightly with his cane.

"Great game, wasn't it?" he said hoarsely.

The Junior nodded. The fact that he had heard the same remark from the same source a dozen times in the last 15 minutes did not affect his appreciation of it in the least.

"Wrecked my voice, though," said the Sophomore.

"If it were shattered," said the Junior, thoughtfully, "I might get a little sleep mornings."

To this the Sophomore made no answer. He did not feel himself capable of conversing on any subject except the game.

"There were holes in their line that you could drive an ice wagon through," he said, in sudden exultation.

"I don't drive an ice wagon," said the Junior, shortly. Then he turned and looked at the clock above the desk.

"It's nearly six," he said. "Let's go and get something to eat."

The Sophomore glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, and an instant later became immersed in a study of the toes of his shoes.

"I'm going uptown to dinner," he said, hesitatingly.

"What?" said the Junior.

The Sophomore repeated his statement with obvious embarrassment. The Junior looked at him with withering scorn.

"Didn't you tell me," he said, accusingly, "that we'd take dinner together, go to the theater, and catch the 11:30 train back?"

The Sophomore shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Well, you see," he said, "I hadn't received this invitation then."

"That makes no difference," said the Junior, sternly. "You made an engagement with me. Are you going to break it?"

"No," said the Sophomore. "Only—"

"Only you don't intend to keep it," said the Junior. "What'll I do now? Wander about till train time?"

"O, you'll be all right," said the Sophomore. "Unless some one takes you for a hayseed and bunks you," he added.

The Junior looked thoughtfully up at the electric light. Then he turned to the Sophomore:

"Who is she?" he asked.

"It'll do you no good to know," said the Sophomore.

"I don't want to know," said the Junior. "Was it one on the coach?"

The Sophomore nodded. "I met her at the beach last vacation," he said. "I never called on her here, but she asked me to dinner to-night. She has a cousin in college. I never asked his name for fear she'd want me to look him up."

A broad smile came over the face of the Junior, but when the Sophomore turned toward him he was preternaturally grave.

"You're going, then, are you?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Sophomore, calmly.

The Junior looked pensively at his cane.

"I think I'll go with you," he said.

The Sophomore laughed.

"I mean it," said the Junior. "I don't see why I shouldn't."

"What!" said the Sophomore.

"You could say that you had brought a friend with you," said the Junior. "It would be all right. She'd understand."

The Sophomore looked at him closely, as though searching for evidence of a joke, but the Junior was apparently in earnest.

"I'd look pretty, wouldn't I?" said the Sophomore.

"I've no doubt of it," said the Junior. "You always do."

"It would be the most cold-blooded thing on record," said the Sophomore.

"Why, I hardly know the girl! It would make me look like the very deuce!"

"You flatter yourself," said the Junior.

"She'd think me an ass," said the Sophomore.

"Well, what's the use trying to deceive her?" asked the Junior, coldly.

"Of course you're joking, though," said the Sophomore, appealingly. "You wouldn't do such a thing."

"Why not?" said the Junior. "You could make it all right by a little explanation."

"Little explanation!" said the Sophomore with great exasperation. "It would take a duodecimo of explanation to clear up a thing like that!"

"Stick to football English," said the Junior. "Duodecimo is the little kind. When you get out of your depth you don't say what you mean."

"I might tell her you were a Junatic," said the Sophomore, thoughtfully.

"That would do," the Junior agreed. The Sophomore looked at him critically.

"I believe you would do it," he said

at last. "It's a blessed thing that I'll not take you."

"Row'll you help yourself?" asked the Junior with interest.

The Sophomore studied the question in silence.

"You can't turn me over to the police," said the Junior, "and you can't fight, because if you did you'd not be presentable yourself."

The Sophomore glanced over his shoulder at the clock.

"It's time for me to start," he said. "Good-by. I'll meet you at the train."

The Junior promptly rose and followed him. At the door the Sophomore turned and looked at him helplessly.

"I say, now, you'll not—" he began.

"Come on," said the Junior. "There goes a car."

He seized the Sophomore's arm and they boarded the car together.

"Better go inside, it's warmer," said the Sophomore, willy.

The Junior smiled.

"I'll stand out here with you," he said, carelessly.

The Sophomore sighed.

"You don't really mean—" he said.

"That I'll invade the young woman's home," put in the Junior. "I do. Under your protection I will have no hesitation."

The Sophomore turned his back and gloomily watched the passing lamps. The Junior paid the fare for two.

"If I obliged him to pay my fare," he said to himself, "it might anger him."

The Sophomore did not look at him when they got off the car. Half way down the square he stopped at the foot of a flight of steps and turned his eyes doubtfully from the door above to the Junior.

"Is this the place?" asked the Junior, innocently. "I'm beginning to get nervous. I always do when I go calling."

"You'll need all your nerve this time," said the Sophomore, bitterly.

He went upstairs slowly, the Junior close behind him. At the top he turned sharply around.

"Do you really mean to do so ungentlemanly a thing?" he demanded.

"It's not ungentlemanly," said the Junior, stoutly. "All you have to do—"

"O, shut up!" said the Sophomore.

He turned away and put his hand on the bell. Then he looked back over his shoulder. The Junior was leaning easily against the broad railing of the veranda.

"I believe you are fool enough to follow me in," said the Sophomore, angrily.

"I am," said the Junior, calmly. "Perhaps not exactly that, but we'll not fight over terms."

"Well, you can't make me make such an ass of myself," said the Sophomore, suddenly.

"You can take dinner here if you want to," the Sophomore went on. "I believe that you have no more sense than to try. I'll wait on the corner to see you kicked out. Then I'll go back to the hotel and get something to eat."

"I'll go with you," said the Junior, readily.

The Sophomore turned and stole quietly down the steps.

"I hope no one saw me," he said, when he reached the bottom.

"I thought that I saw a girl looking out of the second-story window," said the Junior, comfortingly.

"O, you go to the deuce!" said the Sophomore.

"Well, perhaps I was mistaken," said the Junior. "It looked that way, though. Had you just as lief walk beside me? When you drop behind that way it makes me nervous. It's so easy to hit a man over the head when he's not looking."

"It wouldn't hurt you," growled the Sophomore.

"We'll go back to the hotel and carry out the original programme," said the Junior.

