

RAPID RIVER RIPPLES

GENERAL NEWS FROM THE PROSPEROUS UP-THE-BAY TOWN

The Lumbering Camps Overrun With Peddlers and Hawkers—A Lively Week in Social Circles—General Rapid River News.

(Special Correspondence) Lumbermen complain of the frequency and nuisance about the camps of peddlers and hawkers in the line of cheap jewelry and watches and snide tailoring. There were no less than ten such sharks doing the camps north of here last Sunday, that day being chosen to give much time to "work the boys" while off duty. They, one and all, regard the woodsmen as "free suckers" and easy prey, and that they do not fall upon them, read them assunder and drive them out of the woods, can be accounted for only by the good nature and kind disposition of the woodsmen. A very few lumbermen play into the hands of these sharks by accepting orders promptly and receiving a part of the profits, but most of them are too honorable for that. We have here two merchant tailors and two jewelers who always deal fairly with the boys, and outside concerns should be given the bounce.

The ladies of the Catholic society gave a social at Louis Jerome's last Friday evening, for the benefit of the church. Dinners in sealed packages, containing also the name of a lady with whom the purchaser might dine, were auctioned off and a neat little sum was realized. Peter Cole fairly outdid himself in the wholesale purchase of packages, and the other gentlemen present experienced no little difficulty to prevent his getting a corner on the whole business. As it was he corralled five ladies.

A sleighload composed of Miss Maggie Flemming, Miss Edith Banning, Mr. W. Roseborough, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Murchie and Dr. and Mrs. Roseborough spent Sunday in Johnston's camp, twenty-three miles northeast of here, and were royally entertained by the foreman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston and the proprietor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston. They report four and a half millions skidded and the hauling well advanced.

A very pleasant social dance and supper was given at the Rapid River house Friday evening by Jesse Young, in honor of his sister Sarah's twenty-first birthday. Raymond Shady, Mand and Blanche Kinsel, Tedd and Reuben Young, Annie Ingley, Louise Colcomb, Willie and Edna Wolf, Sarah Bassford, Frank Hill, George and Charles Birch, William Gill, Lizzie Laraby and Mr. and Mrs. Flynn were among the participants.

Calvin Ackley and wife are both ill in Egg Harbor, Wis., whither he had gone near a fortnight ago to accompany her home to this place. She was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Carmody and about the time Mr. Ackley arrived, her maiden sister died. This event was followed in a few days by a still sadder one, the death of her mother, and now the sickness of Mr. and Mrs. Ackley still further detains them here.

The dress making establishment of Miss Rose Olson appears to be discontinued, the proprietress having gone to Minneapolis and her seamstress, Miss Jennie Morrison, to Gladstone. We are sorry to lose ladies so amiable and citizens so valuable.

Our inference that Mr. Kinsel had received good money for superintending the construction of our new schoolrooms was wholly in error. Careful investigation has proved to us that he asked nothing and received nothing.

Joseph Sennette is preparing to erect a large two-story building on the lot south of Henry Pfeiffer's meat market, the first story to be used for restaurant purposes and the second for living apartments.

James Youngs, formerly of this place, but more recently of Maple Ridge township, is wood workman in D. E. Johnston's blacksmith shop, and an exquisite one, too.

use of his sprained knee and is back at Schabale's camp on the east branch, and some of the fair ones are lonely.

Mrs. Chas. Hamilton resumed charge of her department of the school on Monday morning.

Dedrick C. Berg, L. L. D., has opened a law office in rooms nearly opposite the postoffice.

Henry Pfeiffer has removed to the apartments connected with his meat market.

The Paragon Cornet Band has bills out for a ball at Young & Merrill's hall Feb. 15th.

Alec LaFrambois returned home from Ann Arbor Thursday.

Mrs. Ole Johnson is able to be about the house again.

Mrs. Angus Peanough is gradually improving.

The Outlook Encouraging. The Pittsburg correspondent to the Engineering and Mining Journal has the following encouraging statement regarding the spring business in raw iron and steel:

Business conditions continue favorable. As a general thing most leading products have shown an advance and increased the volume of transactions. The financial situation and outlook have assumed a more encouraging phase, and while enterprise has been held measurably in check, as it is likely to be pending the outcome of the bond issue, there has been an evident abatement of apprehension of unfavorable developments. Iron and steel trade conditions show decided improvement and further price advances have been noted in Bessemer pig, gray forge and steel billets, with considerable business transacted at the leading markets. There has been an improved demand for finished products and the general price position is firmer, on account of the enhanced cost of production; but a proportionate recovery has been delayed by the continued competition between manufacturers, many of whom are still short of orders. The Pittsburg Forge and Iron Company started 10 puddling furnaces, putting 35 men to work.

Zag & Co. had to close down their plant owing to a break in the water main; the sheet mill has been closed since December 20th. There is an opinion among some dealers that accumulations of raw material and partly manufactured stock may continue for some little time to supply the steel trade and allied branches, but there are great divisions of the iron trade in which there are no stocks and in which heavy buying must soon begin.

The requirements this spring for raw and finished material are certain to be large if prices are not advanced so far as to prevent consumption and a steady and moderately profitable business is reasonable assured.

A Bicycle Path. Some of the more prominent wheelmen in the city are agitating the question of making a bicycle path from here to the Northwest crossing on the Wells road. The path is needed and would be a source of pleasure to all wheel owners as the road beyond that point is to be put in good condition in the spring and then we would have a pleasant route to Escanaba. The question should be kept alive and owners of wheels should come forward with their contributions.—Gladstone Delta.

Sues For Heavy Damages. On the 29th day of October last, John P. Metzler, while employed on the ore docks in this city, fell from one of the ladders and was killed. Now his widow, Mrs. Marguerite Metzler, through her attorney, James H. Clancy, institutes proceedings against the Chicago & Northwestern railway company to recover \$20,000 damages, setting forth the declaration that the ladder was unsafe, weak and insecure; that the company was negligent and consequently responsible.

Death of George O. Duncan. George O. Duncan, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, of this city, died at West Superior on Monday last of typhoid fever, at the age of twenty years. The remains were brought home and interred in Lakeview cemetery Tuesday afternoon. G. M. Rice Tent, K. O. T. M., of which society he was an esteemed member, attended in a body. The afflicted parents have the sympathy of many friends.

The Wheels in Motion. The machinery at the broom handle factory was started last Saturday for a trial test. The factory is now running and broom handles are being turned out at a rapid rate. W. L. Roseboom & Co. have had large experience in the manufacture of broom handles, and under the efficient management of Mr. Stratton the enterprise is bound to prove a success.

Waived Examination. Dr. W. W. Walker, under arrest at North Crandon, Wis., charged with abandoning his wife, waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of \$300.

Jumped the Track. The northbound morning passenger train was late Tuesday, caused by the locomotive leaving the track at Barkville.

No Quorum. The common council did not get a quorum Tuesday evening, and an adjournment was taken to the 13th inst.

"SKINNED TO A FINISH"

THE OPPOSITION GOES DOWN WEAKLY STRUGGLING.

Mayor Gallup Received His Desired "Vote of Confidence" on the Water Works Question—An Overwhelming Majority—The Vote.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather of Thursday was beautiful, it was a decidedly cold day for those who opposed bonding the city for \$50,000 for the purpose of constructing water works, and although but two days have elapsed it would be necessary for them to make affidavit that they were "in it even a little bit." The "vote of confidence" asked for by Mayor Gallup is his; the people have bowed to his will, and we await with no inconsiderable interest further developments in the matter which has agitated the public mind for more than a month. There were 780 votes polled, only 59 of which were in opposition to the measure. The vote was comparatively light, many who opposed bonding the city staying away from the polls because—as Mr. P. J. McKenna, the brilliant young editor of The Mirror, expresses it—the "preponderance of sentiment" was in favor of the proposition, and they were painfully aware that their ballot would not change the result of the election. The vote by wards was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Ward Name, Yes, No. Total: 781

The Iron Port is satisfied. The majority rules, and while we have opposed the measure it was not because we disapproved of Escanaba owning its own system of water works, but because we were not favorably impressed with the method pursued. We can only hope that the plan as outlined by Mayor Gallup is not a mistaken one and that the city will in no wise suffer from the result of Thursday's election. You will excuse us if we say no more on the subject—tis enough.

Deals In Delta Dirt. Following is a list of real estate transfers lately recorded in the office of the register of deeds:

Fred F. Wakefield and wife to Leander C. Wilhite, the east half of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 40, range 23; consideration \$1,600. Leander C. Wilhite and wife to Emma Faloon, the east half of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 40, range 23; consideration one dollar and exchange of property. Ford River Lumber Co. to Carl Nieman, 120 acres in sections 18 and 19, township 38, range 23; consideration \$494. Carl A. Sundelius to Jens C. C. Schei, 80 acres in section 55, township 39, range 22; consideration \$400. Emerie Reno and wife to Peter Groos, 40 acres in section 9, township 40, range 23; consideration \$320.

It Is Cleary Brothers. It has just been made public that John K. Stack has retired from the wholesale liquor business which he has carried on successfully in this city for many years. The firm will now be known as the Cleary Brothers, consisting of John J. and James P. Cleary. John J. Cleary will continue to act as salesman, in which capacity he has proven most successful, while James P. will attend to the home interests. The boys are wide-awake hustlers and The Iron Port predicts for them the unlimited success which they well deserve.

The Big One Being Improved. The big wrecking tug Monarch, owned by the Escanaba Towing & Wrecking company, is being materially improved, the work being supervised by Capt. Nyhagen, of Berger & Berger, Manitowoc. The tug will be housed in forward, and all except twenty-nine feet aft of her upper deck will also be housed. She will have four state rooms and a chart room, and other improvements.

Candlemas Day. Last Sunday was Candlemas day. The old superstition that hibernating left their winter quarters, and if during the day the sun shows so that they could see their shadow they would return and remain for the succeeding six weeks, and cold and stormy weather would continue for that time, is still in vogue. As last Sunday was a bright day, a late spring may be looked for.

A False Alarm. The fire department was called out yesterday forenoon by the burning out of a chimney on Wells avenue. No damage.

Erickson Wins the Race. The one mile race at the City Ice rink Thursday night, between A. Erickson and C. Peterson, was won by the former.

The Sheridan Looking Up. Capt. Gulgren, of the Sheridan mine, owned by Escanaba people, tells the Iron

County Reporter that by the time navigation opens the Sheridan mine will be in shape to get out a large amount of ore, providing a sale is made, and negotiations under progress at the present time indicate that such will be the case. The mine will be in shape to get out 75,000 tons of ore if necessary. The working shaft is now down to the third level. A drift to the north was run in about 40 or 50 feet, when a body of ore was struck, which proved to be of a very superior quality. A crosscut was at once started to the northwest, which at the present writing is in the ore about 55 feet without penetrating it. As soon as the ore is penetrated drifts will be run in to the east and west. In the upper levels this body of ore was only about 30 feet wide, which shows that as the levels are carried down it grows larger and better. Before the season opens the shaft will be carried down to the fourth level. During the shipping season it is expected that about 100 men will be employed.

This, That and T'other. There will be the usual services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday. In the evening Dr. Todd will continue his lecture on "The Bible versus its critics," and will discuss the usual criticisms made upon its morality and sociology. These are perhaps the most reasonable and formidable objections to the inspiration of the Bible and are seldom discussed in the pulpit, therefore the doctor's treatment of them cannot be interesting to both believers and sceptics. All are invited, and there will be the usual good music.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

The Junior League of the M. E. church will give a Valentine social on St. Valentine's night, Feb. 14th. An excellent program will be rendered. Light refreshments will be served in the lecture room where a postoffice will be kept for those wishing to send valentines to their friends. Admission, adults, 15 cents; children, 10 cents.

Our people are growing more and more in the habit of looking to Bert Ellsworth for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. He sells Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds, croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

The following named pupils of St. Joseph's parochial high school have been awarded medals for general excellence: M. Kenaely, B. Will, S. O'Brien, L. McDonald, A. Denton, M. Barth, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Shields, N. Walsh, M. Winegar, S. Conley, J. Klinger and J. Arnold. The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church will give a social, with a fine musical program, at the home of Mrs. Ole Erickson on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Erickson will serve lunch during the evening. Admission 15 cents.

The polo game which was played at the City Ice rink on Wednesday evening, between the boys of the City Ice rink and the boys of Murney's Ice rink, was won by the former by a score of 2 to 0. As The Iron Port goes to press Louis Morrison, of Ford River, is having a preliminary examination in Justice Glaser's court. He is charged with selling liquor without a license.

Every article at McNaughtan's grocery is fresh, crisp and sparkling. Stock just opened; no old goods in any department.

Situations guaranteed to all graduates of Dodge's Institute, Valparaiso, Indiana. Tuition: Full course, \$25; per month, \$5. Good board, \$2.40; furnished room, 30 cents per week. Write for catalogue. Geo. M. Dodge, Manager.

Get your Pictures and Picture Frames at Wixon's Studios, Escanaba and Gladstone. The only first-class galleries between Menominee and Ishpeming. Mesdames Peter Cole and Anse Caswell, in company with G. E. Merrill and wife, drove to Escanaba on Wednesday, returning the same evening.

The store building now occupied by E. Hofmann will be for rent after Feb. 1st. Apply to John Semer.

Mrs. John Schmidt wants a girl to do general housework. Apply at 209 Georgia street.

The City Ice rink was not open on Monday evening, owing to the exceedingly soft weather.

The Iron Port is a trifle sore. The Journal claims the credit of securing 50 out of the 59 votes.

Kennedy's crackers, the best on the market, at McNaughtan's new grocery. The band is at the City Ice rink on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

A full line of choice confectionery at McNaughtan's grocery. H. A. Breitenbach has again engaged in the meat business.

Choice creamery butter at McNaughtan's new grocery.

SAMUEL LIKES HIS JOB

CONGRESSMAN STEPHENSON WANTS ANOTHER TERM.

He Writes a Letter Defining His Position. He Regrets the Early Opening of the Political Ball—He Hears of Many Candidates.

It has been frequently asserted that the Hon. S. M. Stephenson, our present representative in congress, would not be a candidate for re-nomination, but all doubts on the subject are now put to rest by a statement from the congressman himself, which was published in Wednesday's Pioneer and which reads as follows:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.—Washington, D. C., January 28, 1896.—Mr. W. H. Hill, Manistique, Michigan.—My Dear Sir:—Inasmuch as a story is being circulated about the upper peninsula to the effect that I would not accept a re-nomination for congress, I deem it proper for me to inform my friends as to my position in the matter. I desire to say that there is no truth whatever in the report referred to, and it has doubtless been originated for use as a campaign argument by some of the aspirants for the congressional nomination. I am in receipt of many letters from leading republicans throughout the district urging me to come out for re-nomination, and as I feel that I am now in a position to accomplish more in behalf of the district than I have been able to heretofore, if it is the wish of the people that I continue as their representative, it is not probable that I shall ignore their wishes, and decline a re-nomination.

I regret an opening of political matters at this early date, but after hearing of the story which is being used, I have thought it necessary to place you in possession of the fact, so that any attempt by the congressional candidates, of which I am told there are many, to gain favor in your section by use of that false report, may be headed off.

With kind regards, and hoping to hear from you in case anything of interest occurs, I remain, Very truly yours, S. M. STEPHENSON.

Escanabr Township. Fred Feiter, who had the misfortune to get his leg broken a couple of weeks ago by a sleigh running over him, is improving quite rapidly and will soon be able to be around again.

John Reno, Jr., is sick, having been confined to his house since the first of the year. He had a severe attack of typhoid fever, but it is the hope of his friends that he will speedily recover.

Peter Duranceau, Jr., had a narrow escape from being killed a few days ago. A tree fell across his sleigh loaded with logs, a limb just merely touching the back of his head. It was a lively shaking up and Peter was scared.

The winter has so far been a very pleasant one, with scarcely snow enough to do business. Last Saturday Emerie Reno sold forty acres of land situated in the "Burnt Camp" district to Peter Groos. Consideration, \$320. Mr. Groos will extend his farming operations.

Candlemas day was bright and clear. According to the old sayings we are to have forty days more of winter weather.

John Reno, Sr., is down from his lumber camp, and reports business good.

A party of Escanaba people passed through town last Saturday morning, en route to Marcel Ashlin's lumber camp, where they had an entertainment.

John Pudvin and wife, of Baldwin township, visited here last Thursday.

E. La Risheler has 50,000 feet of elm and basswood banked on the river.

Our schools are getting on finely. Our school teachers seem to take special pride in their work, and as a result the scholars make rapid progress in their studies.

Miss Sadie Porterfield, who has been visiting with her cousins, Jasper and Anna Lawrence, returned to her home in Marinette a few days ago.

Frank Pease was appointed trustee of the township, and the law compelling children of school age to attend school will be enforced.

The following is the roll of honor for the several schools for the month ending Jan. 26th, 1896: School No. 1, Agnes Lavigne, teacher; Mary and Anna Zang and Geo. Odette. School No. 2, Katie Garvey, teacher; John Dusey. School No. 3, Maggie Dunn, teacher; John Busseau, John Budinger, Arthur Manore, Louise Merioger. School No. 4, Lucy Depton, teacher; Ernest Beauchamp, Alex Duranceau and Dona Duranceau.

Track Improvements. Messrs. John H. Cotterill and D. A. Oliver are collecting funds for the purpose of improving the race track by adding clay. Already something like \$200 has been subscribed. The improvements will necessitate an expenditure of about \$500, and it is to be hoped that that amount will be forthcoming.

Advertised Letters. List of letters remaining unclaimed for at the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for

the week ending Feb. 1st, 1896: Horridas Boleas, Evariste Boucher, Mfan Boyed, L. L. Brancie, Mrs. J. Calkins, A. Fasse, Sveu Haglund, M. W. Kane, Ponce, E. Moran, Otto Peterson, Chas. Sickett, Miss Mary Vandmore, Frank Waters, Jan. Winblad.

Nahma News. Miss Rose Forrest and a lady friend have been visiting with the parents of the former this week.

A post office inspector dropped in on the peaceful postmaster last Monday.

Born, to Henry Mercier and wife, on Monday, a daughter.

C. J. McGee left last Tuesday for a much needed vacation. He expects to be away two weeks.

A number of Nahma ladies took a sleighride across the bay Tuesday afternoon and report a delightful time. They were entertained at Van's Harbor by Mrs. Van Winkle. Following are the names of those who comprised the party: Mesdames Barlow, Root, Hafford, Bush, Van Dyke, Scherer, Good, Stratton, Eyer and Martin.

Fred Colony came down from camp Tuesday and enjoyed an evening on rollers.

The L. O. T. M. have engaged the hall for a dance on the evening of Saturday the 15th.

Frank Levelle and Joe Jolly have been trying fishing in some of the lakes up the river this week.

H. M. Martin is disposing of two cows by raffie.

Clarence Covert is laid up with a crushed thumb.

Mrs. Cardinal, of Ogontz, visited in town this week.

Andrew Johnson, of Ogontz, traded at the company's store Thursday.

A sleigh-load of Gardén ladies visited Nahma on Wednesday. We failed to hear their respective names.

Pem. Tucker, of Manistique, made us a short visit Friday.

G. J. Farnsworth went to Chicago Wednesday evening.

Walter Stratton made a trip to Escanaba Thursday evening.

Prof. Ulsarer now has an evening class in philosophy twice weekly.

Perkins School Notes. Report for sixth month ending Jan. 31, Mrs. Isabella Katen, teacher. Total enrollment, 60; boys, 28; girls, 31; average daily attendance, 42. Roll of honor: Annie and Madeline Krouth, Frances and Mildred Whitney, Mary and Emma Hall, Louisa and Emeline Geroux, Matilda and Joseph Beauchamp, Bessie Norden, Archer Lafrenier, Gertie Boupris and Helen Katen.

Our citizens recently raised a 45 foot flag staff and swung to the breeze a fine 12 foot "Old Glory" purchased by the school. An entertainment, consisting of flag exercises, recitations and dialogues, was given by the pupils to a large audience.

Frances Whitney, a bright little 8-year-old girl, won in the third grade spelling contest and received a large doll, which made her very happy.

Charles Nordstrom, our champion speller, is the proud owner of a handsome watch, presented by H. H. Winde, treasurer of the board of education.

The "Professor" Objects. To THE EDITOR OF THE IRON PORT:—Referring to a bill submitted to your board of education by a member thereof, for superintending the construction of the new school building, your Rapid River correspondent spoke of "another similar procedure here." As I am the only one who did that kind of work here, it may be proper for me to request him to inspect the records, and tell his admiring readers the terms on which I was appointed to oversee the building of the new departments and the exact amount of my bill. For the present, it will be charitable to attribute such blunders to ignorance. There may be no intention to stir up discord, but in a few instances he certainly writes without information. Though not of great importance, his constant prattle that no tax except school tax was levied here the past year, remains signally uncorrected, while it must be patent to himself as it is to every taxpayer that a bridge tax of one thousand dollars is spread on the roll. A few other reflections on me I can afford to leave to the judgment of the public. In the meantime I do not complain. I may do that when I am unable to take care of myself. J. W. KINNEL.

