

## GREEK MEETS GREEK

### MAYOR AND CITY ATTORNEY ENGAGED IN A CHEWING MATCH.

George Says 'Tis and Lon Says 'Taint and Consequently There is Likely to Be Sweet Music Before the Matter is Finally Settled.

In the Mirror of Monday last the city attorney replies to the accusation of dereliction of duty made by the mayor. From his letter we quote:

"From the inception of the water works litigation to the present moment, I have never been consulted in reference to the same, by the mayor of this city, or any member of the common council, or by any other person connected with the present city administration.

From the start Mr. Gallup assumed the entire control and management of this litigation. And, notwithstanding the fact that I called on the mayor upon two or three different occasions and proffered my services as city attorney, and informed him that I was ready and willing to do everything in my power to protect the city's interest, I was completely ignored by his honor, and given to understand that my services were not required. \* \* But during all of this time the plaintiffs in the water works litigation served papers upon me, as they served them upon the mayor, city clerk and other officers of the city, and I laid them one side. And when a copy of the declaration in the last case was served upon me, I also laid that aside with the other papers. I naturally considered that having thus been deliberately ignored and insulted by the chief executive officer of the municipality that I had no further duty to perform in the premises, and therefore paid no further attention to the subject. \* \* Mr. George Gallup, the mayor of Escanaba, and he alone, is responsible for the present status of the water works litigation; he cannot escape the truth; he cannot evade the facts, and he cannot shift the responsibility."

With respect to the charge Mr. North-up's defence is good, but he is at fault in that he allowed himself to be ignored as he says—debarred from the discharge of the duties of his office.

In his reply to the city attorney in the Mirror of Tuesday Mayor Gallup brings a second charge against the attorney in these words: "Only a short time since a suit was commenced in justice court against the city to recover in the neighborhood of \$150, and the papers were served upon the city clerk. I requested the city attorney in open council to take charge of the case and I have just learned that that case went by default as far as he was concerned, he having failed to put in an appearance upon the return day, but the attorney for the plaintiff discovered some error in the service and did not take a judgment. The city attorney is not responsible that there is not a judgment against the city in that case also." The facts are that the city attorney had no notice of the case until after it had been dropped by the attorney for the plaintiff because of "error in the service," and that the new suit, which the mayor "requested" the city attorney to take charge of, has not yet come to a hearing.

**A Suggestion.**  
Anticipating, confidently, the success of the railway committee in the matter of the bonus the Iron Port takes occasion to suggest to the gentlemen composing it that, in their disposition of the fund committed to their care, they insist upon a terminus upon the water front of the city for the road to be built, in part, by the money. It is doubtless anticipated that any road which may be built will, sooner or later, connect and be consolidated with the St. Paul system, the great rival of the Northwestern, and the "twenty miles" will be worth to that system, much more if it reaches the navigable waters of the bay than if its terminus in the city were at the western outskirts of the town. If we pay twenty thousand dollars for a road let's have one worth the money.

**St. Stephen's Finances.**  
The annual statement by the secretary, made last Sunday, showed that during the year past St. Stephen's had received \$1,567.55 and expended \$1,457.11, the church having been re-carpeted and \$200 paid upon the debt. The new vestry, elected Monday, April 6, consists of J. F. Oliver, Charles Frost, John Stouhous, R. Lyman, H. A. Barr, H. Booth and C. B. Williams. The officers for the ensuing year are: Senior warden, H. Booth; junior warden, C. R. Williams; treasurer, R. Lyman; secretary, C. R. Williams.

**Forgot the Upper Peninsula Entirely.**  
Gen. Shakespeare, the new department commander of the G. A. R., announces the following appointments: He seems to be ignorant of the fact that a portion of Michigan lies north and west of the straits of Mackinac, and that therein are veteran soldiers and posts of the G. A. R.; Judge advocate, Roscoe D. Dix, of St. Joseph; department inspector, R. W.

Jacklin, Detroit; chief of staff, W. F. Sherman, Kalamazoo; senior aide-de-camp, George W. Buckingham, Flint; additional aide-de-camp, Samuel L. Holton, Battle Creek; Albert Newkirk, Mattawan; R. A. Balcom, Monroe.

The following standing committees were also appointed: Executive—N. M. Richardson, Cairo; James A. Green, Bay City; H. S. White, Romeo. Legislative—Judge Wilbur, Saginaw; Wm. Humphrey, Adrian; R. B. Pealer, Three Rivers. On soldiers' home—N. A. Reynolds, Coldwater; H. P. Shutt, Kalamazoo; Albert Duham, Jackson. Transportation—Asst. Adjt.-Gen. Pond, O. A. Jones, Hillsdale; H. S. Dean, Ann Arbor.

**A Wonderful Child.**  
The Cyr Brothers will appear at The Peterson on Friday next, April 24th. They are the strong men of the world, but their feats are not as wonderful as those of Emeliana, the eight-year old daughter of Louis Cyr, and a phenomenally strong child. She is not large for her age, nor does she appear to possess unusual strength, yet she is creating a sensation everywhere by her prodigious feats in lifting. With one finger she lifts ninety pounds and with one hand raises a thirty-three pound dumb bell above her head. With both hands she lifts from the floor 333 pounds of dead weight. This is something the majority of men can not do. Taking into account the difference in age and sex, little Emeliana is more wonderful than her father. Seats now on sale at the usual places.

**Figure It Out.**  
Here is an example in arithmetic with which the schoolboys may keep their wheel turning during the evening: A young man went to a preacher to get married and the preacher asked: How old are you, John? He replied, I am half as old as my father. He is two years older than my mother. My oldest sister is two years older than my youngest sister. My youngest sister is four years older than her brother and my brother is five years older than my young brother. How old are they all together? asked the preacher. The young man replied that five of the children are seventeen years older than his father and mother together. How old is John and each of the children and his father and mother?

**Another Sudden Call.**  
Martin Daniels, who had been a resident of this vicinity for more than forty years and of this city for more than twenty, died last Thursday morning of heart failure. He had been in his usual health and during the morning had been supervising the work upon his building at the northwest corner of Ludington and Harrison streets, and at about eleven o'clock, with Fred Hess and another man, went across to E. W. Wickert's place for refreshment. He had barely entered when he staggered and fell, and was dead before Dr. Reynolds, who was instantly summoned, could reach the scene. He was 72 or 73 years of age and leaves only adult children.

**Peppermint.**  
The preparation of peppermint is especially an American industry. The peppermint is cut when in bloom, like hay, dried, placed in close wooden vats, and steamed. The oil cells burst and the oil passes upward with the steam, which is condensed and conducted into a receiver, where the oil rises and is dipped off. It takes about 350 pounds of dry peppermint to produce one pound of oil. An acre of land yields from six to ten pounds of oil, often more—even as high as fifty pounds. New York and Michigan produce the most.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**A Bicycle Factory.**  
Negotiations are on foot which may result in the establishment of a manufactory of bicycles in this city. The new Business Men's association has the matter in hand and will push it. The Iron Port is not informed as to its progress but entertains a lively hope that success may crown its efforts. The market for the article has so far outrun the supply and there would seem to be no reason why the enterprise proposed should not be a success here.

**Election of Officers.**  
The Escanaba Gun Club was organized last Saturday evening by the election of the following list of officers: President, Thomas Garland; vice-president, A. G. Cross; secretary, Wallace Barr; treasurer, Conrad Elifer; captain, A. G. Cross; executive committee, A. G. Cross, Thomas Garland, Wallace Barr, Otto Traude and Ed. Voght. The club will meet for practice Thursday afternoons.

**Should Stand By Finch.**  
A representative of the Bell Telephone Company has in town this week endeavoring to resuscitate that dead concern. The Iron Port urges the people of the city to give it "the marble heart" and stand by Finch, who deserves their support. The Bell deserves nothing.

**Will Meet In June.**  
The county board will meet on the second Monday in June to equalize the valuation of the townships and wards and provide for the representation of the county at the session of the state board of equalization to be held in August.

**Bring Them In.**  
All who hold part books of the opera Paul Jones are requested to return them to the Hill drug store.

## GLIMPSES OF CITY LIFE

### FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

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

The two fifty-foot sticks on the courthouse grounds will be, when they have been properly manipulated, a staff from which to display the national colors. Whether the staff is to be placed upon the courthouse or in the grounds we are not advised.

The buildings No. 811 and No. 813 Ludington street have been a couple of feet above the sidewalk grade, but the work of lowering them to that grade is now in progress and will soon be completed. Owen Cleary is the owner.

Martin Daniels will raise his building at the corner of Ludington and Harrison streets and put in a plate glass front. It will be occupied, when done, by Ernest Wickert, who will therein dispense "wet groceries."

Erickson & Bissell circulate a "booklet" giving prices on smoking tobaccos. It is a neat little thing and what The Iron Port is "mad about" is that it did not make it. All the same, the tobaccos are all right.

Patrolman Zane was just a trifle wain because an arrest made by him was credited to O'Donnell, deputy United States marshal. O'Donnell was after the wrong man—Zane got the right one. Honor to whom honor is due.

John Fuhrman was chosen clerk of Baldwin township by a majority of seventeen votes though the head of his ticket was beaten by six. He was also chosen justice of the peace for the full term.

The "Paul Jones" project has been given up; the members of the club can not give the necessary attention to the preparation of the opera. It will probably be taken up again next winter.

The roof of a part of the Ludington which has been in use only eight years, was so far gone in decay that it became necessary to renew it entirely and that has been done this week.

A Rapid River friend, in town Monday, replied to an inquiry as to business—"dull, the boys have gone on the drive. It will be lively enough when the logs come down, though."

It is "on the cards" that the Green Ray, Winona & St. Paul railroad, which is to be sold on the 12th proximo, may fall into the possession of the C. & N.W. company.

The Mirror's gas engine was likely to pound itself to pieces, so a solid foundation had to be put in, and meanwhile the Mirror was printed on The Iron Port's press.

A dense fog enveloped the city Monday. It was not pleasant but, as it promised a break-up of winter and the advent of "business times," it was easy to endure.

The Lora will make but one trip a week between Gladstone and Manistee; the other trips will be between Menominee and Manistee.

The Ann Arbor car ferry reached Menominee Saturday evening and may be looked for in our waters soon.

Mr. Barr did not say that navigation would not open before May 1, but that he hoped it would not.

A robbery, last week, did not get into the papers and the two youngsters accused have left town.

The boys with the spiked shoes have left town this week and are in these several "drive" camps now.

The only one who did not enjoy "Nell Gwynne" was Manager Peterson; he was out of pocket by it.

The W. L. Wetmore, which wintered here, is ready for a cargo and to clear as soon as the ice goes.

The mayor "gets back" at the city attorney in his usual, vigorous style in the Mirror of Tuesday.

**Advertised Letters.**  
Following is a list of letters remaining uncollected for at the Escanaba, Mich., post-office for the week ending April 11, 1896: Miss Mary Danielson, D. Delmaroche, John L. Detrich, W. L. Heet, Anders Hyytsten, Hilda Johnson, Harry and Mauda Latham, Mrs. Mary Plogas, Thomas Sharp.

**The Hart Boats.**  
The Fannie Hart will leave Green Bay, on her first trip, to-day and should be here to-morrow morning. The Engine will not start until May 1st. The Moore was the first boat of the fleet to start, having left Green Bay for Menominee Thursday.

**Will Undergo a Surgical Operation.**  
William Saters, who was injured by a fall some two years ago and has since been unable to work and is, with his family, a public charge, was sent to Chicago Thursday to undergo a surgical operation which, it is hoped, will restore him to health and usefulness.

**It Never Was.**  
The assertion by the Mirror that "the labor vote of the 12th district is no longer a merchantable product" involves

the inference that in times past it has been, which is an insult to the workingmen of the district and utterly without foundation in fact. The only time that the "labor vote" had a candidate of its own was when Breen ran against Seymour and came within 309 votes of winning. Was the "labor vote" a "merchantable product" then? Breen got it and everybody knows that he could not have bought it if he would; The Iron Port knows that he would not if he could. The "labor vote" of the 12th district is republican.

**Names of Rockefeller's Boats.**  
The four ore carriers which were purchased by the Bessemer Steamship Co. as the nucleus of the Rockefeller fleet will be re-named. The propellers Washburn and Pillsbury will be christened the Henry Cort and the James B. Neilson. The two pigs will be called the Sir Joseph Whitworth and the John Scott Russell. Cort was the inventor of the puddling furnace; Neilson, of the hot blast. Whitworth invented the process for casting steel under pressure and Russell made some notable improvements in naval architecture.

The initial propeller to be launched by this company, that now under construction at the Globe yards, will be named the Sir Henry Bessemer.

The remaining eleven vessels will be similarly named from men renowned in iron and mechanical progress. The names will be as follows: James Nasmyth, inventor of the steam hammer; Sir William Siemens, inventor of the regenerative furnace and other valued appliances; Sir Isaac Lothian Bell, important chemical and metallurgical investigations in iron; Sir William Fairbairn, inventor of tubular steel structure and of iron vessels; John Ericsson, inventor of the screw propeller, the monitors, etc.; Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat; George Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive; James Watt, inventor of the steam engine; Alexander L. Holley, inventor of improvements in Bessemer and other processes; George H. Corliss, improvements in steam engines; Alfred Krupp, heavy steel ordnance.

**Flood at Ishpeming.**  
Last Tuesday night a large pond broke through the embankment of the South Shore tracks at the Cleveland location at Ishpeming and created quite a panic among the families residing in the swamp below. The water raised to a height of ten feet within five minutes after the flood started. Many people left their houses in great fright while others ran to the upper floors of the buildings. The water finally found an outlet in the Cleveland Cliffs company's sawmill mine. This was completely filled in ten minutes after the dam gave way. The damage to residence properties and mine is not less than \$12,000.

**Escanaba Ore Freight.**  
Vessel owners at Cleveland have this week offered their craft for one trip from this port to Lake Erie at sixty cents a ton but shippers hold off for a lower rate, which they will hardly get.

A dispatch of the 15th from Cleveland is this: "Vessels to move at least 10,000 tons of iron ore, first trip from Escanaba, have been chartered at 55 cents. This is 5 cents lower than vesselmen had been holding for." At such figures Escanaba will retain its position as "the iron port."

**The County Road System.**

The canvass of the vote on the question of the adoption of the county system of road construction showed a majority in favor of such adoption of 1,199. The total vote cast was 2,485, of which 1,842 were "yes" and 643 were "no." Now for an election of commissioners, and The Iron Port suggests that the city present only one name, leaving to the townships the selection of two. One should come from the townships north and one from the eastern townships.

**Annual Election of Officers.**

The W. C. T. U. of this city has chosen the following officers to serve during the coming year: President, Mrs. L. A. Cates; vice-president for the Presbytery church, Mrs. Henry McFall; vice-president for the M. E. church, Mrs. M. A. Bradbury; vice-president for the Baptist church, Mrs. Merrill; secretary, Mrs. J. G. Walters; treasurer, Mrs. William McKeever, Sr.

**Not Very Stringent.**

The rules of the Northwestern concerning "drinking" employees are no more stringent, now, than they have been for years. Neither that nor any other railway management dare entrust the lives of its passengers or the safety of its property to men incapacitated by indulgence in stimulants from a proper discharge of their duties.

**New Ore Dock Completed.**

No. 3 ore dock (rebuilt) is ready for business. It has twenty-six pockets more than the old dock it replaces. The total number of pockets is 226 and the capacity of the dock 30,000 tons. This makes the combined capacity of the five docks 160,000 tons, and still keeps Escanaba in the lead for ore handling facilities.

**Sterilization of Milk.**

The state board of health finds that tuberculosis (consumption) exists to an alarming extent among Michigan cows and that the disease has been contracted by many persons by drinking the milk of such animals. It therefore recommends the sterilization of milk and will publish and circulate instructions for doing it.

## RAPID RIVER RIPPLES

### GENERAL NEWS FROM THE PROSPEROUS UP-THE-BAY TOWN.

**Death of Mrs. Duranceau—The Old Folks' Concert a Success—New Bridge Over the Whitefish Finished—Interesting News Items.**

Mrs. Duranceau, the aged mother of Amab Duranceau, died on Friday of last week, the ninety-eighth anniversary of her birthday and was interred in the township cemetery on Sunday. She was always much respected and remained in good health until four days before her demise. The vigor of youth had returned to her to such a degree that she was again able to see well without spectacles, after having used them for many years. She was followed to her place of rest by a long procession of friends and acquaintances.

At the Old Folks' concert Friday evening, given under the auspices of the Congregational choir, Miss Edith Bannan acquitted herself in excellent style. The costumes of Dr. Roseborough and A. P. Waldo were particularly attractive, and Mrs. Roseborough and Mrs. Peter Cole rendered their parts especially well. All the ladies were tastefully costumed.

The township board and D. A. Brotherton as representative of the county board of supervisors, fully accepted the new Whitefish bridge on Tuesday. As Mr. Brotherton had been on the ground most of the time during construction, it was known to be strictly according to contract.

Club swinging by Miss Emma Wilson of the village school, was one of the most interesting features of the Old Folks' concert. She gave in perfect time with the piano upwards of twenty evolutions in most graceful style and repeated them several times.

Ollie Johnston returned from Buffalo Friday, to remain permanently. She had been living with the family of George Dunning, formerly of the Garth company, but that family recently moved to Boston and Miss Johnston did not wish to go farther east.

Miss Zillah Pfeifer, in company with Mr. Smith, of Smith Bros., left Friday of last week to attend her mother at Green Bay, and H. E. Pfeifer left Wednesday to accompany his wife and daughter home.

The audiences at the Congregational church on Sunday suffered much in the drag of service, owing to the absence of Miss Edith Bannan. She had been visiting in Gladstone but returned Monday.

The score or more young gentlemen who accuse our local barbers of propagating the barber's itch ought just at sunrise to look over their expenditures during the past month and reflect.

A Catholic choir is being organized and drilled by Mrs. F. M. Foreman. Mrs. Albert King is soprano and Jos. Sinnitt basso. They are already able to render the service with considerable art.

William Bassford, accompanied by his son Will, returned Tuesday from a business and pleasure trip to Green Bay to visit his oldest son Everett, and to Sturgeon Bay to see the old home.

Charles Thatcher has discontinued his exchange here and gone to Escanaba to assist in putting into commission the steamer Lotus, on which he will again be clerk.

Reports from Ann Arbor hospital are to the effect that little Earl LaFrobois will probably never be able to use his left leg and that his life is still in danger.

William Laraby is building a residence on a lot given him by his father, which is situated in the northern part of the village near the river.

The damp weather has been quite severe on Mrs. A. P. Waldo, who was bedfast Sunday but is able to be around the house again.

Mrs. Springer, of Gladstone, arrived with Miss Bannan Monday morning and spent the first of the week with Mrs. J. B. Roseborough.

The schedule on the "Soo" caused Miss Fleming to lay over in Escanaba Monday and her place was filled by Miss Sarah Bassford.

Our town is "bicycle struck" and B. B. Baker has "dropped on it" with the largest stock of wheels we have ever seen anywhere.

The streams are almost bank full and some of the nearer and freer drives of both pine and cedar are reaching here.

James Johnston has purchased the John Gamble house, which he will improve for a future residence.

Joseph McDermott and wife this week moved into and took charge of the Gray & Co.'s boarding house.

Mrs. William Youngs was so ill last week that some uneasiness was felt among her friends.

Miss Maggie Cole spent Thursday of last week in Escanaba, the guest of Mrs. Charles Thatcher.

Mrs. George Sinnitt is visiting her brother at the old home in Tuscola county.

John Johnston is plastering and otherwise finishing up his house on West State street.

W. Kinsel, were never before so prosperous.

Dick Gray has accepted a position in a bank a short distance west of here.

