

ESCANABA RECOGNIZED

FRANK D. MEAD CHOSEN ALTERNATE TO THE CONVENTION.

The Republican District Convention is Largely Attended. McNaughton and Miller Elected Delegates. Instructed for McKinley.

The convention of the republicans of the 12th congressional district, called for the purpose of naming two delegates to the republican national convention to be held at St. Louis and two alternates, assembled in the Peterson opera house at 10.00 a. m. on the 30th. After the reading of the call Geo. C. Bentley, of Houghton county, was chosen temporary chairman and took the gavel. Thanking the convention for the honor conferred upon him, he called for nominations for temporary secretary and H. J. Moessner, of Menominee county, was chosen.

Upon motion of F. O. Clark, of Marquette, the chair appointed Clark, of Marquette, Perry, of Chippewa, and Baker, of Menominee, committee on credentials, and Billings, of Marquette, Shields, of Houghton, and Prince, of Gogebic, committee on resolutions and Wells, of Marquette, Cox, of Houghton, and Mercer, of Ontonagon, committee on permanent organization and order of business.

Thereupon a recess of thirty minutes was taken to give the committees an opportunity to discharge their duties.

Upon the reassembling of the convention Clark, chairman of the committee on credentials, presented its report, which was to the effect that the following named persons were entitled to seats and voted in the convention:

Alger county—Charles Johnson.
Baraga county—J. F. Nester, Harry T. Ingersoll by P. Nester, proxy.
Chippewa county—F. Perry, C. H. Chapman, Horace M. Oren, J. E. Whalen and J. N. McNaughton.

Delta county—W. A. Cotton, J. T. Wixson, I. C. Jennings, T. B. White, O. V. Linden and Geo. T. Burns.
Dickinson county—A. C. Cook, F. J. Trudell, A. Cruse, R. Browning and J. H. McLean.

Gogebic county—W. Trebilcock, N. B. Rorcola, J. K. Nevin, W. W. Stevens, Wm. I. Prince and C. Carlson.
Houghton county—N. N. Cox, R. H. Shields, W. H. Hosking, Wm. Walls, C. G. Bentley, C. D. Hanchette, R. G. Collins, S. Olsson, L. H. Richardson, G. W. Emery, Frank Hain, J. F. Humbitzer and H. J. Vivian.

Iron county—M. B. McGee and Andrew Gulgren.
Keweenaw county was not represented. Luce county was not represented.
Mackinac county—E. Sherwood and F. K. Kruger.

Marquette county—F. O. Clark, S. M. Billings, O. G. Youngquist, J. R. Van Evera, F. A. Bell, Wm. Alden, T. M. Wells, J. H. Rough, E. T. Bradt, R. Maxwell, John Carlson and Peter Roscoe.

Menominee county—A. C. Stephenson, Jas. Fleishem, F. S. Norcross, F. K. Baker, H. J. Woessner, M. H. Kern and E. P. Radford.

Ontonagon county—W. F. Sawyer, Jos. Mercer and W. A. Powers.
Schoolcraft county—W. H. Hill, G. E. Halbein and C. N. Duntun.
The report of the committee was accepted and adopted.

The committee on permanent organization and order of business recommended that the temporary organization be made permanent and that the order of business be: 1st, resolutions; 2nd, choice of delegates and alternates by call of counties; which report and recommendation was accepted and adopted.

The officers of the convention were then sworn and the committee on resolutions presented, as its report the following:

RESOLVED: That since the unanimous sentiment of the republicans throughout the state concedes to the upper peninsula one of the four delegates at-large to the republican national convention at St. Louis, we, the republicans of the 12th congressional district (comprising the upper peninsula) in convention assembled, do heartily endorse the candidacy of that typical republican, John Duncan, of Houghton county, and would respectfully request that the delegates to the state convention, to meet at Detroit May 7th, present his name as the unanimous choice of the republicans of the upper peninsula. And,

WHEREAS: We believe the tariff will and ought to be the leading issue in the approaching presidential campaign, and that as an exponent of a tariff policy protective to American industries there stands before the American people to-day none so worthy of our support as that sturdy champion and wisest statesman, the ex-governor of Ohio, now therefore

RESOLVED: that we, the republicans of the 12th congressional district of Michigan, in convention assembled, do formally and earnestly endorse the candidacy for the office of president of the United

States, the friend and choice of the American people, the Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio, and we hereby instruct the delegates elected by this convention to attend the national convention at St. Louis to use all honorable means to secure his nomination.

Which was adopted without a dissenting voice and with shouts of applause. Nominations for delegates being then in order, Sawyer, of Ontonagon, presented the name of J. C. McNaughton, of Dickinson county and moved that the rules be suspended and his nomination be made by acclamation. The motion prevailed and the nomination was so made.

For second delegate Mercer, of Ontonagon, presented the name of W. F. Sawyer, of that county; Nevin, of Gogebic, presented the name of Charles E. Miller of that county; C. W. Duntun, of Schoolcraft, presented the name of A. C. Hubbell, of that county; and White, of Delta, that of Frank D. Mead of Escanaba.

All the nominations having been properly seconded, an informal ballot was had with this result: Hubbell 11, Mead 10, Sawyer 22, Miller 23. Upon the first formal ballot Miller was chosen and, upon motion, and before the result of the ballot was announced by the chair, the choice of Charles E. Miller was made unanimous.

For first alternate the names of Hubbell, Mead and Moessner were presented but Hubbell's name was withdrawn before the ballot. Upon the call Mead received 35 votes and Woessner 31 and, upon motion, the choice of Frank D. Mead was made unanimous.

For second alternate the choice lay between Hubbell and Moessner, no other name being presented, and Woessner was chosen by 37 votes to 29 for Hubbell, the usual compliment of a unanimous vote being given the winner.

Messrs. Miller, Mead and Woessner were called out and each addressed the convention briefly, acknowledged the honor bestowed and pledging their best efforts for the nomination of the choice of the republicans of the district, Mr. McKinley, the apostle of protection and the foremost republican of the day. And thereupon the convention adjourned.

Where's the Delta Man?

For the seat in congress now occupied by Mr. Stephenson there is promise of a scramble when the time to nominate arrives. Mr. Stephenson asks for renomination, Houghton county will present Carl Sheldon's name, Marquette will support Gad Smith and Chippewa is out for Chase Osborn, and each claims (and will probably receive) support from other counties than his own. It does not appear that either can be nominated as long as the four are in the field, nor does it appear that a combination is probable between any two of them. Under the circumstances there would seem to be a propriety in placing a fifth candidate—a Delta county man—in the field upon whom a concentration might be made. The Iron Port suggests no name at present, though it would be easy to do so; it is content to say "a Delta county man" and trust public opinion for the selection if the plan be approved.

More Ore Wanted.

A dispatch from Iron Mountain last Monday said: "President Gales, Vice-President Foote, Treasurer Doty, and Superintendent of Mines Cundy, of the Illinois Steel Co., were here yesterday and today, coming in the official car of the Chicago and Northwestern. Negotiations are pending for a promising Bessemer mine on the Range and the deal will likely be closed this week. It is also announced that the steel company intends developing the property recently purchased in Iron county."