The Sophomore did not echo his enthusiasm. Even when he found himself opposite the Junior at a little white table in the cafe among his friends and in the presence of a clamorous argument about the game, he did not unbend. But by the time that the oysters came in his face began to clear.

"I suppose you'll tell this thing all over college," he said, ruefully.

"It's a good thing that they don't peel these lemons," said the Junior.

"One would never know what they were if it were not for the yellow outside."

"It makes me feel pretty mean," said the Sophomore.

"They call these two-by-four monstrosities 'blue points' on the bill, don't they," said the Junior.

"What troubles me most," said the Sophomore, "is what the dickens the girl will think of me."

The Junior lifted an oyster on his fork and looked at it closely.

"Don't worry about that," he said. "I'll fix it all right with her."

The Sophomore stopped his glass half way to his mouth and looked at him over the rim in amazement.

"I'm the cousin at college whose name you never asked," said the Junior.—Chicago Tribune.

JEWELRY NOVELTIES.

Chateleaines Are Becoming More and More Fashionable.

Both bracelets and earrings are to have their day again. The reappearance of the bracelet is marked by a new design in gold about half an inch wide which closes with a peculiar clasp, and may be worn over the glove.

Semi-precious stones, such as the amethyst set with pearls, are on the high road to favor. Emeralds are constantly increasing in value, owing to the supply becoming less.

One little fad in umbrellas in both Paris and Berlin is a very slender handle set in silver or carved ivory. Some very graceful shapes are in silver gilt enamel tops. The forget-me-not is a very favorite design, and the color of the enamel matches the silk as in the Dresden handles of last year.

Chateleaines are more popular in Paris than ever. Scissors, purses, bon bon boxes, whistles, etc., in gold, constitute a distinct part of the toilette.

A jeweler who is a very large buyer for the south showed a rabbit's foot set in gold, which constituted the charm to his wife's watch chain, and said that in the south he could not get enough to supply the stores, so general is the superstition in regard to their bringing good luck. No southern boy goes into a game of craps without his rabbit's foot in his pocket. It must be the left hind foot, and, properly, the rabbit must be shot at moonlight while jumping over a grave. Apropos of superstitions, he said that the opal is their best selling stone, taking the year together.

This jeweler, who is a large manufacturer, has many interesting experiences in getting his designs. He spends a part of every year on the continent and gets his designs chiefly from the displays in the shop windows, which contain the whole stock in trade. When something rare strikes his fancy, out comes his little sketch book, and down it goes before the sometimes irate proprietor can utter a protest.

Every year he goes through the same amusing pantomime with a certain famed jeweler in Switzerland. The American knows not a word of German or French, and the Swiss not a word of English. The American always wires ahead the hour of his arrival. A table is spread with the samples of jewels, at which they both sit down. The Swiss writes down the price of an article, and at first mentioned price the American always throws up both hands in horror and nearly falls off his chair. A price somewhat lower is offered and his hands do not go up quite so high, and he doesn't fall quite so near the floor. This sort of thing is continued until a price is offered at which the American feels justified in indulging in a wan smile, and the bargain is closed. This little exercise has to be gone through with for the purchase of every article every year.—Detroit Free Press.

MAY POLE LAMP SHADES.

They Are Inexpensive, and Add to the Beauty of the Room.

Two very pretty lamp shades have recently been made, one for the drawing-room, being called the May pole. To make this cover a shade plainly and very neatly with pale pink silk. When this is done cut the length of the lamp shade several strips of ribbon about an inch wide in two shades, pale pink and forget-me-not blue; make then about a dozen ropes of roses, made by threading upon a stout silken string little flat artificial pink roses—these are also to be the length of the shade. Then cover the entire shade with the strips of ribbon placed alternately as to color and the rose strings. Finish off the edge with knots of roses and hanging loops of ribbon, the top can have a ruche of the same. A pair of candle covers should be made to match, and their effect when placed over the light is really exquisite. This pole lamp shade is not an expensive ornament. To cover a frame about two and a half feet in diameter and ten inches wide, the quantity of ribbon required, about an inch in width, would be from 14 to 18 yards. The roses can be bought very inexpensively at so much a dozen; the whole shade would not cost more than two dollars and a half or three dollars, a sum ridiculously small when its beauty is taken into consideration. The second shade is for a dining-room, and rejoices in the romantic title of "Moonlight." Cover a shade two feet in diameter with pale eau de Nil thin silk. The quantity required will be about three and a quarter yards, and the ordinary pongee silk will answer capably. When you have gathered it evenly on the frame, make a three-inch fringe of rather large iridescent beads. You may buy these at any good fancy shop at so much the ounce; they are not expensive. When you have made two yards of the fringe, fasten it neatly round the edge of the lamp and place above it a pinked out ruche, about two inches wide, of silk. Another ruche finishes the top. When the shade is thus completed take a needle, threaded with green silk, and sew on here and there all over the shade single beads, so as to give a pretty, glistening effect.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To the Arctic by Land.

A daring journey from America to Europe is being planned by M. de Windt, who has already passed through such adventures in Siberia and China. He wants to explore the unknown parts of Alaska between Mount St. Elias and the Prince of Wales' cape—the extreme northwest point of the American continent—and to proceed thence across Behring straits into Siberia. Starting from Mount St. Elias next April, M. de Windt reckons to cross the straits in the following January either by dog sledge or boat, according to the condition of the ice. Landing at East cape, in Asia, he would drive to Yakutat, using reindeer, dogs and horses in turn. From Yakutat he would go up the Lena river to Irkutak and home through Russia—a trip of some 22,000 miles.—Chicago Chronicle.

RIDING TO HOUNDS IN ENGLAND.

The Annual Lists of Hunting Fixtures Show That the Sport Is Popular.

When one of Queen Victoria's subjects sets out to hunt the stag, a fox or a hare, he must be mounted on a good "cross-country" horse, as all the world knows, and the quarry is also chased by a full pack of thoroughbred hounds. That the old institution of hunting is not on the decrease there is shown in the last London Field, which contains a carefully prepared list of the hounds, their masters, huntsmen, whips and the hunting days.