Mrs. John Johnstone returned recently from a visit to Gladstone.

Born, on the 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Sinnitt, a son.

Peter Cole is still suffering too much poor health to permit of his filling his place in his blacksmith shop and Joseph Eagle is taking care of as much of the work as he can handle.

All the pupils of the village school who have not missed any time since the Christmas vacation are off on a week's leave of absence. Not a bad idea.

**Fortvortie Partie.**

Ye be all herewith very cordially invited to attend a Fortvortie Party to be held on ye eveing of ye Friday, ye 24th day of ye Lord in ye 4th month in ye year one thousand eight hundred and ninetie-six, at ye Grace M. E. meeting house, which is located on ye highways known as Hoff and Wolcott avenues in ye fair city by ye name of Escanaba. Such partie shall be given by ye Busy Circle of the Ladies Aid society in ye spirit of ye hard times which do now prevail. Congregate at ye hour of eight by ye town clock and partake of the ecstasy of sweet music, solos and recitations, after which ye intellectual will appease ye demands of ye appetites with refreshments.

Admittance shall be one bit to all, Whether ye be great or small.

These be ye fines of all ye frail women: To such as do wear frieze or bangs, 1 cent; fancy hair pins, 1 cent; necklace, 1 cent; ear-rings, 2 cents; bracelets, 2 cents; watch or chain, 2 cents; spectacles or eyeglasses, 1 cent; breastpin, 1 cent; stick pins, 1 cent; finger rings, 2 cents; wool dress (old), 1 cent; wool dress (new), 2 cents; silk waist, 2 cents; no apron, 1 cent; apron trimmed, 2 cents; gum-chewing, 2 cents; flirting, 2 cents; telling secrets or whispering, 1 cent; slang, 2 cents; patent leathers, 1 cent; flowers 2 cents; embroidered or lace handkerchief, 1 cent.

These be ye penalties for ye gallant menne: For waxed or dyed mustache, 2 cents; collars or cuffs, 1 cent; billed shirt, 1 cent; necktie, 1 cent; watch or chain, 2 cents; flirting, 2 cents; case, 1 cent; patent leather shoes, 1 cent; grease on hair, 2 cents; spectacles or eyeglasses, 1 cent; finger rings, 1 cent; diamonds, 3 cents; perfume on handkerchief, 2 cents; gum-chewing, 2 cents; slang, 1 cent; shirt studs, 2 cents.

Ye money is sorely needed—See? To replenish our scanty treasure.

**W. C. T. U. Notes.**

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Goodwin last week and with Mrs. McFall this week. On both occasions they were pleasantly surprised with an informal lunch.

The supply of reading matter for distribution at the hospital is exhausted. The ladies urgently request that all who may have reading matter to spare will kindly send it to Miss Mattie Atkins for this purpose. The Youth's Companion is especially appreciated.

The day of meeting has been changed to Thursday for the convenience of members, and the Union will meet every week instead of each alternate week as in the past. The next meeting will be held with Miss Millard at the home of Mrs. Pillsbury, on Thursday afternoon of next week.

**How John Bull Got His Name.**

"John Bull," the mythical personage supposed to represent the English people, and now figuring largely in editorial writing and in cartoons, was, says the Baltimore Sun, the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Arbuthnot was "the first man among the eminent writers in Queen Anne's time." He drew John Bull as the typical Englishman—a stout, red-faced old farmer, fat too corpulent for comfort, choleric, but withal an honest and well-meaning fellow. He clothed him in leather breeches and top-boots, put a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and a bull dog at his heels, and set him up for all time to serve as the representative Englishman.

**A False Alarm.**

"There's a boat!" was the cry Tuesday afternoon. A whistle, which was neither that of the railway shops, the iron works or the handle factory, called out the remark and the thought was that some early bird was "bucking ice" to get to dock. It was a boat, sure enough. Capt. Bartley had got up steam on the Monarch and was testing her horn—that was all.

**Deserved, Better Patronage.**

A musical entertainment worthy of better patronage than it received was that given by the Turbett Concert company last Tuesday evening. The violin playing by Miss Torbett and the singing of the Latteman sextet were such masterpieces of musical art.

**Just So Here.**

A Progress manager at Detroit explains that Mr. Pingree is to win in the primaries, saying "the democrats will turn out to the canvases to help him, and you can't keep them out." Just so here; the Detroit mayor is the democratic and populist candidate.

**Chloroformed and Robbed.**

Urged Forest says he was chloroformed one night last week and robbed of \$140. No arrests as yet.

**Our schools under the supervision of J.**



NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper from the office...

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

BY REBA G. FRELAT.

"Blood will tell," people said when they looked at the Pinckney family.

Mrs. Pinckney was also stately, possessing a blonde beauty which even in fading lent her an additional charm.

On her features there rested the shadow of past suffering—the indefinable expression of a woman who has sorrowed and been comforted.

The eldest son, Rupert, followed his parents, and bore the large family prayer book; it was a genuine "Church of England" volume, and had belonged to the Pinckneys when they prayed for the king in old Virginia.

Rupert was the embodiment of primogeniture, for he had caught the paternal essence in its threefold capacity—the soldierly air of the general, the unsofted suavity of the senator.

Just beyond the town stood a stately, old-fashioned mansion, in which the judge had been born. It had the wide verandas, the massive wooden pillars, the generous expanse of lawn, characteristic of southern manor houses.

After religious services were over for the day Judge Pinckney called his family together in the library. The room itself was not large, but it had gained an air of importance from its contents.

There was an official communication purporting to be written at the personal instance of King George the Second, conferring an order upon one of them for bravery on a European battlefield.

Besides these documentary ornaments, there were deer antlers and buffalo horns, peace pipes and wampums brought from the frontier, where they had both fought and traded with the Indians.

The girls married early, and married well: Rupert wore his old clothes for three years that he might provide them with trousseaux suitable to their former station.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon and nature called out in tones eternally youthful: the grass will grow and the flowers blossom in spite of human death and decay.

The voice of the "Old Dominion" called him back before he was 40; indeed, he might not have left home at all had it not been for the potent factor of love.

him by several years to that new land. Her father had been among the first to catch the "western fever," and he carried his sweet Virginia rosebud to blossom out among the stern Sierras.

"Rupert," said the judge, on that particular Sabbath afternoon, "there is going to be war!"

"Yes, father, and I am going to fight in it. You are past 50, and helped to conquer the Mexicans in '48, so you've had your share. The boys are too young, and the girls are—girls."

Three weeks later came the call for volunteers, and Rupert Pinckney was among the first to respond; it did not occur to any member of his heroic family group to dissuade him.

Memory, as applied to the last months of the civil war, is too ghastly for words. Even history, northern and southern, pauses awestruck at its recital. Courtney was fatally wounded in a night surprise, and Rupert was twice disabled.

He followed Lee up to the day of final surrender, and then his loyal heart beat nigh to bursting. For a time it seemed that his eternal hopefulness was about to desert him, but he saw so many needing comfort and encouragement that he took courage again for their sakes.

He made one little speech in that dark hour, which, when repeated to his chief, is said to have sent a ray of comfort to that stricken and heroic heart.

"Boys," cried Rupert, "he has surrendered, but he only handed over that shining and bejeweled sword that he used on dress parade. His own sword—the blood-stained friend of many a conflict—still hangs by his side. He shows us what the soul of a southern gentleman should be. We have all swords still left to wield, but they must be used on peaceful battle-fields. We have got to 'fight the fate' this war has left, and I do not think that we shall fail."

There was the ring of prophecy in his voice, the herald of that prosperous south which has risen on the embers of the old.

The unwritten struggle which followed the civil war was perhaps the hardest part of it. Readjustment is more trying than organization.

It seemed to the judge that the end of all things had come, and but for Rupert he must have succumbed. An instinct of tenacity took possession of the young man; he exhibited that business industry and energy which distinguishes men of aristocratic traditions in periods of dire extremity.

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Mary Henry, his boyhood's sweetheart, who lived on a large plantation farther down the river, preceded

SLIPS IN SPEECH.

Beauty "had broken" that she made with the best of intentions.

In the hurry of speech and the anxiety to be polite one is very often liable to slips of the tongue which may put an entirely different construction upon the sentence than intended.

Beyond was the grand old hall which had the fireplace and the mantle with their own armorial bearings. He shut the front door as carefully as he had opened it, and they stood for a moment in the sudden cold hush.

A few weeks later, as the judge sat, literally, in his grandfather's chair, and looked up at that worthy's picture on the wall, there was a strange brooding on his face.

"Here am I, sitting childless in the dwelling of my fathers—my sons dead—my daughters married and gone!"

"There is nothing like heredity, father. I believe that I should feel that this had been the abiding place of my race, even if I did not know who I was!"

In his soul he groaned: "Ah! if he knew! If he knew! Behold I sit here childless to-night save for this son of an alien outlaw. How little he dreams that his father was the most daring desperado on the Pacific coast!"

He had come to California five years before, for the express purpose of marrying her, and he wedded the stricken widow now, promising to care for the outlaw's child as for his own.

The real chivalry and self-sacrifice of his act never occurred to him. He brought her home to the land that held happy memories for them both, and tried to make her forget the wild, dark days that were past.

"You do not look well to-night, father. Is there anything the matter? Do you know that if you are not happy in all this it will have lost its value to me."

"On the contrary, my boy, I am very happy. I am only a little and when I think of your brothers. How merciful God has been to allow me at least one son in my old age."

"We need not weary our consciences any more. I have argued it all out. It would be cruel to tell him now. Besides, he is more my child than any of the others. They were the offspring of my body and my blood, but Rupert has absorbed my very inner consciousness. I promised before God to rear the boy as my own. Through his boyhood my heart was sore for him. I was always fearing that he would perceive some subtle difference; that as we sat beneath the relics of my family history he would know by instinct that it was nothing to him. I suffered in thinking what his real traditions were, I loved him so!"

"In this manner I have unwittingly grafted the best of myself and my heredity upon this strong exotic growth."

"A few years later Rupert made a brilliant marriage. On the night before the ceremony his mother said to the judge: 'I believe the boy is thinking of you as much as of the bride. He said to me the girls could not carry on the family name; that he thought to-morrow would be a happy day for you.'"

"My sisters certainly have splendid children, but it seems to me that my boys resemble you the most—they have the exact look of the Pinckneys."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

—Milk should not be taken after a hearty meal. At that time it encounters a large quantity of hydro-chloric acid and is almost instantly curdled into hard masses difficult of digestion.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In Germany the butchers have lately been raising the price of horse meat, owing to the exhaustion of the supply of cheap horses.

—Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch. Scenes from the queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

—An English pleasure excursion to the Arctic regions, on the plan of the Miranda trip, is announced for next summer. The vessel will be the steam yacht Blencathra, which has been used by Capt. Wiggins in his Siberian expeditions.

—At the international medical congress to be held in Moscow in 1897, French will be recognized as the official language. Papers may be read in their European languages, but the discussions must be in Russian, French or German.

—At Niederrentgen, near Didenhofen, which is the German for Thionville, a treasure of from 15,000 to 16,000 Roman coins belonging to the third and fourth centuries was recently discovered, according to the Löffringen Zeitung.

—In England and Wales the number of voters is 2,862,947 in the counties, 2,159,024 in the boroughs, and 16,847 in the universities. The figures for Scotland are: Counties, 357,361; boroughs, 271,833; universities, 17,984, and for Ireland, counties, 617,275; boroughs, 107,678, and university, 4,520.

A THOUGHTFUL SOVEREIGN. How He Raked in the Dollars from the Monte Carlo Gamblers.

It may not be generally known that a sort of combination exists between the gambling hell and the church of Monte Carlo, inasmuch as the latter looks for its sustenance to a rake-off.

FOOLING WITH GRANGERS. A Joking Congressman Has Got Himself Into Trouble.

One member of the house is in a regular stew just now. He is telling the story on himself. "I was slightly surprised a few days ago to receive a letter from a constituent, as follows: 'Dear Judge—Tim Dooley says that government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not, but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half-pound packages, called boneless cod. And they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away any fishhooks, I wish you would send me some, for the major, Ransom Brown, Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you last time.'"

How to Keep and How to Make Tea. Tea should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain. To make it, put a small quantity in a porcelain cup, fill the latter with boiling water, cover it with a porcelain saucer and let it stand three minutes. Then, if you desire to be an epicure, drink only the upper layer of the golden liquid, throw the rest away, rinse the cup and begin again.

Gulls as Weather Prophets. The weather-wise old fellows who live near the water front, well down on the Brooklyn end of the bay, have figured out that there will not be more than 30 days of cold in February, March and April.

Winks—I didn't see you around yesterday. Minks—No. I had a room that needed papering and painting, and I thought I'd stay home and do it myself. But can't stop to talk—I'm in a hurry.

Quarreling with an acquaintance in a dream means a speedy division in your family.

THE RACK, THE THUMBSCREW AND THE BOOT.

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us.

THE MODERN BEAUTY. Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty.

THE BIBLE TELLS THE SLUGGARD TO GO TO THE ANT, BUT IN THESE DAYS MOST OF THEM GO TO THE FATHER-IN-LAW.—Atlanta Constitution.

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IN THE SPRING.

Selection of a spring medicine bear in mind the fact that what you need is a good blood purifier, and the best, in medicine, should always be your aim.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.



**ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.**

**Gayest Colors and Prettiest Designs in the Spring Pageant.**

The Sway of the Fancy Waist—The Liberty of the Republic Reaches Almost License in the Matter of Fair Woman's Wardrobe.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]  
Woman, variable, though never inconstant, takes up with delight the Persian patterns in dress goods, just as sterner and not less variable man, having for long used such airy and beautiful designs in his neckwear, discards them for the paler and more ineffectual drabs and sickly hues of that sort.

It is a peculiarity which the philosophers have long noticed that, when



A PICTURE GOWN.

woman will, man will not. A famous caricature of the old days of '34 represented two contrasting styles; in the one, a woman with scanty skirts, hugely-distended sleeves and Gainsborough hat of monumental area, stood beside a thin-shouldered gallant with voluminous unmentionables. In the other picture my lady of the tent-shaped hoop-skirts was flirting desperately with another gallant, or perhaps the same, whose rough coat was padded at the shoulders to an immense size. This principle is to rule in 1896, it would

in such form that one would think a butterfly had lighted upon the roses in the greenish yellow grass; and the silk combined with passerellerie of white and gold forms the yoke. Need one add that grass linen gowns over silk foundations of each hue of the rainbow are foremost in favor?

There are flowers again of a delicate pink, scattered over a white gown of Persian silk where from one dainty feather is fashioned with its wattleau back ending in a demi train, and with its sleeve finished with wide cream lace, which is brought over the shoulders and falls full to the knees.

There is the tint seen only in some eyes that are fair to look upon and in the tiny blinets which dot the dry side hills of summer, in the blue-brilliant line with a full skirt and short jacket, whose wide revers open over a white vest embroidered in gold, and whose wide rolling cuffs are brave with the same gilt prettiness.

There are again the purple violets and again the pink roses and green leaves, the former on the brim and the latter on the crown of a medium-sized hat which, like many of the hats of the spring, shades well over the face and right behind lets the sun kiss the wearer's hair. Over the violets of the brim is a veil of green tulle and at the back there are soft loops of it with white tulle shining through from beneath.

There is a nasturtium colored hat with a Tam o' Shanter crown, around which coils a soft twist of black spangled net. On the right side are grouped large chrysanthemums with yellow centers and shaded grasses.

And which of all the hats is the favorite? Which of all the colors will be most worn? If one is to judge by the examples one sees it will be that tint least of all becoming to the average face, purple. Never have I seen so many purple hats, or so many hats partly purple, or with purple predominating in their decoration. There will be many women whose life is to them anything but a pleasure because of this purple shade upon the landscape of their lives—until presto! change!

One of the prettiest effects of the spring, especially adapted to thin faces with the sharply-accentuated features which artists and photographers love to pose, is the lace tie of such hue that, when brought from the rear of the tiny touque down across the hair on either side just beneath the ear and the chin



TWO OF A HANDFUL OF BLOSSOMS.

seem, for alongside of the simple browns and grays of men's suitings for April, '96, unmarked as they are by such loud checks and extravagances as past years have seen, woman's garb shines more rainbow-like than ever.

"The republic is opportunity," its chief justice says; and the fashion opportunity widens its horizon every month, for every month fairly pretty fabrics are cheaper and more plentiful, and every month, too, fabrics of more beautiful designs, more brilliant colors, more cunning weaves and especially more fabulous prices are spread before the bewildered gaze of the woman who hesitates, and, hesitating, is lost. The evolution of the flower-tint and cobweb-filament garbing of to-day out of the dun cold veils of even ten years ago is like the bursting of the butterfly from its chrysalis.

The rainbow glory of the April streets when the sun glints warm against the brown stone walls impresses the beholder somewhat as a waving field of flowers. There are in it, seen in the mass, the brilliancy of the tulips, the dilliness of violets, the grace of lilies, even the lines of cool ferns and fronds, all swaying, changing, passing, re-passing, until the street becomes like a kaleidoscope which is never at rest and in whose magic mirrors each tone picture breaks, even as it is forming, into another as beautiful and as evanescent.

Shall we try to pluck from this garden a tiny handful of blossoms?  
—There is the emphasis of cardinal flower in August in a short red cloth jacket, its seams outlined in gilt braid and buttoned with five gilt buttons.

There is the tint of violets in a purple Tuscan straw hat whose straight brim, narrower behind than in front, is covered all with purple and lavender tulle, and, culled from the garden of the modiste, Jacqueminot roses peep from their green leaves and from big puffs of tulle.

There is a greenish yellow or yellowish green of the grass of a sunshine study by Chase in the material of a grass linen costume, whose plain full skirt falls like a gossamer over an old rose silk foundation. The waist is embroidered in old rose, the sleeves are full and stop at the elbow, decked at the shoulder with old rose taffeta silk

and knotted in a bow, shall frame the face as it were a picture.

Picture hats we have long known. We shall begin to speak of picture gowns next.

I, indeed, have so named one of those creations whose skirt is faintly lined with perpendicular stripes and dotted with clusters of tiny flowers, and which is far more emphatically marked across the upper sleeves and across the vest front with bars of dark ribbon, from each of which falls a narrow frill of dotted lace. The jacket of such a gown has the inevitable outward curve at the hips, a curve more decided than that upon a golf stick.

There is a pretty fashion this year in cheaper ready-made dresses as well as in more expensive ones. The serge outing suits, whose skirts and jackets have been for long of the same color and material, may now be—should now be, perhaps—of related but different color; and the skirt of the two is the lighter. For instance, a plain skirt of blue and white checks, just the size of a baby's finger nail, over which a wide laped jacket all of dark blue matching the checks in the skirt, and trimmed with several rows of silver buttons, three in a row, down the skirt behind and with silver braid.

New sleeves, it may be noted, have not yet achieved suzerainty, or even extended their sphere of influence over the coat of wrap. Here the big squash or mandolin sleeve is as much in evidence as ever, even upon the smartest of the smart gowns, those, you know, with the cunning-fitted backs and the loose straight folds down the front and heavily embroidered.

ELLEN OSBORN.