Attractions at the City Ice Rink. E. C. Gilmore, champion amateur ice skater of Marinette and Menominee counties, will skate a mile race against Escanaba's fastest skaters at the City Ice rink next Wednesday evening, Feb. 12th, and on the following evening a two-mile race will be skated. On Friday evening there will be a polo game. Charges for admission will remain at the usual figures.

Change of Date. The Chicago Rivals, the next feature of the Presbyterian ladies' lecture course, will appear in Escanaba on Wednesday evening next instead of Tuesday evening, as previously announced. The change is made necessary that the company may fill its other engagements in this peninsula. The Chicago Rivals have reorganized and have new and fresh talent.

Teas, coffees and spices at McNaughtan's.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

A GIRL OF INSIGHT.



"Do you have a good time in town?" "No-o; beastly hole; bores one to death." "But there is such a lot going on now. Did you not go to any theaters?"

appeared to find something of surpassing interest in them. "I think it would be very jolly to bring out Miss Armstrong one day, said her brother, don't you?" asked the girl.

pieces of heather in his curls, while she looked keenly down on his face. The top of his head was toward her; his eyes were fixed on the blue sea, where it appeared far away in the distance, so that he did not see her.

IN THE LACE CENTER. Historic Nottingham and Its Wonderful Working Machines. All too quickly I arrived at Nottingham, a most interesting place, and full of ancient memories.

EARLIEST VEGETABLES ALWAYS PAY. That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardener say. Well, why don't you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's northern growth seeds.

PURE Hood's Sarsaparilla. Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous, and there will be no dyspepsia.



"I AM GOING TO SIT IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT." "You should move," the man said. "I will unpack the things and hand you all you want."

"Ruth, do you feel inclined to come for a stroll?" The girl was sitting in a large basket chair in the garden on the cliff top. In her hand she held a magazine, but she was not reading; she was looking out over the sea, thinking of something which called up a little smile to her lips.

"But, Mark, how about that other girl, that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—care for her?" "Poo!" said the man, with unfeigned scorn. Care for her? I never did. One may flirt with a girl like that, but as to loving her, or—marrying her—well, I pity the poor fool who does.

SWITZERLAND'S PRESIDENT. He Enjoys a Tramping Tour Through the Country in Democratic Fashion. An amusing story is told of the late ex-President Schenk, of Switzerland.

PAIN often concentrates all its MISERY in Rheumatism. Use at once ST. JACOBS OIL. If you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

LOOK AT THE BOX. This is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa box—be sure that you don't get an imitation of it. Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

And those Irish people," said the girl, unconcernedly, idly sticking

And those Irish people," said the girl, unconcernedly, idly sticking

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BUT TWELVE AND A SOLDIER.

The Youngest Drummer Boy Regularly Enlisted During the War.

So Small That He Was Carried on the Shoulders of a Comrade—At Fort Donelson—Received a Confederate Officer's Revolver.

(Copyright, 1894.)

Probably the youngest soldier regularly enlisted in the service of the United States during the civil war was Charlie Bliss. He was just 12 years and 201 days old when he was enrolled as drummer in Company G, 49th Illinois Infantry, and he served more than three years, from October 13, 1861, to January 9, 1865.

Charlie was a typical western boy, fearless and quick-witted. The war fever caught him early, and shortly after Lincoln's first call for volunteers he ran away to join the Seventh Illi-



"OBEYING ORDERS, SIR."

nois. The men all knew him, and he was with them three weeks before he was found by his father. Charlie then was sent out to the farm with the promise that he should go to war when his father did. That time came in the latter part of September, when Mr. Bliss started to enlist a company of which he was to be an officer. There was serious objection at home when Charlie announced his intention of going, too. His mother declared she would not give up her boy; the father was embarrassed by his promise. Finally he took the boy with him to camp at



"LET ME GIVE IT TO THIS LITTLE BOY."

Springfield, intending to send him home when the troops were ordered to the front. This plan might have worked well enough had not the father been ordered to St. Louis on special duty. While he was gone the recruiting officer came along and Charlie was mustered in.

Charlie had told everyone he was going, and the father had never contradicted the boy's statement; so his only fear was that the recruiting officer would not pass him on account of his age and size. Already the boy had made a chum of Irish John McDonald, the piper, who afterwards carried him on his shoulders on many a long and weary march. As they were ordered out for inspection an idea came to him. Two bricks were hunted up, and on these Charlie was placed. So he stood alongside the big Irishman, his drum by his side and his head not up to the fife's shoulder.

The old sergeant who accompanied the recruiting officer saw the ruse, and with a grim smile said nothing. He didn't even push the marker on the measuring rod down, but sang out "five feet." The recruiting officer noticed nothing until the age was given. Then he looked up with a start and asked what the boy was doing there.

"Obeying orders, sir. I'm drummer boy for this company."

The recruiting officer was not satisfied. He questioned Capt. Moore, who told him that the boy came from the same neighborhood as the men, that his father was to be an officer in the company and had given his consent to the boy's going.

"All right, then," said the officer, "the boy shall go."

When Lieut. Bliss returned from St. Louis he found his boy a soldier indeed, and, listening to the pleadings of men and officers, finally agreed that the enlistment should stand.

At Cairo the regiment took boat and steamed up the Ohio to Fort Henry. It took but little part in that fight, but was in the front in the chase over to Fort Donelson. Knapsacks, overcoats, everything that could impede their speed, were thrown away by the men, and when they reached Fort Donelson a haversack, gun and ammunition were all each man carried. They were in time to be in the front when the first charge on the fort was made, and were within 15 feet of the walls when they were rolled back by the "Hangers" and "Tigers." In this charge Col. Morrison

was seriously wounded and the regiment nearly cut to pieces. This first experience of war kept Charlie Bliss busy. He helped his fife carry a stretcher, bore water and bandages to the wounded and made himself generally useful.

For three days these western troops fought in the most disagreeable weather. It was bitter cold, overcoats had been thrown away on the pursuit and the boys had nothing to eat except hardtack, bacon and coffee. Charlie Bliss' father got hold of a blanket, doubled it and pinned it around the boy's neck as a sort of cloak. He was so small the ends of the blanket just cleared the snow as he walked. But he never murmured, and was ready for anything that might turn up.

Company G was on the skirmish line on the second day of the fight. Charlie determined to see what the boys were doing, and crawled out to them, notwithstanding many a gruff "Get back there, you little devil." While out with the skirmishers the report was passed along that Lieut. Bliss had been killed. That settled it for Charlie; he wanted to fight, and, picking up a rifle, crawled over to a wounded sergeant and borrowed his ammunition. Out on the farm he had been taught to shoot, and he was a good marksman. He could hit a squirrel seven times out of ten, and this skill he now put to practical use. He and the sergeant lay behind a log on the side of the hill. Peeping over this and directed by his companion, he would take aim as coolly as if still sighting at squirrels; and so he fired away until his ammunition was gone and the skirmishers called in. Here, to Charlie's joyful surprise, he found his father unhurt. The remainder of that day and the next he was kept busy in the rear; but he was ready to march into the fort Sunday morning, after the white flag had been hoisted.

Lying side by side in a tent on the slope of the hill that bitter February morning were Gen. Logan and Col. Morrison. The flap was closed, and while they could hear the steady tramp of their western boys on the way to the fort, they could see nothing. Chaffing over their enforced quiet, they lay there growling at almost everything under the sun.

"There go my boys," suddenly exclaimed Col. Morrison, as the shrill note of a fife carried the strains of "St. Patrick's Day" to his ears.

"How do you know?" queried Gen. Logan.

"Because I have one of the few fife and drummers that came from the river," was the reply.

The 49th Illinois was drawn up in front of the 44th Tennessee. A soldier's tears rolled down the cheeks of Col. Abernathy, of the 44th, as he handed to Lieut. Col. Pease, of the 49th, his sword. It was a beautifully carved weapon, which had been presented to him by the ladies of Memphis. Col. Pease refused to take it, but told the confederate officer he must give up his revolver.

"If I must dispose of it let me give it to this little boy," begged Col. Abernathy, as he placed his hand on the drummer's head. Col. Pease assented; and thus Charlie Bliss received the pledge of surrender from a confederate colonel in the first great union victory in the west.

He carried this handsome six-shooter during the remainder of the war, and there was no other drummer boy armed as he was. The 49th and 44th breakfasted together that morning—the first good meal for four days; and after it was finished the men carried Charlie Bliss off and weighed him, blanket, drum, revolver and all. He balanced the beam at 87 pounds.

His experiences for the day had only begun. Before noon his father was sent out with a detail of 20 men to bury the dead of his regiment. They lay just where they fell during the three days' fight. The underbrush had caught fire, and some of the bodies were terribly burned. The cold had frozen the others stiffer than death had made them. But Charlie went along. These three days had made him a thorough soldier, and he went poking around through the underbrush and behind logs, calling out when the cap showed a man belonging to the 49th. In this search he found a confederate officer whose skull had been plover open by a minnie ball. He called his father and insisted that the man was living, because he saw his wound "smoking." The lieutenant was taken to the hospital, where he ultimately recovered—a recovery that is one of the famous cases of the war. He learned in the hospital that his life had been saved by a little drummer boy; but it was not until years afterward that he met Charlie Bliss in an Illinois town and learned who he was. That meeting was the beginning of a friendship which has lasted ever since.

BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP

A Lot of the Little Things That Women Like to Know.

New York's Athletic Grace—Mrs. Cleveland's Taste for Brass and Mrs. Miles' Fondness for the Indian—Olga Nethersole's Drapery Devices.

(Copyright, 1894.)

Julia Magruder got her material for her "Princess Louisa" when she was living with Amelia Rives Chanier in Paris. The two ladies are old and intimate friends.

Mme. Modjeska is a very fine swimmer.

Mrs. Miles, the wife of Gen. H. Miles, says she has high respect for the North American Indian, and she has lived much among them on the plains. "There is a great deal of dignity about an Indian," she asserted, but she likes them best when they have not been educated in the east. "Educate them," she says, "but do it amid the conditions to which they are accustomed and in which most of them spend their lives."

Fashionable New York women now are nothing if not athletic. They have taken to heart the doctrine that health



A MODERN APHRODITE.

is necessary to beauty. Their latest effort in the line of "development" is "punching the ball." They take lessons from men who box and spend a few minutes every day in the exercise that John L. Sullivan first brought to perfection. Marquis Lanza says that nothing else does so much for the general tone and nothing renders the carriage more graceful.

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, the philanthropist, has been a widow since her husband, Charles Lowell, was killed in battle near the close of the war. She keeps his sword hanging always upon her bedroom wall, and is still passionately devoted to his memory. He was a nephew of James Russell Lowell.

Mrs. Cleveland is very fond of artistic metal work, and patronizes a family



NETHERSOLE'S FIGURE DRAPING TRICK.

of artist-artisans in New York who have no shop but make and sell their wares in their own home. Most of her Christmas presents were pieces of iridescent brass made by a secret process known only to these people. To one of her own babies she gave a silver mug of very primitive but beautiful workmanship, like early German silver.

Rudyard Taylor's only child, Mrs. Killian, is living very quietly in New York, maintaining no very close affiliations with the literary circles about her. She is an intellectual woman with



FASHIONABLE ATHLETICS.

a Bostonian look, but she cares little for society in general. Her husband is a successful physician, a German, and she has several small children.

Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century, says that Eleanor Duse is one of the three finest talkers he ever listened to, the other two stars being Robert Louis Stevenson and John G. Farge, the painter. "Mme. Duse," he says, "talks in torrents when the inspiration comes, with great feeling and

vividness, and a sweeping quality that leaves qualifications and offsets to be made at another time."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton still plays on the piano the simple marches and waltzes that formed her modest repertoire when she was a girl. She counsels girls to get and keep such accomplishments.

Mrs. Kate Douglass Riggs, now a bride, still appears in literature under the name of her late husband, Mr. Wiggins. This is looked upon as a profes-



MRS. STANTON PRACTICES WHAT SHE PREACHES.

sional necessity, but it ought to be a warning to young women to make their careers under their own names, and their second marriages need not beget these embarrassing complications.

Mme. Modjeska is another woman in a similar position, as Modjeska was the name of her first husband. To be sure it is a better stage name than Logenta, the lady's present legal one.

The woman with a talent for dress says that Olga Nethersole is a model that all short women should study. She is a short woman who succeeds in making herself look tall, and this in a great variety of costumes. The one device that she always uses is that of making her waist short and preserving a long unbroken line from the belt to the bottom of the skirt. Too many short women have the madness to try to make their waists long, and they succeed in making themselves look duck-legged—a consummation devoutly to be shunned.

Patent leather shoes, or shoes tipped with that fragile material, should be always stuffed with cotton, or better still put on boot trees, when they are not on the feet. That keeps the leather from wrinkling and cracking. A pair or two of trees will soon pay for themselves in preserving shoes; they not only keep them in shape, but make any kind of a shoe wear longer.

Mrs. Alice Barbour Stevens is the one woman in America conspicuous in the front rank of our illustrators. She lives in Philadelphia, is young and pretty, has a handsome husband and a charming baby boy, and she loves pretty clothes.

JIM HARKINS' NARROW ESCAPE.

Disbrow's Finger Was Pressing the Trigger When He Declared for Peace.

Between the front door of the log house and the gate was a large stump, and on the stump old man Disbrow was skinning a woodchuck which had been caught in a trap that afternoon. I sat on a pile of firewood near by, and Mrs. Disbrow sat on the doorstep, smoking and knitting. The old man was telling me the story of his great fight with two bears as he worked away with his knife, when Mrs. Disbrow suddenly called out:

"Yo, Joe—look yan!"

"Yan" was down the road, and as my eyes followed her pointing finger I saw a man with a gun on his shoulder about 80 rods away and slowly approaching.

"It's Jim Harkins!" muttered the old man under his breath.

"Yer's yo'r gun!" whispered the wife, as she passed out the long-barreled rifle.

"Git fur the cabin, stranger!" whispered Disbrow, as he dropped down behind the stump and rested his rifle across it.

"What is it?" I asked of the woman, as we went inside and the door shut.

"It's Jim Harkins!" she replied. "He'un has said he would shoot the old man on sight! Reckon he's come to do it, but he'un will git plugged fur shore!"

"Perhaps he has come to make peace?"

"Dunno. Better if he'un has!"

"Can you see him from the window?"

"Yes; cummin' right along!"

"Is he going to shoot?"

"Mebbe not. Old man's got a dead rest on him, and if he'un takes that guff off his shoulder his wife will be a widder!"

"How are things now?" I asked after a minute.

"Yo' kin go out, sah. He'un left his gun by the fence."

She opened the door and I passed out just as Disbrow called out to the advancing man:

"Which is it, Jim Harkins—peace or wah?"

"Peace, I reckon!" was the reply, as he threw up a hand.

"Who's gwine to be the fust?"

"I am. That's my hand, Joe Disbrow, and I'm sorry fur the fussin'."

"And that's mine!" replied the old man, as he extended it.

The fug was brought out and peace and harmony fully restored, and after Harkins had departed I queried the old man:

"You must have been all ready to fire on him?"

"Him will never know it!" he whispered, as a shudder went over him, "but I was pullin' trigger when I seed he had cum fur peace. Jist another minit and my bullet would hev split his heart in two!"—Detroit Free Press.

The dagger ring, the blade of which was polished with one of the internal machines connected by the Italian. A tiny claw of steel was projected by a spring, and a scratch from this atrocious weapon meant certain death.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Fashion's Process of Evolution Develops Several Freaks.

Skirts Will Be Trimmed and Sleeves Will Be Smaller—Novelties in Evening Waists—New Collarets—Fancies and Fads.

(Copyright, 1894.)

In the process of evolution from one species to another, according to Darwin's theory, the connecting link has always been a hideous creature, ugly and nightmarish to behold, and its only object in life seemed to be to turn into the next higher species as quick as possible, and get itself off the earth forever. Let us hope that such is the mission of some of the developing fashions. There is the "mussing link" sleeve, for instance, which looks like a small sleeve just adding its shell. For one thing, such a sleeve is not honest. It shows that the designer really wanted to make a small sleeve and not having the courage of his convictions he tried to hide it with a sham. This style looks something like the familiar "angel sleeve."

Then there is the "freeze out" style which shrinks from removing the puff all at once, but keeps crowding it down farther and farther, until perhaps by good luck it will fall off altogether. Such a sleeve is prettier at the earliest stage when the puff is only a couple of inches below the shoulder. This reveals the outline of the arm where it is most beautiful—that is, if there is any beauty about it. One of the prettiest styles for a summer dress has a plain yoke reaching two inches below the shoulder points and fitting perfectly smooth over the upper arm. The puff is gathered on with a small heading and hangs very full around the elbow. The lower part of the bodice is gathered on a line with the sleeve puffs.

Another sleeve is plain for four giving the dress a decolete effect. Japanese silk makes up pretty this way.

inches, then has a four-inch puff run-



SKIRTS ARE TRIMMED AND SLEEVES LESS RAMPANT.

ning around the arm with a flounce falling over the large bishop puff beneath. The bishop puff reaches to the wrist, where there is another narrow puff just large enough to pass over the hand. This sleeve belonged to a dress that had a trimmed skirt which, by the way, is another species in the embryonic stage.

Whether they will succeed or not it is hard to say, but the costumers will make strenuous efforts to introduce trimming on the new skirts. A few Parisian skirts have gone panels with trimming running up and down beside them. This is an advantage in remodeling an old dress. Two skirts that harmonize may be put together by this means. There is no end to the variety of passementerie and jeweled trimming that can be had to give the refurbished gown an appearance of newness.

Speaking of trimming, one can buy set pieces of it for yokes to old waists for about three dollars which give a very dressy effect. Go to the trimming sales and see what you can get in the way of festoons of jet or jewels and applique pieces when you are wondering what to do with a dress that is scuffed but not nearly worn out.

A remnant which one buys for three or four dollars may be made up very cheaply with the trimmings I have been talking about, and in this way one gets a pretty spring dress at a very little cost—especially since haircloth is no longer an essential. The new lining that is stiff but very light is much better than haircloth and much cheaper, too. A skirt nowadays need not be more than four or five yards wide. It is lined with cheverette, bound with velveteen, and finished with a ribbon ruffle around the inside. Some of the evening skirts have velvet trimming.

A Dresden silk gown with a train had an immense amorphous blue velvet bow just below the right knee. There were three or four ostrich tips standing out and up against the skirt. The bodice had large blue velvet sleeve puffs with ostrich feathers and blue velvet bows on the shoulders and at the waist.

Evening waists are made of Dresden or other silks and figured or dotted

chiffons. Plain chiffon is not worn. Pale blue figured chiffon makes a pretty waist to wear with a black silk or satin skirt. Those jeweled belts that fasten rather loosely about the waist are a great addition to such an evening toilet. The cut silver belts which so many of us received for Xmas presents will serve well for folks that cannot afford jeweled girdles.

Not all of us can wear whole chiffon waists, either, more's the pity! We must be content with a yoke or front or a berth of the slimsy, adorable stuff. This brings us to the subject of collarets and fichus.

The new collarets are split in front, and perhaps on the shoulders, too, which explains why it is possible to buy a black neck trimming with white lace applique yoke and black chiffon bertha for \$4.90.

Another exquisite neck piece is a combination of green chiffon and white lace. There is a stock of green chiffon with three little lace panes peeping over the top on each side of the chin. To the stock is sewed a white lace yoke about three inches long, beneath which is a double berth of accordion-plated green chiffon with a white valencienne edge. Its price ready-made is \$4.90, but an ingenious woman ought to make one for herself at a cost of \$3 at most. This is the style that is beginning to go out, though it is still very much worn. The new ones that are split in front have a V-shaped opening with the point at the top. A stock with a yoke of ribbon and insertion with lace gathered around it makes a pretty neck trimming that is cheap but not especially new.

One variation that can be used to advantage is to make the stock pointed in front. A pretty collarette with such a stock of gold-colored ribbon had a full ruching of white ribbon standing an inch above it around the face.

A suitable collarette for second mourning has a yoke of black chiffon with white lace applique trimming and a double row of chiffon with a satin edge.

A little later in the season we shall see embroidery collars out in full force.

Many of them have cuffs to match. Most of them have collar bands of insertion, but a few turn in over the band of the dress, leaving the neck once more visible. This will be a comfortable summer fashion and it is to be hoped it will be popular. A collar like this was made of white pique with bands of insertion radiating from the neck, and edged with three-inch embroidery. The cuffs to match turn back and are also edged with embroidery making them nearly four inches wide.

Cuffs are the correct thing now. The Marie Antoinette sleeve that is shorter on the inside seam than it is on the outside, has a cuff that flares and is about four inches wide. A band of trimming or a puffed piece around the hand is also admissible.

A new thing in the collar line is made of black satin. It is a stock with a small tie attached that appears to come from the back of the stock and tie in the small butterfly bow in front. It has a white satin cording at the top edge so that there is no necessity for a linen collar, though one can wear with it if desired. It can be bought for 75 cents, but made much cheaper.