There are 16 packs of stag hounds in England and six in Ireland. The English list is headed by her majesty's pack, of which the earl of Coventry is master. The royal kennels are at Ascot, in Berks, and the hounds hunt on Tuesdays and Fridays in Windsor forest. There is a periodical outcry against the maintenance of the pack from certain London reformers, but the glory of the famous stag hunts is not dimmed. The English fox hounds number 153 packs, some being out as often as four times a week, and the kennels are located in every part of the land. Near Melton Mowbray, that noted center of good horsemanship, the famous Quorn, with the earl of Lonsdale as M. F. H., and the Cottesmore, W. Baird, master, have their runs, and near the equally famous hunting town of Market Harborough are the kennels of the Pytchley, W. M. Wroughton, master; the Pytchley Woodland, Austin Maekenzie, master, and Mr. C. W. B. Fernie's pack. The fixtures include, as every hunting list published within the century has done, the days of the Belvoir, duke of Rutland, master; the duke of Beaufort's pack, and the two Vale of White Horse packs, Earl Bathurst's, and Mr. T. B. Miller's. Scotland has ten packs, including the duke of Buccleuch's, and in sporting Ireland there are 21.

Harriers are nearly as much in favor as fox hounds, England claiming 110, Ireland 26 and Scotland three packs. Among the miscellaneous hunts are announced the fixtures of 40 packs of beagles and beagle harriers, two of stud book beagles, one of stud book harriers and two packs of basset hounds. A pack of beagle harriers is kept at Trinity college, Cambridge, E. R. T. Corbett, master.

The whips in all cases are professionals, but in some cases amateurs serve as the huntsman. The marquis of Worcester serves in this way in the duke of Beaufort's pack, with Tom Morgan as deputy. In many cases the master also acts as huntsman. The hunting season is now in full blast and the sporting papers teem with stories of good runs.—N. Y. Sun.

DANGER IN DUST.

Carpets Should Not Be Brushed, But Rubbed with a Damp Cloth.

To those who know the true inwardness of things the sight of a housemaid brushing a dusty carpet is suggestive of many evils. The death of Pasteur has reminded the world of what is constantly present in the thoughts of medical men—namely, that while microbe organisms are the great producers of disease dust is the great carrier of microbe organisms. Now that we know these things, now that we understand that in the quiet hours of night the germ-laden dust settles down upon the floor, it is distressing to find how little our knowledge is put to practical use, and to see old customs still unchanged, old habits which we know to be destructive carried on, and to find the housemaid on her knees with her brush and dustpan stirring up dust to the detriment of every one and breathing germ-laden particles to her own destruction.

It needs but a small amount of common sense to see that if the carpets must continue—a thing to be greatly deprecated—they should be rubbed with a damp cloth rather than brushed, and that if, in deference to prejudice, they must be brushed they should be done by a covered American sweeper, with plenty of damp tea leaves. Of all ways of removing dirt from a carpet the worst is by the use of the ordinary short brush, which involves the housemaid kneeling down in the midst of the dust which she so endlessly creates, and drawing it into her lungs with every breath. For ordinary household use something like linoleum, something which can be washed with a wet cloth every morning, would seem to be the best covering for the floors; but if the carpets must be, and if it is impossible to teach the present generation the evils of seeking present comfort at the expense of future risks, at least let us remember that carpets may be washed even where they lie; that till the day of washing comes, a closed sweeper is far better than a brush and that the worst form of brush is one with a short handle.—British Medical Journal.

Dentists' Gold.

The gold which is taken from teeth which have been filled, or which is filed or scraped from the gold used in making tooth crowns or new gold fillings, is no inconsiderable item for a dentist to consider. A dentist recently said that the sweepings from his carpet had netted him \$35 in a single month. The little scraps of gold that remain after many operations are gathered in bottles and sold at a fair price to the dealers from whom the gold is obtained. In some cases the gold is mixed with some other metal, or with dust, but all of it has a commercial value. The price paid by dealers is, of course, much less than that asked for the sheets of gold bought by the dentists. Gold used in dental operations is of several degrees of fineness. Fourteen-carat gold has its uses in the making of tooth plates, and other finer gold, to the value of several hundred dollars at one time, is not unusual with a busy member of the profession.—N. Y. Tribune.

—What is called "resin size," used in stiffening paper and improving its quality, is made by dissolving resin soap in a solution of soda, this compound being beaten up with the pulp.

STORY OF A SEA GULL.

For Twenty-Four Years It Has Wintered at Brenton Lighthouse.

The story of a very remarkable sea gull is again revived by his recent return to Brenton's reef lighthouse to spend the winter. Years ago he was named Dick, and for a long time he has been known by that name the world over.

Dick is now back at the lighthouse for his 24th winter. If he lives through it he will remain till the first week in April, and then depart for his summer home, wherever that may be. Some day during the week he will be missed at meal time and then the crew will know that he is gone. Then, if he survives the summer, some day there will be heard a demonstration, consisting of a splashing about and a spluttering under the stern of the lightship and Dick will surely be found there awaiting his meal. So long as he remains about the vessel he will appear under its stern regularly three times a day for his food.

The time of Dick's departure and arrival each year is a matter of record aboard the lightship, and Capt. Fogarty, now in charge there, says that the dates do not vary three days. It is his regular habit, the fact that year after year he passed the winter in the same locality, and his appearance at regular hours for his meals, that have drawn toward this sea gull such attention, especially from naturalists and bird fanciers. All agree that while sea gulls, as a rule, show intelligence, Dick's characteristics make him the most remarkable of his species. Many persons interested in him have made extended inquiries regarding him, and not a few have journeyed to the lightship to see him. One of these gentlemen, G. H. MacKay, of Boston, who has written an exhaustive paper upon him, pronounces Dick to be a hering gull. He believes him to be long past the average age of sea gulls.

Capt. Fogarty and the men of his crew, some of whom have been aboard the lightship somewhat longer than he, have in late years noted a steady decline in the gull's health, and, in fact, so feeble has he been for the last five years that they note his departure in the spring with sorrow, fearing that he may not return. So now, in October, when he is discovered in his accustomed place, under the stern of the boat, there is great rejoicing among the crew, which compliment is acknowledged by Dick by splashing about and cawing. Then Capt. Fogarty has Dick's return recorded in the newspapers. From that time on for two months Capt. Fogarty's mail is filled with inquiries regarding the gull. Many write to ask if the story is true. Others will merely ask for new features in Dick's habits or appearance. Some make offers for the gull's capture, but the chances are that he will die beyond the reach of those men on the lightship. If he doesn't he will be stuffed and mounted and kept aboard the vessel. The Smithsonian institute is very desirous of obtaining Dick's remains, and may succeed.