**Her Pet Meanness.**

The most amusing instance of the effect of a suddenly acquired fortune upon a pet meanness is that told by an English author about an old woman in an almshouse who came into \$1,000,000 by a chancery decision that had been pending 100 years. She bought everything that money could buy—silks, velvets, laces, furs, estates, carriages, horses, so-distant friends even. She threw away her bank notes upon everything imaginable in a kind of frenzy of possession. But when it came to tea she suffered; she debated; she never ordered as any one time more than a quarter of a pound of good black tea. She would have felt beggared by a pound of any tea at any price; it had always been so precious to her that she had lost all sense of its intrinsic value. Perhaps it represented to some extent the bright unattainable without which life has no zest.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

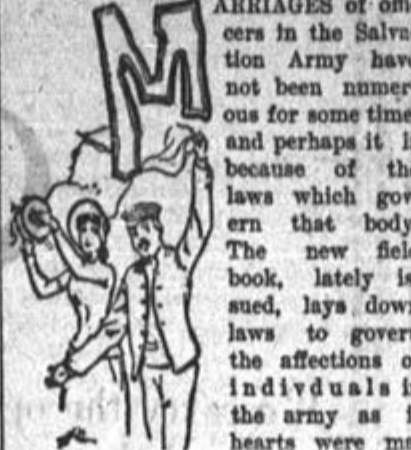
—David, the great historical painter, was noted for his genius at 13.

**SALVATION AND SENTIMENT.**

**How the Religious Army Restrains Courtship Among Its Officers.**

**Engagement Blanks Instead of the Ring—Only Officers Need Apply—Always Leap Year for Women Officials Who Love Beneath Their Rank.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]



**M**ARRIAGES of officers in the Salvation Army have not been numerous for some time, and perhaps it is because of the laws which govern that body. The new field book, lately issued, lays down laws to govern the affections of individuals in the army as if hearts were machines, and Cupid's arrows could be regulated with a word. The question of how the parents of the individual's feel about the matter is not taken at all into consideration, and very little thought is given to the feelings of the lovers themselves so far as the discipl-



FOR THIS HE IS DISHONORED.

pline of the army members is concerned.

The section of the rules and regulations of the Salvation Army relating to love, courtship and marriage among the field officers is not generally known. Such strict regulations toward the little god with the bow and darts exist in this body that it would be little wonder if but a small amount of romantic feeling entered into the matter of being engaged and married.

It is only to the officers of the army, however, that these rules apply: the rank and file may make love and marry as they see fit, provided they limit the number of their marriages to one. If the susceptible heart of a male officer becomes stirred with the tender passion of love, and he ardently desires to become one with the fair lady of his affections, he does not drop at once on the left knee and ask her to allow her soul to join with his, nor does he then slip on the engagement ring while she prettily blushes. Neither does he timidly approach him whom he fain would call father, declaring that life without "her" is of no account at all.

No; he goes to the division officer and briskly asks for a printed engagement application blank. He fills this

In a case where an officer, male or female, wishes to become engaged to an ordinary soldier—for rank in the Salvation Army is not caste—the same rule of separation is observed, but the private must rise from the ranks before the marriage will be sanctioned. This provision is made that there may be extraordinary efforts made by the private in doing good work—and love will find a way—for thus the marriage will reflect honor upon the army.

If any officer should happen, as is sometimes the case, to fall in love with one outside the army and this one refuses to join, then he must cease to be an officer and return to the ranks, dishonored. One of the precautions against courting among the officers is to place a man and wife or two men and their wives in command of every corps.

If a female officer and a male private wish to marry, then, be it leap year or not, the woman must take the initiative. She must make the application to headquarters, fill out the required amount of blanks and do whatever she can toward making her prospective lord and master an officer.

"Jilting" in the Salvation Army is looked upon with the severe disapproval that it deserves, and any officer found guilty of that offense will be at once reduced ignominiously to the ranks.



SWEETSHEARTS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO COURT IN THE SAME TOWN.

out, stating all he knows about the fair one, and hands it back to the division officer, who in turn forwards it to the national headquarters.

Officers may not marry without a year's separation from their chosen life partners, and if the two favorites interested both live in the same town the higher officer either refuses them permission to become engaged or requires one of the young people to go to another city. This is done to prevent the time-absorbing diversion of courting among the officers when they should be attending to business. Engagements, as well, must last one year before a commander will give his sanction to a marriage. Ample time is given for the affections to cool, if they be fickle, or, if it be strong, true love, to grow more ardent than ever.

queerer suicide still was that of a Berlin stock gambler in a hotel in Vegesack, near Bremen. He had lost his money on 'change, and notified his brother in Hamburg of his intention to kill himself. When the brother arrived he found the other dead, and beside his bed lay all the papers and letters giving complete information as to his losses. The owner of the hotel at the same hour received a registered letter from his dead guest. The letter had been mailed in Berlin the night before, and it told the boniface that the Hamburg brother would pay all damage, which the brother—Jk.—Chicago Record.

—Five-sixths of the men at Oxford and Cambridge universities are teetotalers.

**A RAIN-MAKING ROCKET.**

**New Device for Condensing Moisture by Means of Ether.**

**Experts Declare It Feasible—Chemicals to Be Sent Up in a Rocket and Discharged at the Height of One Mile.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

A new rain making device has just been perfected by a native of India, which is guaranteed to relieve the drought even in the driest of countries; and the opinion of several scientific experts seems to bear out the claims made by the inventor.

Agriculturists in this country will no doubt soon have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the merits, as its introduction here is only a matter of a short period. Rain making will not be a new industry in the United States. Prof. Dyrenforth's experiments several years ago will readily be recalled. Owing to the crudeness of the apparatus and the fact that the art of robbing Jupiter Pluvius of the sole power of opening the flood gates was then in its infancy, the results were not entirely satisfactory. Indeed, there were those who pronounced the whole scheme chimerical, but their skepticism gave way in part before the proof that the professor literally called upon the heavens to produce. But while these experiments produced rain, they really only hinted at the possibilities in this direction. But now this native of a far off land has come forward with an apparatus that meets all the requirements of the situation. While taking as the ground work of his idea the generally accepted theory that the moisture of the atmosphere must be precipitated by some chemical process which will cause a sudden change of temperature, the inventor has discarded the methods of his predecessors in this line, and has devised a unique method of transporting his compounds to the desired height. This, he thinks, should be about one mile—possibly more. The general principle is that of the "rain-bow" skyrocket, the chemicals taking the place of the colored balls, and the rockets being of gigantic proportions. Ether or ammonia are the agents by means of which he proposes to transform the insensible vapors of the air into water which will not "drop like the gentle dew from the heaven upon the place beneath," but, if his expectations are realized, will fall in torrents sufficient to satisfy the thirst of parched Mother Earth. Of the two chemicals, the ether is preferable, owing to its greater lightness and superior heat absorbing qualities.

As is well known, ether is formed by the distillation of a combination of alcohol and sulphuric acid. It is a great absorber of heat, and is the chief agent

heat is introduced into these currents, the air is cooled, and by reason of the loss of heat a condensation of vapor follows. This is demonstrated by the falling of dew each night during hot weather. When the sun has sunk below the horizon, the earth rapidly cools. The moisture near it is thereby condensed, and a deposit of dew results. There are, however, several objections to the scheme that suggest themselves to my mind. One is that, as it costs in the neighborhood of \$500 to discharge a 20-ton modern gun, it would necessitate a corresponding outlay for each discharge of these rockets; thus the rain would come very high. Another objection to the scheme is that, to



ON ITS WAY TO FACE THE RAIN.

make the rainfall cover any considerable area, it would be necessary to raise the rocket to a very great height before the machine containing the ether is discharged. Now it seems to me that before the condensed moisture could reach the earth it would become vaporized again, because of the atmospheric pressure which induces heat.

Mr. Erik Enequist, a consulting and manufacturing chemist, said in regard to the scheme:

"Yes, it is perfectly feasible, in my estimation. The only objection that I can conceive is that of the enormous ex-



ACCOMPLISHING ITS MISSION.

used in the manufacture of artificial ice. Ammonia is also a powerful cold-creator, but not to the same degree as ether; besides being heavier.

The method employed in elevating the chemicals is, as has been said, simple in the extreme. The apparatus may be divided into four parts. There is a long, cylindrical cartridge, similar in appearance to the vessels in which gases are stored. This is to be about twelve feet in length and three feet in diameter. To its base is attached a coil spring, which, when expanded, will reach to a length of 45 feet. In the various compartments of the cartridge are distributed 700 pounds of compressed ether, which, it is estimated, is an amount sufficient to so chill the atmosphere as to cause a rainfall heavy enough to saturate the ground for an area of several miles.

Operated by this spring is a piston rod, the movements of which are automatically regulated so that it explodes the caps liberating the ether in the various chambers at the desired height. The altitudes at which the fluids are to be released will vary with the state of the atmosphere as registered by the barometer.

To describe the apparatus in detail would be difficult, and would involve such use of scientific terms that the reader would be mystified rather than enlightened. In brief, the cartridge is divided into five compartments, four of which are filled with ether. The spring has the same influence on the rocket that the tail has on a kite. Like a submarine torpedo, the cylinder is cigar-shaped, thus offering less resistance to the atmosphere. Gauged according to conditions prevailing at the time when the machine is launched, this piston rod may be regulated to discharge the caps at the desired height.

Mr. F. B. Smith, an eminent engineer, who has devoted several years to the study of atmospheric phenomena, said, when questioned as to the feasibility of the plan: "There is much to be said on both sides. In the first place, it would be a very easy matter to force a rocket up to the height of a mile. Secondly, the fundamental idea is correct, from a scientific point of view, for, as nearly everyone knows, all currents of air contain more or less vapor. When a substance which has a tendency to absorb

pense attached to the operation of discharging the rockets and the subsequent discharge of the cartridge containing the ether. It would cost several hundred dollars for a quantity of explosive sufficient to force the rockets the required height; and as it would require several hundred pounds of ether to condense enough vaporized moisture to make a rainfall of any extent, the supply of this material would be quite expensive. The market price of ether is about 30 cents a pound, and one can easily see that to obtain any large amount of rain a very large expenditure of money would be required.

"Yes, several other chemicals could be easily substituted for ether, and as a far less cost, but I cannot enumerate them just now. Ammonia would not answer, as it does not evaporate with sufficient rapidity to transform the moisture in the atmosphere into rain, in time or in quantity to be of any practical value.

"Then, too, there must always be an element of danger attached to these operations, which cannot be entirely overlooked. That is in the method employed in carrying the ether in the rocket. To obtain good results the ether must necessarily be compressed, and to do this a shell, possibly steel, must be employed. When this explodes the fragments must fly in all directions, and I can see a great possibility of persons in the path of the artificial thunderstorm receiving personal injuries. I do not believe, however, that there is any possibility of the condensed moisture being vaporized while falling through one mile to the earth."

**Parliamentary Compliments.**

Talking of parliamentary success, there is a story that Mr. Draxell once said to Sir William Harcourt: "He has the three essential qualifications for success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." This saying was repeated to Sir William Harcourt, who observed that, "leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dirzy' himself."—London Saturday Review.

**Defined.**

"Papa, what's a philosopher?" "He's a man who bears other people's troubles with fortitude, my son."—Chicago Record.



NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who publishes a newspaper... shall be liable to a fine of not more than \$100...

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

BY HERRA G. FRELAT.

"Blood will tell," people said when they looked at the Pinckney family. Some persons called the head of it general, some judge, some senator, and all represented actual functions, well performed.

Perhaps their most effective appearance was in church, as they walked up the aisle to the big pew in front, deserving and appreciating the good opinions bestowed upon them.

On her features there rested the shadow of past suffering—the indefinable expression of a woman who has sorrowed and been comforted.

The eldest son, Rupert, followed his parents, and bore the large family prayer book; it was a genuine "Church of England" volume, and had belonged to the Pinckneys when they prayed for the king in old Virginia.

Rupert was the embodiment of primogeniture, for he had caught the paternal essence in its threefold capacity—the soldierly air of the general, the solid dignity of the judge, the untruffled suavity of the senator.

He was only 21, but the "accident of his birth" had developed him early. The twins, Courtney and Reginald, walked next, while the little robed sisters, Mary and Mealan, closed the procession.

The moral glory had never departed from their house, but outside of the sanctuary much of its material splendor had dwindled. They could worship God in the pew of their fathers, although the roof-tree that had sheltered so many of their race was owned by strangers now.

Just beyond the town stood a stately, old-fashioned mansion, in which the judge had been born. It had the wide verandas, the massive wooden pillars, the generous expanse of lawn, characteristic of southern manor houses.

It had passed into the hands of strangers, as a part of the financial misfortunes attending the family. To buy it back again became the Mecca of their hopes. The crisis of the civil war was approaching, and the whole land vibrated to the first shocks of the earthquake.

After religious services were over for the day Judge Pinckney called his family together in the library. The room itself was not large, but it had gained an air of importance from its contents; the word contents better expresses the idea than furniture, for chairs, tables and floor coverings made up the least of its glory.

There was an official communication purporting to be written at the personal instance of King George the Second, conferring an order upon one of them for bravery on a European battlefield, while a few generations later an autograph letter from Gen. Washington showed that they were taking their share of starving and freezing at Valley Forge.

Besides these documentary ornaments, there were deer antlers and buffalo horns, peace pipes and wampum brought from the frontier, where they had both fought and traded with the Indians. In short, the little apartment presented the history of a noble race which had left behind it all the traces of a generous and simple manhood.

Under the shadow of these trophies the judge was accustomed to sit, and tell anecdotes beginning with the founding of Jamestown and concluding with his own adventures; history had a personal interest to all the children, since they were taught to consider that their ancestors had a hand in the making of it.

The judge seemed to have a talent for everything but the keeping of money; he made it fast enough. It had been rumored that he might have brought back a fortune from the Pacific coast had he not scorned certain questionable measures that were both popular and profitable in that far country; by a rather indefinite process of reasoning he seemed to reap honor and lose here in every enterprise in which he embarked.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon and nature called out in tones eternally youthful: the grass will grow and the flowers blossom in spite of human death and decay. He entreated his parents to walk forth with him and led them in the sunlight along the river's bank. The judge's stately step faltered a little now, and the gold was all gone from Mrs. Pinckney's hair.

The voice of the "Old Dominion" called him back before he was 40; indeed, he might not have left home at all had it not been for the potent factor of love. Mary Henry, his boyhood's sweetheart, who lived on a large plantation farther down the river, preceded

him by several years to that new land. Her father had been among the first to catch the "western fever," and he carried his sweet Virginia roselind to blossom out among the stern Sierras. The judge sought and married her in that distant clime, after what was generally understood to have been a long courtship. The twins were a year old, and Rupert was three before they came from California, so that their western birth played no part in the remembrance of their environment. The little girls were both born in Virginia.

"Rupert," said the judge, on that particular Sabbath afternoon, "there is going to be war!"

"Yes, father, and I am going to fight in it. You are past 50, and helped to conquer the Mexicans in '48, so you've had your share. The boys are too young, and the girls are—girls."

"But you might be killed!" wailed his mother.

Rupert turned his grave, proud eyes upon her.

"Our blood has always belonged to our country," he said.

His face, usually cold and clear-cut lighted with enthusiasm. "We fought in the French and Indian war, in the revolution, in 1812, and against the Mexicans. I want to add something, however little, to the glory of the name!"

Three weeks later came the call for volunteers, and Rupert Pinckney was among the first to respond; it did not occur to any member of his heroic family group to dissuade him. Lee's troops were largely composed of just such men.

In the second year the judge went also, but he was severely wounded and obliged to return home. In the third year, as things grew darker and men scarcer, it became necessary for one of the twins to join the confederate forces. Courtney, therefore, became one of the company in which Rupert was lieutenant. Both brothers fought with the courage of their race, consoling themselves by the thought that if they were killed Reginald was still left to keep up the family.

Memory, as applied to the last months of the civil war, is too ghastly for words. Even history, northern and southern, awns awestruck at its recital. Courtney was fatally wounded in a night surprise, and Rupert was twice disabled. He was shot through the arm the first time and down with a swamp fern the next, but he never left the camp or asked for furlough.

Many a time around the camp fire he kept up the hearts of the men by rehearsing his father's sayings and stories. Never a day passed over his head but he thanked God for the blessing of being a good man's son.

He followed Lee up to the day of final surrender, and then his loyal heart beat nigh to bursting. For a time it seemed that his eternal hopefulness was about to desert him, but he saw so many needing comfort and encouragement that he took courage again for their sakes.

He made one little speech in that dark hour, which, when repeated to his chief, is said to have sent a ray of comfort to that stricken and heroic heart.

"Boys," cried Rupert, "he has surrendered, but he only handed over that shining and bejeweled sword that he used on blood-stained. His own sword—the blood-stained friend of many a conflict—still hangs by his side. He shows us what the soul of a southern gentleman should be. We have all swords still left to wield, but they must be used on peaceful battle-fields. We have got to 'fight the fate' this war has left, and I do not think that we shall fail."

There was the ring of prophecy in his voice, the herald of that prosperous south which has risen on the embers of the old.

The unwritten struggle which followed the civil war was perhaps the hardest part of it. Readjustment is more trying than organization.

It seemed to the judge that the end of all things had come, and but for Rupert he must have succumbed. An instinct of tenacity took possession of the young man; he exhibited that business industry and energy which distinguishes men of aristocratic traditions in periods of dire extremity. He worked early, he worked late; he manipulated their shrunken property with surprising skill. He inspired all the family but Reginald. The shock of a totally new regime proved too much for the younger brother, and he gradually sank into habits of idleness and dissipation. Rupert did what he could for him and preserved an unflagging patience. Even when his brother filled a drunkard's grave he had no bitter word to say; but put him up a handsome monument that he could afford, which recorded sadly that he was a Pinckney.

The girls married early, and married well; Rupert wore his old clothes for three years that he might provide them with trousseaux suitable to their former station. Little by little the judge took up the broken threads of his practical life, while his son tapped the first channels of reopening commerce. As the country revived the Pinckneys revived with it!

Ten years after the war Rupert went up to Richmond as representative; he loathed politics, but he could not break the family record by refusing to serve the state in any capacity open to him. On the expiration of his term he came home to celebrate the greatest day of his existence. He could not remember an hour of waking life in which this scene had not borne a part.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon and nature called out in tones eternally youthful: the grass will grow and the flowers blossom in spite of human death and decay. He entreated his parents to walk forth with him and led them in the sunlight along the river's bank. The judge's stately step faltered a little now, and the gold was all gone from Mrs. Pinckney's hair. They passed by the huge gate of their lost ancestral home, and the father looked wistfully in at the smooth green lawn, the wide terrace, the imposing house that was

the natural cradle of his race—the house where he was born.

Rupert did not pass on, but opened the gate and led them, one walking on each side of him, as if he had been still quite a little boy, up to the big front door. He did not ring the bell, but took a brass key from his pocket and inserted it into the lock; the door opened on its hinges, and swung back.

Beyond was the grand old hall which had the fireplace and the mantel with their own armorial bearings. He shut the front door as carefully as he had opened it, and they stood for a moment in the sudden cold hush. Then he drew forth the title deeds from an inner pocket and handed them to his father.

"I have bought the place back for you," he said. "I love it—it is in my blood—I have never been at home before. To-morrow we will bring back all the old trophies and relics to their own places. They shall hang where they hung before I was born!"

A few weeks later, as the judge sat, literally, in his grandfather's chair, and looked up at that worthy's picture on the wall, there was a strange brooding on his face. As his glance fell on Rupert, his expression changed. In his heart he said:

"Here am I, sitting childless in the dwelling of my fathers—my sons dead—my daughters married and gone!"

Rupert's voice broke the spell: "There is nothing like heredity, father. I believe that I should feel that this had been the abiding place of my race, even if I did not know who I was!"

The judge said: "I have lived almost 70 years, my boy, and I think there is nothing equal to a fixed idea."

In his soul he groaned: "Ah! if he knew! If he knew! Behold I sit here childless to-night save for this son of an alien outlaw. How little he dreams that his father was the most daring desperado on the Pacific coast!"