In gloves one of the prettiest evening shades is a red that is almost crimson. Street gloves are not so heavily stitched as formerly and the stitching matches the glove. A new white glove has a white stitching for its middle line with a black chain stitch all around it. The new gloves have five buttons—and by the same token four button gloves are cheap, and we that are poor but thrifty are profiting thereby.

—ANNIE LAURIE WOOD.

Luck and Ill-Luck. "Minks—My stars! The worst has happened. I cannot pay ten cents on the dollar."

Winks—You are luckier than I am. When I failed I had so much property left that I had to pay 50 cents on the dollar. —N. Y. Weekly.

Histrionic Note. "Hist!" said the tragedian. "He was—Judge."

The Iron Port

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

A BIG QUESTION.

The national board of trade is very emphatic in its protest against the doctrine of government ownership of railroads, but equally emphatic in its demand for a wise, firm and continuous supervision of the operation and management thereof.

The question of government ownership of large enterprises now owned and controlled under legislative restrictions by private or corporate interests, is a very broad one, says the Detroit Journal. The opponents of it are confronted with the fact that governments—national, state and municipal—do own and conduct large and small enterprises of like character, and they are asked where they would draw the line.

On the other hand, the opponents of this doctrine, claiming to foresee the danger there is in its establishment, stoutly protest that it would place all such enterprises under the control of designing politicians and that the result would practically be political ownership instead of government ownership of railroads, and all other corporate interests.

There are arguments on both sides of this question and the process of weighing the one against the other is keeping many thinking men busy. As a rule, between two extremes there is a mean where ripened public judgment drives its stake, but in this case he is indeed a wise man who knows just where to draw the line between government ownership and individual or corporate ownership.

Because this is so, it may be safely assumed that the American people are not yet ready to take any radical new departure from existing systems, but are willing always to be led along safe paths of progress as fast as they can go and be sure of their footing.

Lord Salisbury's recent public admission that England could not carry on a large war of aggression in a distant country drew out a great deal of fervent criticism from the jingoes of his own country.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that Congressman Stephenson has decided to be a candidate for renomination. If the report is true there bids fair to be "moose," as there are already several avowed candidates in the field.

Ex-President Harrison has issued a formal declination to enter the presidential race. He expresses himself grateful for past honors and says the party should choose a new leader.

Theodore Runyon, United States ambassador to Germany, died suddenly on Monday last at Berlin.

Potter Palmer, of Chicago, is likely to be named to succeed Runyon as ambassador to Germany.

J. M. Wilkinson will not be a candidate for re-election to the office of state treasurer.

Legal.

ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL purposes and for appointment of an administrator—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the third day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

ized army furnished with the latest equipment, they would have little chance of success, and their 100,000 would be utterly insufficient to meet the foe.

It is often said that the art of war has been developed to such an extent that it virtually compels peace. This assertion is well founded. Men who are informed as to the military resources of the nations of the world do not talk rashly about war.

A Minneapolis paper gives the allotment of output of ore for 1896 between the ranges of the Lake Superior iron field under the agreement said to have been entered into by producers at their secret meeting held recently at Cleveland as follows: Mesaba range, 3,500,000 tons; Vermillion, 1,100,000 tons; Marquette and Menominee ranges, 1,400,000 tons; Gogebic, 2,500,000. Total, 10,500,000.

A person engaged in large commercial operations frequently crystallizes the business situation in terms more vivid and more convincing than the language used by the greatest of orators. Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, is one of the most active and most extensive operators in Ohio, who has had an opportunity to see the phases of every trade during the past year.

Think twice before stopping your home paper. Has the town a better, truer friend? Is there any other agency that will or can do as much for a town as the home paper? Is there any outside paper that takes any interest in this town except in the matter of dollars and cents? Do not allow glib-tongued canvassers with never-to-be-fulfilled promises persuade you to give up your home paper for theirs.

The monthly statement of the public debt, issued by the treasury department Saturday, shows the public debt on January 31, 1896, less cash on the treasury, to have been \$953,046,237, an increase over last month of \$5,747,975, which is accounted for by a decrease during the month of \$6,435,422 in the cash in the treasury.

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Now that the special election is over, the next thing will be something else.

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Legal.

First Publication January 18th, 1896. PROBATE ORDER for hearing final account. State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. Probate Court for said county.

First Publication Feb. 1, 1896. CHANCERY SALE—Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the circuit court of Delta county in favor of Harry L. Hutchins, against the goods and chattels and real estate of Eugene Gill, in said county, to me directed and delivered by the court on the twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. 1896, I have taken and will take the following described real estate, that is to say:

CHANCERY SALE—State of Michigan, circuit court for the county of Delta, in chancery. Fairbanks Lodge No. 395, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, complainant, vs. Christian Knudson and Bertha Knudson, defendants.

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

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

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New Process

Laundering Woolens.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ESCANABA DENTAL PARLORS. Drs. Fraser & Thibault, Dentists. Office at corner of Ludington and Georgia.

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

HENRY & LINN,

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

CUTTERS

Which they Offer to the Public at Lowest Possible Prices.

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LOWEST RATES BEST SERVICE For Particulars write W. R. CALLAWAY, Gen'l Pass Agent, Minneapolis, Minn. L. J. PERRY, Agent, Escanaba.

Groceries.

James S. Doherty,

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CHOICE AND FANCY GROCERIES

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Butter Eggs and Cheese

A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.

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

PURE IN QUALITY, CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

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

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

A. H. ROLPH,

509 Ludington Street. Escanaba, Mich.

Drugs and Medicines.

REMOVAL

Masonic Block.

We beg to call your attention to the fact that we have removed from 410 Ludington street, to 611 Ludington street (Masonic Block), where we invite all of our old customers and many new ones to call upon us.

We are better prepared than ever before to supply you with Pure Drugs, Medicines, Druggists' Sundries, Blank Books, Stationery, etc.

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

Yours for Business,

J. N. MEAD.

Lumber Yard.

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

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PAT FOGARTY,

600 Ludington St. FLOUR, FEED, HAY and GRAIN

All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.



Only a few days more and the beginning of Lent will put a temporary check to what has been the liveliest social season Escanaba has had in years.

The second meeting of the Crescent Pedro Club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wall last Tuesday evening.

Mr. George Walker, of Escanaba, and Miss Josephine Norton, of Perkins, were married at St. Joseph's parsonage on Wednesday morning.

Chauncey Yockey went to Fond du Lac last Saturday, where he attended the funeral of a cousin.

Mrs. Charles Becker, son and daughter, and Miss Lottie Peterson will leave this evening for California, where they will spend several months.

Frank Armstrong left on Monday for Michigan City, Ind., where he will visit friends and relatives for about three weeks.

Jesse McCourt, who spent Sunday with his parents, left for Marquette on Tuesday, where he will call on his customers.

A. P. Smith, of Gladstone, has decided to take a partner in his law office in the person of Raymond Empson.

Geo. Fitzpatrick, who has been visiting at Chicago and Minneapolis, returned home on Wednesday.

Hon. John Power visited with his family on Sunday, returning on Monday to Grand Rapids.

Beverly Murphy, of Appleton, was in Escanaba on Wednesday, en route to the Soo.

H. C. Larson left on Tuesday for Kalamazoo, where he will visit for a few days.

Joseph Wickert called on his customers at Bark River on Wednesday.

Chas. Scott, of Flat Rock, spent a portion of the week at Marquette.

Mr. Larson, of Green Bay, was among his customers on Monday.

G. E. Bachrich made a business trip to Manistique Monday.

Otto L. Metz, of Gladstone, spent Sunday at the county seat.

C. D. McEwen returned home from Antigo on Tuesday.

W. B. Linsley was at Chicago on Wednesday.

David Horwitz, of Manistique, was an Escanaba visitor on Thursday, and The Iron Port acknowledges an agreeable call.

Mr. Horwitz is a member of the Rapid River merchant tailoring firm of Schuman & Horwitz, and has spent the past fortnight at the town at the head of the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McRae arrived in Escanaba from Chicago Wednesday morning. Mr. McRae has taken a position at the Hill Drug Store.

The party given by the Women's Relief Corps, at Peterson's hall last evening, was well attended and proved a most pleasant affair.

Rev. James Pascoe who was pastor of the M. E. church in Gladstone in its early days is now stationed at Menominee.

Miss Lizzie Dinneen very pleasantly entertained a party of young friends with cards and dancing on Tuesday evening.

Harry Thompson left on Wednesday for Fond du Lac, Wis., where he will visit with his parents for a few weeks.

Mr. Harry Fletcher, of Marquette, spent a portion of the week with his sister, Mrs. Will Craig.

Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Marquette, is visiting friends and relatives in the city this week.

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

A. Leighton and C. J. Dady made a trip across the bay Saturday.

Richard Roth was at Foster City on a business trip Wednesday.

Henry Hagemister transacted business in the city on Tuesday.

Rev. Fr. Becker, of Norway, was in the city on Tuesday.

Geo. Deloughery transacted business in the city Tuesday.

Supt. T. J. Tracy returned from Garden on Tuesday.

The birthday party at Baptist hall last Wednesday evening was a decidedly pleasant affair, and the Juniors netted a handsome sum therefrom.

Mrs. Lew. A. Cates returned on Thursday from a three weeks' visit with friends and relatives in the Badger state.

Mrs. Otto Ecke and children, of Negaunee, attended the funeral of Mrs. John Lehr last Sunday.

Tony Wickert and wife are visiting with the family of Jos. Wickert, this week.

Wm. Martin was at Rapid River and a number of camps this week.

Col. G. T. Burns made a business trip to Marquette on Monday.

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

Russell Willie, of Whitney, was in the city on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were pleasantly surprised yesterday afternoon, by the Ladies' Aid society. It being Mrs. Williams' birthday, she was made the recipient of a handsome set of dishes and many other gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Abenstine entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening last, cards being the principal amusement.

Geo. T. Burns will accompany Hon. Isaac Stephenson, of Marinette, F. Armstrong, of Peshigo, and S. W. Wyatt, of Chicago, to the various camps of the I. Stephenson Company early next week.

"Union Defenders' Day"—Feb. 12th—will be appropriately observed by Dixon Camp, S. O. V., at the rooms of the Opera Club on Wells avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lehr, of Howard Grove, Wis., attended the funeral of Mrs. John Lehr in this city on Sunday last.

Mrs. Cora Lamping, of St. Joseph, Mich., is in Escanaba soliciting financial aid for the Michigan Children's Home Society.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Kratze left for Chicago and New York on Thursday where they have gone to purchase spring goods.

Miss Winnie Stoik who has been visiting at Marquette for the past two weeks returned home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chambers visited Mrs. Chambers' parents in Marquette the first of the week.

Mrs. Paul Kelly received painful injuries by falling on the icy sidewalk Sunday evening.

Rev. Fr. Mesnard and Jos. LaPointe are making a brief visit in Montreal.

Miss Ida Collins, of Gladstone, visited friends in Escanaba this week.

Ben Bergerson has returned from a visit to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Mr. Keyser, of Foster City, was in the city on Wednesday.

W. F. Walker is visiting with his sister Mrs. T. B. White.

Will Look returned from his southern trip on Tuesday.

Tom Sheehan went to Negaunee on Wednesday.

M. Cappernull left on Thursday for Chicago.

A. Z. Sourwine has returned from college, and has taken a position with the Sourwine Drug Company as prescription. By the way, A. Z. has our thanks for a program of the commencement exercises of the Northwestern school of Pharmacy.

Mr. Daniel Boyle and Miss Annie Hartwick, both of Escanaba, were married by Justice Emil Glaser on Wednesday.

Will, May and Edith Harris, of Gladstone, came down and enjoyed themselves at the W. E. C. party last evening.

Postmaster Henry Cole and Township Treasurer G. E. Merrill, of Rapid River, were in town yesterday.

Joe McGuire came down from the wood on Wednesday, and circulated among his friends several days.

Miss Addie Houle, of Gladstone, visited with friends and relatives in the city a portion of the week.

M. J. Doyle, of Menominee, author of "Swan Swanson," was in the city on Tuesday.

NEW CHURCH DEDICATED

THE MASONVILLE M. E. MISSION CHURCH.

Rev. A. Raymond Johns Conducts the Ceremony—The Programme—Brief Historical Sketch by Mrs. J. W. Naugle.

The new Masonville M. E. Mission church of the Gladstone charge was dedicated last Sunday morning by Rev. A. Raymond Johns, assisted by Rev. F. F. Crane. The following is the program, a hundred copies of which were mimeographed by Mrs. A. B. Johns, for general distribution in the congregation:

The present communicants are: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lapine, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Lanford, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Naugle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Lizzie Froberg, Minnie Froberg, Hannah Lenberdt, L. Susan Lenberdt, Albertine Lumberg, Wm. J. Miller, Essie Naugle, Mrs. C. A. Naugle, Albert Naugle, John Spearin, Mrs. Sarah Scott, Nellie Scott, Arvine Miller, Sarah Miller and F. F. Davis.

The Masonville choir consisted of Mrs. J. W. Naugle, organist; Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, first soprano; Edna Miller, second soprano; Essie Naugle, first alto; Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, second alto; J. S. Armstrong, tenor; W. J. Miller, bass. The members of the male quartette were: Rev. A. R. Johns, first tenor; Geo. Matthews, second tenor; Jas. Matthews, first bass; Geo. Hicks, second bass; all of Gladstone. The sermon was interesting and impressive.

The following is an outline of the historical sketch by Mrs. J. W. Naugle: In August, 1893, Rev. Jas. Stannaway, representative of the Sunday School Union, organized in Masonville a Sunday school of twenty scholars with Rev. Weber, of the Rapid River Congregational church, as superintendent, and Mrs. Patterson as secretary. When Rev. Weber left Rapid River in October Mrs. Lanford was made superintendent and Miss Funk secretary. The school was soon after discontinued but reorganized early in February, 1894, at the home of Mrs. Logan, with Mrs. Naugle as superintendent and Miss Funk as secretary.

In November failing health made it necessary for Mr. Tait to withdraw and Rev. A. R. Johns, of the Gladstone Methodist church accepted the invitation to take charge and soon afterward organized us into a Methodist mission with four full members and seven probationers, such being the choice of the christian people of the place by a vote of six to seven. Dec. 15 Presiding Elder Rev. J. E. Whalen administered the communion. The board of stewards appropriated \$75 a year towards the minister's salary, which was paid in full and \$5 more, and services were given every Monday evening. An organ was soon purchased, the room furnished with fifty chairs, lamps, stove and the room papered. Sunday school was held every Sunday afternoon and a young people's meeting was organized and held every Sunday evening, a society that developed a King's Sons and Daughters' circle and a Loyal Temperance Legion, while the Sunday School increased from nine to forty, has always been self-supporting, and has at present a library fund of \$15.00.

A Ladies' Aid society, which was organized Nov. 7, 1894, has been a very efficient help, having turned into the treasury the neat sum of \$159.00. About the 1st of October, 1895, the idea of a church building took firm hold of the people and while the burden of the work had thus far been borne by the women, all now gave a willing hand. Hon. Richard Mason donated a ten-year lease of a lot, a subscription of \$268.50 was raised and a building finished which, with bell and carpeting, cost \$351.16. The children collected \$14.95 and paid for the steeple. Her sketch ended announcing the present membership of the church at twenty full members and seven probationers, J. W. Naugle I. L. Lanford, Wm. H. Reynolds and F. F. Davis being the trustees; Mesdames Annie Naugle, Jennie Reynolds, Emily Lanford and Ray Armstrong, stewards; J. S. Armstrong, class leader, and Mrs.

When Death has entered the home and taken away one of our number, how swift and crushing come regrets and remorse. Death magnifies relentlessly. If we had known that our loved one was to leave us so soon, how differently we should have done! But resolutely we must turn our back on these vain moanings, and though the heart is breaking and bitter tears flow in solitude, with Christ at our right hand we must turn to those who are still left to us, making our life for them what we wish it had been toward the dear one whose earthly presence we feel no more. Our grief must not cast a shadow across the happiness of the children, nor unfit us to carry the burdens of the weak.

Advertisement for '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.

A great softener and refiner of human nature is sympathy—a putting of ourselves in another's place, and excusing where we cannot understand. Scattering blessings everywhere are those who have "A heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathize!"

When Death has entered the home and taken away one of our number, how swift and crushing come regrets and remorse. Death magnifies relentlessly. If we had known that our loved one was to leave us so soon, how differently we should have done!

The Central Magazine for February opens with an interesting description of "Constantinople—The Queen of the East," written by Antranig Azherin, a native Armenian. He says: "At last the happy day came when on my way to the American shores I beheld this Mecca of my imagination, and spent some weeks amongst its mosques and shrines."

Candied ginger is a good dinner-sweetmeat, as are also fresh dates. To prepare the dates cut them open, remove the pit and put in its place a blanched almond. Dip the whole in confectioners sugar and white of egg and allow to harden before serving. Prepare some on Saturday for a Sunday treat for the children.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

On account of the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, La., and Mobile Ala., the Northwestern line will, from February 10th to 16th, inclusive, sell excursion tickets at very low rates; good for return passage until March 14, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to ticket agents Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, A. D. 1895, of the condition and affairs of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, organized under the laws of the State of Michigan and doing business in the counties of Schoolcraft, Delta and Menominee, in said State.

GEORGE W. BOUSCHOR, President. D. W. THOMPSON, Sec'y. P. O. Address: Manistique, Mich.

MEMBERSHIP table with columns for Number of members December 31, of previous year, Number of members added during the present year, Total, Deduct number of members withdrawn during the year, and Number of members now belonging to company.

RISKS table with columns for Amount of property at risk December 31, of previous year, Amount of risks added during present year, Total, and Deduct risks canceled, withdrawn or terminated.

RESOURCES table with columns for Whole amount of premium or deposit notes belonging to the company, Reduction of above by assessments, Unassessed portion of said notes, Cash on hand, Assessments of past year uncollected, Assessments of prior years uncollected, and Nature and amount of all other resources.

LIABILITIES table with columns for For losses due and payable, For losses not matured, Due or to become due for borrowed money, Nature and amount of all other claims, and Total liabilities.

RECEIPTS table with columns for Premium or deposit notes taken during the year, Cash premiums received during the year, Cash collected on assessments levied during the year, Cash collected on assessments levied in prior years, Cash from membership or policy fees, Cash from increased or decreased insurance, and Cash income from all other sources.

DISBURSEMENTS table with columns for Losses actually paid during the year, Salaries and fees paid to officers and directors, Fees retained, Amount of premium or deposit notes returned to members, Assessments charged off as uncollectable, and All other disbursements.

SCHEDULE A and SCHEDULE B tables listing Name of officer or director, Items of "All other expenses," and amounts.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS table with 11 numbered questions regarding assessments, rates, and property valuations.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Schoolcraft. George W. Bouschor, president, and F. G. Dodge, secretary of said company, do, and each for himself doth depose and say, that they have read the foregoing statement, and know the contents thereof, and that they have good reason to believe, and do believe, said statement to be true.

Sworn and subscribed before me, at Manistique, in said state and county, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1896. Notary Public in and for Schoolcraft County, Mich.

Advertisement for 'Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries' by E. M. St. Jacques. Includes text 'I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE' and 'Choice Brands of Flour'.

The Iron Port

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

A BIG QUESTION.

The national board of trade is very emphatic in its protest against the doctrine of government ownership of railroads, but equally emphatic in its demand for a wise, firm and continuous supervision of the operation and management thereof.

The question of government ownership of large enterprises now owned and controlled under legislative restrictions by private or corporate interests, is a very broad one, says the Detroit Journal. The opponents of it are confronted with the fact that governments—national, state and municipal—do own and conduct large and small enterprises of like character, and they are asked where they would draw the line. The friends and advocates of government ownership say it is economy for a municipality to own and run its lighting plant, its own water works, etc., why not its street railway systems, and so on? And so reasoning by analogy and rising from the smallest to the largest form of government, the logical landing place is squarely in the lap of socialism.

On the other hand, the opponents of this doctrine, claiming to foresee the danger there is in its establishment, stoutly protest that it would place all such enterprises under the control of designing politicians and that the result would practically be political ownership instead of government ownership of railroads, and all other corporate interests. They also insist that under government ownership the inspiration that now moves into constant activity the productive energy of private capital and ambitious labor, would be gone, at least to a large extent.

There are arguments on both sides of this question and the process of weighing the one against the other is keeping many thinking men busy. As a rule, between two extremes there is a mean where ripened public judgment drives its stake, but in this case he is indeed a wise man who knows just where to draw the line between government ownership and individual or corporate ownership.

Because this is so, it may be safely assumed that the American people are not yet ready to take any radical new departure from existing systems, but are willing always to be led along safe paths of progress as fast as they can go and be sure of their footing.

Lord Salisbury's recent public admission that England could not carry on a large war of aggression in a distant country drew out a great deal of fervent criticism from the jingoes of his own country. But the hot patriots have subsided as rapidly as they rushed into print, because there was too much "horse sense" in the Premier's view of his country's military power, says the Evening Wisconsin.