Schram Goes West.

Louis Schram has taken the southeast corner of Ludington and Georgiastreets, lately occupied as a saloon by Paul Kelly, and will put in dry goods in the place of wet groceries. He doesn't abandon the old "popular" stand, however, but will run both "for keeps." Paul stores his outfit until he finds another place to put it up.

The Farmers' Dock.

The dock on the other side of the bay, of which we have heretofore made mention and which will be the first stop of the Anabel going out and the last stop coming in, is to be known as "The Farmers' Dock" of Bay de Noc township. A history of its construction is promised us by one of the contributors, soon.

Arbor Day Observances.

The pupils of St. Joseph's parochial school observed Arbor Day, yesterday, by planting a maple in the school grounds with songs and rejoicings, and celebrated May-day as well by dancing (or marching) about a may-pole in the good old fashion. The children enjoyed it all, hugely.

Board of Education.

Not much was done at the meeting of the board of education last evening and an adjournment for one week was taken, at which time teachers for the ensuing school year will be engaged and the treasurer settled with.

Turned Down The Silverites.

The democratic state convention turned down the silverites. Don is still boss.

CAN BUY THE WORKS.

THE WATER WORKS COMPANY OFFERS ITS PLANT.

The Price \$130,000 but only \$30,000 Cash Needed. It Looks Like the Easiest Way Out. A Debt which Could Easily be Borne.

Before he left the city Mr. Hodgkins for the Water Works company submitted to the mayor and board of public works a proposition for the sale to the city of the water plant, which was in substance this: The city to pay thirty thousand dollars, cash, and to assume the first mortgage bonds which amount to one hundred thousand, run until 1911, and bear five per cent interest. The bonds are mostly held in Europe, as a permanent investment, and the date of payment can undoubtedly be deferred, indefinitely, if the city should so desire. No intimation is given (at the time we write) of the views of the city authorities as to the acceptance or rejection of the proposition, but the opinion is freely expressed by citizens not in office that to accept it would be "the easiest way out" of the present imbroglio, putting the city in present possession of the plant, putting an end to litigation, and imposing a burden of debt which could easily be borne by the plant itself—\$5,000 a year to the interest and \$6,667 to a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds when due.

Republican County Convention.

The convention to name delegates to the district and state conventions of the republican party assembled in the courthouse Tuesday afternoon. There were present the following named delegates:

Bark River—Erick Olson. Escanaba Tp.—John Reno, Jr. Ford River—O. B. Fuller, Maple Ridge—Owen Curran, Masonville—Geo. Grandchamp, Wells—N. Bissonette. Escanaba City—First ward—Geo. English. Second ward—T. B. White. Third ward—J. T. Wixson. Fourth ward—E. M. St. Jacques. Fifth ward—Gust. Bregman. Sixth ward—Geo. Gallup. Seventh ward—J. M. Wright.

The city of Gladstone and the townships of Baldwin, Bay de Noc, Fairbanks, Garden, Nahma and Sack Bay were not represented.

The first action after the organization was effected was the discussion and adoption of the following resolutions:

RESOLVED: That the republican county committee be instructed to call all future county conventions upon the following basis, to-wit: One delegate for every one hundred votes and an additional delegate for more than a moiety thereof, cast for governor at the last state election preceding this convention. But each township and ward shall be entitled to at least one delegate.

RESOLVED: That the delegates who shall be appointed at this convention to the district convention be instructed to present the name of F. D. Mead as a delegate to the national convention and to use all honorable means to secure his election.

W. A. Cotton, I. C. Jennings, J. T. Wixson, T. B. White, O. V. Linden and G. T. Burns were chosen delegates to the district convention and O. B. Fuller, E. M. St. Jacques, E. F. Van Valkenburg, Richard Mason, A. B. Chambers and Noel Bissonette delegates to the state convention, and the convention adjourned. The Iron Port commends the change in the ratio of representation but would have been better pleased had it been ordered that the representation be based upon the party instead of the total vote.

For the Rapid River Route.

The Escanaba & Gladstone Transportation Co. has purchased the Alle E. Shipman and sent her to Manitowick to receive a cabin and other repairs. Upon her return she will be put upon the route between Rapid River and Gladstone, connecting with the Lotus, and the Rapid River, Masonville and Garth people will then be able to get to Escanaba and have time to transact business and reach home again the same day. After the arrangement takes effect "the Lotus" will make one trip to Garth and Masonville and three to Gladstone each day. Capt. George Shipman will be in command of the Alle.

A Man Cremated.

Fred Nelson, who lived alone on a farm two miles east of Hermansville, was burned in his own barn (house and barn both burned) last week. It was probably a suicide, the act of an insane man, made so by loneliness and despondency. He was a Swedish immigrant and, so far as is known, without relatives in this country.

Short In His Accounts.

James Geo, postmaster of Norway is "short" \$1,400. His bondsmen have made good the shortage and taken possession of the office.

An Honorable foe.

Last Monday was the anniversary of the birthday of Grant, and on that day Gen. James Longstreet, than whom the

rebels had no worthier commander, speaking at Boston, said: "Of all the union commanders, Grant was the great leader who accurately surveyed the great field of war. When it was all ended, incapable of malice, his generous heart offered all that his enemy could ask as terms of surrender, with abundance of provisions for the hungry soldiers and transportation to their distant homes." There spoke an honorable foe, one who knew when he had enough, and carried no resentments beyond defeat.

He Was Suspicious.

"Pardner," said Derringer Dan, "you'll excuse me, but I'll have to quit you. I ain't a-playin' no more poker this evenin'."

"But you have a lot of chips yet," remarked the young man from the east. "I know it. And I'm goin' ter cash 'em in, too. You look like a tenderfoot, an' ye talks like one. But I've heard o' people that got buncoed and bought good bricks even if they read the newspapers, an' order of knowed better."

"I really don't quite follow you."

"I had four nine spots a little while ago."

"Did you?"

"Sartin'. An' ye didn't do a thing but say ye'd stay out. Then I had a flush and ye said the same. I got four kings an' an ace, an' yer laid down yer hand es usual."

"That was remarkable."

"Remarkable don't seem ter quite cover the ground for me. Pardner, I don't say yer workin' one o' these here Koentgen ray outfits on me. All I say is that I ain't a-playin' no more poker this evenin'."

A Monster Blast.

The happening page of the Mining Journal of the 27th had the following: "The largest blast ever made on the Marquette iron range was fired Saturday afternoon in the Winthrop open pit. The amount of ore brought down from the east side of the pit is estimated at from 10,000 to 13,000 tons. Previous to the blast proper 300 pounds of giant powder was exploded to loosen the ground. This did its work splendidly. Some of the cracks in the ore were two inches in width while there were many smaller ones. Immediately back of the larger crack, about forty feet from the end of the hanging, a large hole, thirty-five feet in depth, had been drilled. Over half a ton of black powder was put into this hole. When the blast went off the ore ahead and forty feet on either side of the hole tumbled over into the huge pit."