Upon his arrival this fall Dick had with him another gull, but the latter showed such a disposition to consume all the food thrown over that he was soon shaken off, and was not seen on the third day after Dick's arrival. Dick early showed his feeble condition and was able to fly only short distances. When other gulls hover about the ship they are easily able to get the better of him in the race for food. An additional sign of advancing age is the loss of another batch of tail feathers since last spring.

Dick can live but little longer, and, knowing this, the crew will keep a careful watch during the winter, in order to secure his body should he die in the vicinity of the ship. The crew of the lightship have often considered the advisability of capturing the gull, but have always decided against depriving him of his liberty and running the risk of severely injuring him. It is possible now that Dick is showing such remarkable weakness that an effort will be made to secure him.

Dick's food principally consists of boiled salt pork, which is regularly prepared for him. It has been noticed that he has become unable to swallow the rind, and this is pared off for him.—N. Y. Sun.

Expensive Smoking.

There are several wealthy men in London who are reputed to spend over \$2,500 per year on cigars. This is considered very large over there, but several American millionaires are said to exceed this. One of them is reported as spending \$10,000 annually on cigars. An English nobleman who married an American woman, who brought a bag of money with her, has astounded London with his extravagance in cigars. He pays about \$500 monthly for them, and always trades with one dealer, who posts a sign to that effect in order to attract customers. Several prominent Englishmen, among whom is said to be Labouchere, buys cigarettes imported from Turkey, at a cost of ten cents each. One of them smokes and gives away 100 in a day, which is probably the record for expensive cigarette smoking.—Boston Traveler.

Russian Colic Stones.

Travelers who have penetrated into the eastern portion of Southern Russia find that the people have many strange beliefs in the power of charms. The charm most generally worn by the people in that part of the czar's vast domain is a round, flat bone which is found in the head of a certain species of northern fish. They are called "colic stones," and the superstitious wearers of such charms believe that they have the power to prevent colic and a host of other diseases among the minor ailments to which human flesh is heir. This queer superstition is not confined to the ignorant, poorer classes, but appears to exist in all kinds of society. The wealthy have their "colic stones" mounted in gold, and in this shape they are worn on the necklace next to the ever-present cross.—St. Louis Republic.

PITH AND POINT.

—Re—"That's a very extravagant cook you have got." She—"Yes, she seems to think we have victuals to burn."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Teacher—"How would you describe Henry VIII. of England?" Student—"I would describe him as a professional widower."—Tit-Bits.

—Lonesome Luke—"Does yer ever wish for a bicycle, Wally?" Wally Wiggins—"Nope; I would ruther walk a-foot than ride a-foot."—Newark Advertiser.

—Asking for Information—"Have you heard our new tenor?" "No. What does he do?" "Why, he sings beautifully." "Oh! Musical, is he?"—Detroit Free Press.

—She—"It will be a pleasure to me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we are married."—Boston Globe.

—The Heiress—"I'm afraid papa will never consent." The Impetuous—"Is your father down on me?" The Heiress—"No; he says he's up to you."—Boston Courier.

—Coffer—"I suppose you love your new sister very dearly, Tommy?" Tommy (eying the baby coldly)—"Yes, but I'd a good deal rather had a dog."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Countrywoman—"I want my boy on the picture too." Portrait Painter—"Then it will cost 80 marks more." Countrywoman—"But I am going to hold him on my lap!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—That's a curious printer's error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed 'The Viking Age.'" "Well, why not?" asked Partridge. "What ought it to be?" "Why—Biking Age, oughtn't it?"—Boston Globe.

—When he asked for her hand she replied: "No, George; my heart is quite at your service; but I think I had better keep my hand myself. It might be useful to me in case you couldn't support me, you know."—Boston Transcript.

DIDN'T GET WHAT SHE WANTED.

Root of a Young Woman Who Undertook to Squelch a Grocer's Clerk.

Two pretty young women entered a large uptown grocery one evening. From their conversation it was evident that they belonged to some boarding school in the neighborhood, and had stolen out for a few moments to buy dainties which they meant to smuggle to their rooms.

"There's one thing I don't like about the clerks in this store," said one of them, while they waited for the salesman, "and that's the way they insist on telling you that you don't want what you do want and that you do want what you don't want. Every time I come in here I have the same experience, and I'm just tired of it. The next time it happens I'm going to tell the clerk just what I think of him."

At that moment a clerk approached and asked the young women what they wanted. The one who had so much to complain about pointed at one of a row of cracker tins and said:

"I want a pound of those."

"Oh, no, you don't," said the clerk, suavely, "you want some of these, or these here; they're all very nice."

The young woman threw a glance which said: "What did I tell you?" at her companion, and turning to the clerk, said fiercely:

"No, I don't, anything of the kind. I want these and no others."

"I beg your pardon," he began, "I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," said the young woman. "I guess I know what I want. Now, just let me have a pound of those, please," and she turned to her companion with a look of triumph on her face, which plainly meant: "Didn't I squelch him?"

"Very well, madam," said the clerk, humbly, "but may I ask whether they are for yourself?"

"Well, of all the impertinent questions—" began the young woman, when her companion interrupted, and, turning to the clerk, said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because they're dog biscuit," replied the clerk, indifferently. "Still, of course, if you want them you can have them."

"Never mind," faltered the young woman who had insisted on having what she wanted. "I guess I don't want anything at all," and she strutted out of the store looking very much ashamed and followed by her companion, who was struggling to hide her laughter.

The clerk didn't say anything, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he banged the cover down on the can of dog biscuit and walked away to wait on another customer.—N. Y. Sun.

No Faith in the Instrument.

One of the first things the observant trained nurse does when a new patient enters the hospital and is put in bed is to place a delicately constructed thermometer under the sick one's tongue and get the temperature. A chambermaid from one of the downtown hotels was taken to one of the city hospitals not long ago and the above described operation was performed at once.

"What in the wurrld are yez doing that for?" she asked, after the nurse got through.

"I'm merely taking your temperature," responded the maid with the usual cap.

"Rats!" said the occupant of the sick couch. "How are yez going to tell by that little thing whether I've got a temper or not?"—Washington Star.

A Regular Financier.

A—I am in a tight place.

B—What's the matter now?

"I have got to raise \$99 by three o'clock to-morrow."

"Why do you require precisely \$99?"

"I have to pay a \$100 note in bank, and I've got the other dollar."—Texas Siftings.