Then memory, which often grows more vivid with advancing years, painted over the scenes of his youth. He heard Mary's voice when she told him that he had followed her too late from old Virginia; he saw the splendid dashing ranchero whom she introduced as her betrothed; he recalled even now, when the chill of age was on him, how he had hated and distrusted the stranger.

The second act of that drama burned into his brain, and he blamed himself for his fruitless role in the tragedy. At any rate there was the scene, and he could not get away from it. He saw his boyhood's sweetheart the wife of another man—a man fleeing from justice with a price on his head. He saw her with an infant in her arms applying at his cabin for shelter and protection.

He would have given her his lastest, his best efforts in any case, and he cared for her in the desolate gold claim as if she had been a princess. When they learned, in the course of a short time, that the price on her husband's head had been legally collected, her situation was still deplorable. Her father was dead—there was no asylum open to her anywhere.

He had come to California five years before, for the express purpose of marrying her, and he wedded the stricken widow now, promising to care for the outlaw's child as for his own.

The real chivalry and self-sacrifice of his act never occurred to him. He brought her home to the land that held happy memories for them both, and tried to make her forget the wild, dark days that were past.

As he sat in his old home that was yet so new, and looked at Rupert, he realized that nothing is actually past, and the man's satisfaction pierced him with a keen sense of guilt. Was it his duty to tell this child of his love that he was not his son?

Rupert's next remark settled the matter. "You do not look well to-night, father. Is there anything the matter? Do you know that if you are not happy in all this it will have lost its value to me."

The judge smiled proudly. "On the contrary, my boy, I am very happy. I am only a little sad when I think of your brothers. How merciful God has been to allow me at least one son in my old age."

That night he spoke to his wife. "We need not weary our consciences any more. I have argued it all out. It would be cruel to tell him now. Besides, he is more my child than any of the others. They were the offspring of my body and my blood, but Rupert has absorbed my very inner consciousness. I promised before God to rear the boy as my own. Through his boyhood my heart was sore for him. I was always fearing that he would perceive some subtle difference; that as we sat beneath the relics of my family history he would know by instinct that it was nothing to him. I suffered in thinking what his real traditions were; I loved him so!"

"In this manner I have unwittingly grafted the best of myself and my heredity upon this strong exotic growth."

A few years later Rupert made a brilliant marriage. On the night before the ceremony his mother said to the judge:

"I believe the boy is thinking of you as much as of the bride. He said to me the girls could not carry on the family name; that he thought to-morrow would be a happy day for you."

In all his subsequent beneficent and prosperous career Rupert made but one boast. When the judge was 80 years old his descendants celebrated it by a grand fete. Rupert, watching the numerous children as they sported on the lawn, remarked complacently:

"My sisters certainly have splendid children, but it seems to me that my boys resemble you the most—they have the exact look of the Pinckneys."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

SLIPS IN SPEECH.

Senator "Bud" Breaker, That Are Made with the Best of Intentions.

In the hurry of speech and the anxiety to be polite one is very often liable to slips of the tongue which may put an entirely different construction upon the sentence than intended. For example, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late, and are met by your hostess with the words: "My dear, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late."

Take another instance. At an evening party in Cork a lady said to her partner: "Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother," "Oh! I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused, "I did not notice the resemblance."

This and yet, perhaps, was not so awkward as the following: After a certain concert a well-known German centurion asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah! yes, of course, I did not mean—But why did you select such an ass to sing with you?" "Ach himmel, that is my present husband!"

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found a mark the archer little meant. There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed: "Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!" and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation. She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

"Here, my dear husband," said a loving wife, "I have bought you a little silver pig for luck. It's a charm, you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house."

"Ah! how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck when I have you still?"

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding breakfast given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighboring young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary about the event, addressing the bridegroom, said: "Well, you have got the pick of the batch." The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.—N. Y. Dispatch.

FOOLING WITH GRANGERS.

A Joking Congressman Has Got Himself Into Trouble.

One member of the house is in a regular stew just now. He is telling the story on himself. "I was slightly surprised a few days ago to receive a letter from a constituent, as follows: 'Dear Judge—Tim Dooley says that government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not, but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half-pound packages, called boneless cod. And they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away any fishhooks, I wish you would send me some, for the major, Ransom Brown, Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you last time.'"

"For the sake of the joke, I dropped into a sporting goods store and bought a tin box of hooks for \$1.50, sent it to my friend with a note saying that I was very glad that I had some fishhooks still left from my quota, though there had been a great demand for them and the horse book. The supply of fish had run out and the president had been so occupied with bonds, and had congress on his hands so long that our supply was exhausted. I regretted also that the ducks had been wild or could maybe have got some, but last trip Grover only got 13, and he needed most of those himself. The result was 14 requests for fishhooks within a week, and they are still coming. It is no use saying that Uncle Sam does not handle fish hooks, as here are the hooks and there is my letter, and if I don't send them every last man that I refused will sharpen a knife for me next campaign, and if I do I will go broke. Don't fool with the granger."—Washington Times.

How to Keep and How to Make Tea.

Tea should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain. To make it, put a small quantity in a porcelain cup, fill the latter with boiling water, cover it with a porcelain saucer and let it stand three minutes. Then, if you desire to be an epicure, drink only the upper layer of the golden liquid, throw the rest away, rinse the cup and begin again. Never use sugar. Do not use milk. It ruins the flavor of tea, and the combination injures the stomach. So the Chinese say, and they ought to know their own beverage. Above all things do not boil tea.—St. Louis Republic.

Didn't Finish.

Winks—I didn't see you around yesterday.

Minks—No. I had a room that needed papering and painting, and I thought I'd stay home and do it myself. But can't stop to talk—I'm in a hurry.

"What's up?"

"Well, I've got to take my business suit to the dyer's and cleaner's, my wife's best dress along with it, and my step to a store for a new carpet, and then hunt up some painters and paper-hangers to—put the finishing touches on that room, you know."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Quarreling with an acquaintance in a dream means a speedy division in your family.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In Germany the butchers have lately been raising the price of horse meat, owing to the exhaustion of the supply of cheap horses.

—Germans objecting to the habit of holding the hands in the pockets have formed a society, the Antihandtaschenhaltenverein.

—Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch. Scenes from the queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

—According to careful research there are 61 anarchist papers published in Europe and America. One is in Dutch, ten German, eleven French, eight Italian, nine Spanish, two Spanish and Italian, two Portuguese, two Czech and six English.

—An English pleasure excursion to the Arctic regions, on the plan of the Mirandea trip, is announced for next summer. The vessel will be the steam yacht Blencathra, which has been used by Capt. Wiggins in his Siberian expeditions. It will visit Iceland, Greenland and Hudson's Bay.

—At the international medical congress to be held in Moscow in 1897, French will be recognized as the official language. Papers may be read in other European languages, but the discussions must be in Russian, French or German. This decision has made English doctors angry, and they talk of not attending the congress.

—At Niederentgen, near Diedgenhofen, which is the German for Týkonville, a treasure of from 15,000 to 16,000 Roman coins belonging to the third and fourth centuries was recently discovered, according to the Lothringen Zeitung. The coins weigh nearly a hundred pounds and have been given to the Lorraine Historical society.

—In England and Wales the number of voters is 2,862,947 in the counties, 2,159,024 in the boroughs, and 16,847 in the universities. The figures for Scotland are: Counties, 357,361; boroughs, 271,833; universities, 17,984, and for Ireland, counties, 617,375; boroughs, 107,678, and university, 4,520. The total number of voters in the United Kingdom is 6,415,469 out of a population of 39,118,000.

A THOUGHTFUL SOVEREIGN.

How He Raked in the Dollars from the Monte Carlo Gamblers.

It may not be generally known that a sort of combination exists between the gambling hell and the church of Monte Carlo, inasmuch as the latter looks for its sustenance to a rake-off. Prince Charles made that arrangement with the church, so as to give tone to the little principality, which ought not to be without an edifice of decency, and by this contract the house of God draws \$6,000 per year from the sinful money that the bank rakes in. After the prince had imposed upon the bank the maintenance of the bishop, the clergy and one or two benevolent institutions, he forced the former to resign, keeping the place vacant for a number of years, and pocketing the episcopal salary himself. He resorted to similar trickery when the new cathedral was built. A sum was subscribed by the bank which was to be paid in annual installments while the church was in process of erection. This done, the generous ruler made a private pact with the architect, whereby the latter was to proceed with the building of the edifice in the slowest possible way. The difference in money between the payment by the bank and the cost of the enterprise also found its way into the pockets of the thoughtful sovereign. The theater, orchestra and other amusements provided for the guests and visitors are paid for by the bank. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars are annually set aside for that purpose. Three hundred thousand dollars are devoted every year to bribing the press. Three quarters of this amount are given to newspapers in the form of fixed subscriptions, and the other fourth is given to self-styled missionaries, who write papers against Monte Carlo, and paste the walls of the neighboring Nice with posters urging people not to visit the place. In some cases these posters are veritable works of art and the inflated imagination of those who preach against the games. Others are exceedingly grotesque and ludicrous in the pictorial illustrations of the consequences of the game of hazard.—St. Louis Republic.

Gulls as Weather Prophets.

The weather-wise old fellows who live near the water front, well down on the Brooklyn end of the bay, have figured out that there will not be more than 30 days of cold in February, March and April. One of them, a retired coastwise skipper, who finds plenty of time to discuss interesting climate problems with the waiting passengers in the Bay Ridge ferry house, said yesterday, as he pointed to a half dozen sea gulls that were loafing in a narrow and calm portion of Gowanus bay, just below Erie basin: "Whenever you see the gulls as they are this afternoon, sittin' kind o' contented like, just the same as a duck in a country pond, you may look for south winds and clear skies. But if them gulls should be a-souring and a-dipping and a-acting like mad—well, look out, boys that's all I've got to say."—N. Y. Sun.

Gambling in London.

The police say that gambling at the rich men's clubs in the West end is faster and more furious than it ever was, but they can do nothing because the power of initiative is taken out of their hands. Small boys caught playing tosspenny are promptly hauled before the magistrates and punished, but the rankest of betting clubs, patronized by the well to do, flourish as of yore. Bucket shops, to be sure, have been having a cold time of late, but that is due to economic causes and to the action of the stock exchange committee, which desires to have no peaching on its exclusive domain.—London Letter.

Homeowner's Excursions to Kansas and Nebraska.

On April 17th, 18th and May 5th, 1896, Homeowner's Excursions will be run from Missouri River points and territory West of Chicago, Forts and St. Louis, to stations in Kansas and Nebraska, at one fare plus \$2.00, for the round trip. All who can should take advantage of the cheap rates and inspect the most productive corn lands in the United States, which are for sale by the Union Pacific Railway Company, at from \$2.50 to \$10.00 per acre, on ten years' time, only 1-10 down.

Remember that the Kansas corn crop for 1895, with 8,000,000 acres in cultivation, yielded over 200,000,000 bushels, the estimated value of which is over \$46,000,000, being \$7,000,000 more than annual output of gold in the United States.

Those taking advantage of the excursions, should take receipts for all railroad fare, and the portion paid over to Union Pacific lines, will be refunded upon purchase of 200 acres. Information regarding rates can be ascertained from the nearest railroad agent.

For maps and pamphlets descriptive of the lands, write to B. A. McCallister, Land Commissioner, Omaha, Neb.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return to agent at destination, on payment of \$2 to agent at twenty-one days, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to G. P. Almore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Going to Cripple Creek?

The Santa Fe Route is the most direct and only through broad-gauge line from Chicago and Kansas City to the celebrated Cripple Creek gold mining district. Luxurious Pullmans, free reclining chair cars, fastest time and low rates.

A profusely illustrated book, descriptive of Cripple Creek, will be mailed free of charge on application to G. T. Nicholson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or a copy may be obtained from any agent of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway.

Through plunges in hills and exercises in care, yet never let the noble mind despair.—Phillips.

The Hack, the Thumbcrew and the Boot

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormenter who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.

The Bible tells the sluggard to go to the ant, but in these days most of them go to the father-in-law.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasurable Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play, her dreams repeat the wishes of the day.—Claudine.

I could not get along without Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

Give your hearts with silent fortitude, suffering yet hoping all things.—Mrs. He-manus.

A Doz in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs, Pike's Toothache Drops Cure a one minute.

In the Spring

Selection of a spring medicine bear in mind the fact that what you need is a good blood purifier, and the best, in medicine, should always be your aim. The great cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it known as the One True Blood Purifier. It is therefore the best medicine for you to take in the

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla, now, it will purify and enrich you, blood, give you a good appetite, prevent and cure that tired, languid feeling, which is so prevalent in the Spring, and in this way it will build you up and prevent sickness later in the year. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. See

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS

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If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LAOE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

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TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and name to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Gayest Colors and Prettiest Designs in the Spring Pageant.

The Way of the Fancy Waist—The Liberty of the Republic Reaches Almost License in the Matter of Fair Woman's Wardrobe.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Woman, variable, though never inconstant, takes up with delight the Persian patterns in dress goods, just as stern and not less variable man, having for long used such airy and beautiful designs in his neckwear, discards them for the paler and more ineffectual drabs and sickly hues of that sort.

It is a peculiarity which the philosophers have long noticed that, when



A PICTURE GOWN.

woman will, man will not. A famous caricature of the old days of '54 represented two contrasting styles; in the one, a woman with scanty skirts, hugely-distended sleeves and Gainsborough hat of monumental area, stood beside a thin-shouldered gallant with voluminous unmentionables. In the other picture my lady of the tent-shaped hoop-skirts was flirting desperately with another gallant, or perhaps the same, whose legs were tightly clothed, but whose rough coat was padded at the shoulders to an immense size. This principle is to rule in 1896, it would

in such form that one would think a butterfly had lighted upon the roses in the greenish yellow grass; and the silk combined with passerineries of white and gold forms the yoke. Need one add that grass linen gowns over silk foundations of each hue of the rainbow are foremost in favor?

There are flowers again of a delicate pink, scattered over a white gown of Persian silk where from one dainty feather is fashioned with its wattle back ending in a demi train, and with its sleeves finished with wide cream lace, which is brought over the shoulders and falls full to the knees.

There is the tint seen only in some eyes that are fair to look upon and in the tiny bluest which dot the dry side hills of summer, in the blue brilliant with a full skirt and short jacket, whose wide revers open over a white vest embroidered in gold, and whose wide rolling cuffs are brave with the same gilt prettiness.

There are again the purple violets and again the pink roses and green leaves, the former on the brim and the latter on the crown of a medium-sized hat which, like many of the hats of the spring, shades well over the face and right behind lets the sun kiss the wearer's hair. Over the violets of the brim is a veil of green tulle and at the back there are soft loops of it with white tulle shining through from beneath.

There is a nasturtium colored hat with a Tam o' Shanter crown, around which coils a soft twist of black spangled net. On the right side are grouped large chrysanthemums with yellow centers and shaded grasses.

And which of all the hats is the favorite? Which of all the colors will be most worn? If one is to judge by the examples one sees it will be that tint least of all becoming to the average face, purple. Never have I seen so many purple hats, or so many hats partly purple, or with purple predominating in their decoration. There will be many women whose life is to them anything but a pleasure because of this purple shade upon the landscape of their lives—until presto! change!

One of the prettiest effects of the spring, especially adapted to thin faces with the sharply-accentuated features which artists and photographers love to pose, is the lace tie of such hue that, when brought from the rear of the tiny toque down across the hair on either side just beneath the ear and the chin



TWO OF A HANDFUL OF BLOSSOMS.

seem, for alongside of the simple browns and grays of men's suitings for April, '96, unmarked as they are by such loud checks and extravagances as past years have seen, woman's garb shines more rainbow-like than ever.

"The republic is opportunity," its chief justice says; and the fashion opportunity widens its horizon every month, for every month fairly pretty fabrics are cheaper and more plentiful, and every month, too, fabrics of more beautiful designs, more brilliant colors, more cunning weaves and especially more fabulous prices are spread before the bewildered gaze of the woman who hesitates, and, hesitating, is lost. The evolution of the flower-tint and cobweb-filament garbing of to-day out of the dun cold webs of even ten years ago is like the bursting of the butterfly from its chrysalis.

The rainbow glory of the April streets when the sun glints warm against the brown stone walls impresses the beholder somewhat as a waving field of flowers. There are in it, seen in the mass, the brilliancy of the tulips, the delicacy of violets, the grace of lilies, even the lines of cool ferns and fronds, all swaying, changing, passing, re-passing, until the street becomes like a kaleidoscope which is never at rest and in whose magic mirrors each tone picture breaks, even as it is forming, into another as beautiful and as evanescent.

Shall we try to pluck from this garden a tiny handful of blossoms?

There is the emphasis of cardinal flower in August in a short red cloth jacket, its seams outlined in gilt braid and buttoned with five gilt buttons.

There is the tint of violets in a purple Tuscan straw hat whose straight brim, narrower behind than in front, is covered all with purple and lavender tulle, and, culled from the garden of the modiste, Jacqueminot roses peep from their green leaves and from big puffs of tulle.

There is a greenish yellow or yellowish green of the grass of a sunshiny study by Chase in the material of a grass linen costume, whose plain full skirt falls like a gossamer over an old rose silk foundation. The waist is embroidered in old rose, the sleeves are full and stop at the elbow, decked at the shoulder with old rose taffeta silk

and knotted in a bow, shall frame the face as it were a picture.

Picture hats we have long known. We shall begin to speak of picture gowns next.

I, indeed, have so named one of those creations whose skirt is faintly lined with perpendicular stripes and dotted with clusters of tiny flowers, and which is far more emphatically marked across the upper sleeves and across the vest front with bars of dark ribbon, from each of which falls a narrow fringe of dotted lace. The jacket of such a gown has the inevitable outward curve at the hips, a curve more decided than that upon a golf stick.

There is a pretty fashion this year in cheaper ready-made dresses as well as in more expensive ones. The serge outing suits, whose skirts and jackets have been for long of the same color and material, may now be—should now be, perhaps—of related but different colors and the skirt of the two is the lighter. For instance, a plain skirt of blue and white checks, just the size of a baby's finger nail, over which a wide laped jacket all of dark blue matching the checks in the skirt, and trimmed with several rows of silver buttons, three in a row, down the skirt behind and with silver braid.

New sleeves, it may be noted, have not yet achieved suzerainty, or even extended their sphere of influence over the coat or wrap. Here the big squash or mandolin sleeve is as much in evidence as ever, even upon the smartest of the smart gowns, those, you know, with the cunning-fitted backs and the loose straight folds down the front and heavily embroidered.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Her Pet Meanness.

The most amusing instance of the effect of a suddenly acquired fortune upon a pet meanness is that told by an English author about an old woman in an almshouse who came into \$1,000,000 by a chancery decision that had been pending 100 years. She bought everything that money could buy—silks, velvets, laces, furs, estates, carriages, horses, so-distant friends even. She threw away her bank notes upon everything imaginable in a kind of frenzy of possession. But when it came to tea she suffered; she debated; she never ordered at any one time more than a quarter of a pound of good black tea. She would have felt beggared by a pound of any tea at any price; it had always been so precious to her that she had lost all sense of its intrinsic value. Perhaps it represented to some extent the bright unattainable without which life has no zest.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—David, the great historical painter, was noted for his genius at 13.

SALVATION AND SENTIMENT.

How the Religious Army Restrains Courtship Among Its Officers.

Engagement Blanks Instead of the Ring—Only Officers Need Apply—Always Leap Year for Women: Officials Who Love Beneath Their Rank.

(Copyright, 1896.)