He Could, When He Had To.

Col. Watrous tells this story apropos of Chase Osborn's candidacy: "Two or three years ago Mr. Osborn attended the Canoe Club banquet at Milwaukee. A short time before entering the banquet hall the toastmaster informed him that he would call upon him for a speech. "Don't you do it. I never made even a little speech. I'll jump through the window before I'll speak. Don't you dare to do such a thing. It's nonsense to even dream about my replying to a toast." But the toastmaster did not heed the threat. Osborn was called on after two or three had spoken. For a moment he looked and was scared, and then he pitched in and made the speech of the occasion." He could when he "had to."

From the Crop Report.

The crop report for April, issued on the 28th, said: "The nearly normal temperature and abundant rainfall during the past week have been very beneficial to all vegetation and a majority of the correspondents report a marked improvement in the condition of winter wheat, rye and grass. The frost of Wednesday morning did no damage. The wet weather has held back plowing and seeding to some extent, but generally this work has been pushed in most sections of the state. Reports from all correspondents are very cheerful and full of the good condition of winter and spring crops and that the fruit prospects are excellent."

Presbyterian Church Services.

There will be the usual services at the Presbyterian church tomorrow. The subject in the morning will be, "The Duty and Privilege of Happiness." In the evening the subject of the sermon will be, "Andrew, the Silent Apostle." This is the second of the series on the twelve apostles.

The following is the program for the evening services:

All are cordially invited and welcomed.

A Pleasant Party.

The leap-year party given last Monday evening was well attended, seventy couples being present, and was thoroughly enjoyable; the girls were never more charming, the young gentlemen never more gallant, nor the result more pleasant. There was no money in it, however, so the ladies had to forego the "spread" they had promised themselves if there was a surplus after their bills were paid.

The "Busy Bees" Entertainment.

The "Busy Bees" Mission Band, under the leadership of Mrs. Geo. Munson, will give an entertainment in St. Andrews Club rooms on Tuesday evening next. Admission 10 and 5 cents. The children are working for a worthy purpose and hope their friends will come out and help them by their presence at this entertainment.

GLIMPSES OF CITY LIFE

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

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

Peter La Croix of Norway, has sued the Wisconsin & Michigan railway for \$10,000 damages for the death of his son Harry LaCroix, who was killed Aug. 20, 1895, in a wreck. Mr. LaCroix alleges in his complaint that the wreck was due to the negligence of the company.

The Michigan Club extends a cordial invitation to all the State delegates and their friends to make it their headquarters during the Convention week. The Club rooms are centrally located in the Chamber of Commerce Building, and have a fine cafe in connection therewith.

Manager Cleary said nay to the proposition of the Manistee manager for a six-club league, as did all others on this side of the lake. We shall have a team that can play ball, however, and matches can be arranged with Traverse City and Manistee if desired.

As was to be expected the Mirror opposes the acceptance of the offer of the Water Works Co. It will oppose any plan that looks to a prompt and peaceful solution of "the Water Works question."

"The Larch Brick Co." composed of Geo. T. Burns, A. R. Moore and Frank D. Mead, will operate the brick yard just above the mouth of the Escanaba and deal in other building material.

Bar accident or divine interposition Gershom Mott Williams is today bishop of Marquette, of the Anglican communion. The consecration services were held at Detroit yesterday.

The members of the committee of eleven have informed the Iron Port that the prospect of raising the railway bonus was good but the Mirror does not seem to think so.

Hon. I. Stephenson has managed the business of the N. Ludington company for thirty-eight years and it has still years of business before it which he will continue to manage.

The hotels no longer run 'busses to and from trains, having arranged with the street railway to handle their passengers free—or rather at the cost of the hotels.

The addition to the Ludington hotel takes the form of an octagonal tower with pyramidal top and makes a great improvement in the appearance of the house.

German Lutherans held service last Sunday afternoon in St. Stephen's church, Rev. P. Korn, of Florence, officiating. A class of seven was confirmed.

A. C. Carpenter, of Manistique, wants the republican nomination for member of the legislature from the Delta district says the Pioneer. How about Mr. Orr?

Marcus Pollasky, whom we all know, is making an ass of himself, posing as a political leader in Illinois. Mark Hanna should call him down, at once; he's bad.

Gibson & Holliday's new place has the plate glass front in and is approaching completion. It will be a "dandy" when it is ready to move into.

Brook trout are lawful prey of the angler now but the streams are in flood and the water rolled and full of food, so the anglers wait a little.

Horse-flesh is healthy food; free from tuberculosis (which affects beef cattle) and trichinosis, which makes pork dangerous.

McEwen, the hypnotist, will be at the Peterson on the 4th, 5th and 6th—next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Lathrop Items.

Mrs. C. G. Shepherd visited with friends in Green Bay this week, returning Wednesday afternoon.

The Christian Endeavor society will give an Armenian relief entertainment in the school house at Turin Friday evening. The program will consist of recitations and readings relative to the present conditions of the Armenians. A collection will be taken and refreshments served at the close.

Grass is making a good start, some plowing being done, no seeding done in this part of our town yet, but will be soon.

A Home for Hermans.

The local body of the Sons of Hermann has purchased the Greenhoot property, Nos. 306 and 308 Ludington street (consideration \$6,000) to make a home for itself. The wooden building on 306 will be moved to the back end of the lot, an outside staircase built to reach the second story of the brick building on 308, and therein will be arranged a hall for meetings and other rooms to make the whole complete for social gatherings as well as for meetings of the order.

Ex-Gov. Jerome Dead.
David H. Jerome, a well known and highly respected citizen of Michigan,

who served as governor during the years of 1881-2, died on the 24th ultimo at a sanitarium near Watkins, N. Y. He was born at Detroit in 1829 and his whole life had been spent in the state and his political and business record is without a stain in all the pages of the state's history, and, indeed, he has contributed a large share to its political and industrial power in the vast development through the years contemporaneous with his.

General City News.

The soda fountain at The Hill Drug Store is again in operation, and those who patronized this popular place last season will find it more attractive than ever.

The celebration by the Odd Fellows last Monday was of the 77th birthday of the order and was a pronounced success.

Capt Van Dyke has made two trips to the wreck of the Sheriffs, bringing cargoes of her coal to the railway dock.

Menominee has organized a base-ball team which will give our boys something to do when the season opens.

Varnum B. Cochran, who was superintendent of public instruction in 1881-2, is dying at his home in Marquette.

Peter Cyr proposes to go into training as a pugilist. If he learns to use his fists he'll be a "bad man," sure.

In spite of the Mining Journal and the Mirror, Don M. Dickinson is still the boss of the Michigan democracy.

The light-house steamer Dahlia, on her usual spring work of placing buoys, lay in this port over Sunday.

Delta Chapter, R. A. M., conferred the royal arch degree upon three postulants last Tuesday evening.