The wars of the future will have to be prosecuted on a tremendous scale. Armies must be large and their equipment complete in every detail. To carry an army across the sea in force sufficient to effect a landing against an army of home defenders would require vast transport fleets which would be subject to all the risks of the sea, and open to attack by the enemy's cruisers. It would take a small navy to convoy such a fleet of transports, and if the attacking fleet were met in force by the enemy, the naval vessels could not prevent the sinking of a large number of troop-ships. The ease with which a troop-ship was sent to the bottom with her precious freight during the war with Japan and China is an illustration of the manner in which troop-ships could be disposed of during a battle at sea.

The argument that is here applied in the case of England applies with equal force to every military and naval power in the world. The United States with all of its military resources could do no better than England in the prosecution of a foreign war. Spain has now over 100,000 men in Cuba, and yet the bush-whacking insurgents are defending themselves so vigorously that the Spaniards are charging their own leaders with incompetency. If instead of an army of illly equipped bushwhackers, the Spanish troops had to meet a large and well organ-

ized army furnished with the latest equipment, they would have little chance of success, and their 100,000 would be utterly insufficient to meet the foe.

It is often said that the art of war has been developed to such an extent that it virtually compels peace. This assertion is well founded. Men who are informed as to the military resources of the nations of the world do not talk rashly about war.

A Minneapolis paper gives the allotment of output of ore for 1896 between the ranges of the Lake Superior iron field under the agreement said to have been entered into by producers at their secret meeting held recently at Cleveland as follows: Mesaba range, 3,500,000 tons; Vermillion, 1,100,000 tons; Marquette and Menominee ranges, 1,400,000 tons; Gogebic, 2,500,000. Total, 10,500,000. It is not entirely clear how the agreement can be given effect, as there are many properties on the Michigan ranges which were not represented in the gathering of producers who entered into it, and these will ship ore if they can sell it. The output of Bessemer ore can be regulated easily enough, but it is different with the non-Bessemer grades, of which an unlimited quantity can be put on the market if there is any demand for them.—Mining Journal.

A person engaged in large commercial operations frequently crystallizes the business situation in terms more vivid and more convincing than the language used by the greatest of orators. Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, is one of the most active and most extensive operators in Ohio, who has had an opportunity to see the phases of every trade during the past year. He thus pithily crystallizes the general condition of the country since Cleveland was placed at the helm in Washington: "Things look well, except from a business standpoint, and unless we get a change they will be a good deal worse and there will not be much left to go on."

Think twice before stopping your home paper. Has the town a better, truer friend? Is there any other agency that will or can do as much for a town as the home paper? Is there any outside paper that takes any interest in this town except in the matter of dollars and cents? Do not allow glib-tongued canvassers with never-to-be-fulfilled promises persuade you to give up your home paper for theirs.

The monthly statement of the public debt, issued by the treasury department Saturday, shows the public debt on January 31, 1896, less cash on the treasury, to have been \$953,046,237, an increase over last month of \$5,747,975, which is accounted for by a decrease during the month of \$6,435,422 in the cash in the treasury.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that Congressman Stephenson has decided to be a candidate for renomination. If the report is true there bids fair to be "moosic," as there are already several avowed candidates in the field.

Ex-President Harrison has issued a formal declination to enter the presidential race. He expresses himself grateful for past honors and says the party should choose a new leader.

Theodore Runyon, United States ambassador to Germany, died suddenly on Monday last at Berlin.

Potter Palmer, of Chicago, is likely to be named to succeed Runyon as ambassador to Germany.

J. M. Wilkinson will not be a candidate for re-election to the office of state treasurer.

Now that the special election is over, the next thing will be something else.

Legal.
First Publication Feb. 5, 1896.
ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL PURPOSES AND FOR APPOINTMENT OF AN ADMINISTRATOR—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss. Prothonotary Court for said county.
At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the third day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Benjamin L. Hayden, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Marshall Hayden, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.
Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 2nd day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.
And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
(A true copy.)
EMIL GLASER,
Judge of Probate.

Legal.
First Publication January 18th, 1896.
PROBATE ORDER for hearing final account. State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. Prothonotary Court for said county.
At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, on Friday, the 18th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Nellie Peter Peterson deceased.
On reading and filing the final report and account of Peter Nelson, the administrator of said estate.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 10th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.
And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

Legal.
First Publication Feb. 7, 1896.
SHERIFF'S SALE—Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the circuit court of Delta county in favor of Harry L. Hutchins, against the goods and chattels and real estate of Eugene Gill, in said county, to me directed and delivered, I did on the twenty-eighth day of January, A. D. 1896, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of the said Eugene Gill in and to the following described real estate, that is to wit: All that certain piece of property known and described as the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section twenty-four township thirty-nine, north of range nineteen, west, all of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in Escanaba, in said county of Delta, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the second day of March, A. D. 1896, at which time the said court house being the place of holding the circuit court for said county of Delta, on the second day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
REGIS BRANCHAMPTON, Sheriff.

Legal.
First Publication Jan. 18, 1896.
CHANCERY SALE—State of Michigan, circuit court for the county of Delta, in chancery. Fairbanks Lodge No. 29, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, complainant, vs. Christian Knudson and Bertha Knudson, defendants.
In pursuance of a decretal order of the court of chancery, made in the above cause on the twenty-second day of April, A. D. 1895, there will be sold under the direction of the subscriber, a circuit court commissioner for said county of Delta, at public auction, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in said county, on Monday, the second day of March, A. D. 1896, at eleven o'clock a. m., all those certain premises situated in said county, known and described as follows, to wit:

That certain parcel of land, situated in the township of Garden, county of Delta and state of Michigan, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point on the west boundary line of the Point-Detroit and Mackinac state road, sixty-one and one-half feet (61 1/2) feet south of where the said west boundary line crosses the north line of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section seventeen (17) township thirty-nine (39) north of range eighteen (18) west, thence southerly along said west boundary line one hundred and fifty (150) feet, thence west one hundred and fifty (150) feet, thence northerly parallel with said state road, one hundred and fifty (150) feet, thence east one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the starting point.
Dated, Escanaba, Mich., Jan. 18, 1896.
ALFRED P. SMITH,
Circuit Court Commissioner.

Legal.
J. F. CAREY, Solicitor for Complainant.
CHANCERY SALE—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, made and dated the nineteenth day of April, 1895, in a certain cause, therein pending, wherein Carl Rolinger is complainant and John Wagner defendant.
Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday the third day of February, A. D. 1896, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described lands and premises, situated in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: Lot number fourteen (14) of block number seventy-two (72) of the original plat of the village (now city) of Escanaba, Michigan, and lot number thirteen (13) of block number six (6) of the Hessel and Hentschel addition to the said city of Escanaba, Michigan, all according to the recorded map thereof of record.
Dated the 26th day of December, A. D. 1895.
ALFRED P. SMITH,
Circuit Court Commissioner.

Laundry.
JAS. H. CLANCY, Solicitor for Complainant.

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

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

THE ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY.
510 LUDINGTON ST.
—TELEPHONE 29—

Groceries.
MERRILL'S GROCERY
803 LUDINGTON ST.
CANNED GOODS.
Dried Milk, 1 for..... 25c
Crest Brand Salmon, per can..... 13c
Justice Brand Salmon, per can..... 13c
Columbia River Salmon, per can..... 14c
Oil Sardines, 6 cans for..... 25c
Mustard Sardines, per can..... 8c
Roast Beef, per can..... 10c
Best Canned Tomatoes, per can..... 11c
Lobsters, per can..... 30c
Canned Apples, per can..... 10c
Best Corn Tomatoes, per can..... 11c
8-oz Van Houton's Cocoa..... 45c
Lanks Bartlett Peas, per can..... 10c
Other lines of canned goods equally as low.
BAKING POWDERS.
Forest City, worth 50c, at..... 35c
Cooks Delight, worth 50c at..... 35c
Star & Crescent, worth 50c, at..... 35c
SUNDRIES.
Pure Lard, per pound..... 9c
Line Compound, worth 2c, 5 pound for..... 9c
Lard Compound, per pound..... 6c
Powdered Sugar, per pound..... 6c
Cane Sugar, per pound..... 6c
Rice, per pound..... 5c
Corn Starch, per package..... 5c
Peerless Tobacco, per pound..... 9c
COGNAC.
Loose, per pound..... 15c
Wetmore's, per package..... 7c
Dunham's, per package..... 7c
Scheep's..... 9c
SPICES GROUND.
A. & H. Soda, per pound..... 7c
Coriander, per package..... 7c
Tea Dust, loose, per package..... 10c
MERRILL'S GROCERY,
803 LUDINGTON ST.

Professional Cards.
DR. C. H. LONG,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Young's bakery, 805 Ludington St.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
DR. D. H. ROWELLS,
DENTIST.
Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Office in Masonic block.
Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.
REYNOLDS & COTTON,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Homeopaths. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Masonic block, Escanaba.
O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office 110 South Georgia Street.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.
EMIL GLASER,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Prepares documents in either the English or German language, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of Western Europe to any part of the U. S. Buys and sells real estate and loans money on real estate security. Office Tilden avenue, Escanaba.
DR. J. C. BROOKS,
Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.
RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.

FRED. E. HARRIS,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
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James S. Doherty,
Keeps Constantly on Hand a Full and Complete Line of
CHOICE . AND . FANCY GROCERIES
Crockery . and . Canned . Goods.
Butter Eggs and Cheese
A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods.
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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, CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.
Teas, Coffees, Spices, Canned goods and Table Luxuries are made a specialty.
Your trade is solicited with the assurance of entire satisfaction given in return.
A. H. ROLPH,
509 Ludington Street. Escanaba, Mich.

Removal
Masonic Block.

We beg to call your attention to the fact that we have removed from 410 Ludington street, to 611 Ludington street (Masonic Block), where we invite all of our old customers and many new ones to call upon us. We are better prepared than ever before to supply you with Pure Drugs, Medicines, Druggists' Sundries, Blank Books, Stationery, etc.
Thanking the public for past favors, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same, I beg to remain
Yours for Business,
J. N. MEAD.

Lumber Yard.
THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY
GEORGE T. BURNS, Mgr.

LUMBER
LATH AND SHINGLES

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.
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FLOUR
Feed, Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.
The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of family flour, and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods fresh.

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Flour, Feed, Etc.
PAT FOGARTY,
600 Ludington St.
FLOUR, FEED, HAY and GRAIN
All of the Best Quality and at Reasonable Prices.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Only a few days more and the beginning of Lent will put a temporary check to what has been the liveliest social season Escanaba has had in years. Dances and parties have never been so numerous as they have this winter, and it would be a person hard to suit who would say that he has not had plenty of entertainment offered him. Easter this year comes on April 5th, just at a time when the earth is beginning to take on its spring apparel, and a season when humanity generally is putting itself in its best spirit.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were pleasantly surprised yesterday afternoon, by the Ladies' Aid society. It being Mrs. Williams' birthday, she was made the recipient of a handsome set of dishes and many other gifts. After presentations and speeches of gratitude were made, a bounteous repast was served, and a general good time enjoyed until the small hours of the afternoon, when all wended their way homeward, fully convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Williams know just how to entertain company, and their kind manifestations will last in a golden dream, away into the long years of time.

NEW CHURCH DEDICATED

THE MASONVILLE M. E. MISSION CHURCH.

Rev. A. Raymond Johns Conducts the Ceremony—The Programme—Brief Historical Sketch by Mrs. J. W. Naugle.

The new Masonville M. E. Mission church of the Gladstone charge was dedicated last Sunday morning by Rev. A. Raymond Johns, assisted by Rev. F. F. Crane. The following is the program, a hundred copies of which were mimeographed by Mrs. A. R. Johns, for general distribution in the congregation:

The Masonville choir consisted of Mrs. J. W. Naugle, organist; Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, first soprano; Edna Miller, second soprano; Essie Naugle, first alto; Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, second alto; J. S. Armstrong, tenor; W. J. Miller, bass. The members of the male quartette were: Rev. A. R. Johns, first tenor; Geo. Matthews, second tenor; Jas. Matthews, first bass; Geo. Hicks, second bass; all of Gladstone. The sermon was interesting and impressive.

The following is an outline of the historical sketch by Mrs. J. W. Naugle: In August, 1893, Rev. Jas. Stannaway, representative of the Sunday School Union, organized in Masonville a Sunday school of twenty scholars with Rev. Weber, of the Rapid River Congregational church, as superintendent, and Mrs. Patterson as secretary. When Rev. Weber left Rapid River in October Mrs. Lanford was made superintendent and Miss Funk secretary. The school was soon after discontinued but reorganized early in February, 1894, at the home of Mrs. Logan, with Mrs. Naugle as superintendent and Miss Funk as secretary. In May, 1894, Hon. B. Mason gave the use of the old store which was fitted up and used for Sunday school and church purposes. In the meantime Rev. G. C. Empson, of the Gladstone Congregational church, had been preaching every Wednesday evening at the home of W. H. Reynolds, and in June Rev. W. W. Tait, of the Gladstone Presbyterian church, began holding services every Sunday afternoon and Mr. Emerson retired.

In November failing health made it necessary for Mr. Tait to withdraw and Rev. A. R. Johns, of the Gladstone Methodist church accepted the invitation to take charge and soon afterward organized as into a Methodist mission with four full members and seven probationers, such being the choice of the christian people of the place by a vote of six to seventeen. Dec. 15 Presiding Elder Rev. J. E. Whalen administered the communion. The board of stewards appropriated \$75 a year towards the minister's salary, which was paid in full and \$5 more, and services were given every Monday evening. An organ was soon purchased, the room furnished with fifty chairs, lamps, stove and the room papered. Sunday school was held every Sunday afternoon and a young people's meeting was organized and held every Sunday evening, a society that developed a King's Sons and Daughters' circle and a Loyol Temperance Legion, while the Sunday School increased from nine to forty, has always been self-supporting, and has at present a library fund of \$15.00.

A Ladies' Aid society, which was organized Nov. 7, 1894, has been a very efficient help, having turned into the treasury the neat sum of \$159.00. About the 1st of October, 1895, the idea of a church building took firm hold of the people and while the burden of the work had thus far been borne by the women, all now gave a willing hand. Hon. Richard Mason donated a ten-year lease of a lot, a subscription of \$268.50 was raised and a building finished which, with bell and carpeting, cost \$351.16. The children collected \$14.95 and paid for the steeple. Her sketch ended announcing the present membership of the church at twenty full members and seven probationers, J. W. Naugle, I. L. Lanford, Wm. H. Reynolds and F. F. Davis being the trustees; Mesdames Annie Naugle, Jennie Reynolds, Emily Lanford and Ray Armstrong, stewards; J. S. Armstrong, class leader, and Mrs.

Baking Powder. Aware of 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.

A great softener and refiner of human nature is sympathy—a putting of ourselves in another's place, and excusing where we cannot understand. Scattering blessings everywhere are those who have "A heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathize!" When Death has entered the home and taken away one of our number, how swift and crushing come regrets and remorse. Death magnifies relentlessly. If we had known that our loved one was to leave us so soon, how differently we should have done! But resolutely we must turn our back on these vain moanings, and though the heart is breaking and bitter tears flow in solitude, with Christ at our right hand we must turn to those who are still left to us, making our life for them what we wish it had been toward the dear one whose earthly presence we feel no more. Our grief must not cast a shadow across the happiness of the children, nor unfit us to carry the burdens of the weak.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, A. D. 1895, of the condition and affairs of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, organized under the laws of the State of Michigan and doing business in the counties of Schoolcraft, Delta and Menominee, in said State.

GEORGE W. BOUSCHOR, President. D. W. THOMPSON, Sec'y. P. O. Address: Manistique, Mich.

Table with columns for MEMBERSHIPS, RISKS, RESOURCES, RECEIPTS, DISBURSEMENTS, SCHEDULE A, SCHEDULE B, and MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS. Includes financial data for 1895 and 1894.

Advertisement for E. M. St. Jacques, Groceries. 'I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE' Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries. Includes contact info for Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts.



YES!

The postman, on his morning round. Left me a Valentine. Which makes my heart with rapture bound. My eyes with rapture shine.

It does not bear the rainbow's tints. You would not call it "fine." There's nothing that so much as hints That it's a valentine.

It seems a modest little note. In truth I will confess The little maid here one word wrote. But oh that word was "yes."

That word was "yes," and you can guess What radiant joy is mine. For me to be—oh, happiness— My life-long valentine.

—Johnstone Murray, in *Womankind*.

DATED FEBRUARY 14



HE STOOD BEFORE MISS LORENA.

HE mild air of mid-February was perfumed with violets. From a yard across the way their odor floated even to where old Caleb sat on the court-house steps. Above the gray old negro gleamed the white Doric columns of the house of justice.

Caleb was the most bedecked old negro to be seen out of Congoland. He wore a tall white hat, a blue frock coat—some 20 brass buttons adorned that coat—a steel chain (presumably for a watch he wore), a chain that crossed his breast four times. Sundry charms and bangles dangling about him gave him an appearance imposing as that of a Knight of the Garter. This was his usual attire. He felt that such elaboration of toilet was due his position; he was general sweeper and cleaner of these offices and this house of justice. He rang the great bell when courts were in session. He fed the flock of pigeons that hovered about the court-house belfry and the jail tower. Manifold as his duties were, he had comparative leisure now; even commissioners' court was adjourned. He sat basking in the pleasant afternoon sun, looking with unflagging interest down the vista of old shops and new-set young water oaks.

In front of one shop sat his quondam owner, sometime employer, and always his object of devotion. Very old and worn looked the major in the bright light that fell over him. His neatly-brushed clothes were very shabby, his handsome old face and military air were very imposing. His rattan stick and his cork leg were rested out on a splint-bottomed chair before him. His gestures, as he talked to the group of gentlemen about him, were excited. He was probably telling a story of the war, possibly telling the same story for the 100th time. Caleb was trying to match the excited gestures with his own experience, and to guess at the particulars of the story; for he had followed young Travis Calvert through fighting, wounding and imprisonment. His efforts after the thread of the story were interrupted, however, by the rolling of a handsome carriage between him and his master. Down went the major's cork leg, up the major's stiff body, off the major's soft hat; and just so often as a lady passed, or driving or walking, just so often and so elaborately was the major's story interrupted.

In the present instance the lady was Miss Lorena Banks, fair, fat and much over 40. Her carriage drew up at the post office, too far for either Caleb or the major to hear the fidgety inquiries after the Woman's Work, that came always, or nearly always, on a Wednesday; the *Lofty Choir Weekly*, that failed to come last evening; and the *Portrayer of Fashion*, that must be in the office now, and must be searched for.

Though Caleb could not hear the sharp tones, he could note very well the gloss and elegance of the equipage. From his smattering knowledge of deeds, titles, rent notes, crop liens and the like, he knew very well the goodly amount of the lady's income. Something, maybe the time of the year, maybe the insistent odor of violets in the air, maybe the red glow of the camellia japonica on the coats of the university boys as they sauntered by him, themselves glowing with youth and brightness, every four out of five smiling over a valentine; anyhow, something set Caleb thinking of the long ago. It was of '61, the 13th of February, and bitterly cold in that intrenched camp, called by grace Fort Donaldson, Grant threatened by land, Commodore Foote by water. To help in the land attack, unexpected and unprepared for, until the fall of Fort Henry, the soldiers were throwing up earthworks as hastily as might be. Under biting snow and sleet they shoveled cheerily at the red earth.

Side by side worked Travis Calvert and his body servant, Caleb. Down in concert swept the arm of master and slave, and in union heaved the shovels of earth.

Caleb remembered to-day how Calvert had said to him that day: "When I get a snatch of time, Caleb, I am going to write a letter to Miss Lorena. I am going to give it to you, and if in the engagements to come behind these earthworks I am killed, you send it to her. If I come out safe I'll send it myself."

Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout gettin'

killed, Marse Travis; what yo' ma gwine to say to that?"

"Me being killed would break 'em up at home, wouldn't it? But," continued the young soldier, "I am going to have no more shilly-shally about this letter. I love that girl. I always will, always have loved that girl, and I am going to tell her so—all his young breath froze on the keen, cold air as he talked of the warmth in his young heart; "I'll be the happiest man if that girl loves me. My name, my heart, my fortune, everything is hers if she will marry me," declared this young aristocrat, heaving his shovel.

Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout ma'yin' de daughter of do man what oversee for we-all in yo' gran pa's time? What yo' ma gwine say to dat?"

"That would break 'em all up at home, top, wouldn't it? But I love her, and that letter I write as soon as this shovel is out of my hands."

It was the gray dawn of another day ere Calvert found time to write that letter full of love's assurances and urgency; so it happened that it was dated February 14, the day sacred to sweethearts, pink hearts, and the arrows of Cupid. Of this, however, Calvert had no thought, among the ringing of the enemies' bullets across the earthworks, and the sound of the plunging fire of the confederates against the gunboats on the river.

For the next two days there was no way out of the besieged camp, and Caleb was too busy dodging shells to think of the letter he carried.