ART OF DINNER-GIVING.

Very Simple When the Hostess Has Taste in Decoration and Cooking.

The art of giving dinners implies a knowledge of "the world and the flesh"—the quotation is best unfinished—that does not come to all. It is a hall mark, as it were, of social position and worldly knowledge that bears considerable weight. More social struggles have eaten their way into the social arena than have ever danced into it; and a constantly persevered in succession of good dinners wins every time.

The choosing of congenial guests is, of course, an essential point in dinner giving when social success is the object, but it is remarkable how singularly congenial apparently insympathetic people become when their palates are tickled with dainty food; and there are few men, at all events, who are proof against rare viands cooked to perfection and old wines of rare vintage.

The American woman is not supposed to be as clever a housekeeper as her English sister, and a wide difference exists between English and American dinners, but, after all, to the American taste, at least, there is much more real palatable, nourishing food served at dinners here than in London, where kickshaws and sweeties form so large a portion of the repast. This applies to dinners given by people of moderate means. Where expense is not considered, elaborate state dinners must possess the salient points in common.

An excellent thing for the hostess to bear in mind who is giving a dinner, and who has had to use judgment and economy in her menu, is to have some original homemade dish, the recipes for which are in some old family cook book. Originality, even in cooking, has a distinctive effect all its own which takes away from the ordinary humdrum of life in a delightful manner.

Neatness and dispatch in serving a simple dinner add greatly also to its success, and can be attained by patient training. It is really remarkable, when the housekeeper has personally supervised every detail, to see how wonderfully well even a young girl can be taught to serve a dinner, and for even less than the proverbial ten dollars can be and often has been given a pretty dinner to eight people.

Table decorations in the spring of the year make life much easier when one is not wealthy. Apple blossoms are always a satisfactory table decoration, and if the twigs are cut off and put in water weeks before the time to flower the blossoms will burst open when not a bud is to be seen on the parent tree. Daffodils, jonquils, tulips and all the spring flowers are inexpensive in the season and add greatly to the beauty of the table. In the winter holly and ivy are attractive and cheap, while a silver jardiniere filled with maidenhair fern is a daily delight, and, with the addition of a few roses, looks festive enough for any dinner.

Taste and refinement and a few silver dishes, some cut glass, flowers and a well-cooked meal are not absolutely out of the reach of all but millionaires, and a few dollars spent in entertaining in a simple way is well worth the trouble that must be taken.—N. Y. Herald.

A CRISIS COMING.

Trouble in the Air When the Worm Turns at Last.

"I called," said the farmer-looking man at the Ninth avenue police station, "I called to say that I'm afraid my son Jake will turn loose some day and hurt somebody in this town dreadfully bad."

"What's the matter with Jake?" asked the sergeant.

"Wall, Jake comes to town three or four times a week. When he gets along to about 20th street a feller is waitin' to call him names and abuse him. Jake gets down off'n the wagon to lick him, but his grit peters out and the feller runs him around fur half an hour and makes him eat dirt."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Purty nigh a year, I guess."

"And Jake can't get up the courage to fight?"

"He hasn't so fur, and that's what I called to see you about. You know the worm will turn."

"Yes."

"Jake is the worm. He's been licked about 200 times, but the day is comin' when he'll turn. Yes, sir, he'll turn, and when he does—"

"Look out!"

"That's it. When he turns he'll light into that feller and make him wish that he'd never bin born. Shouldn't wonder if he killed him outright."

"Yes, and what do you want us to do?" asked the sergeant.

"Nuthin' except to put the feller on his guard and save his life. Better go up and tell him that his time his short, and that the worm is getting ready to turn, and that if he is hammered to death the jury will bring in a verdict of: 'Slayed by a worm, and gaul darn his pictur' we are givin' out.'"—Detroit Free Press.

A Dog Story.

A London dog story is apt to be a hard sort of a tale to believe, but it is never lacking in interest. The latest is of a dog who takes a daily walk with its mistress. The animal has observed that at a certain crossing the policeman stops the traffic to allow his mistress to pass over. The other day the dog went out alone, and when he came to the crossing he barked to attract the policeman's attention. The policeman observed what the dog wanted. He stopped the traffic and the dog walked solemnly across.—Harper's Round Table.

—A—"Has your secretary returned from his holiday?" B—"The poor fellow died suddenly on Mount Blanc." A—"Ah! he was a truthful fellow. He told me he would get up in the world before he left it."

EFFECT OF TRAFALGAR.

It Established England's Supremacy of the Sea.

The effect of Trafalgar in England was enormous. No doubt of her superiority on the seas could now remain, for the navies of her foes were wiped out. She was freed from the fear of invasion, and in spite of the tremendous subsidies paid on the continent, might hope for a revival of industry and trade. Napoleon's career was one long, thick shadow which hung menacingly over English life. The victory of Trafalgar was a great rift in the cloud. Consequently a disproportionate importance has always been assigned by her people and her historians to this battle, which, although it ended French maritime aggressions for the duration of the war, in reality changed but little the eventual course of affairs by land, and in no way interfered with Napoleon's operations for the moment.

It did not necessitate, as has been claimed, the notorious continental system, for that system was already in existence; it merely hastened the effort to enforce it rigorously enough to lame England by attacking her commerce. Her naval supremacy had been from the beginning a factor in determining French policy; it became after Trafalgar the most powerful element in molding Napoleon's policy, though it was not the only one. The Continental allies of England, while of course they rejoiced, felt that, after all, the effects of Nelson's victory were remote. For the moment Austria and Russia were engaged in a struggle which even Trafalgar did not influence to their advantage.

Napoleon's simple but characteristic remark on receiving the news was: "I cannot be everywhere." He began at once the reconstruction of a navy for the purpose of destroying commerce, but he never again assigned it any other share in his plans. In France there was a stunned feeling, but it quickly passed away under the influence of another event which marked nearly the highest point ever reached by the imperial power. The one noticeable result of Trafalgar was the quick defection it produced in Napoleon's grand army; this was symptomatic of an evil still in its initiatory stages, which, though easily cured for the moment, became in a short time periodic, and finally fatal.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

FOOLED HIM.

Marble's Body Has Been Embalmed Twice Up to Date.

When Mortimer Marble, an old resident of the eastern district, Brooklyn, finished making his will, more than five years ago, he was so afraid that some of its provisions would not be fulfilled that he carried the will about with him until the day of his death, which took place the other day.