West Superior has a strike of "hired girls" on, and it makes more trouble than a little.

Baptist Dumas, a farmer living near Nadeau, committed suicide by hanging on the 28th.

Joseph Johnson, brought to Tracy hospital from Foster City, died last Sunday.

The freight on ore hence to Ohio ports has advanced to sixty cents per ton.

The body of the late David H. Jerome was brought to Saginaw for burial.

The Ruby, Ewing Brothers' little steamer, is here and is for sale.

The Minister show last Saturday evening was rather a cheap affair.

Leon Coria got a fall from his wheel and thereby a sprained ankle.

The favorite outing just now is a trip to the woods after arbutus.

Try O'Meara's pure fruits. The very best the market affords.

Counterfeit silver coin is said to be in circulation in the city.

Pure fruits and fruit juices at The Hill Drug Store.

Try O'Meara's pure fruit juice, none so nice.

An Old Resident Dies.

Wm. Timm, who has lived and labored in Escanaba since 1872, passed quietly away at 9:15 p. m. Thursday, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was born at Oberlin, Ohio, where his boyhood was spent; was employed during his early manhood upon lake steamers and in hotels; took up the occupation of a barber when he came here and followed it until stricken with paralysis two or three years ago, since which he had faded gradually until the end came. Perhaps no man in this city was more widely known and by him every one has a kind word. He leaves a widow, to whom he had been married forty-four years, but no children.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. to-morrow at St. Stephen's church and the interment will be at Lakeview.

For the Railroad.

A meeting will be held in the 5th ward Monday evening, probably at North Star hall, to take action with reference to the collection of the railway bonus. The action taken in the 6th ward is working well. Our contemporaries are unduly alarmed; the \$20,000 will be raised.

At a meeting held in the 6th ward last evening a sub-committee was chosen to collect the "assessments" for the railway bonus, of which J. S. Doherty is chairman.

Literary Notices.

Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, contributes to the May number of the North American Review an entertaining paper on "Mars and its Inhabitants." M. Flammarion regards our Martian neighbor more advanced in planetary life, and inhabited by beings more intelligent than ourselves. The article, alone, is well worth the price of the number.

His Remark Meant Nothing.

Mr. Duntun's declaration, in his eulogy of A. C. Hubbell, that "he does not allow a democratic vote to be cast in his township," had better have been left unsaid. It meant nothing, but it gave opportunity for the stale old charge of "bossing" and coercing voters and the convention resented it, as the choice of Woessner for alternate shows.

Cheap Excursions to the West and South. On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the Northwestern line will sell home seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the west and south at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

A FREIGHT CAR INCIDENT.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

[Copyright, 1894.]

"Remember that time, major?" said the railroad man.

"You bet I do," rejoined the major. "Go ahead and tell it," said the other.

The major lifted his glass and carefully scrutinized the bright liquid. "Well, Tom's line, you see, was just being put through the interior of the state at that time, and one day he asked me to go out with him to some little town which he was going to open with an auction sale of lots and free beer and sandwiches for the people, and all that, you know. Well, I went along, and there was a big freight-car loaded down with kegs and provisions. Everybody was having a great time. Tom got ill during the sale, so he went into a little shanty to lie down, while I went over to the freight car to get some ice to put on his head. I was in the car scouting around after ice when, all of a sudden, some one slammed the door to, and made the inside of the car as dark as pitch. Then somebody in the darkness began to swear like a pirate, and I heard him swing his revolver loose. I began to see the game then. It seems that there was a fellow around there that a good many people wanted to kill, and they said they were going to kill him that day at the sale, too. Somebody had pointed him out to me during the morning, and I had heard him brag, so I recognized this voice in the darkness. I think he decided that they had slammed the door on him so that when he opened it to come out they could get a good fair chance to make a sieve of him. The way that man swore was positively frightful.

"He wasn't very good company, either. I stood still so long that I felt the bones in my legs creak like old timbers, and I didn't breathe any harder than a canary bird. He went on swearing at a great rate.

"I began to think of Tom and his pain, wishing he had died rather than I had come for that ice.

"At last I found that I had got to move. There was no help for it. My legs refused to support me in this position any longer. My head was growing dizzy, and if I didn't change my attitude

th' ear! There hain't no doors here, he there! Slid er open, or else, mister, you be a goner sure! And then he cursed my ancestors for 15 generations.

"Well—but—look here," said I. "Ain't—look here—ain't they going to shoot as soon as anybody opens that door, is—"

"None of your business, stranger," the fellow howled. "Open that there door, or I'll eyeballin'ly make er ventilator of yeh. Come on, now! Step up!" He began to prowl over in my direction.

"Where are yeh? Come on now, galoots! Where are yeh? Oh, jest lemme lay my ol' gun agin yeh an' I'll fin' out! Step up!"

"This cat-like approach in the darkness was too much for me. 'Hold on,' said I, 'I'll open the door.'

"He gave a grunt and paused. I got up and went over to the door.

"Now, stranger," the fellow said. "Es soon as yeh open th' door, jest step inside an' watch Luke Burnham peel th' skin off er them skunk's."

"Stranger, this hain't no time t' argue! Open th' door."

"I put my hand on the door and prepared to slide my body along with it. I had hoped to find it locked, but unfortunately it was not. When I gave it a preliminary shake, it rattled easily, and I could see that there was going to be no trouble in opening the door.

"I turned toward the interior of the car for one last remonstrance. 'Say, I haven't got anything to do with this thing. I'm just up here from Houston to go to the sale—'

"But the fellow howled again: 'Stranger, er you makin' a fool 'a me?'"

"Hold on," said I. "I'll open the door."

"I got all prepared, and then turned my head. 'Are you ready?'"

"Let'er go!"

"He was standing back in the car. I could see the dull glint of the revolvers in each hand.

"Let'er go!" he said again.

"I brooded myself, and put one hand out to reach the end of the door, then with a groan, I pulled. The door slid open, and I fell on my hands and knees in the end of the car.

"Well," said the fellow. I turned my head. There was nothing to be seen but blue sky and green prairie, and the little group of yellow board shanties with a red auction flag and a crowd of people in front of one of them.

SOYTHAM'S CHINESE COLONY.

Joss-house, Theater and the Whole Panoply of Life.

On Sunday afternoon streams of ecclesiastics are to be seen pouring into the district given over to the Chinese, from all the adjoining towns and cities, to gather in their week's supply of Chinese delicacies and to gossip. They gather until the three narrow streets which they have gradually made their own are swarming with laughing, skylarking groups; and here in the deep shadows of the narrow streets, shut in by the high surrounding buildings, just a little distance from the roaring Bowery, amid the shrill, thin strains of Chinese music floating from the open windows, the curling wreaths of smoke from the pipes and cigarettes, lounging everywhere are the noisy, chattering groups, little half-bred children running and playing among the crowds—their is what the policeman on the street calls the "American language," although they also understand Chinese.