On the 17th, that day of fiercest fighting, Calvert's leg was cut clean away. That awful night, when 4,000 dead, and dying, and wounded of both armies lay on the ground and literally froze outright, it was Caleb who got Calvert a place in an ambulance of the enemy. A fortnight later Calvert waked to consciousness. He lay somewhere in the



HE STOOD BEFORE MISS LORENA.

chill north on a prison cot, and Caleb leaned over him to ask: "Marse Travis, mus' I send the letter now?"

"No, no, no," groaned Calvert; "I am broken up. I am worthless now. Not with all my wealth, not with all my lands, would I ask her now."

When at last prison doors were flung wide, when hundreds upon hundreds of crippled, maimed southern boys turned their prison-paled faces homeward, young Calvert found Caleb waiting for him.

Freedom and honor had been Caleb's in the land of Calvert's captivity, and these he had used to the utmost of his power for the comfort and succor of his master. Now together they turned their faces to the warm, sweet south.

That was a returning that was no home-coming. Calvert's father was buried, his mother crushed with sorrow, his home burned, his negroes freed, his lands mortgaged.

In a little cottage at the park gate he found his mother, and this they made their home; there Calvert managed to eke out an existence for himself, his mother, and the ever-faithful Caleb.

In those first days of home-coming Caleb had asked, seeing that Lorena in her girlish beauty looked kindly on the maimed hero: "Shall I give de letter now, Marse Travis?"

"No, no! what have I to offer a woman?" Calvert would exclaim.

At intervals in all those long years when Miss Lorena was left sole heir to a goodly fortune, while Calvert sufficed with only the salary of a chancery clerkship and a swelling current of mortgages with no breakwater of payments to check their progress, Caleb had continued to ask, when violets were sweet and japonica bright; "Marse Travis, mus' I give the letter now?"

Since the mother's death Calvert had lived alone in a bare little hired room over a shop. Wire-pulling politicians had maneuvered to thrust the major out of his office, and now with clear honor ever his aid and hard chance ever against him, he made a meager sum by copying and accounting.

Caleb lost neither his position at the court-house nor his place as Calvert's housekeeper and man of all work. Just now the faithful creature lived in constant terror lest the major should discover that oftentimes his own earnings went to help out the meager sums the major gave him for the frugal house-keeping. He well knew if ever a suspicion of this reached the brave major, himself was forever banished, and the major given over to utmost poverty and unmitigated discomfort.

Clear Case.

Papa (on top of the stairs)—Is that young man gone, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, paps; awfully.—Judge.

"These thoughts, together with the dreams of what might have been, were too much for Caleb. He resolved to make one more effort to gain permission from his master to deliver the letter. He rose from the steps of the Doric portico—all the bangles and chains tinkled on him as he started across the street to the major—but a sudden decision stopped him short; wheeling about, he struck off in the opposite direction as fast as his old legs could carry him.

It made no matter that the major called to him querulously. He pretended that he could hear nothing.

He stopped nor stayed until he had reached the broad door of the Banks mansion and had tapped an apologetic tap under the electric bell thereon. At the door he had trembled; but his knees verily shook and bowed under him, and all his brazen adornments jangled on him like bells on a shaken tambourine when he stood before Miss Lorena.

She was so utterly different in appearance from the girl he had been dreaming of for his master's sake. He felt ready to swoon, too, for the room smelled so strangely and diffusely of old, very old rose petals, of simmering tea, of dried sweet fern, that one would have fancied that there was never a fresh violet or a day of gay youth in the whole world. But there was no drawing back now; for Caleb held the yellowed missive abroad in his hand, and Miss Lorena was already eyeing it curiously. So, bowing and bending till he tinkled like a rattle in a baby's fist, he laid the old letter in the hand held out for it. While she fumbled with the ancient seal Caleb's hand fumbled with his blue-checked shirt as if it would tear it into shreds.

The antiquated paper told faithfully young love's story—a sweet, fervent tale. For a moment the reader was



HE STOOD BEFORE MISS LORENA.

herself young again, 30 years well forgotten; but, suddenly remembering those 30 years and more, she turned sharply on the cringing old negro to ask: "Whoever gave you this?"

"Marse Travis Calvert."

"When did he give it to you? I say when—when?"

"Nigh as I can git de count it were 30 odd year ago," stammered Caleb.

"And you!" she cried; "you kept it!" She saw the cause of her youth's disappointment, and she felt it anew and most keenly. "You! Why didn't you give it to me? You—"

Caleb was frightened now of no uncertainty, of no imaginings of his own. He was desperately frightened of Miss Lorena, and he made all haste a human tongue could make to tell the story of the letter and its long delaying. He dwelt especially on his own repeated offers to deliver it; he spoke with especial fervency of his determination that afternoon to consult with the major no longer about the matter, but to fetch it to her on his own responsibility.

Full dark had fallen before Miss Lorena sent for Caleb from the kitchen, where he had been warming and feeding, to lay a crisp new note in his hands with the injunction: Give this to Maj. Calvert immediately!

The major's bare little room was dark and cold, for it takes all the sunshine to keep February warm. The major himself was fractious, for Caleb had not been inattentive before in over a quarter of a century. But when the note was in his hand, when Caleb had found his glasses and held the smoky lamp near for him to read it, he was an exultant for a moment as a schoolboy on an April day, rich with his love's first kiss.

It was the answer to his own love's urgency; he knew it as soon as the first words met his old eyes. In that moment of ecstasy his cork leg, his poverty, his sorrows—all were forgotten. And even when, an hour later, he sat by Miss Lorena's warm fire, her plump hand held charily in his thin one, and all the years and all the griefs that had sundered them remembered and talked over, surely in all the loving world, on that blessed St. Valentine's day, there were not two happier hearts than these.—Martha Young, in *N. Y. Independent*.

Clear Case.

Papa (on top of the stairs)—Is that young man gone, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, paps; awfully.—Judge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Among the Greeks, after the time of Alexander the Great, the portrait of that monarch set in a ring was supposed to bring the warrior good luck.

—Roman dandies in the first, second and third centuries of our era wore heavy rings in winter, which they exchanged for others of lighter weight during the summer.

—A Turkish outrage has been committed on Bieltz, in Austrian Silesia. Kiamil Pasha, the new val of Smyrna, having forbidden the use of woollen breeches in his vilayat, has suddenly cut off the chief market of the Bieltz manufacturers, who are left with large stocks of unsalable garments on hand, and see no way to avoid ruin but the repeal of the order.

—Herr Gatrio, a German pastor, declares that there exists in Alsace two miniatures of Joan of Arc which are undoubtedly the work of a contemporary artist. If the German pastor's claim be correct these will be the only authentic portraits of the Maid of Orleans that have yet been found, since all the representations of her are of a much more later date than the epoch in which she lived.

—Rice-throwing broke up a wedding feast at Preston, England, recently. The party was leaving the house in a carriage when the rice-thrower frightened the horses, who ran away. The best man was pitched out, landing on his head, which was badly cut. The carriage was stopped by the horses running against a wall, when the bride was taken out with a bruised leg and very much shocked.

—On leaving Copenhagen for St. Petersburg the dowager zaritza gave her father, King Christian, a diamond ring which was worn by Alexander II, when he was assassinated. The ring was on the little finger of the right hand, which remained intact when the arm and the other fingers were shattered by the bomb. As the czar was dying he gave the ring to his son, and on his deathbed Alexander III gave the ring to his wife. She probably thinks it has been connected with too many misfortunes of the Romanoffs.

—A potato tercentenary is proposed in England. In 1596 the first potato was planted in England, in Holborn, about the time that Sir Walter Raleigh was planting the first Irish potato at Youghal, near Cork. For two centuries the potato continued as a botanical curiosity. When first eaten it was a delicacy, sometimes roasted and steeped in sack, or baked with marrow and spices or preserved and candied. When Parmentier developed the plant in France Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette wore the flowers as ornaments. Frederick the Great had to force the Pomeranian farmers to plant potatoes by the fear of his soldiers. It was the famine of 1771-72 in Germany that first demonstrated the value of the tubers.

DELAWARE SHAD.

Some of the Big Ones That Have Been Caught in Former Years.

The reader who is interested in fish and fisheries can find in a report of the Pennsylvania fish commission, recently issued, a deal of matter about old and new methods of taking fish, stories (authentic) of big catches and big fish, and descriptions of the methods adopted by the pirates who deplete the waters regardless of the rights of others.

In the early days of the Delaware settlements, neither the Dutch, German nor English settlers on the lower part of the stream cared enough for shad to use nets of any kind in taking them. It was not the proper thing socially to eat shad. If anyone of social distinction was led by a liking for the flavor of the fish into eating it, he had to cook it and eat it on the sly.

And there is the story of the use of shad in Philadelphia. The low prices tempted many master mechanics to keep their apprentices almost altogether on fish diet. The apprentices objected to shad, and a bitter, wordy strife ensued. No strike followed, but the youngsters triumphed so far that the law relating to indentures was changed so that the boys were not to be fed on fish more than twice a week. The exclusion of the shad from the bill of fare was followed by an evil they knew not of. What was known as the Merino sheep craze swept over the country about that time; sheep became cheaper than fish, and the boys got mutton and molasses in generous quantities instead of shad.

If it was not in good form socially to eat shad on the lower Delaware, it was nevertheless quite the proper thing to do so on the upper waters of both the Delaware and Susquehanna. Country folks from a radius of 50 miles came to the Susquehanna to get their winter supply.

The record for a day's catch belongs to Tullytown creek, in Hadley, Pa., for "on the first day of May, 1833, 30,000 shad were taken."

"The fish also ran very large in my young days," said one of the veracious old inhabitants. "Eight-pound fish were very common, and often they ran larger."

One story is related of a man who traded 20 barrels of shad for "a good Durham cow." But sometimes so many of the fish were taken out that the price went to three and four cents each, and one case is noted of a great catch that brought but one cent each.

It is worth nothing that in describing the size of the fish three are referred to that weighed 13 pounds. The very largest of all was taken by Charles Vansicker, at Badger's Island, in the Delaware. It weighed 13½ pounds, and was purchased by Christian Larzere, Esq., a judge in Burlington county.—Philadelphia Times.

It Had Worked in His Case.

Mrs. Scrupp—Willy is just like you; so wayward that nothing can be done with him!

Scrupp—Well, I don't see what we can do, until we marry him off.—Puck.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

Disastrous Results of an Innovation in a Local Ceremony.

The little black mule which is seen on the streets very frequently with children on his back has attained quite a reputation among the various East Side lodges during the past few weeks. It is generally supposed that all candidates "ride the goat" when initiated in secret organizations, but it has been a bad year for goats, and some of the lodges have been in the habit of borrowing this mule instead and giving the candidate a ride around the hall on its back. On one occasion, a few evenings ago, it is reported, the initiatory ceremony came to grief. The candidate had been blindfolded, so it is related, in the anteroom, and then brought into the lodge room, where he was mounted on the mule. The guide was immediately in the rear, while the mule was being led by one of the brothers. Several others were also near at hand on either side. The procession approached the chair of the presiding officer. Suddenly the mule stopped and refused to go forward. No amount of pulling and urging could get him to budge. Finally one of the brothers told the guide to twist the mule's tail. The guide never had any experience with twisting mules' tails, or he would have declined to do so, but, being ignorant of the mule nature to resent such indignity, he promptly seized the rather short caudal appendage and gave a twist. The mule was a little surprised, but, quickly recovering, let fly both feet, lifting the offender nearly to the ceiling.

The mule plunged forward toward the chair of the presiding officer, with the candidate still clinging to the saddle for dear life. The presiding officer managed to jump out of the way. From here the animal made for the secretary, who dodged under the table. His head was now turned down the hall, and away he went, over chairs and members, whom he knocked about in every direction. The candidate by this time had fallen from the mule's back. Around and around the mule flew until the hall was in the wildest state of confusion, everybody trying to get out of the way, and at the same time trying to catch the mule, which made several almost successful efforts to plunge out of a window into the street below.

Finally, in making a turn in one corner of the hall, the mule fell, and a dozen men piled on top of him and held him firm. He was taken downstairs by one of the brothers and led home. After order was restored, the candidate was permitted to sign the constitution and become a member without further ceremonies. A motion was passed to the effect that any member divulging the unhappy event of the evening should be expelled from the lodge without recourse. But most of the members are married and told their wives. Then the secret leaked out. All other lodges having occasion to use the mule will be careful not to twist its tail at any time during the ceremonies.—Portland Oregonian.

BROTHER CARTER WORKED.

Jim McCue's Plea for Sunday Labor Provalued Against a Minister's Objections.

"I wanted to drive to San Rafael last Sunday," said Jim McCue, the Corte Madera rancher and philosopher, "but when I went out and glanced up the muddy road I concluded that I wouldn't. You know I wash my buggy once in awhile and when I start out to San Rafael I don't like to get covered with mud before I get to Larkspur."

"Well," I thought to myself, "if you don't like that road, McCue, there is no law against you fixing it," so I took a team, a plow and a hired man and went to work. I plowed furrows to drain the water off and was filling up some chuck-holes when Brother Carter, our minister, came along.

"Well, well, well, Brother McCue; working on Sunday," says he.

"Ye-es, that's what I am, Brother Carter," says I. "But, though I ain't much of a church man, I don't suppose the Lord made it rain Saturday night so it would spoil our roads over Sunday. I kind of took this standing water and mud as a hint to me that He wanted them fixed."

"Well, you're doing a good work, but you oughtn't to labor on the Sabbath."

"You do most of your labor on the Sabbath, don't you, Brother Carter?"

"Well—er—yes; but it's not this kind of labor."

"Your work on the Sabbath is fixing up the road to Heaven, ain't it?"

"Yes, yes; that's it."

"Well, you look out for the road to the next world and I'll look out for the roads here, and between the two of us we will have good roads. We'll work together. You don't suppose people will get to your end of the road if they have to go over roads like this, do you?"

"No, they won't."

"Say, Brother Carter, those limbs there hang so low that they waak people's faces as they ride to church, and they would be just the thing in this mudhole. There's an ax if you want to cut them down, and anyone passing that way could have seen Brother Carter and me working in the roads on Sunday."—San Francisco Post.

A Change in the Title.

Maud (smilingly)—So you saw the profound bow I got from handsome Harry Brown? He's just graduated from college with high honors as a veterinary surgeon.

Ethel—Yes; so Gladys told me. It's a secret, but she's engaged to be married to him.

Maud (with sudden asperity)—Huhl! A horse doctor!—Puck.

Glad He Knew Him.

Brown—I told you beforehand that he was a dead beat, and yet when I introduced you you said: "Glad to know you."

Jones—Well, I was glad I knew him; if I hadn't he might have borrowed a dollar from me.—Town Topics.

PITH AND POINT.

—Corroborative Evidence.—"They say there are fewer persons dying this winter than usual." "Yes, I know lots and lots of people who haven't died at all."—Chicago Record.

—Same Thing.—Inquirer—"Do you think that journalistic work is a good preparation for writing fiction?" Editor—"On the sensational papers it is. Journalistic work there is mostly fiction."—Exchange.

—"You're a crank and a theater dunder!" shouted the fierce-looking man in the slouch hat. "That's what you are! You're a dandified Pongee!" "I'm a potato masher, am I!" roared the other, lunging at him.—Chicago Tribune.

—Waiter's Perilous Duty.—"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust in his face. "Why?" "Why? Why, because they insist on my eating muzzrooms before the customers, to show them they're not load-stools."—Toledo Bee.

—Miss Nurrs—"I'm so afraid, doctor, that something will happen and that I may be buried alive." Dr. Pylis—"Nonsense! You need not fear anything like that. You take the medicine I gave you and you need no longer be afraid of being buried alive. That is something that never happened to my patients."—Harper's Bazar.

TWO DEAD MEN.

The man upon the bicycle. The man upon his feet. Collide, and quickly both of them lie down upon the street. The man upon his feet has gone unto a rest eternal; The man who scorchcd is scorching yet in the regions called infernal.

—Detroit Tribune.

—Mrs. Querrel sat looking into the fire. Presently she chuckled a little bit. "What are you chuckling at?" kindly inquired Mr. Querrel. "I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say the one little word that would make you happy for life." "Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word."—Cleveland Enquirer.

—Harold is Now a Hustler.—"Oh, Harold," she said, "you do not love me as you did before we were married." "Yes, I do," he protested. "But you don't yearn for my society as you did." "Ethel," he said, gently, but firmly, "I used to yearn on a salary of \$18 a week. When a man has the expenses of a family to look after, he's got to quit yearning and go to hustling."—Washington Star.

ANTARCTIC ICE.

It Differs Considerably from That of the Northern Regions.

The difference in the formation of Arctic and Antarctic ice, as is well known, is very great. While the northern bergs mostly consist of a large ice-mass running up into numberless towers and arches resembling the mountain peaks which surround the glaciers from which they were torn, the Antarctic berg are solid masses of floating ice, with perpendicular walls, and an unbroken plateau on the top.

All showed plainly whether they were broken from the large southerly barrier or discharged from the glaciers of Victoria Land. All the barrier bergs had very distinct blue lines across their walls, indicating the annual growth by snowfall. These lines were, of course, not to be found on the glacier ice. The latter also showed more likeness to the northern ice than did the former. The peaks and towers of the Arctic icebergs are supposed to be formed by the influence of ocean currents wearing away the softer part of the ice-mass under water, until the natural law of gravitation forces it to upset.

But why have the Antarctic icebergs a different appearance? It is certain that in the Antarctic waters there are also currents. Yet even icebergs that have gone as far north as the south of New Zealand have all maintained the marks of their Antarctic origin. I cannot see any other reason for this dissimilarity between the bergs of the north and those of the south but that the Arctic icebergs, as a rule, must pass through climes which in temperature rapidly change from one extreme to another, and the icebergs take much longer time in floating southward than do the Antarctic icebergs in advancing northward, and thus, as a rule, the northern icebergs exist much longer than those of the Antarctic.—C. E. Borchgrevink, in *Century*.

A Dead Pueblo City.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheater, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white 100 feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft gray-brown, and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock met at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of the cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, receding one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly the citadel, or great communal house; for on both sides following the curve of the white cliff were the windows and doorways of innumerable cave-dwellers, hollowed from the soft tufa of which it was composed. The central building might have been made only a few years ago by some of Honan's own people, so fresh and new it seemed; but both its position and the caves told of a time long ago, when, without doubt, this was the home of a numerous and prosperous people. In the great bend of the stream had been their fields, and high up, secure from dangers, they had lived, loved and died.—F. H. Longren, in *St. Nicholas*.

—The teeth of serpents are designed for holding their prey, not for chewing it. All serpents swallow their prey whole.

BOTHERS THE YANKEES.

Spanish Pronunciation Proves Puzzling to a Party of Chicagoans.

Five Chicagoans arrived at Albuquerque, N. M., one day late in August. They were taken in charge by Frank Blake, a Chicago boy, who has lived in the west for some years, and were soon shown all the sights of the quaint old town. As they walked along the principal street Mr. Jamison looked up at a building and remarked: "El Jornada hotel; nice building."

"Yes," said Blake. "But you must pronounce it right. It is El Hornada in the Spanish tongue. J is always H out here."

"That so?" answered Jamison. "Funny custom. What's this church here?—the Cathedral of San Juan!" "San Juan," corrected Blake. Mr. Jamison looked puzzled, but accepted the correction. A moment later he broke out again. "What's this? La Jolla?" "La Holla," spoke the ready mentor by his side, and Jamison's eyes began to roll. So it went through the whole town. Blake corrected Jamison at every turn. When they got back to the hotel Jamison had a strange, drawn expression on his face, but nobody paid much attention to him. He went into the dining-room and called a waiter.

"Bring me," said Mr. Jamison, in slow, measured accents, "some frisee-seed hack-rabbit, with apple holly, and let me have a mint help before the meat, please."

The waiter stared at him and somebody at the next table snickered. That was the last straw. The Chicago man sprang to his feet ablaze with indignation. "By hingo," he thundered, "what infernal hackass dares criticize my Spanish hargon? By the great humping liadas, I'm Him Jamison of Hackson boulevard, and I'll give some of you fellows a swift holt in the haw in about four seconds! Oh, yes, I suppose you think this is a hignitic hoke, but I don't. You're having lots of hoy with me, but I'll come over there and hoin in this hivial hamboree in about half a huffy if you don't quit your hoshin! I'm no hay, and I don't come from New Hersey. If my friend Horgo Henny, of the Marquette club, was here we'd do some hugging with you hackals, and don't you forget it—"

Here the waiters and the rest of the Chicago delegation dragged Mr. Jamison away. He recovered under careful nursing, but made all haste to get out of New Mexico as soon as he could catch a train.—Albuquerque (N. M.) News.

WHEELING AND DISEASE.

Physical Troubles in Which Cycling Is Beneficial or Otherwise.