MARRIAGES of officers in the Salvation Army have not been numerous for some time, and perhaps it is because of the laws which govern that body. The new field book, lately issued, lays down laws to govern the affections of individuals in the army as if hearts were machines, and Cupid's pranks could be regulated with a word. The question of how the parents of the individuals feel about the matter is not taken at all into consideration, and very little thought is given to the feelings of the lovers themselves so far as the disciplin

In a case where an officer, male or female, wishes to become engaged to an ordinary soldier—for rank in the Salvation Army is not caste—the same rule of separation is observed, but the private must rise from the ranks before the marriage will be sanctioned. This provision is made that there may be extraordinary efforts made by the private in doing good work—and love will find a way—for thus the marriage will reflect honor upon the army.

If an officer should happen, as is sometimes the case, to fall in love with one outside the army and this one refuses to join, then he must cease to be an officer and return to the ranks, dishonored. One of the precautions against courting among the officers is to place a man and wife or two men and their wives in command of every corps.

If a female officer and a male private wish to marry, then, be it leap year or not, the woman must take the initiative. She must make the application to headquarters, fill out the required amount of blanks and do whatever she can toward making her prospective lord and master an officer.

"Jilting" in the Salvation Army is looked upon with the severest disapproval that it deserves, and any officer found guilty of that offense will be at once reduced ignominiously to the ranks.



FOR THIS HE IS DISHONORED.

pline of the army members is concerned.

The section of the rules and regulations of the Salvation Army relating to love, courtship and marriage among the field officers is not generally known. Such strict regulations toward the little god with the bow and darts exist in this body that it would be little wonder if but a small amount of romantic feeling entered into the matter of being engaged and married.

It is only to the officers of the army, however, that these rules apply; the rank and file may make love and marry as they see fit, provided they limit the number of their marriages to one. If the susceptible heart of a male officer becomes stirred with the tender passion of love, and he ardently desires to become one with the fair lady of his affections, he does not drop at once on the left knee and ask her to allow her soul to join with his, nor does he then slip on the engagement ring while she prettily blushes. Neither does he timidly approach him whom he fain would call father, declaring that life without "her" is of no account at all.

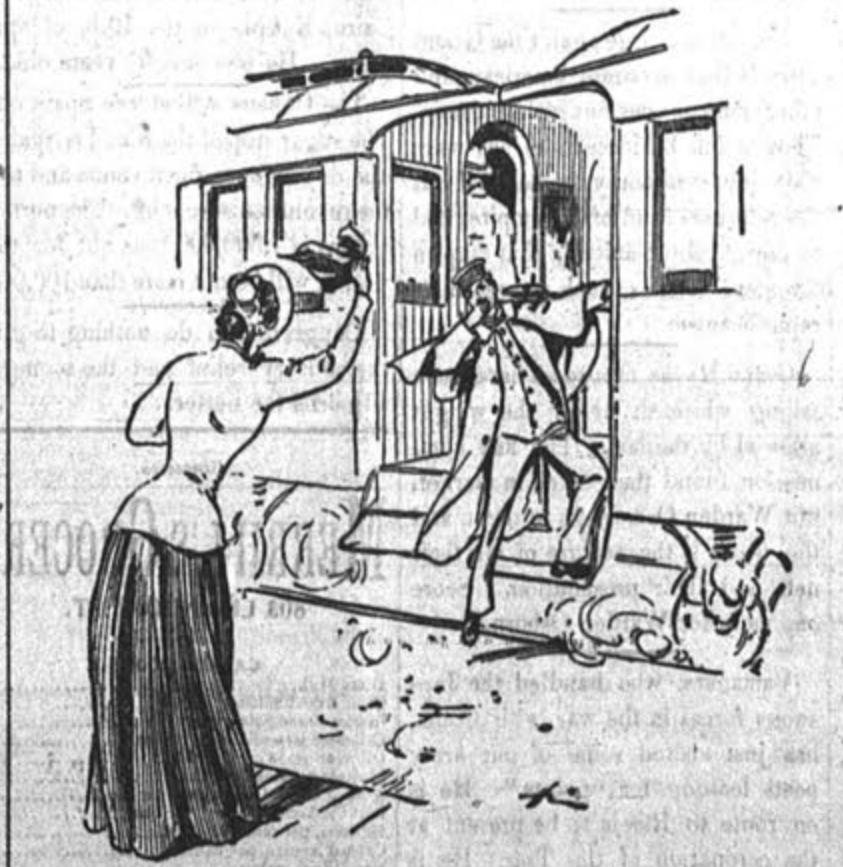
No; he goes to the division officer and briskly asks for a printed engagement application blank. He fills this

"Any breaking of an engagement," the field book ordains, "must be at once reported to the division officer, and any officer found guilty of shameless and heart-breaking jilting will be reduced to the ranks. Courting means, more or less, a division of feeling, necessarily interfering in some measure with the discharge of duty, and is, therefore, deprecated. Officers must not be allowed to carry on any courtship in the town in which they are stationed."

It may not be generally known, but those interested in the army's work are not all of the class among which it labors. In many cities—Philadelphia notably—society women become honorary members and lend more than financial aid to the work done by these sincere hard workers.

Suicides in Germany.

In point of suicides, both as to number and manner of execution, Germany still leads. The other day two young Berliners, both consumptives and tired of life, met in a train by accident. They were both on the way to a deep, smooth lake in the vicinity, where they meant to drown themselves. One had confided his purpose to the other and together they carried out their purpose. But a



SWEETHEARTS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO COURT IN THE SAME TOWN.

out, stating all he knows about the fair one, and hands it back to the division officer, who in turn forwards it to the national headquarters.

Officers may not marry without a year's separation from their chosen life partners, and if the two favorites interested both live in the same town the higher officer either refuses them permission to become engaged or requires one of the young people to go to another city. This is done to prevent the time-absorbing diversion of courting among the officers when they should be attending to business. Engagements, as well, must last one year before a commander will give his sanction to a marriage. Ample time is given for the affections to cool, if they be fickle, or, if it be strong, true love, to grow more ardent than ever.

quicker suicide still was that of a Berlin stock gambler in a hotel in Vegesack, near Bremen. He had lost his money on 'change, and notified his brother in Hamburg of his intention to kill himself. When the brother arrived he found the other dead, and beside his bed lay all the papers and letters giving complete information as to his losses. The owner of the hotel at the same hour received a registered letter from his dead guest. The letter had been mailed in Berlin the night before, and it told the boniface that the Hamburg brother would pay all damage, which the brother did.—Chicago Record.

—Five-sixths of the men at Oxford and Cambridge universities are teetotallers.

A RAIN-MAKING ROCKET.

New Device for Condensing Moisture by Means of Ether.

Experts Declare It Feasible—Chemicals to Be Sent Up in a Rocket and Discharged at the Height of One Mile.

(Copyright, 1896.)

A new rain making device has just been perfected by a native of India, which is guaranteed to relieve the drought even in the driest of countries; and the opinion of several scientific experts seems to bear out the claims made by the inventor.

Agriculturists in this country will no doubt soon have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the merits, as its introduction here is only a matter of a short period. Rain making will not be a new industry in the United States. Prof. Dyrenforth's experiments several years ago will readily be recalled. Owing to the crudeness of the apparatus and the fact that the art of robbing Jupiter Pluvius of the sole power of opening the flood gates was then in its infancy, the results were not entirely satisfactory. Indeed, there were those who pronounced the whole scheme chimerical, but their skepticism gave way in part before the proof that the professor literally called upon the heavens to produce. But while these experiments produced rain, they really only hinted at the possibilities in this direction. But now this native of a far off land has come forward with an apparatus that meets all the requirements of the situation. While taking as the ground work of his idea the generally accepted theory that the moisture of the atmosphere must be precipitated by some chemical process which will cause a sudden change of temperature, the inventor has discarded the methods of his predecessors in this line, and has devised a unique method of transporting his compounds to the desired height. This, he thinks, should be about one mile—possibly more. The general principle is that of the "rainbow" skyrocket, the chemicals taking the place of the colored balls, and the rockets being of gigantic proportions. Ether or ammonia are the agents by means of which he proposes to transform the insensible vapors of the air into water which will not "drop like the gentle dew from the heaven upon the place beneath," but, if his expectations are realized, will fall in torrents sufficient to satisfy the thirst of parched Mother Earth. Of the two chemicals, the ether is preferable, owing to its greater lightness and superior heat absorbing qualities.

As is well known, ether is formed by the distillation of a combination of alcohol and sulphuric acid. It is a great absorber of heat, and is the chief agent

heat is introduced into these currents, the air is cooled, and by reason of the loss of heat a condensation of vapor follows. This is demonstrated by the falling of dew each night during hot weather. When the sun has sunk below the horizon, the earth rapidly cools. The moisture near it is thereby condensed, and a deposit of dew results. There are, however, several objections to the scheme that suggest themselves to my mind. One is that, as it costs in the neighborhood of \$500 to discharge a 20-ton modern gun, it would necessitate a corresponding outlay for each discharge of these rockets; thus the rain would come very high. Another objection to the scheme is that, to



ON ITS WAY TO FACE THE RAIN.

makes the rainfall cover any considerable area, it would be necessary to raise the rocket to a very great height before the machine containing the ether is discharged. Now it seems to me that before the condensed moisture could reach the earth it would become vaporized again, because of the atmospheric pressure which induces heat.

Mr. Erick Enequist, a consulting and manufacturing chemist, said in regard to the scheme:

"Yes, it is perfectly feasible, in my estimation. The only objection that I can conceive is that of the enormous ex-



ACCOMPLISHING ITS MISSION.

used in the manufacture of artificial ice. Ammonia is also a powerful cold-creator, but not to the same degree as ether; besides being heavier.

The method employed in elevating the chemicals is, as has been said, simple in the extreme. The apparatus may be divided into four parts. There is a long, cylindrical cartridge, similar in appearance to the vessels in which gases are stored. This is to be about twelve feet in length and three feet in diameter. To its base is attached a coil spring, which, when expanded, will reach to a length of 45 feet. In the various compartments of the cartridge are distributed 700 pounds of compressed ether, which, it is estimated, is an amount sufficient to so chill the atmosphere as to cause a rainfall heavy enough to saturate the ground for an area of several miles.

Operated by this spring is a piston rod, the movements of which are automatically regulated so that it explodes the caps liberating the ether in the various chambers at the desired height. The altitudes at which the fluids are to be released will vary with the state of the atmosphere as registered by the barometer.

To describe the apparatus in detail would be difficult, and would involve such use of scientific terms that the reader would be mystified rather than enlightened. In brief, the cartridge is divided into five compartments, four of which are filled with ether. The spring has the same influence on the rocket that the tail has on a kite. Like a submarine torpedo, the cylinder is cigar-shaped, thus offering less resistance to the atmosphere. Gauged according to conditions prevailing at the time when the machine is launched, this piston rod may be regulated to discharge the caps at the desired height.

Mr. F. B. Smith, an eminent engineer, who has devoted several years to the study of atmospheric phenomena, said, when questioned as to the feasibility of the plan: "There is much to be said on both sides. In the first place, it would be a very easy matter to force a rocket up to the height of a mile. Secondly, the fundamental idea is correct, from a scientific point of view, for, as nearly everyone knows, all currents of air contain more or less vapor. When a substance which has a tendency to absorb

pense attached to the operation of discharging the rockets and the subsequent discharge of the cartridge containing the ether. It would cost several hundred dollars for a quantity of explosive sufficient to force the rockets the required height; and as it would require several hundred pounds of ether to condense enough vaporized moisture to make a rainfall of any extent, the supply of this material would be quite expensive. The market price of ether is about 30 cents a pound, and one can easily see that to obtain any large amount of rain a very large expenditure of money would be required.

"Yes, several other chemicals could be easily substituted for ether, and at a far less cost, but I cannot enumerate them just now. Ammonia would not answer, as it does not evaporate with sufficient rapidity to transform the moisture in the atmosphere into rain in time or in quantity to be of any practical value.

Then, too, there must always be an element of danger attached to these operations, which cannot be entirely overlooked. That is in the method employed in carrying the ether in the rocket. To obtain good results the ether must necessarily be compressed, and to do this a shell, possibly steel, must be employed. When this explodes the fragments must fly in all directions, and I can see a great possibility of persons in the path of the artificial thunderstorm receiving personal injuries. I do not believe, however, that there is any possibility of the condensed moisture being vaporized while falling through one mile to the earth."

Parliamentary Compliments.

Talking of parliamentary success, there is a story that Mr. Disraeli once said to Sir William Harcourt: "He has the three essential qualifications for success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." This saying was repeated to Sir William Harcourt, who observed that, "leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."—London Saturday Review.

Defined.

"Papa, what's a philosopher?" "He's a man who bears other people's troubles with fortitude, my son."—Chicago Record.



# The Iron Port

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

In commerce, as in mechanics, there is a thing which may be denominated "lost motion." There is lost motion when Australian wool must be taken to Yorkshire to be spun, when Georgia cotton must be sent to Lancashire to be manufactured and the fabrics must be shipped back again. When the cotton mill is placed by the cotton field and the woolen mill near to the sheep farm, the lost motion is taken up. Then the producer of the fiber gets more for his product and the manufacturer pays less. Other things being equal, near by trade must always be more profitable than trade across long distances. The reason why the American manufacturer has never been particularly hungry for foreign markets is that he has the best market in the world at home. Never yet has he had a chance to supply its total wants, for the foreigner is so eager to get in here that he has always forced his way, in spite even of highly protective tariffs. The American covets the home market for himself, not solely because it is the best, nor because it is the only market from which nobody can shut him out; but largely because both seller and buyer are benefited by transactions which retain all profits at home.—The Textile Record.

Chase Osborn "shies his castor into the ring" in the following open letter:  
To My Friends:—Influenced in large measure by your numerous signed call, couched in language which I believe to be as sincere as complimentary, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate for congress in the Twelfth Michigan district, subject to the action of the republican congressional convention. I think that I approach a realization of the great needs of this district, a veritable empire within itself, and the grave responsibilities attaching to him who may be honored by being chosen its representative. Fully conscious of this, I respectfully solicit the support of my friends and of the republican electors, and any others in this district who may desire to cooperate with them in furthering my candidacy. I trust my frankness is pardonable when I state that I shall use all of the honorable methods in my power to secure the nomination, and that if successful, and if the nomination is ratified at the polls, it will be my continual and studious effort and ambition to serve the people faithfully and in a manner commensurate with the importance of the great territory and progressive citizenship embraced in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

A patent has just been granted for a new method of generating electricity, which, if all that is claimed for it can be substantiated, is likely to supersede the expensive dynamo and reduce the cost of producing the subtle force to a minimum. The inventor is William W. Jacques, of Newton, Mass., a graduate of the Massachusetts institute of technology, whose claim of having discovered the secret of combining oxygen, with carbon in such a way as to produce electricity instead of heat is backed up by a number of eminent scientists. Edison has said that 90 per cent. of the energy contained in coal goes up the chimney, and it is claimed that Jacques' invention utilizes 85 per cent. of the total energy contained in the coal. It is difficult to estimate the saving which this would effect.

Tests made by Jacques, involving the consumption of one pound of coal, gave the following comparative results: With steam engine and dynamo of the best and latest design, 190 Watt hours; Jacques' electric generator, 3,950 Watt hours; theoretically obtainable (calculated), 4,650 Watt hours. This is for actual coal consumption, and the Jacques generator gives a result twenty times in excess of the amount of energy derived by the dynamo, and about 85 per cent. of the total energy of coal.

There are no less than six prominent candidates in the field for the gubernatorial nomination on the republican ticket. Each has his ardent personal friends and active political supporters. The canvass in the interest of each is being vigorously pushed and will become more animat-

ed and exciting as the weeks go on toward the state convention which shall name the republican state ticket. There is yet time for the engendering of much ill feeling between rival candidates and their respective friends and supporters. To avoid this is to do that which is in the interest of party harmony and party success. Every candidate understands that: It is for the state convention to decide in the regular way—by a majority vote—who shall be the candidate for governor, and it is for the defeated candidates—for all but one of them—must necessarily be defeated—to accept the decision of the convention and fall into line for the success of the whole ticket nominated.—Tribune.

The electric search light has been put to a practical use in England, in assisting in putting down a strike at a large manufacturing plant in Lancashire. During the continuance of the strike the light was used nightly to prevent strikers coming too close to the company's property for the purpose of setting fires or committing other unlawful acts, and was found so effective that a large number of extra police were dispensed with. This offers a suggestion for the owners and operators of mining and metallurgical works in this country, where, unfortunately, strikes and attempts at violence are not unknown. The same idea has been carried out here by increasing the number of arc lights in works covering a large area during a strike, so that the night force of watchmen was the same as those patrolling during the day.

Trouble is looked for on all the iron ranges. For several months labor leaders in the mining districts have been organizing mine workers of all kinds, and preparations have been made to ask for higher wages and probably to demand an eight-hour work day. All of the mines have been accumulating large stock piles, but the labor organizations may be expected to oppose the movement of this ore that has been gotten out of the mines with even more force than they will use in trying to suspend further mining operations. Altogether it is quite certain that a sharp struggle will take place. The mine managers may make some advances in wages, but it is not probable that they will meet the demands of the organization which now seeks to rule labor matters generally in the mining districts.

If the right thing to be done with the tariff question is to take it out of politics and leave it in the hands and under the absolute control of a commission, then why not so dispose of the currency question, and the immigration question, and every other question of national importance? Why let the people or their congress have anything to do or say about our national policy? Why not have this a government of commissions and by commissions—and the people be damned? It will be seen at a glance that this scheme of taking politics out of politics is full of vast and powerfully un-American possibilities.—Tribune.

The following "state flowers" have been adopted by the votes of the public school scholars of the respective states: Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon, the goldenrod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringe; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cypridium, or mosses flower; Montana, the bitter root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Oklahoma territory, the mistletoe; Utah, the lego lily, and Vermont, the red clover. In addition Rhode Island and Wisconsin have adopted a state tree, the apple being selected by both.

The much-talked-of concurrent resolutions regarding Cuba amount to very little, after all. They make nothing lawful that was not lawful before. They make nothing unlawful which was not before unlawful. They assure the men who are fighting for Cuban independence that they have the sympathy of the overwhelming majority of the congress and of the people of the United States. All the same, if they provoke Spain to the point of hostility—if war ensues—they will have been a declaration of independence for Cuba.

It has been supposed that the president was more conservative, with regard to Cuban affairs, than congress

but if a rumor from Washington is well founded the contrary is the case. It is said that the president has written a personal letter to Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister, asking him to urge his government to take action at once to stop hostilities before the United States intervenes. The only possible inference is that, unless the slaughter is stopped, the United States will intervene, and that would mean the independence of Cuba and war with Spain.

Our Brother Knight, of the Norway Current thus chronicles his own defeat: "The editor is a resident of the 3d ward and was the "dago" alderman for three years, being elected the second term without opposition. Monday evening he was driven by his son to the ward polling place to get the result and, as he was leaving with the information that he had been beaten nearly two to one, a general voter who had evidently voted his ticket straight and taken his whisky the same way, exclaimed, "so long or side." Such is fame."

It was supposed that the boundary between Michigan and Ohio was fixed and determined when the upper peninsula was given to Michigan, but it seems not and the matter is to be settled by arbitration. If the arbitrators will split the disputed territory even and give the upper peninsula back to the United States we, who live in the upper peninsula, will be content; we should lose a congressman but should gain autonomy. The upper peninsula would make a dandy territory and grow into statehood in good time.

A claim for compensation made by the southern Methodist book concern for the use of its printing outfit at Nashville during the war is again pressed, having been reduced from \$260,000 to \$150,000, and a bill to pay it has been favorably reported by the senate committee to which it was referred. It should not pass. The M. E. church south was largely responsible for the war of the rebellion and has no claim in equity against the United States.

In the house, recently, in the course of a spirited speech, Representative Patterson, of Tennessee, declared if the democratic party would remain true to sound money and a low tariff it could retain its hold upon the country. Thereupon, it is said, there was "derisive laughter on the part of many democrats." There are some democrats who can read "the writing on the wall."