There are waiters from the restaurants with trays of food upon their heads; garden truck men from Astoria, with their vegetable baskets; much-admired babies in the arms of the solitary stout old Chinese nurse or proud papa; the occasional white girl resident; the autocratic fat policeman with his familiar bantering jokes; and through the doorways glimpses of interiors—a nimble-fingered diner with his dainty chop sticks and a bowl of rice, or a tailor fitting a dandified laundryman with a partly finished fur-collared garment; or the grocery store, where you are greeted with "Wha' you wan'?" where imported delicacies are vigorously insinuating their peculiar odor through and over all things—a rare collection of every form of fish, fruit or flesh which will submit itself to the curing and drying processes necessary for its long journey from China. Here are nuts; shriveled, greasy strings of sausages; fish of every size and variety, from heaps of tiny minnows to great dry flat steaks; smoked ham and a great collection of other articles, such as dried mushrooms, whose original forms have been so completely lost that it is impossible to guess what they are or have been.

Then, there are fresh vegetables, grown over in Astoria, L. I.—queer hairy cucumber-like squashes, very bitter, and used a great deal in Chinese cooking; struts cabbages and roots, and other products of the industry of the enterprising Chinese farmer who, a few years ago, started what has proved to be a very profitable business.

The theater at the end of narrow Doyers street is the scene of nightly entertainment of such a slow and incomprehensible order that it has no delights for the stranger other than those of novelty. The everlasting play goes on, without action as we understand it, accompanied by the thin, shrill, monotonous music. The actors are all men, clothed in richly worked garments, their faces highly painted when taking the female parts.

The joss-house, or the Chinese place of worship, is at the top of one of the dilapidated old New York houses on Mott street. On the first floor is a shop, and after feeling one's way up the dark, rickety stairs there is a vision of the interior of a Chinese restaurant on the second floor; the cook is busy with an order for a loud-mouthed white girl and some companions, who are having a discussion with the waiter; up another flight of stairs, past a half-open door, through which a mysterious domestic interior shows itself, and then along the hall to the front room, where a powerful odor of sweet incense fills the nostrils, and a bewildering accumulation of strange interior decorations denotes the sacred place. It is the ordinary large room extending across the full width of the house, but completely changed in character by the imported carved wooden black furnishings, the carving being relieved with gold. This gives a very somber but rich tone to the place, which is added to by the elaborate lanterns and hangings from the ceiling. A large screen in the center of the floor faces the altar, which is truly gorgeous in its color and glitter, its peacock feathers and candles. There are no congregational services in the temple; each individual pays for his own candle and incense, and conducts his own worship, or pays the small fee to the soothsayer, and has his probable luck in any contemplated undertaking foretold.—Harper's Weekly.

It is gratifying to know that if we had declared war with Great Britain we might have counted upon the alliance of at least one Kickapoo brave and one hero of the tribe of Saes and Foxes, for they have written to the president asking for a subvention of blankets and expressing their readiness to take the warpath immediately. Such a reinforcement would not amount to much in point of numbers, but its moral significance would count for something. The isolated condition of England has of late compelled attention. She has no friends among the European nationalities, and it now seems apparent that she has none among the American wigwags, where it was formerly supposed that she preserved a good deal of influence. A candid survey of the situation and its causes will no doubt assure her that she deserves her unpopularity. She must correct her overreaching ways before she can expect to have any friends, either among her sister nationalities or the alien and sporadic aborigines not taxed. The country will have to decline the services of the two volunteering braves for the present, but Great Britain may see in their offer what is in store for her if she should ever show a disposition to break the peace.—N. Y. Tribune.

Going to Waite. Cholmondeley—Sad thing this about poor Blomhoff. He's wasting all his money in high living. Snythe—Very sad! Everything going to waite.—Bay City Chat.

JAPAN'S ARMY AND NAVY.

The Mikado to Have Built a Million Efficient Soldiers Ten Years from Now.

Our correspondent at Tokio, writing on January 5, sends us a resume of the large schemes of military and naval development contemplated by the Japanese government. As to the navy, in seven years there will be expended on men-of-war \$1,000,000,000, and 14,000,000 will be devoted to the construction of docks and various edifices. These figures are independent of vessels already ordered abroad, among which are two battle ships of over 15,000 tons each, which will probably be ready for sea in the course of a year. Evidently the intention is to possess a navy more than equal to the combined squadrons of Britain, Russia, France, Germany and the United States—aggregating 188,000 tons—now on the Pacific station. It must always be borne in mind that although Japan cannot procure ships and guns more cheaply than any other country can, once in possession of such weapons of war she maintains them at an outlay almost incredibly small when judged by western standards.

The period of seven years corresponds with the period fixed by the Shimonoseki treaty for the payment of the Chinese indemnity. China is pledged to pay the last installment of the indemnity by May, 1902, until which time Japan holds Wei-Hai-Wei.

In connection with the naval extension scheme may be mentioned the establishment of an iron foundry. Japan uses 130,000 tons of iron and steel every year, but produces scarcely any, although she possesses iron ore and coal in abundance. It is proposed to begin by manufacturing 60,000 tons of metal annually including 35,000 tons of Bessemer steel. The estimated expenditures on account of this establishment aggregate a little more than 4,000,000 yen (say \$420,000), and are to be spread over a period of four years. Only two foreign experts will be employed at first. Japan imports iron, steel and their manufactures, and these totalled over 9,000,000 yen last year, nearly 4,000,000 of which came from Great Britain.

With regard to the army, the exact degree of increment projected by the government cannot yet be stated, but it will not be far from the truth to say that the present force is to be doubled in nine years. Last year the regular expenditures on account of the army aggregated 12,500,000 yen; this year they are put at 15,000,000, and an extraordinary grant of 19,250,000 is also asked for the construction of barracks and forts, the manufacture of small arms, and so forth. Japan's fighting force in 1905 will be approximately, 130,000 with the colors, 185,000 reserves, and 210,000 landwehr—that is to say, 500,000 men in round numbers. It will sound almost incredible to western ears that she should maintain such a force at an annual expenditure of 25,000,000 yen, of about \$2,750,000 sterling; but such, nevertheless, is her estimate, and the expenditure of 20 years justifies us in believing that her calculations are not faulty.—London Times.

REVIVAL OF OLYMPIC GAMES. The Proposition Called Out an Enthusiastic Response in Greece.

When the revival was first proposed, more than two years ago, Greeks of every class joyfully responded, though the suggestion came from France. It was clearly out of the question, for practical reasons, to locate the games at the old, and new-found Olympia. Equally impossible was an exact revival of the old festival. In detail the ancient games befit the life long passed away. The proper site was found in Athens, the metropolis and leading railway center of modern Greece. The Piræus, only five miles from the city, opens on the blue waters of the Saronic gulf and the islanded beauty of the Aegean sea. Yachts, traversing a long course here, would cut the same waves which witnessed one of the world's greatest naval battles off the promontory of Salamis.