If bicycling is an excellent preventive of disease and a promoter of good health, it is of no less value as a remedy for certain pathological conditions. It is not compatible with the limits and nature of a magazine article intended for general readers to enter into details about the treatment of diseases. By its effect on respiration and digestion, bicycling becomes a potent remedy for anemia—that condition of the blood which consists in a diminution of the red blood-corpuses, and shows itself in pallor of the skin and the mucous membranes. Numerous nervous troubles are relieved or cured by this exercise; such as neurasthenia, or nervous prostration—a condition usually due to overwork or worry, and in which the normal strength is lost and the slightest exertion causes fatigue and physical and mental exhaustion. The same holds good in regard to headache, insomnia and neuralgia. Among the nervous affections benefited by cycle riding may also be included that troublesome disease asthma, a cramp-like contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes, which cause a painful sensation of choking. In the beginning of phthisis, where parts of the lung tissue become condensed and less pervious, moderate bicycling is helpful. Many diseases of the intestinal canal—such as dyspepsia, constipation and hemorrhoids—yield to the effects of wheeling. A case recently came to the writer's knowledge in which the stiffness remaining after a fracture of the leg was successfully treated by riding a bicycle.

But, if bicycling is a valuable resource in certain diseased conditions, there are numerous others in which it is harmful or should only be indulged in very cautiously. Most acute diseases demand rest, and bid the bicyclist abstain from his favorite pursuit; and many chronic diseases are made worse by riding. Since wheeling considerably increases the rate of the respiratory movements, it would be folly for a person with advanced pulmonary consumption to attempt to ride. The heart being whipped unmercifully to work in driving the machine, wheeling should be strictly forbidden in serious diseases of this organ; and persons affected with minor cardiac troubles ought at least never to race or otherwise expose the heart to a fatigue which it is not prepared to stand.—Dr. Henry J. Garrigue, in Forum.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Chocolate Caramels.—Three cups of brown sugar, one cupful of cream or milk, butter the size of an egg, a pinch of soda and half a cake of chocolate. Boil till thick, pour into a buttered pan and when nearly cold cut into squares.—Housekeeper.

Tripe, with Mustard Sauce.—Fry some cooked tripe, cut into squares in lard, and at the same time a dozen small onions. Season well with salt and pepper, add enough water or broth to form a sauce, and when ready to serve stir in a teaspoonful of mustard.—Chicago Chronicle.

Egg Puffs.—White of an egg beaten to a perfectly stiff froth; add an ounce and a half of powdered sugar and beat again until perfectly stiff. Take a very coarse rag, say, cheesecloth, and strain this preparation through. Use your ingenuity and vary the design occasionally. Set the pan in a cold oven. Let these puffs naturally dry out. Try these delicious pastries.—Farm and Fireside.

Amber Pudding.—Line a pie dish with good puff paste and pour in a mixture made in the following manner: Peel and core eight apples and stew them with a quarter of a pound of moist sugar and three ounces of butter. Squeeze the juice of a lemon and grate the rind, and add, rubbing all through a sieve, and adding the yolks of four eggs. Bake for 25 minutes. Just before it is done beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and spread on the top of the pudding; sift with sugar and brown in the oven.—Prairie Farmer.

Delicious Apple Dumplings.—Make a sauce of one teacupful of boiling water, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and two of corn starch. Stir constantly until it boils smooth. Season with nutmeg or lemon peel. Pare, quarter and core tart apples. Make a dough as for baking powder biscuit and fashion the dumplings as if they were to be steamed. Butter a pudding mold, arrange the dumplings over the bottom, leaving room for them to rise, pour the sauce over, cover closely and bake until the apples are tender. Serve hot in the sauce.—Orange Judd Farmer.

RHEUMATISM.

From the News, Hutchinson, Kansas.

This summer, while a representative of the Hutchinson, Kansas, News, was taking his vacation he had occasion to visit the thriving little city of Peru, Ill. He had hardly had time to shake hands with friends in the city before he was told of the wonderful cure of Mrs. George Perry of rheumatism. Every one that has ever lived in Peru, Ill., knows Deacon George Perry and wife. They have lived there forty years, and being active workers in the church and kind, obliging neighbors, they are both well known and universally loved. The News representative being always on the look out for news and wonderful cures, called on Deacon Perry and wife the second day after his arrival. He was met at the door by Mrs. Perry, an old lady now over seventy years of age. He told her bluntly that he had heard that she had been recently cured of rheumatism and asked for her story, which she readily gave, expressing a desire that she wished that the world at large should know of her good fortune. She said:

"About three years ago I was taken down with the grippe and suffered nearly all winter. After the grippe left me I was taken with the rheumatism. I could absolutely do no work, and for over a year I was so bad I could not pick a pin off the floor. I had the town physician doctor me and I tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do me any good for any length of time. At last my husband noticed an article in a paper about a wonderful cure brought about by the use of Pink Pills for rheumatism, and I determined to try once more. I used only six boxes of Pink Pills, and long before I took the last box I was nearly as well as you see me to-day. I now do all my own housework, although I am over seventy years of age, and I have no words at my command to express my gratitude to the manufacturers of Pink Pills, for without their medicine I am satisfied I would still be laid up with rheumatism, and not only been a sufferer but been unable to do any work."

Mrs. Perry's story can be substantiated by hundreds of citizens of La Salle County, Ill., for her wonderful cure is one of the much talked of subjects in that locality.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—They are never sold in bulk or for the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

JACKSON—"Any sleeping apartment in the club you belong to?" "Barricade!" "Not one, except the reading-room."—Household Words.

HURRAH FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 300 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats on one measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win \$200 in gold! and they'll do it. Will you?

Then there is Silver King Barley, cropped on poor soil 116 bus. per acre in 1895. Isn't that wonderful—and corn 230 bus. and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap to all points.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. (K.)

THE CHICAGO—"And do you find the water here very bad?" "The Elsewhere—" "O no. With salad dressing it is not at all bad."—Detroit Tribune.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Love makes the world go round." The world seems to go round, but love makes your head swim; that's the explanation.—Boston Transcript.

A CASAL CHOKED UP.

Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the waste and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and insuring a regular course of the system. This medicine also remedies malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

If the devil were to take off his hat every time he met a hypocrite, he would long since have died of exposure.—Texas Siftings.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago.

Bancroft, the prince of magicians, appears week beginning Jan. 26 in a play with oriental surroundings and gorgeous scenery.

MAUDE—"Did you go to Clara's wedding?" Mabel—"No; I never encourage lotteries."—Yonkers Statesman.

The New Orleans Limited, via the Queen & Crescent Route, makes the trip Cincinnati to New Orleans in 24 hours. 90 miles shortest line.



You are discharged I have no use for any one that has not sense enough to chew

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A. N. K.—A 1890

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GRASS CURER FOR CURE ALL THE ILLS
Best Cough Syrup, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by Druggists.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The Noble Work That Is Done Along the American Coasts.

While we are listening to the wild storms of winter howling around our comfortable homes, let us take a look at the home and life of the brave life-savers, who are guarding life and property along our coasts. Few people realize what these men have to endure, or how many heroic deeds could be gathered from the records of even one of these little stations.

In the year 1891 the disasters on our ocean and lake coasts numbered 491, with a passenger list of 2,491; of these 2,441 were saved by the gallant keepers and their brave men, and over 550 persons were cared for at the different stations.

We can judge from this report how efficient must be the corps of officers in this important department of the government; millions of dollars' worth of property, in the shape of valuable cargoes, are yearly saved from the greedy ocean by the crews of the life-saving service.

There are now on the American coasts 233 stations properly equipped, and the cost to the government is made good by the value of lives and money saved; indeed, under the present system, there are fewer lives lost yearly on the whole coast line than were formerly sacrificed on the Jersey coast alone in that time.

The general superintendent of the life-saving service resides at Washington; there are district superintendents who have charge of all stations in their district, which they must visit once in three months. Each district superintendent must inspect the public property, and drill the various crews in all exercises, on the occasion of his visit of inspection.

A journal of the daily doings at each station is forwarded weekly to the department at Washington; where wrecks occur, and lives or vessels are lost, a rigid investigation is made by the department, with a view to detecting any possible neglect or carelessness on the part of the life-savers.—Teresa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

Black-Mindedness.

A Berne newspaper contained the following prospectus of a hotel: "—, in the Bernese Oberland, is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking there from the four quarters of the globe." I gather from my informant that this is either a copy or a translation of the prospectus. But I forbear to give the name of the favorite retreat, partly because I have not myself seen the advertisement and partly for fear that many of your readers might be tempted to swell the crowd in that haunt of popular solitude. In my Harrow days it was reported that the very clever and kind-hearted, but insouciant and sometimes inconsequent, second master (long since dead) once called out to the boys in his form: "If one boy prompts another, the boy who prompts shall have ten times as many lines to write out as the boy who is prompted, and the boy who is prompted just the same."—London Spectator.

—Both Love the Kitty.—"Harold," said Mrs. Pulsiver, "when you talk in your sleep about the Kitty it always wakes baby up. She just dotes on a Kitty." "So do I," answered Mr. P.—grateful for his escape.—Detroit Free Press.

WARNING TO FAT WOMEN.

Their Great Danger When the Flat Takes Fire.

Large, lumpy ladies who dwell next to the roof in five-story buildings are beset with dangers of which the narrow-gauge female knows nothing. One of these perils is fire and the other is policemen. On a recent stormy midnight an officer patrolling his beat saw smoke curling over the shingles of a tall house. Knowing that a large lady lived on the fifth floor he hastened to notify her without stopping to turn in an alarm. At the fourth landing the brave man discovered that further progress was barred by a burning stairway, but he managed to reach the boudoir of the large lady by means of the fire escape.

She weighed 240 pounds dressed, but they did not wait for that ceremony. Time was too precious. Seizing the lady, who was rendered helpless from fear, the gallant officer shoved her through the window and out upon the little front platform. Then occurred a thrilling aerial act without the aid of a net or calcium light effects.

It was the fault of no one that the lady happened to be larger than the openings in the fire-escape platforms. To pass her dead weight over the edge and lower it to the next landing was a feat beyond the power of one man. Even a policeman, clothed in full authority, balked in the face of this proposition.

There was only one thing to be done, and the officer did it. First he pushed what he could of the lady through the hole, like a man stuffing a bed quilt into a hand valise, after which he swung himself below and pulled the rest of her through. It was a herculean job, but the red flames roaring above gave the rescuer renewed strength.

Down the perpendicular ladder he backed, with the limp form resting on his head and shoulders. The thin iron rungs cut into his hands and the smoke almost stifled him, but the noble man struggled on. At the next landing the large lady was again squeezed through the hole by the heroic policeman, and so on until the ground was reached.

Meanwhile an alarm had been sounded and the usual helping throng was on hand. Some Good Samaritan gave the exhausted large lady a drink of brandy to brace her up, while the noble policeman went on about his business. There are others, however, who bear the shield and helmet. One of them happened along and heard about the drink of brandy and saw the efforts of the unfortunate woman to save some of her property. Not to be outdone in gallantry by any policeman living, the second officer dragged the hapless creature off to jail and charged her with being drunk.

This pathetic incident should warn large ladies to either live on the ground floor or stick to the policeman who saves them from the lurid flames.—N. Y. Journal.

Death of a Famous Railway Dog.

Probably one of the most intelligent of railway dogs has just been poisoned at Luton. "Jack," as he was called, was of the fox-terrier breed, and had for three years made his home at the railway station. Almost daily he visited the various departments, occasionally calling at the signal-boxes. Sometimes he would accompany one of the engine-drivers for an outing, while with the passenger guards he made journeys to Hatfield, alighted at the intermediate stations, and each time the train resumed its journey he would immediately jump into the brake.—Westminster Budget.

—The Arkansas river is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course is very thin for its length.

FLORIDA SWAMP TOBACCO.

Guests Were Excusable in Thinking the Hotel Was on Fire.

I had just reached the door of my room in a North Carolina hotel, at midnight, when a woman stepped out of the room adjacent and quietly asked: "Do you belong to the hotel?"

"No ma'am."

"Are there many people here to-night?"

"It is crowded."

"And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire. I have known it for ten minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

"Are you sure, ma'am?" I asked.

"Entirely sure, sir. I smelled the smoke while in bed. You go quietly down and tell the clerk, and I will knock on all the doors on this floor."

She was wonderfully cool and collected, and I never thought of doubting her assertion. Going down by the stairway, I beckoned the clerk aside and told him of the fire. He went to the elevator with me and ascended to the third floor, where he found about 20 half-dressed people in the halls. The woman who had given me the orders came up and said:

"Come this way. I don't think the fire has much of a start yet."

We followed her to her room and began to sniff and snuff. There was certainly a strong odor of something burning, but the clerk had taken only one sniff when he went out and rapped on the next door.

"Hello!" called a voice.

"Are you smoking?"

"Yes."

"Smoking Florida tobacco?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nothing. Ma'am, you can go back to bed. Much obliged to you for your sagacity and wit, but both are a little too keen this time. The stinky old cuss in that room is smoking swamp tobacco, and it always smells like a fire eating its way under a pine floor."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Catching Whales by Nets.

In New Zealand, where the old-fashioned methods in use in most other whale fisheries have been abandoned in favor of nets, which are now used for the capture in those waters of these leviathans of the sea, the nets are made of two-inch manilla rope and are so constructed that galvanized iron rings take the place of the knots in the ordinary nets. The mesh is a six-foot one, and the ropes forming it are spliced into the rings. The nets are made in six sections, each ten fathoms square, with two ten-gallon barrels as floats to each section. When setting the net the sections are joined together with line just strong enough to bear the ordinary strain to which they are liable to be subjected, so that when a whale gets washed he tears away the section in which he is fast. While he is trying to get rid of the net the whaleboats, which are always waiting, dart alongside and harpoon him.—London Tit-Bits.

His Exercise.

Mrs. Jolliboy—My husband takes regular exercise at the club gymnasium now and I judge from what he says he is getting on finely.

Mrs. Kingley—Has he become expert enough to do anything?

Mrs. Jolliboy—He tells me that he has learned how to crook his elbow, though I don't know what that means exactly.—Detroit Free Press.

YES!

THE postman, on his morning round
Left me a Valentine,
Which makes my heart with rapture bound,
My eyes with rapture shine.
It does not bear the rainbow's tints,
You would not call it fine,
There's no thing so handsome as
That it's a valentine.
It seems a modest little note,
In truth I will confess
The little maid bore one word wrote,
But oh that word was "yes."
That word was "yes," and you can guess
What radiant joy is mine,
For you will be—oh, happiness!
My life-long valentine,
—Johnstone Murray, in Womankind.

DATED FEBRUARY 14

HE mild air of mid-February was perfumed with violets. From a yard across the way their odor floated even to where old Caleb sat on the court-house steps. Above the gray old negro gleamed the white Doric columns of the house of justice.

Caleb was the most bedecked old negro to be seen out of Congoland. He wore a tall white hat, a blue frock coat—some 20 brass buttons adorned that coat—a steel chain (presumably for a watch he wore), a chain that crossed his breast four times. Sundry charms and bangles dangling about him give him an appearance imposing as that of a Knight of the Garter. This was his usual attire. He felt that such elaboration of toilet was due his position; he was general sweeper and cleaner of these offices and this house of justice. He rang the great bell when courts were in session. He fed the flock of pigeons that hovered about the court-house belfry and the jail tower. Manifold as his duties were, he had comparative leisure now; even commissioners' court was adjourned. He sat basking in the pleasant afternoon sun, looking with unflagging interest down the vista of old shops and new-set young water oaks.

In front of one shop sat his quondam owner, sometime employer, and always his object of devotion. Very old and worn looked the major in the bright light that fell over him. His neatly-brushed clothes were very shabby, his handsome old face and military air were very imposing. His rattan stick and his cork leg were rested out on a splint-bottomed chair before him. His gestures, as he talked to the group of gentlemen about him, were excited. He was probably telling a story of the war, possibly telling the same story for the 100th time. Caleb was trying to match the excited gestures with his own experience, and to guess at the particulars of the story; for he had followed young Travis Calvert through fighting, wounding and imprisonment. His efforts after the thread of the story were interrupted, however, by the rolling of a handsome carriage between him and his master. Down went the major's cork leg, up the major's stiff body, off the major's soft hat; and just so often as a lady passed, or driving or walking, just so often and so elaborately was the major's story interrupted.

In the present instance the lady was Miss Lorena Banks, fair, fat and much over 40. Her carriage drew up at the post office, too far for either Caleb or the major to hear the fidgety inquiries after the Woman's Work, that came always, or nearly always, on a Wednesday; the *Lofty Choir Weekly*, that failed to come last evening; and the *Portrayer of Fashion*, that must be in the office now, and must be searched for.

Though Caleb could not hear the sharp tones, he could note very well the gloss and elegance of the equipage. From his smattering knowledge of deeds, titles, rent notes, crop liens and the like, he knew very well the goodly amount of the lady's income. Something, maybe the time of the year, maybe the insistent odor of violets in the air, maybe the red glow of the camellia japonica on the coats of the university boys as they sauntered by him, themselves glowing with youth and brightness, every four out of five smiling over a valentine; anyhow, something set Caleb thinking of the long ago. It was of '61, the 13th of February, and bitterly cold in that entrenched camp, called by grace Fort Donaldson, Grant threatened by land, Commodore Foote by water. To help in the land attack, unexpected and unprepared for, until the fall of Fort Henry, the soldiers were throwing up earthworks as hastily as might be. Under biting snow and sleet they shoveled cheerily at the red earth.

Side by side worked Travis Calvert and his body servant, Caleb. Down in concert swept the aim of master and slave, up in unison heaved the shovels of earth. Caleb remembered to-day how Calvert had said to him that day: "When I get a snatch of time, Caleb, I am going to write a letter to Miss Lorena. I am going to give it to you, and if in the engagements to come behind these earthworks I am killed, you send it to her. If I come out safe, I'll send it myself." Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout gittin'

killed, Marsa Travis; what yo' ma gwine to say to that?" "Me being killed would break 'em up at home, wouldn't it? But," continued the young soldier, "I am going to have no more shilly-shally about this letter. I love that girl. I always will, always have loved that girl, and I am going to tell her so"—all his young breath froze on the keen, cold air as he talked of the warmth in his young heart; "I'll be the happiest man if that girl loves me. My name, my heart, my fortune, everything is hers if she will marry me," declared this young aristocrat, heaving his shovel.

Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout 'ma'yin' de daughter of de man what oversee for we-all in yo' gran pa's time? What yo' ma gwine say to dat?" "That would break 'em all up at home, too, wouldn't it? But I love her, and that letter I write as soon as this shovel is out of my hands."

It was the gray dawn of another day ere Calvert found time to write that letter full of love's assurances and urgency; so it happened that it was dated February 14, the day sacred to sweet-hearts, pink hearts, and the arrows of Cupid. Of this, however, Calvert had no thought, among the ringing of the enemies' bullets across the earthworks, and the sound of the plunging fire of the confederates against the gunboats on the river.

For the next two days there was no way out of the beleagued camp, and Caleb was too busy dodging shells to think of the letter he carried.

On the 17th, that day of fiercest fighting, Calvert's leg was cut clean away. That awful night, when 4,000 dead, and dying, and wounded of both armies lay on the ground and literally froze outright, it was Caleb who got Calvert a place in an ambulance of the enemy. A fortnight later Calvert waked to consciousness. He lay somewhere in the



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chill north on a prison cot, and Caleb leaned over him to ask: "Marsa Travis, mus' I send the letter now?" "No, no, no," groaned Calvert; "I am broken up. I am worthless now. Not with all my wealth, not with all my lands, would I ask her now." "When at last prison doors were flung wide, when hundreds upon hundreds of crippled, maimed southern boys turned their prison-paled faces homeward, young Calvert found Caleb waiting for him.

Freedom and honor had been Caleb's in the land of Calvert's captivity, and these he had used to the utmost of his power for the comfort and succor of his master. Now together they turned their faces to the warm, sweet south.

That was a returning that was no home-coming. Calvert's father was buried, his mother crushed with sorrow, his home burned, his negroes freed, his lands mortgaged.

In a little cottage at the park gate he found his mother, and this they made their home; there Calvert managed to eke out an existence for himself, his mother, and the ever-faithful Caleb.

In those first days of home-coming Caleb had asked, seeing that Lorena in her girlish beauty looked kindly on the maimed hero: "Shall I give de letter now, Marsa Travis?" "No, no! what have I to offer a woman?" Calvert would exclaim.

At intervals in all those long years when Miss Lorena was left sole heir to a goodly fortune, while Calvert scuffled with only the salary of a chancery clerkship and a swelling current of mortgages with no breakwater of payments to check their progress, Caleb had continued to ask, when violets were sweet and japonica bright: "Marsa Travis, mus' I give the letter now?" Since the mother's death Calvert had lived alone in a bare little hired room over a shop. Wire-pulling politicians had maneuvered to thrust the major out of his office, and now with clear honor ever his and hard chance ever against him, he made a meager sum by copying and accounting.

"These thoughts, together with the dreams of what might have been, were too much for Caleb. He resolved to make one more effort to gain permission from his master to deliver the letter. He rose from the steps of the Doric portico—all the bangles and chains tinkled on him as he started across the street to the major—but a sudden decision stopped him short; wheeling about, he struck off in the opposite direction as fast as his old legs could carry him.