The weakest argument in favor of Mr. Pingree's nomination for governor by the republicans—one which Mr. Pingree would have disdained to advance—was that of a weak-kneed brother who said, "if we don't nominate him the democrats will." The democratic party of Michigan ought not to scare a republican of this year's crop, and our friend is "an old timer."

The latest charge against the Grand Turk is that he orders American (and other) missionaries out of his domain. They had no business there, any way; the sultan is not only the political but the religious head of his empire, and to preach christianity in that empire threatens him as much as preaching republicanism.

Grand Haven fisherman have been taking whitefish under the weight allowed by the law. The fish commission found their catch in market, put Warden Osborn on to them, and the result is the seizure of all their nets and their prosecution. Score one more for Warden Osborn.

Yamagata, who handled the Japanese forces in the war with China, has just visited some of our army posts looking for "points." He is en route to Russia to be present at the coronation of the Tsar. He is called "the Grant of Japan."

There is no saying that the rank and file of our party demand the nomination of McKinley. And the rank and file are giving expression to their will so emphatically that his nomination seems to be a foregone conclusion.

The king of Italy and the German kaiser have agreed to continue the "dreibund" until 1902 and to make the alliance offensive as well as defensive.

A Lenawee judge discharged a prisoner who was proved to have been guilty of several prisonable

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# ED ERICKSON.

crimes on the ground that he was suffering from "hereditary degeneracy and without penal responsibility." Lucky that Holmes was not tried before that judge; he has "wheels in his head."

Escanaba has a double-breasted patriot who will not let the nomination for the presidency go begging, even if he is compelled to accept it himself.—St. Ignace Enterprise.

Who you kidding to, Jones? Our "patriots" are many; give us the name.

Col. John A. Cockerill, a well-known newspaper man, formerly editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and New York World, successively, died at Cairo, Egypt, on the 10th, of apoplexy. He was only 51 years old.

The Cubans will starve Spain out. The sugar crop of the island is Spain's one dependence for revenue and that the revolutionists cut off. The normal output is 1,500,000 tons but for this year it will be not more than 100,000.

Congress can do nothing to give the country relief and the sooner it adjourns the better.

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Lard Compound, per pound	6c
Powdered Sugar, per pound	6c
Cube Sugar, per pound	6c
4c Coffee, per pound	21c
Rice, per pound	6c
Corn Starch, per package	5c
Peppermint Tobacco, per pound	25c

COCONUT.

Loose, per pound	25c
Westmore's, per package	7c
Dunham's, per package	9c
Scheegs	8c

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EITHER WOOD OR COAL BURNING MARINE BOILERS.

(No Stationary or "Trade" Machinery.)

Catalogues free.

## MARINE IRON WORKS,

OLYBURN AND SOUTHPORT AVES. CHICAGO, ILL.

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

A Nahma correspondent advises The Iron Port of the marriage, at that place, on Saturday last, of John Swarts and Louise Rushford, and expresses a wish that their voyage down the stream of life may be prosperous and "all their troubles little ones."

Mr. Fitch is to be promoted. The retirement of Mr. Van Horne makes him vice-president and general manager of the Canadian Pacific system. Escanabans all congratulate him.

Mr. Ashe, late of Menominee, is now employed at Ed. Erickson's, and Mr. Fillion has a position with Sterling & Williams.

Miss McCormick, principal of the fifth ward school, has been under treatment at Tracy hospital for gastric fever.

Cards are received announcing the betrothal of Miss Nannie Kratzstein and Mr. Charles Reichenbaum.

W. H. Hill, of Manistique, en route homeward from Chicago, was in town Monday.

The members of the Tornado company were booked at the Oliver Wednesday.

Marcel Ashland, of the west end of Baldwin township, was in town Tuesday.

J. B. Gaston, of Metropolitan, visited the metropolis of Delta on Tuesday.

Harold Mead fell, while at play, last Saturday and broke his arm.

J. A. Fréchet and wife, of Barkville, visited here last Sunday.

Harry C. Ellis, of Ford River, took dinner at the Oliver Sunday.

Jos. Barron, of Wells, called on friends in town last Sunday.

Will Nugent returned to his home at Kaukauna Monday.

W. L. Brown is ready for business, having filed his bond.

Mr. and Mrs. Cates visited Manistique on Tuesday.

Charles Besson visited Negaunee last Monday.

Mr. E. P. Royce, who had been in Mexico for some time, arrived at home this morning. He has been ill, at his appearance certifies, but the home climate and home care and comforts will soon set him up again. So, at least, we all hope.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Henry McFall on Thursday afternoon. It was the annual meeting and the attendance was quite large.

The visit of ex-Senator Ingalls to this vicinity brought on a severe cold and he is laid up at his home in Kansas.

Mrs. T. D. Newton and Mr. J. Place, of Peshigo, Wis., visited here this week, returning home Tuesday.

The mother of P. La Branche died on Thursday and was buried, from St. Anne's church, yesterday.

Thomas Peterson, an old time lake captain well known in these waters, died this week at 80 years of age.

Geo. T. Burns was called to Marinette Wednesday by the illness of his sister, Mrs. Stephenson.

Miss Mary Atkins is teaching in the fifth ward school during the illness of Miss McCormick.

Mrs. C. Place, of Hinesburgh, Vt., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Barclay, of Ford River.

Walter Hamm, of Boone, Iowa, is in town and may take up his residence here again.

Madames Rolph and Ellsworth are due, from their winter in Dixie, next week.

Dr. Kelly has returned from his winter in Ireland, arriving here Thursday.

A. Lavolette and Anastasie Dubois, of Shafter, are licensed to marry.

Mayor Gallup has been at Minneapolis since Thursday.

T. R. Keller, of Gladstone, was in town on Wednesday.

Manager Peterson went to Chicago last Thursday.

R. M. Gray, of Rapid River, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Belle Blake is at home for a visit of a month.

Mrs. M. K. Bissell is visiting at Milwaukee.

Miss A. J. Booth is visiting at Milwaukee.

Mrs. T. Killian has been quite ill this week.

W. W. Caven was in town over Sunday.

Jos. Wickert is visiting in Wisconsin.

Incidental fund.....	1,700
Interest fund.....	1,850
Fuel fund.....	500
	\$4,050
We also recommend that the following transfer from the general school fund to the following fund over drawn be adopted by your honorable body as follows:	
Building fund.....	\$1,481.20
Improvement fund.....	1,138.37
Repairing fund.....	29.35
	\$2,648.92

Respectfully yours,  
J. T. WIXSON,  
MOSES LAPLANT,  
Finance Committee.

Moved by Lehr, Morgan second, that the report be accepted and adopted; motion declared carried.

Committee on teachers reported that they had hired Miss Sourwine for a first primary teacher for the balance of the school year. Moved and seconded that the report be accepted and adopted; motion declared carried.

Report of superintendent read, accepted and ordered placed on file.

Moved by Cotterill, Bacon second, that Miss Harriet Cook be balloted for as kindergarten teacher for the Barr school for balance of school year at a salary of \$50 per month. Ballots ordered spread; ayes 4; nays 6; motion declared lost.

Moved by Laplant, Morgan second, that the building committee be authorized to secure another school room for balance of school year. Amended by Cotterill, Bacon second, that the board rent the room formerly occupied in the Valentine building at \$15 per month for the balance of the school year. Vote on the amendment, ayes 4; nays 6; amendment declared lost. Vote on original motion, ayes 7; nays 1; motion declared carried.

Moved by Long, Morgan second, that the superintendent be authorized to hire a primary teacher for the new room at a salary not to exceed \$50 per month; ayes 7; nays 3; motion carried.

Moved by Long, Morgan second, that Gust Isaacson be given an extra \$5 per month for taking care of the Episcopal church basement school; ayes 6; nays 2; motion carried.

Moved by Wixson, Laplant second, that the purchasing committee be authorized to purchase enough Victoria blinds for windows in Barr school; motion carried.

Moved by Laplant, Long second, that the building committee be instructed to repair the fifth and seventh ward flag poles so flags can be floated; motion carried.

Ex-Secretary Long read his retiring report. Moved by Morgan, Helm second, that the report be accepted. Result of vote not declared.

Upon motion board adjourned.

### A Reply.

ESCANABA, MICH., April 17, 1896.—To the citizens of Escanaba and all concerned: The document, under name of "Annual Report of ex-Secretary Long," which is to appear in this week's issue of The Iron Port, is not a part of the minutes of said proceedings. Two voted in favor of accepting it and two against and no decision was declared by the president. Dr. Long read the report himself, and when called upon to turn same over to the secretary he refused to do it, and I did not get it until late Saturday evening.

The accusations it contains against our superintendent are false. No complaints were ever made to the board against Supt. Beggs, nor did the board ever appoint a committee. There was a rumor of some differences between the Supt. and the high school principal, and the board resolved itself into a secret committee of the whole to "investigate teachers," and it was in this committee that a special committee was appointed to ascertain what trouble, if any, existed between the two. The chairman never reported to the board that any charge was made or entertained, nor did the committee of the whole ever report to the board what it had under consideration. The minutes of the ex-secretary sustain this statement. Respectfully,  
WALTER DUFF, Secretary.

**Charged With Criminal Assault.**  
Fred Durocher was arraigned before Justice Glaeser yesterday charged with criminal assault upon Myrtle Stewart, a girl of only thirteen years. The examination was postponed a week and Durocher held in bonds of \$500 meanwhile.

**Found a Fleeter.**  
The body of Marvil Coleman, who had been missing from Gladstone since Dec. 26, was found in the bay near the furnace location last Wednesday. It was identified by his brothers.

**Navigation Open.**  
One of the Ann Arbor car-ferry boats reached here last night and at daylight this morning pushed through the ice to Gladstone.

Mr. Enstrom has sold the "Escanaba Posten" to J. Oscar Olson, who will hereafter conduct it.

**Baking Powder.**  
Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.  
DR. PRICE'S

**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.

### Municipal Gossip.

The Two Johns is a swell cigar.

Capt. James Donohue, who for some years past commanded vessels in the Bradley fleet, died at Cleveland on Monday of typhoid fever. Capt. Donohue retired from the steamer R. P. Ranney last season. Deceased was a young man of pleasing address and agreeable manners, and made friends wherever his business called him.

At a recent teachers' examination in Ypsilanti one of the questions asked was, "What is the electoral college?" One candidate for a certificate answered that it was "an institution having for its object the furthering of the study of electricity." And this, too, in the city where is located the state normal school.

Managers of ore docks at Lake Erie ports have fixed the rate for discharging cargoes at 16 cents per ton, which is an advance of 1 cent per ton over last season. A fraction of the advance will go to the orehandlers. Trimming charges will range from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 cents per ton at different points.

George W. Miller, formerly in the employ of the Northwestern as telegraph operator, died at Wauchedah on the 9th of consumption. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

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

The convention of the Mine Workers' union in session this week at Ishpeming took no radical action but was cautious and conservative.

The Allie Shipman will probably be on the Rapid River route again this season, after getting an overhauling to fit her for the work.

Work of re-opening the Mansfield mine by diverting the course of the Michigan river has been suspended, perhaps abandoned.

A soldiers' monument is to be dedicated at Menominee on Memorial day and all veterans are invited to be present.

A lump of alum fell from space at Lake View, Illinois, last Monday, the first instance of the kind ever known.

A. W. Stromberg is putting up a shop on South Mary street in which he will manufacture furniture, etc.

Most complete line of dress goods and silks in the city at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

Wash silks, 10 different patterns, 25 cents per yard at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

The Youngstown mine, near Crystal Falls, has changed hands and will be actively wrought.

Ishpeming mining companies will largely reduce their working forces within the coming week.

Burns and Moore have secured a brick maker and the yard will be operated "for all it is worth."

Philip Rhodes offers for sale his residence, No. 322 Oak street. Inquire on the premises. 17

Ladies' straw sailor hats, sale price 49 cents at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

Salinsky's building grows apace and will be ready for business by the date agreed upon.

Thomas Wall, of Oshkosh, well known to many of our citizens, died last Monday of apoplexy.

Ed. Voght may be president some day; he can shoot ducks and that's one qualification.

Bagley people are almost ready to lynch one Myers for aggravated wife-beating.

Ladies long black hose, sale price 6 cents at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

The ore docks are being filled so as to be ready for business as soon as the ice goes out.

The ice moved out of the Escanaba river Tuesday and the logs are coming down.

The Cyr brothers, the strong men, will give an exhibition here some day next week.

Carpet one yard wide, sale price 12 1/2 cents at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

Wanted, good girl for housework, at once. Good wages. Apply at 403 Hale street.

Peninsula Point light shows up now at sundown. The bay south and east is open.

Fred. Hodges is struggling with a wheel and manages to keep on top of it. Finch is at work on a phone line to connect this city and Gladstone.

Ladies' laundered shirt waists at The Enterprise. Sale price 43 cents.

Fabian Defnet now drives a span of grays and "gets there," easy.

The bay off Ford River has been clear of ice for the last ten days.

The ice went out of the straits last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Boys' waists at The Enterprise, sale price 19 cents.

Holmes' commission is, in good part, lies.

**Death of Mrs. Clark.**  
The death of Mrs. E. S. Clark, briefly chronicled in our issue of last Saturday (it having occurred that morning), was a grievous loss not only to her husband and daughter but to the society in which she had moved, to the Presbyterian church and to the order of the Eastern Star, of both of which she was a beloved sister. Funeral services were held at the family residence Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Dr. Todd, and the remains were taken on the evening train to Union Grove, Wis., for interment.

**The Mill Threatened.**  
An "ice shove" Tuesday threatened the destruction of the mill at the mouth of the Escanaba. It did some damage but its force was expended before the mill was reached. Had the water been higher the whole plant might have been swept away.

Pharmacy.

Legal Notice.

First Publication Feb. 2nd, 1896.

**MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.**—Defendant has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 20th, 1895, executed by Frank Larrin and Philomena Larrin, his wife, to Frederick T. Day and recorded November 20th, 1895, in the office of the registrar of deeds of Delta county, Michigan, in Liber "F" of Mortgages at page 545.

Said mortgage was on August 6th, 1896, duly assigned by Frederick T. Day to James G. Jenkins, trustee under the last will and testament of Theodore T. Elliott, deceased, and said assignment recorded August 19, 1896, in the office of the said registrar of deeds in Liber "K" of Mortgages at page 131.

Said mortgage was again on January 16th, 1896, duly assigned by James G. Jenkins, trustee under the last will and testament of Theodore T. Elliott, deceased, to Caroline May Elliott (now Caroline May Gravel), who is now the legal owner thereof, and said assignment was on August 29th, 1895, duly recorded in the office of the said registrar of deeds in Liber "K" of Mortgages at page 132.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage and the notes accompanying the same the sum of \$21.56 principal and interest and no suit or proceedings at law have been instituted to recover the debt so secured or any part thereof. Now, therefore, by reason of said default in the payment of the sum so secured, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises thereon and hereinafter described to satisfy the amount now due thereon with interest at 7 per cent on the principal sum and 10 per cent on all interest due and all legal costs of foreclosure, including an attorney's fee of five per cent in said mortgage, to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, Delta county, Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county is held) on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Said premises being the east half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four (34) in township thirty-nine (39), north of range nineteen (19) west, in Delta county, Michigan. CAROLINE MAY ELLIOTT, now Caroline May Gravel Assignee of Mortgage. C. W. DUNTON, Attorney for Assignee. Dated Feb. 15th, 1896.

First Publication April 4, 1896.

**MORTGAGE SALE.**—Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 9th day of May in the year 1895, executed by Michael Gerou and Louisa Gerou, his wife, of Perkins, Delta County, Michigan, to the Minnesota Thresher Manufacturing Company, of Stillwater, Minnesota, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the registrar of deeds of the county of Delta, in Liber "E" of mortgages, on page 449 on the 10th day of May, 1895;

And whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of three hundred forty-one and 65-100 dollars (\$341.65) of principal and interest, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative; Now,

Therefore, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in said county, on the 9th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: The east half of the northeast quarter, (1/2 of 1/4) of Section five, (5) in township forty-one (41) north of range twenty-two (22) west, the east half of the southwest quarter (1/2 of 1/4) and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter (1/2 of 1/4) of Section thirty-three (33), township forty-two (42) north of range twenty-two (22) west. Dated April 1st, 1896.

THE MINNESOTA THRESHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Mortgagee.  
F. D. MEAD, Attorney.

Professional Cards.

**DR. C. H. LONG,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over Young's bakery, 606 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 George Street.  
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

**JOHN POWER,**  
Attorney and Counselor 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 street, 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.

Machinists.

—THE—

**Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co's**  
Machine Shop

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

**Machine and Repair Work**

Brass Castings,  
Iron Castings,  
Heavy Forgings,  
Pipe Fitting,  
Bolt Cutting,  
Boiler Work,  
Sheet Iron Work.

Special attention given to break down jobs, Marine and Saw Mill Work, the indicating of the horse power developed by engines, the setting of valves, and the economy of fuel.

We will make careful and accurate estimates of your work, at your plant, if desired.

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co.  
Gladstone, Mich.



**YOU CAN FIND IT AT**

**THE HILL DRUG STORE**

**OR THE SOURWINE DRUG CO.**

By far the largest stock of Drugs and Druggists' Sundries in this neck-o'-woods.

**CALL**





EFFORT.

'Tis not enough to tune the lyre And wait for harmonies to come. God sendeth not celestial fire When human hearts are cold and numb.

A PESKY WHALE.



HERE'S a whale a an' whales," said the captain, suddenly. "Some of 'em is pesky critters, an' some ain't so pesky."

"Reckon you've got something on your mind, cap," said the doctor. "Oh, nothin' very particular," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz up Behring sea way two years ago—old Liz was my ship, her full name bein' Elizabeth J. Barker—an' we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around for the Horn, and, as things happened, didn't see another whale till we struck into the Forties. Then, sir, 'bout 11 o'clock one fine mornin', we doin' about six knots, we raised a whale that was a whale."

"Big, I bet," said the doctor. "No, not so terrible big," said the captain, "but pesky. I was standin' about 'midships when one of the men sings out: 'Hi, Cap, look at 'er blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off and dead ahead to starboard, he was blowin'. He sent up a good spout and then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin', showin' a good bit of his length. I hove old Liz to, and we put over a couple of boats. Rowin' in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I mention him, 'cause he comes into the yarn pretty prominent. Frank was a good sailor, but one of them fellers that has dreadful little to say. He tended right to business and kept his hatch battened close. Well, as it turned out, the little boat licked the big one and got first whack at the whale. They put a harpoon into him just over his port fin and down he went."