To give the project any hope of success it was seen that the games must be modern in character, such as can be sensibly held at various cities in other parts of the world in time to come. Jerseys, knickerbockers and modern running shoes must replace the trained muscles, glistening with oil, which once delighted the beauty-loving Greeks. The blows of the iron-clad cestus; the firm lock of the wrestlers, with its trick of hurling over the hip, which meant broken bones to the vanquished; the complex combats, taxing the last reserve of skill, audacity, and strength; the wild drive of the chariots, with the inevitable crash in jockeying for the wall, and shortening the curve at the corner pillars—these things will no longer darken the Olympic spectacle with the shadow of tragedy. But in short and long-distance running, jumping, leaping, throwing the discus or quoit, and the running races of horses ridden by the gentleman riders, there will be a close likeness to the old games. To these the schedule adds most of the standard forms of modern athletic contests.—G. T. Ferris, in St. Nicholas.

Mortgaged by Their Grandfather. When he was in Madras Gen. Booth was informed that it was not uncommon practice for the father of a family, when he borrowed money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, to pledge the first-born son as a security for the payment of the debt. Gen. Booth was incredulous until one of his own officers in Madras told him that he had some cadets in the Madras Salvation Army who had thus been mortgaged by their grandfathers in payment for the festivities of their mothers' marriage, and who recognized their obligation to discharge the debt when possible.—London News.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE SNARLIES.

The snarlies got into a little girl's hair: They said: "Let us make a little nest there!" Mrs. Brush came along, and she said: "O, no! You don't belong here, and away you must go! This little girl's hair was not meant to look so."

The snarlies determined that there they would stay. They wanted to sleep and they wanted to play. "No they said: 'Mrs. Brush, you are not doing right; if you don't go away, we will tie you up tight; to stay in this hair is our greatest delight.'"

So then Mrs. Brush sent for good Mr. Comb. And asked him to help send the snarlies all home; and together they drove every snarlies away.

And told them in some other place they must stay. Then wasn't that little girl happy and gay! —Little Men and Women.

DOGS AND WOODCHUCK.

How Rover Fooled His Two Companions, Sport and Zip.

A correspondent sends to the Youth's Companion from Paris, Me., an entertaining story of three dogs and a woodchuck.

"Some years ago," he says, "I owned a dog, Sport, who was a famous woodchuck hunter. In the course of one season, when woodchucks were unusually numerous and troublesome, Sport caught 25 by actual count.

"One day in June, when I was hoeing corn, I heard a good deal of barking in an adjoining field, and knew pretty well what must be going on. On my way to the cornfield after dinner, therefore, I went across lots to see what Sport was about, and to help him a bit, if need be, by removing a stone or two from the wall in which the quarry had taken refuge.

"A chorus of excited yelps and barks guided me to the spot, and as I drew near I saw that Sport had plenty of help. Zip, a neighbor's dog, was on one side of the wall with him, and on the other side was Rover, a large hound.

"All three dogs had their noses under the stones, and they were digging and making the dirt fly with their paws, and barking and yelping as dogs will when game is almost won. From with-

in the wall I heard the woodchuck's peculiar, defiant whistle.

"Just as I approached Sport jumped back and dragged forth the woodchuck. At almost the same instant Zip withdrew his head from the wall and fixed his teeth in the game; and then began a struggle for supremacy, each dog evidently setting up a claim for the woodchuck.

"Rover, on the other side, with his head in the wall, was so eagerly engaged that he did not at once comprehend what had occurred; then it flashed upon him, and he sprang upon the wall, and for a moment looked down on the struggling dogs.

"Like a whirlwind he launched himself from the stones upon the woodchuck, tore it from the mouths of the other dogs and bore it off in his teeth.

"It happened so suddenly that Sport and Zip didn't know what to make of it. They seemed dazed, and looked this way and that as if to ascertain what had become of their prey. As for Rover, he disappeared over the brow of a hill, and I do not think the two dogs left behind ever fairly realized what became of that woodchuck."

Dog Rescued by His Chum. A Georgia man has two fine setters, and, as one of them is inclined to stray away, he put a block of wood on the end of his chain, so that the animal could move around at only a slow rate. But the other day the dog jumped the fence and was at once in a predicament. He was on one side, the block on the other, and he could neither advance nor retreat, and was in some danger of strangling. Then the other dog came to the rescue. He took the block in his teeth, stood on his hind legs, and, reaching up as far as he could, finally succeeded in lifting the block over the fence. The master of the dogs saw the transaction, and is now prouder than ever of his pets.

Commotion in the Vestry. Women who are afraid of rodents should look to their umbrellas. Just how it came about can never be explained, but a lady who was standing in the vestry of a church after service opened her umbrella, when a mouse tumbled out of his novel trap. It fell on her best Sunday hat, and, not being pleased with this abode of ribbons and feathers, scampered down the lady's back to the flag. As may be imagined, there was a terrible commotion in the vestry and on the church steps, and the way umbrellas were peered into and shook out was a caution to mice.

The Goat as a Mountain Guide. In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm or hail or rain drive they huddle together in a corner, so they suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and by a method best known to himself will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

A Rather Disagreeable Adventure in a Central American Forest.

Phillip Salais lived in a little (abin on the banks of the San Juan river in far-away Central America. It was a dark or more years ago, before the dark-skinned rubber cutters had pierced the jungles, and the river bottoms and tangled hill-sides teemed with savage animals.

One morning Phillip, who was a powerful young hunter, left his home with his revolver, intending to bag a wild turkey or two for dinner. He took only 20 cartridges, because he did not expect to stay long.

As he pushed his way down a brushy hillside not a mile from his cabin he heard the "ugh, ugh" of a wild animal. Stooping quickly he looked through the trees and saw a huge herd of wild hogs, or peccaries, ugly, hump-backed creatures, known for their boldness and ferocity.

Phillip thought he'd like a bit of hog for dinner, and so he crept up within

pistol range, stood behind a tree and fired at the nearest hog. Hardly had the big fellow rolled, kicking, to the earth when every bush and tuft of grass within range seemed to disclose a hog. For a moment their angry grunts and squeals filled the air, and then, scenting the young hunter, they swarmed toward him. He saw his danger at once, and succeeded in reaching the lowest limb of the tree just as the nearest peccary leaped for his foot.

The infuriated animals swarmed about Phillip's stronghold by hundreds, tearing the bark, crowding over one another and grunting savagely. In the hope of driving them off the young hunter fired at them with his revolver. Every one of his 20 shots killed its hog. But instead of frightening the herd away it seemed to infuriate the animals all the more. They trampled down their dead companions and their cries brought reinforcements from the jungle.

And now there was the sound of steady scraping and tearing at the wood of the tree as the animals gnawed toward its heart. As those nearest it grew weary they gave way to others, and thus hour after hour the rasping of the teeth continued.