Mr. Marble made the mistake of dying in Kentucky, where he was visiting Arthur J. Walker, a former Brooklyn resident, and an old friend. This made it impossible to carry out the provisions of the will.

The first section declares that he is to be buried beside his mother. This, of course, made it necessary for Mr. Walker to take the body to Brooklyn. It lay in state in the undertaking shop of James Reeves at No. 751 Broadway, that city. Reeves is the husband of a niece of Mr. Marble.

The first section also directs that the body shall not be buried for 96 hours, and that it shall be neither embalmed nor kept on ice.

The Kentucky undertaker knew that bodies can't be shipped unless they are embalmed, and so he paid no attention to this provision of the will.

In his lifetime Mr. Marble weighed about 100 pounds. The body arrived in a very large coffin.

Undertaker Reeves thought the body was not properly cared for, so he embalmed it again. He also took it out of the big coffin and put it in a smaller one.

Mr. Marble also directed that his funeral should cost no more than \$50. The bill of the Kentucky undertaker, the double fare to Brooklyn and the bill of Reeves already largely exceeded that sum.

So it will be seen that Mr. Marble made it impossible to carry out these provisions of his will, which he considered so important, because he died in Kentucky.

There are other things in Mr. Marble's will, which has been filed in the surrogate's office. He made Mr. Walker his executor and bequeaths him the collection of 60 violins, one of which is said to be worth \$2,000. To Mr. Walker he also gave all the testator's books except three, which are left to nephews and nieces, including Harriet G. Reeves, whose husband embalmed the body for the second time.—N. Y. Press.

The Daughter

The superior wisdom of the feminine mind is shown in the fact that the mother never rebels against her daughter's guidance. She is the first to discover the young woman's wisdom and she enjoys the security and sense of rest which comes from feeling that she has some one to depend upon, some one to think and plan for her. She regards it as providential that as the husband of her youth grows careless, as his judgment becomes untrustworthy as to details, as he grows inclined to shirk the little questions which arise in the conduct of the household, the daughter quite naturally takes up the neglected duties, and assumes the management of the affairs. Of course it is often difficult for the mother to live up to the course the daughter marks out. She sometimes finds herself deficient in the strength or wisdom the daughter expects from her. But this is not real trouble, for under it all is the comforting sense of being guided by a strong will, the sense of being free from responsibility for the social and domestic welfare of the family, filling the young woman's soul with satisfaction, flattering her with the consciousness of her great usefulness, making her realize her importance in the world.—Kansas City Star.

BLACK BOYS OF SAMOA.

Robert Louis Stevenson Describes the Plantation Workmen.

There are here a lot of poor people who are brought to Samoa from distant lands to labor for the Germans. They are not at all like the king and his people, who are brown and very pretty; for these are black as negroes and as ugly as sin, poor souls, and in their own land they live all the time at war, and cook and eat men's flesh. The Germans make them work; and every now and then some run away into the bush, as the forest is called, and build little sheds of leaves, and eat nuts and roots and fruits, and dwell there by themselves. Sometimes they are bad, and wild, and people whisper to each other that some of them have gone back to their horrid old habits, and catch men and women in order to eat them. But it is very likely not true; and the most of them are poor, half-starved, pitiful creatures, like frightened dogs. Their life is all very well when the sun shines, as it does eight or nine months in the year. But it is very different the rest of the time. The wind rages then most violently. The great trees thrash about like whips; the air is filled with leaves and branches flying like birds, and the sound of the trees falling shakes the earth. It rains, too, as it never rains at home. You can hear a shower while it is yet half a mile away, hissing like a shower bath in the forest; and when it comes to you the water blinds your eyes and the cold drenching takes your breath away as though some one had struck you.

In that kind of weather it must be dreadful indeed to live in the woods, one man alone by himself. And you must know that if the lean man feels afraid to be in the forest, the people of the island and the black boys are much more afraid than he; for they believe the woods to be quite filled with spirits; some like pigs and some like flying things; but others (and these are thought the most dangerous) in the shape of beautiful young women and young men, beautifully dressed in the island manner, with fine kilts and fine necklaces, and crosses of scarlet seeds and flowers. Woe betide him or her who gets to speak with one of these! They will be charmed out of their wits and come home again quite silly and go mad and die. So that poor runaway black boy must be always trembling and looking about for the coming of the demons.

Sometimes the women demons go down out of the woods into the villages, and here is a tale the lean man heard last year: One of the islanders was sitting in his house, and he had cooked fish. There came along the road two beautiful young women, dressed as I told you, who came into his house and asked for some of his fish. It is the fashion in the island always to give what is asked, and never to ask folks' name. So the man gave them fish and talked to them in the island jesting way. Presently he asked one of the women for her red necklace, which is good manners and their way; and he had given the fish and he had a right to ask for something back. "I will give it to you by and by," said the woman, and she and her companion went away; but he thought they were gone very suddenly, and the truth is they had vanished. The night was nearly come, when the man heard the voice of the woman crying that he should come to her and she would give the necklace. He looked out, and behold! she was standing calling him from the top of the sea, on which she stood as you might stand on the table. At that fear came on the man; he fell on his knees and prayed and the woman disappeared.

It was said afterward that this was once a woman, indeed, but she should have died a thousand years ago, and had lived all that while as an evil spirit in the woods beside the spring of a river. Sau-mai-ai is her name, in case you want to write to her.—Robert Louis Stevenson, in St. Nicholas.

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

Sooner Than Starve He Thought He'd Go Back to Chicago.

Black-browed Pete, the hero of 100 stage robberies and 37 train-wreckings, sat lost in thought. His dark brow was knitted and he held his chin in his hand, as he had seen other villains do. He was thinking; thinking thoughts of extra large caliber and big bore.

His wife, standing in the dusk and the shadow of the curtain, her white fingers woven together, watched his face furtively and her woman's heart told her things were going to happen.

At last he spoke. "Unless," he said slowly, though he did not forget to place the proper inflection on his last three words, "I get a job, we are doomed. We will return to Chicago, where, in its wilderness, I may once more lead my wild, wild life."

The woman shuddered. "Why, oh why, Pete?" she implored, and the howling of the wind outside supplied the shiver music. "Cannot we stay here? Do not drag me back to the life I had hoped we had left behind us for-ever!"