"I stood a- watchin' things through a glass. I waited an' waited for the boat to start off in tow, but she didn't do nothin' but set still, which was puzzlin'. In about five minutes somethin' big an' black broke water 'tween us and the boat, an' there was old blower, not more'n 200 yards from the place he went down. He warn't up long, but enough to git his bearin', I guess, for down he went again, an' I could see the bow man gettin' ready to give him all the rope he'd take. Then the boat started, slewed a bit an' come dead for the ship at a 40-mile clip. I never see a boat travel so! We watched 'em, an' when she got within a quarter of a mile I thinks to myself: 'This is gittin' blamed interestin'. I wonder is that whale goin' to sheer off or is he goin' to give us a ram? That boat, sir, traveled for us as true as a hair, an' I could see the men in her gittin' excited. On she come, throwin' spray like a liner, and I calculated if she held her course she'd hit us so near 'midships it wouldn't be worth measurin' the difference. Then I see the man in the bow make a pass for the rope with the hatchet, but he was nervous like, an' missed it, for the hatchet went overboard an' he, losin' his balance, along with it. The rest of the men warn't long decidin' what they'd do. It was go overboard or git smashed to flinders, and when they got

within 50 yard of us they all went over but Frank. "Jump, you idiot," yells I 'do you want to git stove?' Mebbe he didn't hear, but I reckon it wouldn't make no difference, for as I'm livin', Doc, that Dutchman lay himself out on his stumick in the bottom of the boat, grabbed a foot cleat with both hands and hung on for dear life. Well, old whale kept stamin on. I could see the boat go down a little by the head as she got close to us, an' I knew the rope was scrapin' the ship's keel. We was all holdin' breath and waitin' to see Frank splatter his brains against the ship's side, when the boat went nose down, stern up and under the water with a kerchug. She missed roachin' us by about five yards. "All hands aboard ship lean over to see Frank and the splinters come up for the boat would sure fetch again the keel and go to kindlin' wood. We waited an' waited an' waited, but, by gum, there warn't no splinters an' there warn't no Frank. All of a sudden one of the men sings out: 'By the holy pater, look!' I whipped 'round and



"OH, NOTHIN' VERY PARTICULAR." "I sent the second boat out after him, but they didn't git far 'fore down goes whale for the third time, an' in a second the little boat slewed again an' we knew he was comin' at us. There warn't no way to make the Dutchman jump, an' there warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang an' every mother's son was thrown flat. Old Liz rolled to starboard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, Doc? That whale miscalculated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple o' points. He didn't fetch deep enough, an' hit old Liz a welt that'd like to rip the keel off her. That settled the business, too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper and soon a big black body floated alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk o' salt pork, with the top o' his head half tore off. He was a blue whale, Doc, and he measured close to 63 feet. What become o' the Dutchman? Why, the boat slowed down when the whale rammed us an' the other boat took him off. Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' up that whale along with the rest o' 'em. I did hear afterward that he was grumblin' 'cause 'twas his bucket I throwed at him an' it warn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, Doc?" "Right lively," repeated the doctor, absently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

From Afar. Professional Jokeist (to editor)—Here is a fine joke. I've brought it all the way from Frisco. Editor (reading it)—Ahem! That's the trouble with it. It's too far fetched. —To Date. Too Much for Willie. Auntie—Now, Willie, guess my age and you shall have this stick of candy. Willie—Can't. I can only count up to 40.—N. Y. World.

There 30 fathoms off our port, was the little whaleboat, full o' water to the gunnel, an' Frank standin' up in her, waist deep, holdin' on to a rowlock for dear life. So help me, Doc, that boat was towed clean under old Liz, the Dutchman in her, an' come up sound on the other side. "Yes, sir; under the ship as slick as a whistle an' the Dutchman in her. That whale was a scientist, sir. He calculated all right to lose the boat, but, bless you, it's a bigger job than anyone wanted to tackle to stave that craft, an' as for floatin', she was boxed at each end an' couldn't sink. But that ain't the end of the story. We remembered the fellers that jumped an' we seen the big boat would pick 'em up before we could put another over, so we turned to look at Frank again. There weren't nothin' left in the boat to bail with an' he couldn't do nothin' but wait on the pleasure of that whale. He traveled away from the ship as fast as he come at it, an' he must 'a' gone a third of a mile before the boat slacked. Then we seen her slow down an' come to a dead stop. 'Line's busted,' says I; 'man a boat an' fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an' old whale blowed 30 foot high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tall goes an' he under the water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an' try to pay out line, but it was jammed, an' before he could make it loose the boat gave a jerk 'round, almost a-throwin' him out, an' come at us again. What I'm sayin's truth, Doc, that boat struck another bee line for us. I suppose, more properly speakin', the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kittin'! Frank quit foolin' with the line an' just hung on. I reckoned the boat was movin' faster'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down almost to her rowlocks. We stood speechless while she was drivin' for us. When she got within 100 yards the mate took a big breath and let fly: "Jump, you Dutch lubber, or you're a dead man."

"But he didn't jump, an' I could see him gittin' ready for another dive under old Liz. "I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on the rail, an' when the boat come near enough I let drive at Frank, hopin' to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin', dodged, an' just as the boat went tail up again yelled: "I can't swim!" "Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up come the boat, bottom up! 'Oh, Lord!' groused the cook, 'he's a goner!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yard afore she righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob up over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't run so far this time, for he broke water a few hundred fathom off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen then that the harpoon was a good throw, an' he wasn't goin' to fight long. "I sent the second boat out after him, but they didn't git far 'fore down goes whale for the third time, an' in a second the little boat slewed again an' we knew he was comin' at us. There warn't no way to make the Dutchman jump, an' there warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang an' every mother's son was thrown flat. Old Liz rolled to starboard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, Doc? That whale miscalculated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple o' points. He didn't fetch deep enough, an' hit old Liz a welt that'd like to rip the keel off her. That settled the business, too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper and soon a big black body floated alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk o' salt pork, with the top o' his head half tore off. He was a blue whale, Doc, and he measured close to 63 feet. What become o' the Dutchman? Why, the boat slowed down when the whale rammed us an' the other boat took him off. Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' up that whale along with the rest o' 'em. I did hear afterward that he was grumblin' 'cause 'twas his bucket I throwed at him an' it warn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, Doc?" "Right lively," repeated the doctor, absently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"I can't swim!" "Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up come the boat, bottom up! 'Oh, Lord!' groused the cook, 'he's a goner!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yard afore she righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob up over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't run so far this time, for he broke water a few hundred fathom off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen then that the harpoon was a good throw, an' he wasn't goin' to fight long.



"JUMP, YOU IDIOT."

Of course, there are some women who can snap their cartridge into the breech-loader with the precision of a man and bring down a driven grouse or arrowcock pheasant without turning a hair, or even expecting to be complimented on their skill. But these Dianas of to-day are, fortunately, rare. Occasionally, it may be said, because if all the shooting women who are at present burning powder were possessed of skill such as this there would be no hope that the craze would eventually die out, as so many of woman's whims have done before, and that she would at last return to her more natural domain, of the household, the nursery and the garden. As it happens, however, the influx of amazons to the moors and covarts is not the result of the survival of the fittest. It is far more due to the truly feminine reason, "because I choose." They come, not because they prefer to do so; and they exercise themselves with guns, not in order to exhibit any particular skill, but merely to convince the tyrant man that he cannot any longer monopolize this branch of sport to their exclusion. In most cases where these sportswomen have made their appearance the man have had rather a warm time. In the first place, though she deliberately puts off the costume and the habits of her sex, the shooting woman is very tenacious of all the privileges it confers. "Ladies first" is still her motto, even when she is posing as a man; and as the emancipation is as yet entirely one-sided, the rule still holds good among men, even though the lady has lost all the outward semblance of one. This means, of course, that she is put first, and given the "hottest" corner, with the unsatisfactory result that the very best of the sport often falls to one who is wholly incapable of taking advantage of it. The missing of bird after bird is a sorry sight at any time, and it is poor consolation for the host to reflect that, even if the bag be deficient, the lady had the cream of the "shooting."—London World.

Professional Jokeist (to editor)—Here is a fine joke. I've brought it all the way from Frisco. Editor (reading it)—Ahem! That's the trouble with it. It's too far fetched. —To Date. Too Much for Willie. Auntie—Now, Willie, guess my age and you shall have this stick of candy. Willie—Can't. I can only count up to 40.—N. Y. World.

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MOUNTAIN RAILROADS.

They Are Chasing the Stage Coach Out of the Far West. The stage with its lolling concord motion and the merry Jehu with his long whip have all gone glimmering down the misty corridors of time and are no more forever. Most of the time through the 80s daily lines of stages ran all over the southwest part of Colorado, penetrating every portion of the rich and apparently inexhaustible San Juan and Uncompangre mining regions. Lines along the valleys, in the canyons, on the mountain sides and through the gorges, were projected to Ouray, to Telluride and other San Miguel points, and across the range to Silverton, Rico, Durango and other towns in that section. But nearly all of these stage lines that have played no small part in the development of the rich mining camps scattered in the mountains throughout the great Centennial state have been forced by the more fleet iron horse to step aside or retire to other localities.

The pioneer Rio Grande, the South Park and the broad gauge midland railroads have almost completely wiped out the last vestige of every important stage line that has been operated in Colorado. Though useful in their days—in fact, indispensable to the traveling public at the time—the stages finally became too slow and clumsy for advancing civilization in this progressive age. They were important enterprises in their day, lines that furnished rapid means of communication to the numerous lead, silver and gold camps opening up and being developed through Colorado. But most of the stage lines have ended their days of usefulness. Railroads have scaled most of the passes and now reach nearly every mining camp. Unless new discoveries are made and new camps opened and developed, the stages will be seen no more. They have served their purpose and served it well, by carrying many thousands of passengers into and out of the numerous gold and silver camps of Colorado, the greatest mining state in the union.

In the spring of 1880 the bulk of travel and freight over the range to what is now known as the western slope passed between Alamosa and Gunnison. There were hundreds of miners and prospectors continually on the road, many of them with their outfits packed on the backs of burros. The greater part of the travel, however, going into the Gunnison country was over the Cochotopa pass. The altitude is but a trifle over 10,000 feet above the sea level. It was often remarked that this pass afforded an easy all-winter route over the range, because all the pioneer settlers in the Gunnison and Tomichi valleys went in and out over this pass. Although it was some distance farther across the range to the railroad by this route than that over Marshall pass, the altitude of the latter was considerably higher, being a little over 10,550 feet. A line of four-horse stages was never put on between Sagunche and Gunnison, for the reason that it was about 150 miles from the latter point to a connection with the Denver & Rio Grande road at Alamosa. It was but a short time after the building of the Marshall pass toll road by Otto Mears until travel on the Cochotopa route was almost entirely abandoned, except by prospectors and movers. Four-fifths of the traffic for Gunnison, the San Juan and San Miguel regions was almost from the very first diverted to the toll road, it being the nearest and most accessible route to the Denver & Rio Grande railway.—Denver Field and Farm.

THE NEW WOMAN A FAILURE.

She Is Not a Success at Popping the Birds Over. Of course, there are some women who can snap their cartridge into the breech-loader with the precision of a man and bring down a driven grouse or arrowcock pheasant without turning a hair, or even expecting to be complimented on their skill. But these Dianas of to-day are, fortunately, rare. Occasionally, it may be said, because if all the shooting women who are at present burning powder were possessed of skill such as this there would be no hope that the craze would eventually die out, as so many of woman's whims have done before, and that she would at last return to her more natural domain, of the household, the nursery and the garden. As it happens, however, the influx of amazons to the moors and covarts is not the result of the survival of the fittest. It is far more due to the truly feminine reason, "because I choose." They come, not because they prefer to do so; and they exercise themselves with guns, not in order to exhibit any particular skill, but merely to convince the tyrant man that he cannot any longer monopolize this branch of sport to their exclusion. In most cases where these sportswomen have made their appearance the man have had rather a warm time. In the first place, though she deliberately puts off the costume and the habits of her sex, the shooting woman is very tenacious of all the privileges it confers. "Ladies first" is still her motto, even when she is posing as a man; and as the emancipation is as yet entirely one-sided, the rule still holds good among men, even though the lady has lost all the outward semblance of one. This means, of course, that she is put first, and given the "hottest" corner, with the unsatisfactory result that the very best of the sport often falls to one who is wholly incapable of taking advantage of it. The missing of bird after bird is a sorry sight at any time, and it is poor consolation for the host to reflect that, even if the bag be deficient, the lady had the cream of the "shooting."—London World.

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THEIR OWN TELESCOPES.

Wonderful Powers of Vision of a Tribe of African Bushmen. There is a race of men who can see as far with the naked eye as an ordinary man can with a telescope. "Every man his own telescope," might be applied with propriety to these fortunate persons. They live in a wild state in the south of Africa among the tribes of bushmen. The name "bushman" is an Anglicism of the Dutch word "boesman," meaning "man of the woods."

These human telescopes have derived their extraordinary power of vision, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, through necessity. If it were not for this they must have long ago become extinct. They are remarkably small in stature for wild men, and they offer an easy prey for the large, fierce beasts that infest certain parts of southern Africa. And, on account of their diminutive size, they are not able to fight on equal terms with their warlike and larger proportioned neighbors. Travelers in the region of the long-sighted bushmen have reported some truly remarkable feats with the eyes. One day, while a European was walking in company with a friendly bushman, the latter suddenly stopped, and, pointing ahead in some alarm, exclaimed: "A lion!"

The white man stared until his eyes ached, but he could make out nothing. Thinking that the native must have made a mistake, he insisted on going forward, though his companion urged him to retreat. When they had advanced a little further the bushman again came to a halt, and absolutely refused to go on another step, for, as he explained, he could distinguish not only a lion, but also a number of cubs. It would be dangerous, he said, to tamper with a lioness while nursing her little ones.

The European, however, still unable to see a lion, much less the cubs, pushed on boldly. When he had advanced a quarter of a mile he saw an object moving slowly along in the distance at the point to which the bushman had directed his gaze. Still doubting that a human being could possess such marvelous power of vision, he approached nearer and finally distinguished the form of a lioness making leisurely for a line of forest.

The limit of man's power of vision is established by necessity. If our existence depended on our ability to see twice as far as we do, this additional power would be acquired by practice. Deerslayer, of "Leather Stocking" fame, surprised everyone by his long-sightedness. Probably he could see farther than these bushmen, but he was a fiction character. All woodsmen, and, as a general rule, all persons living an outdoor life, give their eyes practice at long range, which ultimately makes their accuracy of sight seem wonderful to a man who never uses his eyes except to read.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PETS IN THE LUMBER CAMPS.

How Hermit Widmer Amuses Himself and Feeds the Chickadees.

A lumber camp in midwinter back in the Adirondack forests is a lonely place, even though 40 men are working there. The camp cooks, who must stay all day in the camp, find it extremely dull. So it happens that such a camp without a pet tamed by the lumbermen from among the birds or animals in the woods is a rarity. In a camp up the West Canada a rabbit is the pet. It likes the salt given to it by the lumbermen, and will allow the men to touch it gently. It is timid, though, and a quick motion sends it into the brush.

Herman Widmer, a hermit woodchopper on Little Black creek, has a log camp, in which he lives the year round. Widmer finds among the birds that come around his camp better company, to his mind, than he would have in the settlement. The snow is three feet deep and over about his place nowadays, save for the narrow trails, one leading to his "chopping," the other, which is steeper, filled with snow than not, out in the clearings leads to Northwood. The snow is untraced except by creatures of the woods. Here before his door, sitting on a beech block, the woodman while hunting rabbits, finds the hermit talking to the chickadees. The birds come down about him at first perching in the dense spruce-tree thousands before the cabin, and rubs branches with bees, birches and another spruce standing about Widmer's home. The chickadees come in a big flock to the tree, then a few come down and keep company, while the others pick away at ham bones or skinned rabbits hung up in the branches for them. There are a few that Widmer can identify, and to these he has given names that in four instances the birds recognize.

The birds perch on the old man's shoulders, head, fingers and the palms of his hands, utterly careless, apparently of their safety. Widmer wouldn't harm one of his birds, and even killed his cat when the birds began to get familiar last fall.—N. Y. Sun.

A Dangerous Habit.

Sleeping and dreaming a barber's chair lost a man the tip of his nose in San Francisco the other day. The man dropped into the barber shop to get a shave, and as his face was being lathered fell asleep. The barber continued to shave his sleeping customer gently. Suddenly the sleeper struck out right and left with his fists, presumably at some dreamland foe. His right fist struck the razor and drove its keen blade through the end of his nose. This awakened him with a start, and after a hasty explanation the man picked up the piece of his nose and ran to the city and county hospital. The surgeon stitched the piece of nose on where it belonged, and there is a fair show of its growing in place or more or less in place.—N. Y. Sun.

The smallest square of magnitude that can be perceived by the naked eye, of plain white on plain black, is a square 1-450th part of an inch.

AN ABYSSINIAN ROMANCE.

"The Queen of Queens," Wife of the Negus of Ethiopia.

It is said that much of King Menelek's success in life is due to his queen, Taoti, a lady of 46 summers, and to an experience which arouses the admiration. Like Menelek, who is her cousin, she is descended from Solomon. She seems to have inherited that monarch's propensity for marriage, for she has been joined in wedlock, first and last, no less than six times, her several husbands including two neguses (or emperors), two generals, one governor and an insignificant Abyssinian Croesus. Aside from the fact that they were men of distinction, the five predecessors of Menelek were not very desirable husbands. She was betrothed to her cousin, Menelek, as far back as 1866, when she was only 16 years old, and Theodore, who was then negus, invited them to visit him—probably at Axum. The moment Theodore set eyes on Taoti he desired to marry her himself, and told the young people so. They demurred, but Theodore was persistent. He immediately made Taoti his wife, and consoled Menelek by giving him, out of hand, his own daughter, Tofana. Menelek was then in no position to make a row. He thanked Theodore, and carried away Tofana to Ankobar, the capital of Shoa, the kingdom of his fathers.

Theodore, they say, used to beat his wife, partly from jealousy, for she mourned for Menelek; but in the spring of 1867, when Lord Napier and his army stormed the grim fortress of Magdala, in which Theodore had shut himself up, she was released from him by his suicide. A little while afterward she married Ualde Gabriel, an Abyssinian general, who a year later was killed on the field of battle. She quickly married another soldier, Gen. Tackie Ghiorghis, commander in chief of the army of the king of Tigre. She wearied of him, and obtained a divorce, in order to marry the governor of Egiou. Their honeymoon was interrupted by Negus John, who, on a political charge, clapped the governor into prison, and presently made away with him. Taoti evidently loved this husband, for she shut herself up in a nunnery for awhile.

But she soon found that she was born for the world of affairs, and obtained a dispensation from the abouna or archbishop of Abyssinia, which released her from her vows. Shortly after this she met Mr. Zeccaragagion, who had made a substantial fortune out of the slave trade, and other mercantile ventures. Him she married only to find that he was a worse wife beater than Theodore of somewhat dim memory. Telling him one day that she was going to visit her mother, she gathered together her belongings and left him, never to return. In 1882 while she was living with her brother, she met Menelek again, after 16 years. It was a case of love at second sight. Menelek begged her to return to Ankobar with him. She replied that she did not propose to play second fiddle to Tofana, her step-daughter. Menelek vowed that he would manage that if she would go with him. She consented. It is said that when Taoti and Tofana met there was a scene. But Menelek calmed the troubled waters by obtaining a divorce from Tofana, whose death followed "with an altogether suspicious rapidity." In 1885 Taoti was married to Menelek with imposing ceremony. Four years later, on the death of King John, he proclaimed himself negus, but he has never been publicly crowned negus in the second capital of Abyssinia, Axum in Tigre. His coronation as king of Shoa took place in 1889. His cleverness in securing dominion over all the native tribes of Abyssinia is said to be due to the sagacious and clever counsels of his consort, and "the shrewdness with which he has managed for ten years past to oppose all the efforts made by the Italian government in the shape of intrigue and armed attack to obtain possession of his country and his throne to the remarkable cleverness of Empress Taoti, Queen of Queens," and "sua and light of Ethiopia."

The first dispatches announcing the calamity of the Italian forces stated that Gen. Baratieri forced the battle in order to disperse a body of Shoa chiefs who were marching toward Axum to be present at the coronation of the negus. It is evident, then, that Menelek at last felt himself strong enough to undertake this public ceremonial, and it is most probable that Taoti has been scheming and planning for it these many years.—Buffalo Courier.

Blue Runners Are Good Dodgers.