It made no matter that the major called to him querulously. He pretended that he could hear nothing.

He stopped nor stayed until he had reached the broad door of the Banks mansion and had tapped an apologetic tap under the electric bell thereon. At the door he had trembled; but his knees verily shook and bowed under him, and all his brazen adornments jangled on him like bells on a shaken tambourine when he stood before Miss Lorena.

She was so utterly different in appearance from the girl he had been dreaming of for his master's sake. He felt ready to swoon, too, for the room smelled so strangely and diffusely of old, very old rose petals, of simmering tea, of dried sweet fern, that one would have fancied that there was never a fresh violet or a day of gay youth in the whole world. But there was no drawing back now; for Caleb held the yellowed missive abroad in his hand, and Miss Lorena was already eyeing it curiously. So, bowing and bending till he tinkled like a rattle in a baby's fist, he laid the old letter in the hand held out for it. While she fumbled with the ancient seal Caleb's hand fumbled with his blue-checked shirt as if it would tear it into shreds.

The antiquated paper told faithfully young love's story—a sweet, fervent tale. For a moment the reader was



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herself young again, 30 years well forgotten; but, suddenly remembering those 30 years and more, she turned sharply on the cringing old negro to ask: "Whoever gave you this?" "Marsa Travis Calvert." "When did he give it to you? I say when—when?" "Nigh as I can git de count it were 30 odd year ago," stammered Caleb.

"And you!" she cried; "you kept it!" She saw the cause of her youth's disappointment, and she felt it anew and most keenly. "You! Why didn't you give it to me? You—" Caleb was frightened now of no uncertainty, of no imaginings of his own. He was desperately frightened of Miss Lorena, and he made all haste a human tongue could make to tell the story of the letter and its long delaying. He dwelt especially on his own repeated offers to deliver it; he spoke with especial fervency of his determination of that afternoon to consult with the major no longer about the matter, but to fetch it to her on his own responsibility.

Full dark had fallen before Miss Lorena sent for Caleb from the kitchen, where he had been warming and feeding, to lay a crisp new note in his hands with the injunction: Give this to Maj. Calvert immediately!

The major's bare little room was dark and cold, for it takes all the sunshine to keep February warm. The major himself was fractious, for Caleb had not been inattentive before in over a quarter of a century. But when the note was in his hand, when Caleb had found his glasses and held the smoky lamp near for him to read it, he was an exultant for a moment as a schoolboy on an April day, rich with his love's first kiss.

It was the answer to his own love's urgency; he knew it as soon as the first words met his old eyes. In that moment of ecstasy his cork leg, his poverty, his sorrows—all were forgotten. And even when, an hour later, he sat by Miss Lorena's warm fire, her plump hand held cheerily in his thin one, and all the years and all the griefs that had Sundered them remembered and talked over, surely in all the loving world, on that blessed St. Valentine's day, there were not two happier hearts than these.—Martha Young, in N. Y. Independent.

Clear Case.
Papa (on the top of the stairs)—Is that young man gone, Mamie?
Mamie—Yes, papa, awfully.—Judge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Among the Greeks, after the time of Alexander the Great, the portrait of that monarch set in a ring was supposed to bring the warrior good luck.

—Roman dandies in the first, second and third centuries of our era wore heavy rings in winter, which they exchanged for others of lighter weight during the summer.

—A Turkish outrage has been committed on Bieltz, in Austrian Silesia. Kiamli Pasha, the new vail of Smyrna, having forbidden the use of woollen breeches in his vilayat, has suddenly cut off the chief market of the Bieltz manufacturers, who are left with large stocks of unsalable garments on hand, and see no way to avoid ruin but the repeal of the order.

—Herr Gatrio, a German pastor, declares that there exists in Alsace two miniature portraits of Joan of Arc which are undoubtedly the work of a contemporary artist. If the German pastor's claim be correct these will be the only authentic portraits of the Maid of Orleans that have yet been found, since all the representations of her are of a much more later date than the epoch in which she lived.

—Rice-throwing broke up a wedding feast at Preston, England, recently. The party was leaving the house in a carriage when the rice-thrower frightened the horses, who ran away. The best man was pitched out, landing on his head, which was badly cut. The carriage was stopped by the horses running against a wall, when the bride was taken out with a bruised leg and very much shocked.

—On leaving Copenhagen for St. Petersburg the dowager czarina gave her father, King Christian, a diamond ring which was worn by Alexander II. when he was assassinated. The ring was on the little finger of the right hand, which remained intact when the arm and the other fingers were shattered by the bomb. As the czar was dying he gave the ring to his son, and on his deathbed Alexander III. gave the ring to his wife. She probably thinks it has been connected with too many misfortunes of the Romanoffs.

—A potato tercentenary is proposed in England. In 1596 the first potato was planted in England, in Holborn, about the time that Sir Walter Raleigh was planting the first Irish potato at Youghal, near Cork. For two centuries the potato continued as a botanical curiosity. When first eaten it was a delicacy, sometimes roasted and steeped in sack, or baked with marrow and spices or preserved and candied. When Parmentier developed the plant in France Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette wore the flowers as ornaments. Frederick the Great had to force the Pomeranian farmers to plant potatoes by the fear of his soldiers. It was the famine of 1771-72 in Germany that first demonstrated the value of the tubers.

DELAWARE SHAD.

Some of the Big Ones That Have Been Caught in Former Years.

The reader who is interested in fish and fisheries can find in a report of the Pennsylvania fish commission, recently issued, a deal of matter about old and new methods of taking fish, stories (authentic) of big catches and big fish, and descriptions of the methods adopted by the pirates who deplete the waters regardless of the rights of others.

In the early days of the Delaware settlements, neither the Dutch, German nor English settlers on the lower part of the stream cared enough for shad to use nets of any kind in taking them. It was not the proper thing socially to eat shad. If anyone of social distinction was led by a liking for the flavor of the fish into eating it, he had to cook it and eat it on the sly.

And there is the story of the use of shad in Philadelphia. The low prices tempted many master mechanics to keep their apprentices almost altogether on fish diet. The apprentices objected to shad, and a bitter, wordy strife ensued. No strike followed, but the youngsters triumphed so far that the law relating to indentures was changed so that the boys were not to be fed on fish more than twice a week. The exclusion of the shad from the bill of fare was followed by an evil they knew not of. What was known as the Merino sheep craze swept over the country about that time; sheep became cheaper than fish, and the boys got mutton and molasses in generous quantities instead of shad.

If it was not in good form socially to eat shad on the lower Delaware, it was nevertheless quite the proper thing to do so on the upper waters of both the Delaware and Susquehanna. Country folks from a radius of 50 miles came to the Susquehanna to get their winter supply.

The record for a day's catch belongs to Tullytown creek, in Hadley, Pa., for "on the first day of May, 1833, 30,000 shad were taken."

"The fish also ran very large in my young days," said one of the veracious old inhabitants. "Eight-pound fish were very common, and often they ran larger."

One story is related of a man who traded 20 barrels of shad for "a good Durham cow." But sometimes so many of the fish were taken out that the price went to three and four cents each, and one case is noted of a great catch that brought but one cent each.

It is worth nothing that in describing the size of the fish three are referred to that weighed 12 pounds. The very largest of all was taken by Charles Vansiver, at Badger's Island, in the Delaware. It weighed 13½ pounds, and was purchased by Christian Larzere, Esq., a judge in Burlington county.—Philadelphia Times.

It Had Worked in His Case.

Mrs. Scrupp—Willy is just like you; so wayward that nothing can be done with him!
Scrupp—Well, I don't see what we can do, until we marry him off.—Puck.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

Disastrous Results of an Innovation in a Loda Ceremony.

The little black mule which is seen on the streets very frequently with children on his back has attained quite a reputation among the various East Side lodges during the past few weeks. It is generally supposed that all candidates "ride the goat" when initiated in secret organizations, but it has been a bad year for goats, and some of the lodges have been in the habit of borrowing this mule instead and giving the candidate a ride around the hall on its back. On one occasion, a few evenings ago, it is reported, the initiatory ceremony came to grief. The candidate had been blindfolded, so it is related, in the ante-room, and then brought into the lodge room, where he was mounted on the mule. The guide was immediately in the rear, while the mule was being led by one of the brothers. Several others were also near at hand on either side. The procession approached the chair of the presiding officer. Suddenly the mule stopped and refused to go forward. No amount of pulling and urging could get him to budge. Finally one of the brothers told the guide to twist the mule's tail. The guide never had any experience with twisting mules' tails, or he would have declined to do so, but, being ignorant of the mule nature to resent such indignity, he promptly seized the rather short caudal appendage and gave a twist. The mule was a little surprised, but, quickly recovering, let fly both feet, lifting the offender nearly to the ceiling.

The mule plunged forward toward the chair of the presiding officer, with the candidate still clinging to the saddle for dear life. The presiding officer managed to jump out of the way. From here the animal made for the secretary, who dodged under the table. His head was now turned down the hall, and away he went, over chairs and members, whom he knocked about in every direction. The candidate by this time had fallen from the mule's back. Around and around the mule flew until the hall was in the wildest state of confusion, everybody trying to get out of the way, and at the same time trying to catch the mule, which made several almost successful efforts to plunge out of a window into the street below.

Finally, in making a turn in one corner of the hall, the mule fell, and a dozen men piled on top of him and held him firm. He was taken downstairs by one of the brothers and led home. After order was restored, the candidate was permitted to sign the constitution and become a member without further ceremonies. A motion was passed to the effect that any member divulging the unhappy event of the evening should be expelled from the lodge without recourse. But most of the members are married and told their wives. Then the secret leaked out. All other lodges having occasion to use the mule will be careful not to twist his tail at any time during the ceremonies.—Portland Oregonian.

BROTHER CARTER WORKED.

Jim McCue's Plea for Sunday Labor Prevailed Against a Minister's Objections.

"I wanted to drive to San Rafael last Sunday," said Jim McCue, the Corte Madera rancher and philosopher, "but when I went out and glanced up the muddy road I concluded that I wouldn't. You know I wash my buggy once in awhile and when I start out to San Rafael I don't like to get covered with mud before I get to Larkspur.

"Well," I thought to myself, "if you don't like that road, McCue, there is no law against you fixing it," so I took a team, a plow and a hired man and went to work. I plowed furrows to drain the water off and was filling up some chuckholes when Brother Carter, our minister, came along.

"Well, well, well, Brother McCue; working on Sunday," says he.

"Ye-es, that's what I am, Brother Carter," says I. "But, though I ain't much of a church man, I don't suppose the Lord made it rain Saturday night so it would spoil our roads over Sunday. I kind of took this standing water and mud as a hint to me that He wanted them fixed."

"Well, you're doing a good work, but you oughtn't to labor on the Sabbath."

"You do most of your labor on the Sabbath, don't you, Brother Carter?"

"Well—er—yes; but it's not this kind of labor."

"Your work on the Sabbath is fixing up the road to Heaven, ain't it?"

A Change in the Title.

Maud (smilingly)—So you saw the profound bow I got from handsome Harry Brown? He's just graduated from college with high honors as a veterinary surgeon.

PITH AND POINT.

—Corroborative Evidence.—"They say there are fewer persons dying this winter than usual." "Yes, I know lots and lots of people who haven't died at all."—Chicago Record.

—Same Thing.—Inquirer—"Do you think that journalistic work is a good preparation for writing fiction?" Editor—"On the sensational papers it is. Journalistic work there is mostly fiction."—Exchange.

—"You're a crank and a theater dude!" shouted the fierce-looking man in the slouch hat. "That's what you are! You're a dandified Pinger!" "I'm a potato masher, am I?" roared the other, lunging at him.—Chicago Tribune.

—Waiter's Perilous Duty.—"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust in his face. "Why?" "Why? Why, because they insist on my eating mushrooms before the customers, to show them they're not toast-stools."—Toledo Bee.

—Miss Nurse.—"I'm so afraid, doctor, that something will happen and that I may be buried alive." Dr. Pylis—"Nonsense! You need not fear anything like that. You take the medicine I gave you and you need no longer be afraid of being buried alive. That is something that never happened to my patients."—Harper's Bazar.

TWO DEAD MEN.
The man upon his feet,
Collide, and quickly both of them
Lie down upon the street.
The man upon his feet has gone
Unto a rest eternal;
The man who scoured is scorching yet
In the regions called infernal.
—Detroit Tribune.

—Mrs. Querrel sat looking into the fire. Presently she chuckled a little bit. "What are you chuckling at?" kindly inquired Mr. Querrel. "I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say the one little word that would make you happy for life." "Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word."—Cleveland Enquirer.

—Harold is Now a Hustler.—"Oh, Harold," she said, "you do not love me as you did before we were married." "Yes, I do," he protested. "But you don't yearn for my society as you did." "Ethel," he said, gently, but firmly, "I used to yearn on a salary of \$18 a week. When a man has the expenses of a family to look after, he's got to quit yearning and go to hustling."—Washington Star.

ANTARCTIC ICE.

It Differs Considerably from That of the Northern Regions.

The difference in the formation of Arctic and Antarctic ice, as is well known, is very great. While the northern bergs mostly consist of a large ice-mass running up into numberless towers and arches resembling the mountain peaks which surround the glaciers from which they were torn, the Antarctic berg are solid masses of floating ice, with perpendicular walls, and an unbroken plateau on the top.

All showed plainly whether they were broken from the large southerly barrier or discharged from the glaciers of Victoria Land. All the barrier bergs had very distinct blue lines across their walls, indicating the annual growth by snowfall. These lines were, of course, not to be found on the glacier ice. The latter also showed more likeness to the northern ice than did the former. The peaks and towers of the Arctic icebergs are supposed to be formed by the influence of ocean currents wearing away the softer part of the ice-mass under water, until the natural law of gravitation forces it to upset.

But why have the Antarctic icebergs a different appearance? It is certain that in the Antarctic waters there are also currents. Yet even icebergs that have gone as far north as the south of New Zealand have all maintained the marks of their Antarctic origin. I cannot see any other reason for this dissimilarity between the bergs of the north and those of the south but that the Arctic icebergs, as a rule, must pass through climes which in temperature rapidly change from one extreme to another, and the icebergs take much longer time in floating southward than do the Antarctic icebergs in advancing northward, and thus, as a rule, the northern icebergs exist much longer than those of the Antarctic.—C. E. Borchgrevink, in Century.

A Dead Pueblo City.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheater, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white 100 feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft gray-brown, and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock met at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of the cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, rearing one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly the citadel, or great communal house; for on both sides following the curve of the white cliff were the windows and doorways of innumerable cave-dwellers, hollowed from the soft tufa of which it was composed. The central building might have been made only a few years ago by some of Honani's own people, so fresh and new it seemed; but both its position and the caves told of a time long ago, when, without doubt, this was the home of a numerous and prosperous people. In the great bend of the stream had been their fields, and high up, secure from dangers, they had lived, loved and died.—F. H. Lugren, in St. Nicholas.

—The teeth of serpents are designed for holding their prey, not for chewing it. All serpents swallow their prey whole.

BOTHERS THE YANKEES.

Spanish Pronunciation Proves Puzzling to a Party of Chicagoans. Five Chicagoans arrived at Albuquerque, N. M., one day late in August. They were taken in charge by Frank Blake, a Chicago boy, who has lived in the west for some years, and were soon shown all the sights of the quaint old town. As they walked along the principal street Mr. Jamison looked up at a building and remarked: "El Hornado hotel; nice building."

WHEELING AND DISEASE.

Physical Troubles in Which Cycling is Beneficial or Otherwise. If bicycling is an excellent preventive of disease and a promoter of good health, it is of no less value as a remedy for certain pathological conditions. It is not compatible with the limits and nature of a magazine article intended for general readers to enter into details about the treatment of diseases. By its effect on respiration and digestion, bicycling becomes a potent remedy for anæmia—that condition of the blood which consists in a diminution of the red blood-corpuscles, and shows itself in pallor of the skin and the mucous membranes.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Chocolate Caramels.—Three cupsful of brown sugar, one cupful of cream or milk, butter the size of an egg, a pinch of soda and half a cake of chocolate. Boil till thick, pour into a buttered pan and when nearly cold cut into squares.—Housekeeper. —Tripe, with Mustard Sauce.—Fry some cooked tripe, cut into squares in lard, and at the same time a dozen small onions. Season well with salt and pepper, add enough water or broth to form a sauce, and when ready to serve stir in a teaspoonful of mustard.—Chicago Chronicle. —Egg Puffs.—White of an egg beaten to a perfectly stiff froth; add an ounce and a half of powdered sugar and beat again until perfectly stiff. Take a very coarse rag, say, cheesecloth, and strain this preparation through. Use your ingenuity and vary the design occasionally. Set the pan in a cold oven. Let these puffs naturally dry out. Try these delicious pastries.—Farm and Fireside.

RHEUMATISM.

From the News, Hutchinson, Kansas. This summer, while a representative of the Hutchinson, Kansas, News, was taking his vacation he had occasion to visit the thriving City of Peru, Ill. He had hardly had time to shake hands with friends in the city before he was told of the wonderful cure of Mrs. George Perry of rheumatism. Every one that has ever lived in Peru, Ill., knows Deacon George Perry and wife. They have lived there forty years, and being active workers in the church and kind, obliging neighbors, they are both well known and universally loved. The News representative being always on the look out for news and wonderful cures called on Deacon Perry and wife the second day after his arrival. He was met at the door by Mrs. Perry, an old lady now over seventy years of age. He told her bluntly that he had heard that she had been recently cured of rheumatism and asked for her story, which she readily gave, expressing a desire that she wished that the world at large should know of her good fortune. She said: "About three years ago I was taken down with the gripple and suffered nearly all winter. After the gripple left me I was taken with the rheumatism. I could absolutely do no work, and for over a year I was so bad I could not pick a pin off the floor. I had the town physician doctor me and I tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do me any good for any length of time. At last my husband noticed an article in a paper about a wonderful cure brought about by the use of Pink Pills for rheumatism, and I determined to try once more. I used only six boxes of Pink Pills, and long before I took the last box I was nearly as well as you see me to-day. I now do all my own household work, although I am over seventy years of age, and I have no words at my command to express my gratitude to the manufacturer of Pink Pills, for without them I am satisfied I would still be laid up with rheumatism, and not only been a sufferer but been unable to do any work."



You are discharged I have no use for any one that has not sense enough to chew Battle-Ax PLUG The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

General Harrison ON The Presidential Office A striking article in the February issue of The Ladies' Home Journal Over 700,000 Copies Sold TEN CENTS A COPY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR FOR SALE EVERYWHERE Agents Wanted to look after renewals and new subscribers. Profitable employment. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. COPYRIGT 1895 BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

FLORIDA SWAMP TOBACCO. Guests Were Excusable in Thinking the Hotel Was on Fire. I had just reached the door of my room in a North Carolina hotel, at midnight, when a woman stepped out of the room adjacent and quietly asked: "Do you belong to the hotel?" "No ma'am." "Are there many people here to-night?" "It is crowded." "And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire. I have known it for ten minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE. The Noble Work That Is Done Along the American Coasts. While we are listening to the wild storms of winter howling around our comfortable homes, let us take a look at the home and life of the brave lifesavers, who are guarding life and property along our coasts. Few people realize what these men have to endure, or how many heroic deeds could be gathered from the records of even one of these little stations. In the year 1891 the disasters on our ocean and lake coasts numbered 491, with a passenger list of 3,401; of these 3,441 were saved by the gallant keepers and their brave men, and over 550 persons were cared for at the different stations.

WARNING TO FAT WOMEN. Their Great Danger When the Flat Takes Fire. Large, lumpy ladies who dwell next to the roof in five-story buildings are beset with dangers of which the narrow-gauge female knows nothing. One of these perils is fire and the other is policemen. On a recent stormy midnight an officer patrolling his beat saw smoke curling over the shingles of a tall house. Knowing that a large lady lived on the fifth floor he hastened to notify her without stopping to turn in an alarm. At the fourth landing the brave man discovered that further progress was barred by a burning stairway, but he managed to reach the boudoir of the large lady by means of the fire escape.

HURRAH FOR PENNSYLVANIA. The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 300 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats on one measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win \$200 in gold! and they'll do it. Will you? Then there is Silver King Barley, cropped on poor soil 116 bush. per acre in 1895. Isn't that wonderful—and corn 230 bus. and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap to this point. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. (K.) THE CHICAGO.—"And do you find the water here so very bad?" The Elsewhere—"O, no. With salad dressing it is not at all bad."—Detroit Tribune. THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by DRUGGISTS, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. "Love makes the world go round." The world seems to go round, but love makes your head swim; that's the explanation.—Boston Transcript. A Canal Choked Up Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the effete and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve one effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial, bilious, dyspeptic, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system. If the devil were to take off his hat every time he met a hypocrite, he would long since have died of exposure.—Texas Siftings. McVicker's Theater, Chicago. Bancroft, the prince of magicians, appears week beginning Jan. 26 in a play with oriental surroundings and gorgeous scenery. MAUDE—"Did you go to Clara's wedding?" Mabel—"No; I never encourage lotteries."—Yonkers Statesman. The New Orleans Limited, via the Queen & Crescent Route, makes the trip Cincinnati to New Orleans in 34 hours. 90 miles shortest line.