"Woman!" commanded her his angry, "I do nothing will count against me. I have robbed 23 people from drowning and perishing in the flames, and jumped from the ten highest bridges in the world, and yet I have been in New York ten whole days and not a manager has offered to starve! 'Tis a cruel world!"

And in the silence that followed the gentle throb of his faithful Waterbury might have been heard operating against his stalwart fifth rib.—Truth.

Doctors in Russia.

Russia has 15,740 qualified doctors, 310 of whom do not practice, giving one doctor to 8,000 persons throughout the empire. As by far the greatest number of the doctors live in the cities, and the urban population of Russia is only 14 per cent. of the whole, the peasants are poorly provided with medical assistance. One-fifth of the total number of doctors are in the army and navy, and 863 are women.—Chicago Chronicle.

Relieves Them All—25¢ Hours Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida.

The Monon Route with its customary enterprise has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours.

This train is composed of elegant Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibule, Open and Closed Compartments, including Drawing-Room and Buffet Sleepers, as well as comfortable day coaches, with Monon Celebrated Highback Seats.

This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:30 P. M., arriving at Cincinnati next morning 7:30, Chattanooga 5:50 P. M., Atlanta 10:40 P. M., reaching Jacksonville at 8:30 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.

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For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SEASOXA, N. W. Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

In families well ordered there is always one firm, sweet temper, which controls and assists nature in doing its work. The Greeks represented Persuasion as crowned.—Bulwer.

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

GADEBOOKS—"Old man Krankus says he has conscientious scruples against going to Europe." Zounds—"Why, how's that?" Gadbooks—"Well, you see, he is a prohibitionist, and if he went to Europe he would be described as a saloon passenger on the vessel."—N. Y. Tribune.

ESPY makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what may justify them.—Bishop Wilson.

In the South Sea—"Surely you remember Mr. Tweedies who preached the Gospel to your tribe ten years ago?" "Oh, yes! I remember him very well. He was delicious."—Life.

BEAUTY is the first present nature gives to women and the first it takes away.—Mere.

"MADAM," said the new boarder, "one of your family came very near dying last night." "Indeed, I was not aware that anyone was ill. Who was it?" "The man in the room next to mine who played the cornet till three a. m. He stopped just in time to save his life."—Detroit Free Press.

OBSCURITY and contradiction are like a paper kite; they are only kept up so long as you pull against them.—Anon.

"OCEAN steamships are like promissory notes," said Hicks. "You don't begin to worry over 'em until they're three days overdue."—Harper's Bazar.

THE WAR WHEEL—"Wheeler—"And don't you think the bicycle will ever be used in warfare?" Walker—"No, I doubt if it ever will get further than its present status, as a mere instrument for assault and battery."—Indianapolis Journal.

"THAT's the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen as her owner came around with a pan of cornmeal.—Texas Siftings.

A CHILD being asked: "What is the plural of forget-me-not?" answered: "Forget-us-not."—Household Words.

Good humor is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THERE is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and to look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly Maker.—South.

The Favorite Route to Florida, take advantage of the opportunity of going via St. Louis, making but one change of cars on 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. LANT, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

"HOW MUCH was that diamond ornament had stolen from you worth?" asked the theatrical interviewer. "Fifteen columns," answered the actress, absent-mindedly.—Boston Bulletin.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago.

"REY of the Hill," an Irish comedy by Jas. C. Roach, is the attraction at this house. Seats secured by mail.

ALL that is good in art is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

The Schiller Theater, Chicago.

"The Mountebank" begins Dec. 23d, and is a special production made by Frederick Ward of a celebrated play by D'Ennory.

A RELIGION that does not stick to a man during business is no good after business hours.—Texas Siftings.

IRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

PROVIDENCE has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.—Voltaire.

I use Pisco's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

A HORSE will pull with all his might, but never with his mane.—Texas Siftings.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent free. Dr. E. S. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. SEND THIS PAPER TO THE FREE BOX.

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

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent free. Dr. E. S. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. SEND THIS PAPER TO THE FREE BOX.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinge of SCIATICA IS THE WARNING TO USE ST. JACOBS OIL. DELAY AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

... A BARE OUTLINE OF ... DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

FIRST and foremost it must be kept in mind that DEMOREST'S is the only complete Family Magazine published. It is affirmed that DEMOREST'S combines all of the most excellent points of its contemporaries, and has inimitable features of its own.

DEMOREST'S IS ACTUALLY A DOZEN MAGAZINES IN ONE.

It is a Review for the studious man or woman; a Digest of Current Events and Ideas for the busy man or woman; a storehouse of interest for all. Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, matrons and maidens can find exactly what they need to amuse and instruct them, also practical helps in every department of domestic and social life. DEMOREST'S for 1896 will chronicle every Important Event of Daily Life, and Everything New in Art, Science, Mechanics, Politics, Adventure, Exploration and Discovery, always with profuse illustrations. It will contain a wealth of superbly illustrated papers on general topics, applying to all classes and conditions, instructive and delightful to everybody; and, in addition, it will publish the best and purest fiction from the pens of acknowledged geniuses of the world. It treats at length Out-of-Door Sports, Home Amusements and Entertainments; it gives a great deal of attention to the Children's Department, and "Our Girls," and has a Monthly Symposium by Celebrated People, in which are discussed important questions of the hour of interest to the older readers.

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of any magazine published. Through DEMOREST'S you can obtain all the Cut Paper Patterns of any kind and size that the members of a household can possibly require; for each number contains a Pattern Order good for one pattern if 4 cents be sent for postage, or from 1 to 30 additional patterns may be obtained on it by sending 4 cents for each extra pattern. This Pattern Department alone, at the lowest estimate, is worth from \$3 to \$5 a year to every subscriber.

READ OUR LIBERAL OFFER.

Experience has taught us that we can afford to lose money on your subscription the first year, because the chances are nine to one that you will always remain a subscriber. We will send you Demorest's Family Magazine, postpaid, for the twelve months of 1895, and, in addition, the November and December (Christmas Number) issues for 1895, if you fill out the coupon below without delay, and forward it, together with \$2.00, to the address below. This is equivalent to giving you fourteen months' for a year's subscription. This liberal offer is made for the first time, and, to avoid misunderstanding, you will please use the coupon below.