"Talk about quickness of vision," said the mounter, "I doubt if there is anything alive which has such remarkable eyesight as an ordinary blue runner snake. You know that I am a pretty good shot with a rifle. Well, the other day I was roaming about the fields, when I saw a blue runner stretched out as the bag of a small tree. He saw me also, but did not move, although I could see his eyes glisten in the sunlight. I raised the gun, drew a deliberate bead on his head and fired. He was still there when the smoke cleared away, but I had not touched him. I fired again and again, and then grew tired. I realized that he saw the bullets and simply dodged them and escaped. Just then a man came across the field, and I called him to ask him to attract the attention of the snake for a moment. The moment I observed that the runner had taken in the situation and was not looking at me I fired and killed him. Now, to show you that he had dodged the balls, I found every bullet that had left my gun in a space the size of a button just behind the place his head had occupied. Quick? Why, a blue runner can see a streak of lightning before it pierces the clouds."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Dream about a Butcher Invariably Foretells some Misfortune to the Dreamer.

A dream about a butcher invariably foretells some misfortune to the dreamer.

EDUCATION IN AUSTRALIA.

Liberal Appropriations for Schools Made by the State.

The large item of the state expenditure in New South Wales represent the annual cost, so far as the government of that colony is concerned, of education, science and art; and it is noticeable that, notwithstanding the strength of the democratic element in the colonial legislative assembly, the state expenditure for such purposes is rarely, if ever, objected to. The amounts expended during 1894 were as follows: Public instruction, £675,069; Sydney grammar school, £2,200; Sydney university, £20,598; affiliated colleges, £1,458; St. Andrew's College building fund, £284; Women's college, £200; Sydney observatory, £4,040; free public library, £9,578; Australian museum, £2,744; National art gallery, £5,591; Art Society of New South Wales, £500; Royal Society of New South Wales, £500; Igneous Society of New South Wales, £100; New South Wales Zoological society, £500; Field Naturalists' association, £10; Royal Geographical society, £31; board of national interchanges of state publications, £400; Imperial institute (London), £418; revision of lists of New South Wales fishes, £87; official history of New South Wales, £1,304; work on New South Wales orchards, £100; in aid of various educational institutions, £8,080; maps for Mechanics' institute, £15; miscellaneous, £4,061; forming a total of £741,378.

In addition, a sum of £2,736 for works in connection with the Sydney Technical college, and another of £2,000 for public school buildings were voted from the loan estimates, the whole representing over £750,000 expended for purposes connected with the intellectual advancement of the colony. In proportion to the population and amount of public revenue, the state expenditure in this direction in New South Wales is larger than in any other country; but it does not represent the whole cost of the various institutions mentioned, as several receive extensive support from private sources. Thus, the total cost of the Sydney grammar school during 1894 was £9,043, of which only £2,380 was defrayed by the state. In like manner the annual expenditure of the Sydney university exceeded the amount of state assistance by £12,941. From this it will be seen that the liberality exercised by the state does not tend to discourage, but rather to stimulate, private endeavor. There are in the colony 178 schools of art, 54 mechanics' institutes and 7 literary institutes, each of which is entitled to a government subsidy of £1 for every £2 raised by subscription, and of £1 for every £1 raised for building purposes.

In connection with these institutions is a library for the use of members, for the colonists are a reading people; not only have the various townships and districts their own local papers, generally well edited and maintaining a high moral tone, but immense numbers of British and foreign newspapers, magazines and other publications are imported weekly, and find an immediate circulation. The works of British authors are most largely in demand: In the Sydney free library the improved intellectual tastes of the general community is illustrated by the character of the works lent to readers, the classification of which during 1894 was as follows: Miscellaneous literature and collected works, 22,135 volumes; prose works of fiction, 15,921 volumes; periodical and serial literature, 13,674 volumes; natural philosophy, science and the arts, 9,371 volumes; history, antiquities, etc., 8,485 volumes; biography and correspondence, 7,970 volumes; miscellaneous, 7,685 volumes. It will be seen that, contrary to the rule in many British free libraries, works of fiction formed less than one-fifth of the volumes issued, a fact in accordance with the experience of previous years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

VENEZUELA'S RICHES.

The Natural Resources of the Valley of the Orinoco.

The chief wealth of Venezuela consists in products of the soil, natural and cultivated. There are many coffee and cacao plantations in the mountain valleys near the coast, and coffee to the value of \$14,000,000 is exported yearly, which is double the value of all other exports. Among the other cultivated articles are manioc, sugar, coconuts, maize (Indian corn) tobacco, wheat, cotton, indigo, sweet potatoes and melons. Canees which ascend the upper Orinoco and its branches to the forested region of the southeast bring down rubber, vanilla and tonka beans, fruits, gums and drugs. The forests are rich in cabinet and dye woods, useful fibers from which cordage and hammocks are made, and a variety of other products. The deadly arrow poison called urari by the natives is made in the district south of the Orinoco.

The central plains of the republic form a vast grazing range which supports millions of horned cattle, horses and asses. These herds are subject to great vicissitudes; they were reduced to a small fraction of their normal size by the war for independence, and again by the civil wars ending in 1863, while vast numbers of horses and asses were destroyed by a murrain which broke out in 1843. Their numbers have, however, been restored, and the stock has been improved recently. Sheep and goats are bred in the mountainous district of the northwest, whence goat-skins (known as Curaco kid) are largely exported.—F. A. Fernald, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Fig Pudding.

One-half a pound of chopped figs, a little salt, one cupful of chopped suet, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of bread or cake crumbs, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of molasses; mix all thoroughly and steam in a buttered pail for three hours. Serve with hard sauce.—Good Housekeeping.



DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Perfectly Preserved Roman Mansion Discovered by Sig. Cozza.

Hampered continually by the strained condition of its budget, the Italian government is carrying on excavations at Pompeii...

One of these scenes represents a "wreath shop;" on one side the making, on the other side the sale of the wreaths is figured.

A "goldsmith" shop is not less interesting. A cupid is at the desk weighing on a scale a jewel which a rich lady customer, seated facing him, has just selected.

The first one shows the infant Hercules smothering the snakes, which Juno in her jealous anger has sent against him.

These snakes represent Burgoyne's and Cornwallis' armies. On the reverse of the said medal are the dates of their annihilation; coupled with the glorious names of Saratoga and Yorktown.

In the Pompeian fresco Jupiter is seated on a throne and contemplating with a radiant smile the infant hero's exploit, while Alcmena, his mother, hidden behind the god, follows with semi-anguished, semi-admiring eyes the progress of the struggle.

In the second picture Amphion and Zethus are represented taking revenge on Dirce, who, after causing her mother, Antiope, to be repudiated by her father, Lycus, married him in her stead.

The slaying of Penthea is painted on the last panel. Incensed by Dionysus, whose worship this king has proscribed in his dominions, the mother and sisters of Penthea have joined the Bacchantes.

The largest mule that ever walked on American soil is now, or was recently, the property of one George H. Johnson, a farmer living a few miles east of Honey Grove, Tex.

"Roast? Yes, sir," said the butcher. "Here is one I saved especially for you."

"Oh, Jim, put that roast back and get one of them good ones out the icebox!" - Cincinnati Enquirer.

A TURKISH PATRIOT.

He Advocated Reforms in the Government, and is Now an Exile.

Mourad Bey, who in his absence from Constantinople has been sentenced to death by default, is the bold official who last October made a personal appeal to the sultan to rid himself of his evil counselors at the imperial palace;

"The sultan," said Mourad Bey, "gave me an audience, and in a tete-a-tete of more than two hours duration the most complete agreement seemed to be established between us as we exchanged ideas. When I quitted the palace I was authorized to present to him a draft constitution, moderate yet liberal. I was filled with joy for the future of my country. Alas! my happiness was of brief duration. A few days later Kiam Pasha was dismissed, and the honest element of the ministry had to give place to corrupt men who had long been denounced by public opinion."

Mourad Bey kept his word. He consulted first with five leading spirits of the Young Turkey party, who joined him on the Bosphorus; and the means of combating the nefarious policy of the sultan, "that perturber of the public peace," was discussed. A revolution was feasible. Some patriots offered to sacrifice their lives to achieve their country's liberty; but it was deemed the wisest course to make a further appeal to the public opinion of Europe. Mourad Bey himself accepted the mission of denouncing his sovereign—a mission distasteful and even savoring of sacrilege to the Mussulman; but, justifying his conscience by the requirements of the supreme interests of his country, he went forth into exile.

THE QUEEN'S STRANGENESS.

An Open Secret That Her Majesty's Mind is Affected.

Rumors have been for some time current that Queen Victoria has begun to display signs of the mental malady which afflicted the late years of her grandfather, George III. That her majesty has been what one might call "peculiar" for some time is an open secret, but her queerness has uniformly taken the shape of a mild form of insanity on the subject of the Brown family, to whom she displays a sentimental fondness. Of late, as I am informed by one who knows her eccentricities have been more marked. She has conceived a tremendous fancy for the Battenbergs.

After the prince consort's death it was feared that the queen's mind would give way. A melancholy which alarmed her physicians set in and resisted all efforts of medical skill. At last the late Sir John Halle, the celebrated pianist, and a warm friend of the prince consort, was summoned to Osborne to see what effect music might have. At first he played only such pieces as were in keeping with her majesty's state of mind, day by day enlivening the programme a bit, by which means he managed by the end of his fortnight's stay to cause a decided improvement in the queen's condition. So much for music.

No Danger of a Crush.

The area of the United States, excluding Alaska, is just 3,000,000 square miles; the average density of the New England states is 71 inhabitants to the square mile, so that it may be said that the union could easily support 210,000,000 souls, or three times its present population.

"But," said the man of uncertain income, "I also want to settle my account. I made a raise yesterday."

HER BOOK FRENCH.

Errors Made by a Boarding School Girl in Paris.

"It is a wise old saw which advises one 'not to go to France unless you know the lingo,' and, indeed, it is desirable to know it pretty well if you wish to avoid humiliating little situations," said a Philadelphia young woman, in speaking of her experience. "I am an American girl, and, about a year ago, was rather proud of my boarding school French, but I am wiser now. We were a party of four—my parents, myself and a young lady, some years my senior, who had been my schoolmate, but was recently widowed. Our four began in Germany, and as we were all densely ignorant of German, we were oftentimes compelled to depend greatly on gesture language, especially in out-of-the-way places, where they were no English-speaking hotel or railroad clerks and waiters. This gave us some decidedly comical experiences, though it was a revelation as to the capabilities of dumb show and pantomime, but on touching French soil I felt relieved and confident. Alas! for human pride! At the first practical test, though I could read the language easily enough, I found I could scarcely catch a word."

"The sounds seemed to fly like winged arrows, and it might have been Chinese, so far as my understanding it was concerned. Some of the more considerate, out of pure instinctive politeness, would speak very slowly, and then I could get along well enough; and in the course of a few days I began to recover some of my old confidence. My first real humiliation came at a restaurant in the Palais Royal, when I wanted a spoon (cuiller) and asked for a staircase (escalier). I got over that, however, but was caught shortly afterward with the word 'frappe' on the wine list, which stuck me altogether until a young Englishman told me it meant 'iced.' By this time the conceit was rapidly oozing out of me, and two more little incidents brought on the catastrophe. Our party determined one day to go to the theater, and I undertook to ask the clerk of the hotel about it, and in what I thought the purest Parisian French told him we wanted a box, which I translated 'boite.' Unable quite to restrain his laughter, he said: 'Mademoiselle means a "loge." I then discovered that "boite" means a dry goods box, or any other kind, almost rather than one at a theater. But worse remained. I wanted to explain to some French people that my friend, the widow, was in mourning for her husband, and I tried to say 'elle est en deuil parce que son mari est mort,' she is mourning because her husband is dead. Unfortunately my conjugation of verbal particles was weak, and I substituted the word 'morte' for 'mort,' which made me say: 'She is in mourning because her husband is a codfish.'—Philadelphia Call.

SOME SPRING FASHIONS.

Coming Gowns Are Casting Their Shadows Before.

The large dry goods houses are not yet showing their Easter creations—it is still too early for that—and the only chance one has to see the newest gown is to call at these places just as the special orders for dresses are completed. Many orders are coming in to these houses from Nice, Cairo, Naples and the warmer climates, where their regular clientele are spending the winter months.

They demand the lighter spring gowns, and that has rather forced the season. The milliners, too, have had to respond to the early demand for spring hats, for with each street costume I have seen completed there has been some sort of a dainty straw hat that is to accompany the gown on its journey. An elegant tailor-made gown I saw at church was made of soft light gray camel's-hair. The skirt was a full godet, with a narrow panel of deep noire velvet on the left side.

The panel and the bottom of the skirt were braided simply in small rows of black silk passementerie. The waist was jacket in effect, opening at the front over a white satin vest. The revers, which were rather narrow, came to a point at the bottom of the short, full basque. They were of the mouse velvet edged with the braid. Down each seam of the jacket were rows of the braid. The turn-back cuffs of velvet on the full coat sleeves were also bordered with the braid, and the velvet lapellets that stood out straight on each side of the tall satin collar had a finish of the braid.—Paris Letter.

Food to Burn.

The total amount of food needed for repair, for growth and for heating, physiology teaches us, is much less than is generally imagined, and it impresses us with the truth of the great Surgeon Abernethy's saying that "one-fourth of what we eat keeps us, and the other three-fourths we keep at the peril of our lives." In winter we burn up the surplus food with a limited amount of extra exertion. In summer we get rid of it literally at some extra risk of health, and, of course, to life. We cannot burn it. Our vital furnaces are banked, and we worry the most important working organs with the extra exertion of removing what would better never have been taken into the stomach.—Medical Journal.

At the Sleeping Room.

Immediately upon leaving the sleeping room in the morning, the windows should be all raised, full height, and the doors thrown open, to enable the fresh outside air to reach every corner of the apartment in free circulation. There is marvelous power in the air to sweeten and to purify. Very thoughtful people, who like things absolutely fresh and pure, are careful to turn back the bed-clothing in such a way that the air can touch every part which has been in contact with the sleeper. Or, better still, the bed-clothing is taken from the bed and spread upon chairs near the open window.—Woman's World.

The Golden Opportunity.

Now is the time to visit the South and investigate for yourself its vast resources and its glorious climate. There is no doubt but that the tide has turned southward. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad always in the van to encourage a good movement, will give you special Land and Home Seekers' Excursions to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama on April 7th and 8th, and May 15th, 1900, tickets being on sale for the round trip good for 30 days from date of sale. Stop-overs allowed on going trip free. On payment of \$2.00 at destination additional stop-overs will be allowed on return trip.

Excursion trains leave St. Louis Union Station both morning and evening on the dates mentioned on arrival of trains of other roads.

Low one way rates for actual settlers and their household goods and stock are given. For information concerning land address the Alabama Land Development Company, Henry Fonda, President, Mobile, Ala. Ticket Agents of connecting lines in the North, East and West sell round trip tickets over the Mobile and Ohio road, so call on your nearest ticket agent for particulars, or address C. R. BURTON, D. P. A., 270 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or E. E. POSEY, G. P. A., Mobile, Ala.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1900, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. H. KERR, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number.

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., Ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. HEARFORD, publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 302 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

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Col. R. G. Ingersoll's lecture, "Why I Am an Agnostic," Sunday evening, April 13th. Seats on sale at theater.

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Poets Break Out

"In the springtime of the year I always take your Sarsaparilla as I find the blood requires it, and as a blood purifier it is unequalled. Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with....."

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is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climate changes. It is cured by Ely's Cream Balm.

It is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves pain and inflammation, breaks the nerve, protects the membrane from colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CERRY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKERS, KEENE & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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**AMETHYSTS TALK.**

I have always looked upon stories of trade offers made to subscribers by country newspapers as unmitigated myths, but I am convinced of their reality since reading these inducements held out by a "Dixie" weekly.

Four grown chickens will pay for the Times-Courier a whole year.

One bushel of white field peas will pay for the Times-Courier a whole year.

Until further notice we will allow one dollar per peck for shelled ground peas, on your subscription.

Our editor will allow liberal prices for turkeys, geese, guinea chickens or eggs on your subscription.

Two bushels of corn will pay for the Times-Courier a whole year; or three bushels of shelled corn will pay for it two years.

Don't forget that one peck of shelled peanuts will pay for your paper a whole year—old or new subscription.

How about that corn? Our editor's horse would fare badly if you were the only dependence. Have you brought in the amount you promised to?

It is true we can buy corn at 35 cents per bushel for cash; but, in order to help our patrons along, we will allow 50 cents per bushel on old or new subscriptions, and for three (3) bushels of shelled corn, delivered at one time, we will allow you \$2 on old or new subscriptions.

We now offer you your choice of a whole lot of fine books at publishers' cost and throw in a year's subscription to the Times-Courier with either or all of them. Say, boys, now is your chance to present your best girl with a handsome flexible back bible; you can give her the good book and secure your county paper free.

It is apparently true that with birds as with man, one tribe or race succeeds another. Several years ago the space between the high school and hospital was the great hunting ground for thousands of wild pigeons. The pigeons have disappeared from this part of the country and the robins who took their place and were so numerous a few years ago, seem to be deserting us, perhaps giving way to the quarrelsome and monopolizing English sparrows. By the way, it is a difficult matter to break this same sparrow trust!

The meadow larks and bobolinks have recently been taking up homesteads near us, and in all probability the increasing numbers of meadow and pasture lands will attract these song birds, and in a few years the country will be filled with them as permanent settlers.

A month ago the crows made their first appearance for the season, and on Wednesday of last week a few meadow larks and song sparrows arrived, but Thursday's driving snowstorm was enough to silence their coquettish songs and cause the disappearance of the tantalizing little things, who made us believe they had come to stay when they were only on the wing.

**GENERAL CITY NEWS.**

At Pat. Fogarty's flour and feed store, 600 Ludington street, is the place to get field and garden seeds. 17

Lace curtains at The Enterprise, sale price 35 cents.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

Carpet warp at The Enterprise, sale price 85 cents.

Pat. Fogarty is offering all kinds of field and garden seeds at reasonable prices, all fresh and good. 17

Ladies' shoes at The Enterprise—laced and buttoned—sale price 97 cents.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough.

In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

10-4 sheeting at The Enterprise, sale price 17 cents per yard.

To rent, a five-room house, 1212 Ludington street, ready for occupancy April 1st. Apply to Dr. C. H. Long.

Table oil cloth at The Enterprise, sale price 8 cents per yard.

Mrs. Longley will do fancy baking to order. Orders may be left at or sent to her residence, 226 Michigan avenue, or at Frank H. Atkins & Co.

The Enterprise has the latest styles in ladies' and childrens trimmed hats, call and look at them.

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

Latest novelties in capes at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

Flour, feed, hay, grain, field and garden seeds in abundance at Pat. Fogarty's store. 17

Anything you want in field or garden seeds can be had at Pat. Fogarty's store.

P. J. McKenna is a 200-pounder but he rides a 19-pound wheel.

Ladies' ribbed underwear, sale price 20 cents at The Enterprise, 1008 Ludington street.

M. H. Grover has been commissioned as postmaster at Garth.

Bicycles.

**BICYCLES!**

Thistle.....\$100	Courier.....\$75	Queen Mab.....\$55
America.....100	Duke.....50	Road King.....65
Phoenix.....100	Duchess.....50	Road Queen.....65

**THIS IS OUR LINE FOR 1896.**

.....IT CAN'T BE BEAT.

We will sell you a wheel on the installment plan or for cash. Do not buy until you have seen us. We also carry the only complete line of

**BICYCLE SUNDRIES**

In Delta County. You need not send to Chicago, we can sell you anything in this line for the same price.

**Ellsworth's Drug Store,**

602 Ludington Street. Escanaba, Michigan.

Merchant Tailor.

**PETER OLSON,**

**Fashionable Merchant Tailor**

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**Spring Fashion Plates**

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