Phillip grew sick and weary. The surging crowd of dark-skinned objects below him tired his eyes and half-hypnotized him; the murderous grunts and gnashing of teeth and the ripping sound of wood as his foes tore off splinters from the tree bore witness to his danger. As the hours dragged on the restless, swaying movements of his besiegers confused him and began to shake his nerve. He was hungry, thirsty and cramped. At times he grew dizzy, and was afraid of falling off the limb on which he was seated. Then he began to fear that his pillar of safety might not prove thick enough to resist the unintermitted attack upon it. Would the beasts never get tired and leave him? Had anyone at home heard his shots? Would they come in search of him after noticing his long absence? Such were the questions he kept alternately asking himself till he felt half dazed. Time dragged on, but neither did the hogs leave him, nor did any help arise to raise the siege.

Towards sunset Phillip felt the tree swaying and shivering under him, and he knew that it could not withstand the rasping teeth of the hogs much longer. As the darkness grew he could see the fierce eyes gleam, and the vague movements of the herd added new terrors to the position.

As night deepened the gnawing grew less fierce, and presently, from a distance, Phillip heard the grunt of hogs that were apparently leaving. After that the herd slipped away, and he was left alone. For hours Phillip remained in the tree shivering with nervous dread, lest when he descended, the hogs should be sleeping near, ready to pounce upon him.

At last he slipped down, ran breathlessly through the woods and escaped, hungry and worn with anxiety. Afterward he found that the tree had been gnawed down to three or four inches in thickness. If the day had been two hours longer the hogs would have brought him to earth, and he would have suffered a horrible death.—Chicago Recorder.

Malno's Cold Water Puss. A cat owned by Fred Wesson, of Auburn, Me., is such a lover of water that she takes a bath regularly every day. She will use only the water that is drawn from a faucet in her presence, and she will bathe only in cold water, no matter whether it be winter or summer. When she gets ready for her morning bath she jumps into the kitchen sink and stands under the faucet until some one turns on the water. If they do not hurry in letting out the flow of water puss begins to mew in a way that is pathetic. After her bath she crawls into some sunny spot until her fur is thoroughly dried, and then she seems to be perfectly happy.



"WHO'S THE FELLER THAT SHOT ME IN THAT CAR?"

I would fall down. I hadn't remained motionless for so very long, either, but in a darkness where a man can't tell whether he is standing on his feet or his ears, the faculty of balance isn't much to be counted on. My heart stopped short when I felt myself sway, but I shifted one foot quickly, and there I was again. But that accursed foot had made a squeak.

"The fellow listened for a moment, and then he yelled: 'Who's in here?'"

"I didn't say a word, but just dropped down to the floor as easy as a sack of oats.

"He listened for a time, and then belloved out again: 'Who's in here?' I suppose he figured that it wasn't one of his enemies, or they would have got him while he was swearing to himself over in the corner.

"Who's in here! Come along now, galoot, an' speak up er I'll begin t' bore leetle holes in yeh! Who er yeh, anyhow! Whistle some now, er I'll fair eat ye!"

"He was beginning to get mad as a wildcat. I could fairly hear that fellow lashing himself into a rage and getting more crazy every minute. All the kegs were up in one corner, and when I felt around with one hand I couldn't find a thing to get behind. Every second I expected to hear him begin to work his gun, and if you have ever lain in the darkness and wondered at what precise spot the impending bullet would strike, you know how I felt. So when he yelled out again: 'Who er you?' I spoke up and said: 'It's only me.'

"Thunder," cried he, in a roar like a bull. 'Who's me! Give yer hull name an' pedigree, mister, if yeh ain't foud er reg'lar howling row!"

"I'm from Houston," said I.

"Houston," said he, with a snort. "An' whet er yeh doin' here, stranger?"

"I came to the sale," I told him.

"Hum," said he; and then he remained still for some time over in his end of the car.

"I was congratulating myself that I ran no more chance of trouble with this fiend, and that the whole thing was now a mere matter of waiting for some merciful fate to let me out, when suddenly the fellow said: 'Mister!'"

"The fellow swore and flung himself toward the crowd with his guns held barrels down and with his nervous fingers on the triggers. I followed him at a respectful distance.

"As he came near to them he began to walk like a cat on wet pavements, lifting each leg away up. 'Where is he? Where is th' white-livered skunk what slammed that door on me? Where is he? Where is he? Let'im show himself! He dassent! Where is he? Where is he?'"

"He went among them bellowing in his bull fashion, and not a man moved. 'Where's all the galoots what was goin' t' shoot at me? Where be they? Let'em come! Let'em show themselves! Let'em come at me! Oh, there's them here as has got guns hangin' t' em, but let'em pull'em! Let'em pull'em out! Jest let'em tap'em with their fingers, an' I'll drive a stove hole through every last one of their low-down hides! Lessee a man pull a gun! Lessee! An' lessee th' man what slammed th' door on me. Let him prouce himself, th'—"

"But the men with guns remained silent and grave. The crowd for the most part gave him room enough to pitch a circus tent. When the train left he was still roaring around after the man who had slammed the door.

"And so they didn't kill him after all," said some one at the end of the narrative.

"Oh, yes, they got him that night," said the major. "In a saloon somewhere. They got him all right."

Waits for Short Women. A short woman who always manages to look gracefully tall does so by having her dress waists made short with the belts inside set high. The length which belongs to an unusually long waist, which if its claims were considered would divide her height in a very ugly fashion, is added to the skirt, which is never guilty of furbelows, but always shows a long unbroken line.—N. Y. Post.

Easyly Done. Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way could be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window.

Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.—N. Y. Weekly.



ROVER CARRIED OFF THE SPOILS.

ABSURD INDIAN NAMES.

Custom Meas the Aborigines Make in Their Family Nomenclature. There isn't a great deal of funny reading in the blue book which tells all about what everybody gets who works for Uncle Sam...

WHY WE COOK OUR FOOD.

Develops Flavor, Aids Mastication and Digestion, and Destroys Parasites. We cook our food to render it more agreeable to our senses of taste and smell...

FERRETS NOT DISGUSTING.

People, as a Rule, Have a Wrong Idea Regarding This Little Animal. Up on the "L" road very late one night a broad-shouldered young man was seen carrying a large covered basket...

Homesteader's Excursions to Kansas and Nebraska.

On April 21st and May 5th, 1896, Homesteader's Excursions will be run from Missouri River points and territory West of Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis...

For your Protection CATARRH WE HAVE NO AGENTS

Advertisement for ELY'S CREAM BALM, featuring an illustration of a person's head and neck. Text includes 'COLD IN HEAD' and 'FARMERS FROM THE NORTH'.

HOME TREATISE ON THE EYE AND EAR

Advertisement for eye and ear treatment, featuring an illustration of a person's face. Text includes 'TREATISE ON THE EYE AND EAR' and 'HOME'.

Political names are not common, but they do get on the rolls. Witness, Hoke Red Thunder. That is a direct bid for sympathy from the great and good secretary of the interior...

Again it is often desirable that the food be chemically changed; thus some foods or portions of them are absolutely indigestible in the uncooked state...

There are not many men who travel about New York city with ferrets in a basket, but for all that there are a very large number of these little animals doing service here...

Remember that the Kansas corn crop for 1896, with 4,000,000 acres in cultivation, yielded over 211,000,000 bushels, the estimated value of which is over \$66,000,000...