An exquisite reproduction in 21 colors of the Longpre's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12x23 inches) is given to every subscriber with the December issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. This issue is also enlarged and is picture with illustrations and reading-matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The Chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription; do not fail to get it. The original painting is valued at \$1,000, and the publishers guarantee that every reproduction cannot be told from the original. They will refund the money if the subscriber finds that this is not so, and that his copy is not satisfactory.

OUT HERE, AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

DEARBEST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR:—For the enclosed \$2.00, please send DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to the address below for one year, from January to December, 1895, both inclusive, and the November and December numbers for 1895. Also De Longpre's Water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture, and the other works of art that are to be published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE during the year.

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the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom?

For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who do not get from their food the nourishment they should. Poor blood is starved blood. You eat and are nourished. Consumption and scrofula never come when the blood gets its proper food. And nothing is better for starved blood than COD-LIVER OIL.

Scott's Emulsion

is COD-LIVER OIL with the taste taken out. It is for all who feel weak, have lost appetite or are losing flesh.

No one else breaks up cod-liver oil as it is broken up in Scott's Emulsion. If you break it up, get it. No substitute will do.

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Write at once for ILLUSTRATED BOOK, telling how to learn and secure a Railroad position. Address Valentines' Telegraph School, Jacksonville, Fla.

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PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURE WHILE YOU TAKE PISCO. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in Warm. Sold by Druggists.

Fall and Winter Overcoats.

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

One Cannot Imagine

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



SEE OUR NEW

OVERCOAT - - - -
CALLED THE
- - - GREAT COAT

MADE BY THE STEIN BLOCH COMPANY,
TAILORS.



Our New Great Coat.

ED. ERICKSON.

Dry Goods and Clothing.

ANNUAL

JANUARY CLEARING REMNANT SALE

Our January Sale is always a bargain-giver, but this one eclipses all previous years. The best values for the money.

1/2 OFF

Cloaks, Fur Capes, Shawls, Children's Worsted and Silk Hoods, Ice-Wool Shawls, Ladies' Hoods and Fascinators, Muffs, Embroidered and Stamped Art Linens, Silk Table Spreads, Pillow Covers, Throws, Etc.

ONE-FOURTH OFF

On all Fine Table Linens and Napkins, Hosiery and Underwear, Ladies' Dressed and Undressed Kid Gloves and Mitts, also Ladies', Misses and Children's Woolen and Silk Mitts, Corsets, Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes, Etc.

Sale Lasts All This Month.

ED. ERICKSON

Municipal Gossip.

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

Fred Hodges opens his billiard parlors to the public this evening.

Mrs. Greenwood and Mrs. Bernard, at 721 Ludington street, are prepared to furnish hot coffee, oysters in any style, and lunch at all times day and evening. Everything is first-class in all respects. Your patronage is solicited.

The mail carriers made one delivery on New Year's day.

Mr. Henry Gunter is the owner of a watch over 200 years old. It was made in Paris.

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.

For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in cases where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

A patent on an ore trimming machine has been granted to M. H. O'Brien of this city.

The parochial schools re-open on Monday next.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had a grippe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

Emma Schimberg skated into a crack in the ice Thursday evening, but was rescued by her two companions.

Go to Ireland on the 13th. It costs but 35 cents, at The Peterson.

Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Michigan for established, reliable house. Salary \$750 and ex-

penses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor Omaha Bldg., Chicago Ill.

Gibson had a big "lay out" New Year's eve.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Arnold on Monday.

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

The north bound passenger train was two hours late Thursday morning.

Circuit court convenes on the 20th inst. The public schools will re-open on Monday.

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.

Recompense.

In winter when it's snowing
And the storms are wildly blowing
And all the earth is covered o'er with robes
Of ice and sleet,
Oh, then our hearts are mellow
With compassion for the fellow
Who through the night is tortured with his
Wife's
Cold
Feet.

But when the days are torrid
And the nights are simply horrid,
And sweltering souls must lie awake and
battle with the heat,
Then he has a real bonanza,
(Pardon the extravagance)
Has the husband who is favored with his
Wife's
Cold
Feet.

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.

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. P. G. Dodge, Sec'y.

Opera House Attractions.

Pat. Kelly will appear at The Peterson on the 21st inst. in "O'Donovan's Dance." The play is highly spoken of by the press of the country.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

He Chose to Make His Home in the Piano.

A nice little animal story is given in Nature Notes, which raises the interesting question whether mice have a fondness for music. It is contributed by a musician, who says: "One evening I was somewhat startled at hearing my piano suddenly giving forth sweet sounds, apparently of its own accord. A mouse, so it proved, had got inside the instrument, and was making music on the wires. Whether this was intentional on mouse's part or not, I cannot say; perhaps he was trying to make a nest for himself there. Some years ago, however, while a piano was being played in the dining-room of my old home, several mice came out upon the hearthrug and began to jump about, apparently with delight at the sound of the music, and one allowed himself to be carried away in a tongs by the housemaid." After this, ladies ought to lose their antipathy to mice; indeed, we may soon expect some humanitarian dame to commence musical parties for their delectation. It would be amusing to see them dance, and form a really humane method of catching them.

A Queer Regulation.

A novel rule regulating the riding of bicycles on the sidewalks has been decided by the board of selectmen of the town of Stonington, Conn. No one will be allowed to ride a wheel on the sidewalk between the hours of six p. m. and six a. m., but during the day all bicyclists will be unmolested while on the sidewalks, provided they dismount when within 50 feet of any pedestrian. Thus if a rider prefers to use the sidewalks during the day he must not forget that when he sights a pedestrian it is his duty to dismount and wait until the person on foot covers the required distance of 50 feet. Then he can again mount to pursue his way without fear of falling into the hands of the constables.

Female Firemen.

In Wasso, Sweden, there is a feminine branch of the fire department. Their duties consist in filling four great tubs which constitute the water supply in case of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake, about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the others sending them back. Whenever the fire alarm sounds they are obliged to come out, no matter what the weather may be, the daughter of the house as well as the serving maid, and often their skirts freeze like bark from the water and the cold. If the men are away they not only carry the water, but bring out the hose and ladders and work the pumps.

Enlarging His Chicken Farm.

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 raising.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

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

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Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.
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Office at corner of Ludington and Georgia.
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DeWitty
Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of

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Butter Eggs and Cheese

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.

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A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF.....

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

WE HANDLE VERY EXTENSIVELY

Homer Laughlin's White Granite, the best made.
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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.

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