Catching Whales by Nets. In New Zealand, where the old-fashioned methods in use in most other whale fisheries have been abandoned in favor of nets, which are now used for the capture in those waters of these leviathans of the sea, the nets are made of two-inch manilla rope and are so constructed that galvanized iron rings take the place of the knots in the ordinary nets. The mesh is a six-foot one, and the ropes forming it are spliced into the rings. The nets are made in six sections, each ten fathoms square, with two ten-gallon barrels as floats to each section. When setting the net the sections are joined together with line just strong enough to bear the ordinary strain to which they are liable to be subjected, so that when a whale gets meshed he tears away the section in which he is fast. While he is trying to get rid of the net the whaleboats, which are always waiting, dart alongside and harpoon him.—London Tit-Bits. His Exercise. Mrs. Jolliboy—My husband takes regular exercise at the club gymnasium now and I judge from what he says he is getting on finely. Mrs. Kingley—Has he become expert enough to do anything? Mrs. Jolliboy—He tells me that he has learned how to crook his elbow, though I don't know what that means exactly.—Detroit Free Press.

Black-Headedness. A Berne newspaper contained the following prospectus of a hotel: "—in the Bernese Oberland, is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly seeking there from the four quarters of the globe." I gather from my informant that this is either a copy or a translation of the prospectus. But I forbear to give the name of the favorite retreat, partly because I have not myself seen the advertisement and partly for fear that many of your readers might be tempted to swell the crowd in that haunt of populous solitude. In my Harrow days it was reported that the very clever and kind-hearted, but frangible and sometimes inconsequent, second master (long since dead) once called out to the boys in his form: "If one boy prompts another, the boy who prompts shall have ten times as many lines to write out as the boy who is prompted, and the boy who is prompted just the same."—London Spectator. —Both Love the Kitty.—"Harold," said Mrs. Pulsiver, "when you talk in your sleep about the kitty it always wakes baby up. She just dots on a kitty." "So do I," answered Mr. Pulsiver, "and I'm grateful for his escape."—Detroit Free Press.

Death of a Famous Railway Dog. Probably one of the most intelligent of railway dogs has just been poisoned at Luton. "Jack," as he was called, was of the fox-terrier breed, and had for three years made his home at the railway station. Almost daily he visited the various departments, occasionally calling at the signal-boxes. Sometimes he would accompany one of the engine-drivers for an outing, while with the passenger guards he made journeys to Hatfield, alighted at the intermediate stations, and each time the train resumed its journey he would immediately jump into the brake.—Westminster Budget. —The Arkansas river is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course is very thin for its length.

Bubbles or Medals. "Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? . . . There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

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Rev. Dr. Todd, of the Presbyterian church, delivered the following sermon last Sunday evening, taking for his theme "The Bible versus its Critics—Scientific Critics, Textual Critics."

The greatest of American statesmen, Daniel Webster, said, on a memorable occasion, "I'm not going to discuss politicians, but principles." In similar words I would begin this discourse to-night and say I am not going to discuss critics, but criticisms of the Bible. Every man has a right to his own opinion, for each holds it at his peril. It is my belief that most of the adverse criticisms of this book arise from misapprehension, prejudice or human pride. One fruitful source of this misapprehension is the manner in which the Bible is often considered. Some critics treat some of its poetic and apocalyptic passages as they would narrated history, or they believe it is intended to teach science and blame the original writers for the mistakes of translators.

Now, I submit that if you treat any book in that way it will be impossible to consider it fairly, to understand it clearly or appreciate it fully. But surely the Bible and its authors are not to blame for the misapprehension arising from these methods. For example, the word firmament in the first chapter of the book of Genesis is constantly put forth as a mistake of Moses, and some scientists quote it as a proof that the Bible and science do not agree. Now, it happens that "firmament" is a Latin word of which we are sure Moses never heard, and which does not at all represent the meaning of the Hebrew. It means something solid; whereas, the original word means vapory expanse. Then there is the word "whales," which even Professor Huxley made fun over. But the translators are again to blame. For the word means great sea monsters, and exactly describes the monsters of the deep at the time referred to. As to the folly of discussing poetry as if it were prose, we need only take as an example the words "The sun and moon stood still." Every one knows how much critics have made of that statement. But let us take likewise a poetic sentence from one of the speeches of one of the Bible critics and test it in the same manner, and see how absurd it becomes. He said, "Think of that wonderful chemistry by which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet." Now there is a poetic and figurative statement. But suppose we read it as a historic fact. We should have to believe that it meant that by the combination of certain chemical elements in the chemist's retort this marvelous production of Hamlet was created, and no one would be more ready to resent that interpretation than the author of the statement. When criticism insists in treating literally the bold poetic figures of scripture thus it distorts the Bible and makes it read what it could not possibly mean. As to the erroneous test of this book by science, I repeat that the Bible is not a scientific text-book. But I add when its statements concerning the physical world are properly interpreted, its scientific teachings are seen to be both right and reasonable.

We hear much about the disagreements and difficulties of the Bible, but little about the harmonies. However, I wish to bring before you to-night some of the harmonies. Take first the criticisms against the scientific statements of the Bible. Two great falsehoods have been uttered against the Bible in the name of science. One is, that "God created the world out of nothing." The other is that "He created man 6,000 years ago." Now the Bible nowhere makes these statements. It merely says, "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and that "he formed man out of the dust of the ground," so that some so-called scientific critics are most unscientific in their relation of Bible facts. "If I may be permitted a slight divergence I might add, if people who do not believe the Bible, whether men of science or no science would have sense enough to read what it says for itself, and not quote some one's statement as Bible truth, even the cause of science would be helped." Now please hear what matured and accepted science says concerning the creation story: In the year 1865 over six hundred of the leading scientists in Britain and America prepared, signed, published and circulated a declaration denying a statement previously made by some infidels that "there is an irreconcilable conflict between matured science and the Bible." And these are the men who ought to know a little more about matured science than either a merchant, who is learned in dry goods and groceries, or an eloquent lawyer, well posted in law, or a theologian, versed in the theology. We should strive, friends, always to distinguish between a poor science spoken by an infidel, and mature science taught by its unprejudiced masters.

The Bible says, "In the beginning God created." Matured science says, "the geological history of the earth plainly reveals a beginning." It traces back the origin of the animals and plants through successive ages to their primitive and ancient state. It assigns to their beginnings in history all the rocks of the earth's crust, and all the plains, and the mountains built up from them. Therefore, the criticism of science on this point accords with the statement of scripture.

The Bible says, "the earth was without form, and void." That means a world entirely destitute of any order, life, growth and beauty, a vaporous mass whirling in its rounds. Now, the criticism of matured geological science is this: When in the formless state there was the airy cloud mist, a watery mass, and a bright sphere around it. Then the congealing of a solid crust began, and the dropping of acid and watery showers. This, in the statement of these conditions geology and the Bible agree.

The scriptures again say, "Darkness was upon the face of the deep, and, God said, 'let there be light,' and there was light." And matured science says in substance: "The solid, vaporous mass came into being and took form or shape. The mass condensed

and a new brilliancy burst forth from the faint shining cloud mist, and there was light, though not sunlight."

Ingersoll has both profanely and beautifully sung his falsehood of the grass growing and the flowers blooming without the sunlight, in order to make the creation story of the Bible ridiculous. And Goldwin Smith only last month re-wrote the fabrication to the North American Review. But years ago geology confirmed the fact of scripture by showing that science reveals light as existing before the sun shone.

The writer in Genesis says, "Let the waters be gathered together into one place." And scientific criticism says, "There occurred vast sunken eras into which the waters subsided, and the earth's pent-up fires belched forth ashes and molten rocks." So, according to science and the Bible, thus arose the first dry land; and, as the poet sings, "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

And if you will take time to investigate for yourselves the best works on science and the most fair and enlightened interpretation of scripture, you will find that in their leading principles this harmony between science and the Bible continues to the end of the sixth day or period of the creation.

Indeed, the only objection raised by matured science to the scripture record is, that vegetable life appeared on the earth a whole period before animals. But even now that objection has been reduced among, if not solved to reasonable scientific critics. For, while no ancient fossil of that vegetation has been discovered, Sir Wm. Logan and other scientists have made discoveries establishing the probability on scientific grounds that on this point also Moses and science agree. As to the length of the days in the creation story, God's word says, one day is with the Lord as a thousand years; and geology says, each day was an indefinite period. So there need be no contradiction in that. But do they agree concerning the origin of man? Let us see. Try and remember the Bible does not elaborate the processes of creation. "God made man in his own image." The writer uses language sufficiently exact to show that God is the creator of the highest forms of life. He selects the word "create" to express the most original kind of creation. In the beginning God "created," and when he brought man into being he "created." But he uses the less emphatic word "made" when he speaks of the lower forms of animate life. It may be that the word "made" suggests that the production of some forms of life was an easy process after creation began. In the case of man, two things are clear in the Bible narrative, viz.: the cause of his creation was a creative will, and the development in the progress of the plan through secondary agents or causes. For example, there are the atmosphere, the waters, the land, and also natural law, and all, it seems to me, are recognized by this ancient writer in Genesis. And what has science to say on this matter? Hear the late Prof. Huxley, who is no conservative in this question. In his "Critiques and Addresses" he says, "the truth that life comes from life"—or as the Bible writer calls it, a creative will—"is victorious along the whole line." Though, he adds, "I wish it were all the other way." Therefore, he unites, in this matter, his voice with those of other leaders in matured science, such as Agassiz, Carpenter, Beale, Gayot, Herschel, Dawson, Dana, Logan, and a host of others, who all with loud acclaim say with Moses, "In the beginning God created life, and God created man," and thus the order of creation in this story is natural.

And I would ask all who oppose the Bible to please explain how this ancient writer hit it so well in this simple statement of scientific principles, if he were not inspired. For, myriads of the cleverest men in the succeeding centuries have been lost in hopeless confusion in stating just these facts.

All Bible readers know the story of the flood, and many are somewhat disposed to believe it can not bear the criticism of science. But it is largely owing to the figurative language in which it is related, being treated as mere prose. Some critics have said, "the waters must have been five miles deep in order to cover Mt. Ararat," and that "it must have rained many years to make such a flood." But the Hebrew word reveals that Mt. Ararat was not a mountain at all, but a highland district. When the writer speaks of "the whole heavens" he simply means what he saw of them. Just as in the book of Job we read of "the lightning flash over the whole heaven." He does not mean that it made a circuit round the whole world, but that the flash was very vivid and great. Just as we say in exaggerated language of Thomas Reed, who has a large following for the presidential nomination, "the whole country is after him." The deluge was according to the proper interpretation of the narrative local, and not universal, and the different species of birds and beasts to be taken into the ark would, therefore, not be so numerous as the imagination of some critics suggests. Moreover, the scriptures say it covered the hills in this district referred to, to the extent of 15 cubits or 22 1/2 feet—how different this is from five miles—but not the highest tops of the Himalayas in India, or the Rocky mountains in the west. And the ark rested on one of these. With these explanations of the Bible story of the deluge, please listen to the criticism of matured science upon it. Geology says that "deposits reveal that all the countries between the Mediterranean and the Indian ocean, and between the great interior mountain chains of Europe, Africa and Asia must have been submerged at that early period, and, were we bound to explain this submergence by natural causes, these would not be hard to find." So that even in this, science does not oppose the Bible.

The objections raised to the inadequate ventilation and sufficient sanitation in the ark are really the results of misunderstanding or prejudice. The original word in the Hebrew translated "light" or "window," implies a system of apertures running the whole length of the ark. And to show the difference between its system of lighting and an ordinary window, the word used for the window or aperture opened by Noah for the raven and the dove, is different from the other. And this in itself shows it was a compartment in the larger space or window. Therefore, if we but simply listen to the voice of science and fact, and not the voice of prejudice and fancy, we shall be guided to the conclusion that the Books of Nature and Revelation, which are the books of God, do not in any material matter contradict each other, though men, their human interpreters, often make them appear to do so.

Let us notice now a few of the textual criticisms upon this book. The gentlemen who make them are called the higher critics, about whom you doubtless have heard. They are not, however, all equally high. Many of them are doing splendid work by drawing attention to obscure, misinterpreted and interpolated passages of scripture, which has led to clearer views of God's truth. We never know how well a nation can fight until it goes to war; and so we are never fully aware how intelligently the Bible can be expounded and defended until believers in it are forced to the work by the critics. But there are men whose sole aim in this criticism has been the destruction of the supernatural in the Bible, by tests not in harmony with the well known rules of literary criticism, and by ignoring other legitimate evidence. They, too, have blamed the writers for the errors of translators, and have treated the poetry of the Bible expressed in metaphor, as if it were sober prose, and thereby made the local appear universal, and the true and the spiritual as if they were false and human.

Now, the reason given for this criticism is owing to those who know the facts. They tell us the fresh discoveries of this age have outgrown the belief in the inspiration of the text of the Bible as it is. But what fresh discoveries are these? Some of them are 600 years old. Eben Erza, a Jew, in the twelfth century raised some of these objections given as fresh discoveries; Carlstadt, a contemporary of Luther, followed in his line. Hobbs, the English sceptic, in the seventeenth century became famous through propagating this criticism. Over a hundred years ago Benedict De Spinoza openly denied the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Then, less than one hundred and fifty years ago, Jean Astruc, a Frenchman and Roman Catholic, formulated a theory out of what the others had said and written, called the "Documentary hypothesis." This is what German critics have been improving upon ever since, and the greatest improvement accomplished is that they have changed the name of the theory five times. This is what some American and British scholars have been writing as fresh light from Biblical research; this is where Bob Ingersoll discovered the "Mistakes of Moses," though he tells you it comes from "the light of this age." And all this with the result, that the Bible text is more intelligently believed in to-day as authentic, than ever before, while the radical views of such men as Bauer, Strauss and Renan are forgotten. But notwithstanding this, leading reviews are still paying high prices for a rehash of these threshed out statements against the Bible.

Even such a writer as Goldwin Smith served up for the American reading palate in the North American Review of last month, the stale stuff uttered by Ingersoll in Chicago ten years ago, and by others sixty years ago, and by others still 600 years ago. For instance, in that criticism, the account of the creation of man in the second chapter of Genesis is said to contradict that given in the first, whereas, it only differs in its narration. In Genesis, first chapter, we are told, "God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him." In Genesis II, 7, he says: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." But where is the contradiction? The first tells us of a general creation, and reveals man as he is; the second account is evidently local, and tells us from whence God formed man. Is there any contradiction there? May I ask is it not a scientific fact that physical man is composed of so many elements, all of which may be found in the red earth or "dust"? Is it not a fact that there is more in the constitution of any man than mud? And we with the writer of Genesis, call that "more" the germ of man's moral might and spiritual grandeur, which is a reflection of the image of God.

They also state there is no contemporary writing to witness on behalf of these writings; whereas, it is a fact abundantly shown that archaeological evidence within the last ten years has proven that the historic portions of these scriptures are historic truth. One of the ablest living archaeologists wrote last month in the "Contemporary Review" these words: "Those of us who have given our lives to the archaeology of the eastern and ancient world, have been forced back into the traditional view of the Bible text. Year by year, almost month by month, fresh discoveries are breaking in upon us, all in favor of the old view of the five Books of Moses," which is, that Moses wrote these books, and that, too, as an inspired writer. Now, it would edify as a little more, and prove more in accordance with fair play and with the rules of literary criticism, if these writers would address themselves to showing that these recently discovered stone writings are false, instead of reviving buried skeletons of fancy, dressed in new clothes, and set forth under new titles in leading magazine articles. Another old chestnut served in this criticism is the statement concerning the enormous growth of the Israelites in Egypt, in order to give them the fighting men (600,000) claimed in scripture. They say this growth in 215 years is simply impossible. But it happens that the Bible says they sojourned in Egypt 430 years, though the critics insist that it says "215 years." Therefore, if the true time is specified, there is less difficulty about the number, and especially if we remember that the servants with their families who went down to Egypt with Jacob became part of the tribes. Ingersoll has said "that God hates a critic the worst of all authors." But if it is the style of the critic to put such statements in the mouth of scriptures, and misinterpret their meaning, then I think both God and man will repudiate it. Other statements of the Bible are rejected as erroneous, simply because they set forth the miraculous. It is true there is the miraculous set forth in scripture, to doubt which or sneer at is the prerogative of any man.

But when he disbelieves the miraculous in scripture, he has become more than a literary critic. He has placed himself with the sceptical destructionists, and has gone outside the sphere of sympathy with the supernatural, in which impartial judgment upon the scriptures is impossible. Before one who does so merits a hearing he should settle the questions, Does the supernatural exist anywhere? Is the miraculous visible anywhere? And in order to discover that, the critics should first settle the question, what is the miraculous? The miraculous is that which may interfere with what is known to us as the ordinary operations of natural law. It may also be only a work of law beyond human knowledge, and therefore not against reason; or a work in harmony with natural law, and not a violation of it, though independent of it. If this definition is true, miracles are at least probable.

Darwin, in his Origin of Species on page 422, admits this probability. He says: "It is as noble a conception of the Deity to believe He created a few original forms with capability of development into other and needful forms, as to believe the different species were the results of fresh 'creative orders.'" And the creation of those "few created forms" we call the miraculous.

Tyndall admitted the existence of a chasm in this world between physical facts and human consciousness, which is "intellectually impassable." That chasm is beyond our reason, though the day may come when we shall see it is not against it; and we call it the supernatural, the miraculous. Huxley said: "I decline to admit that I am only the cunningest of nature's clocks." Meaning thereby that he was something more than a piece of machinery, which can be put up by hand and explained by human tongue. But that mysterious part of him might be in harmony with natural law, though unknown to him. And this inexplicable thing in life, in him, in us, we call the supernatural, the miraculous.

A young man once returned from college and asked his Christian cousin, "What romance are you reading?" And she replied, "I'm reading no romance but the dealings of God with his believing people." Said the young man, "I once thought there was a God, but after studying philosophy, mathematics and politics, and reading the great thinkers, I am convinced there is no supernatural—nature is all." "I, sir," said his friend, "never studied these things. But since you are so learned, and say there is nothing miraculous, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes." "A queer question truly, but it is just like a child," he replied, "Why, the egg comes from the hen." "Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?" "Why, of course the hen existed first; anybody knows that." "There is a hen, then, which did not come from an egg?" "Beg your pardon, miss, it was the egg that existed first." "There is, then, an egg which was not laid by a hen." "Well, on second thoughts," he said, "I will say the hen existed first." "Tell me, then," said the girl, "who made the first hen from which all other hens and eggs come?"

The wise young man became angry and said: "With your hens and eggs it seems you take me for a poultry dealer." "Well," answered the girl quietly, "since you do not know, permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or the first egg if you prefer, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God." There is sound logic and true philosophy in the girl's argument and illustration. What there is in creation, in the origin and production of life we cannot explain, we call the supernatural, the miraculous. Once admit this and the universe becomes a demonstrated miracle. And that miracle Worker who created life can call back to life the centurion's daughter or the dead Lazarus; feed the hungry thousands in the wilderness or on the Judean hills; make an ass speak or preserve Jonah in the whale, if needful to do so; give himself unto the death for sinful man, and rise victorious from a sin cursed grave for the salvation of the lost. And all the arts, ingenuities and patchwork of the critics will fail to overthrow these facts, and the sneers and jeers of sceptics can never remove this well grounded belief.

About the only fresh argument the destructive criticism sets forth in Smith's article is, that "the Bible does not put forward any claim to inspiration." When the spiritualist in the seance revealed a strange old lady to a country young man, with the brief introduction, "sir, this is your mother," though he had left her at home alive and well, the young man was struck almost dumb with astonishment and could only reply, "well, that is a poser." And when I first read the statement that the Bible in its text made no claim to inspiration I said, "well, that is a poser from Goldwin Smith." It may interest you to know that this Bible claims directly to be inspired no fewer than 200 times, while the sinless Lord Jesus Christ has repeatedly claimed it to be the word of God. And as if all that was not enough Paul said that God had set his imprimatur upon this book as His, by swearing with an oath that His promises in this word shall come to pass. And I ask which are we to believe? These scriptures which are here to speak for themselves; the apostle Paul who taught its truth not at so much per line; our Lord and Savior who was ever above the polluting wing of the dark angel of suspicion, or men whose sole aim seems to be to destroy truth by weapons of folly and falsehood.

I would conclude to-night with the words of another who tells us, "a voice said, 'cry.'" "And I said, 'what shall I cry?'" "Cry, 'the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth.'" And this destructive criticism is grass. It rests on assumptions weaker than water, inferences thinner than air, and deductions one thousand times exposed; on misrepresentations, contradictions, and "confusion worse confounded." Surely the higher destructive criticism is grass, which is already withering; whose flower is now fading, as the breath of the spirit of truth blows upon it; as the sun of truth shines upon it. But the word of the living God shall stand forever.

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