Large advertisement for Battle Ax Plug tobacco, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit holding a cigar. Text includes '10¢ worth Battle Ax 5 1/3 oz' and '5 1/2 ounces for 10 cents'.

What do the middle initials of the name of Noah B. H. I. Woods stand for? Brian Poor Thunder! That tells of a storm muttering in the west when this boy was born...

A fourth reason for cooking food is that the warmth which is thus imparted promotes digestion by causing an increased flow of blood to the digestive apparatus...

In several places near New York there are "ferret farms," and there ferrets can best be studied. They have two curious characteristics—one, that it is hard for them to see during the daytime...

For maps and pamphlets descriptive of the lands, write to E. A. McALLISTER, Land Commissioner, Omaha, Neb. Free Attendant Service—The North-Western Line.

Advertisement for Battle Ax Plug tobacco, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit holding a cigar. Text includes '5 1/2 ounces for 10 cents' and 'You may have "money to burn," but even so, you needn't throw away 2 ounces of good tobacco'.

Some day, if they don't all die off, these names once fixed will be as honorable as that of the man who once kept hogs and whose descendants now are rather proud that their name is Howard, or Hog-Ward...

The general result of all these changes mentioned, the development of flavor, the increased ease of mastication, the chemical changes, and the warmth imparted by cooking, is that more nutriment matter is obtained from the food at the same time that its digestion is promoted.

After sleeping the best part of the day ferrets arouse themselves at twilight and gambol and play about in their pens, with ungainly, curious antics that are exceedingly interesting...

This Great Show will be at Tattersall's, Chicago (16th, State and Dearborn streets), from April 11 to May 2. The performance this year is superior to anything ever offered in the amusement line...

Advertisement for Ivers & Pond Pianos, featuring an illustration of a piano. Text includes 'HOW TO OBTAIN ONE EASILY' and 'In addition to our large wholesale and retail business, we have arranged a plan for supplying our pianos on Easy Payments'.

Then the explosion came. "Oh, Mr. D—, we could not resist the temptation of showing off to you the coming "mental giants." These are all the children and grandchildren of the club members...

WANTED MORE ADVICE.

What Came of Listening to a Policeman on Important Matters. "I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan avenue and Wayne street...

YOUNG EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

She Proposes to Be the Real Autocrat, and to Reform Her Subjects. The St. Petersburg International bazaar was held in the Winter palace, ten of the state apartments being devoted to the purpose...

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...

HONOR appears in good humor while he censures, and therefore his censure has the more weight as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion.—Young.

FORGET Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horsebalm and Tar, Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. THE LIVES—"The voters drew the line on our candidate, did they?" "Yes, they scratched him."—Detroit Tribune.

I USE Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PARSONS, Laketon, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

"You want to keep your eye on the woman's bonnet," says an item in a fashion paper. No, we don't want to, but under certain conditions, dear editor, we have to.—Youkers Statesman.

AN Artistic Achievement.—"Mr. Crayon is very successful in his drawing," remarked the young woman. "Yes," replied the discomfited rival, "I understand he dissected several pictures at a raffie."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Nix—"I hope you are not afraid of work." Worry Willie (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel shifty when dere's anything like dat around."—Truth.

She says she can't afford a cab—Expenses she must curb. Yet when she walks upon the street Her carriage's superb. —N. Y. Herald.

"MAMMA, why has the month of February 29 days every fourth year?" "What a foolish question! So that people born on the 29th of February can have a birthday once in a while."—Texas Siftings.

"I CAN teach you law, sir, but I cannot teach you manners," said an exasperated counsel to a small, meek witness. The latter replied quietly: "That is so, sir, and people laughed consumedly."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

GIACOMO ROSSINI, who was a great lover, was once seen embracing a signiard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied: "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."—Argonaut.

AN Unimportant Item.—Customer—"And what would your price be if I should furnish the material?" Fashionable Dressmaker—"Oh, in that case, I should have to inform you that I never charge for material."—Brooklyn Life.

"ONLY one thing makes a woman madder than to have her husband stay down town to lunch when he had said that he was coming home." "And what is that?" "It is to have him come home to lunch when he had said he was going to stay down town."—Chicago Record.

Dangerous. Coach (to college athlete)—Your muscles seem to be flabby and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything? Athlete—Not a drop. "Then you must be smoking too much." "No, don't smoke at all." "Studying?" "Er—yes—a little." "You've got to stop that. Do you want to lose the game?"—Tit-Bits.

How the Quarrel Began.

"I dreamed last night," said Dick, "that I went out in the woods and found a barrel full of gold." "That was bully!" exclaimed Johnny. "You give me a whole lot of it, didn't you?" "Course not. I bought the bang-uppest bicycle you ever saw with part of it and spent the rest for candy." "I wouldn't be as stingy as you are," said Johnny, "not for a million dollars!"—Chicago Tribune.

Where Boiling Water is Sold.

In London quite a trade is carried on in boiling water. In the Spitalfields district a notice may be seen placarded in window after window announcing: "Boiling water from five a. m. until midnight," and very moderate-sized vessel can be filled for a farthing. Many workers who leave home at an early hour find it more economical to buy the necessary hot water for the morning cup of tea than to waste wood and coal upon a fire which must be let go almost immediately after being lit.

A Large Membership. One of the largest scientific bodies in the world is the British Medical Association, which recently met in London. On its former meeting in the same city in 1873 its membership was 1,500, whereas it has now grown to 35,000 members and holds property of great value.—Chicago Chronicle.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit. Text includes 'WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla' and a testimonial from 'THOS. WARD, Hill St., Olyphant, Pa., Dec. 25, 1895'.

Advertisement for C & A, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit. Text includes 'You Must Know' and 'C & A'.

Advertisement for Stark Trees and Bear Fruit, featuring an illustration of a bear. Text includes 'STARK TREES TESTED 30 YEARS' and 'BEAR FRUIT'.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Iron Port

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

No worthy American wants to reduce the price of labor in the United States. It ought not to be reduced; for the sake of the laborer and his family and the good of society it ought to be maintained. To increase it would be in better harmony with the public sense. Our labor must not be debased, nor our laborers degraded to the level of slaves, nor any pauper or servile system in any form, nor under any guise whatsoever, at home or abroad. Our civilization will not permit it. Our humanity forbids it. Our traditions are opposed to it. The stability of our institutions rests upon the contentment and intelligence of all our people, and these can only be possessed by maintaining the dignity of labor and securing to it its just rewards. That protection opens new avenues for employment, broadens and diversifies the field of labor, and presents variety of vocation, is manifest from our own experience.—Hon. Wm. McKinley.

The New York Sun has taken up the question of the government providing vessels of war on the lakes to protect such important cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit and other places. With its usual regard for facts in new matters, the Sun does not plunge into the error of declaring that Canada has gunboats or armament with which to equip gunboats on the lakes. Neither is it claimed that England has an effective fleet of small vessels that could be gotten through the unfinished St. Lawrence canals. The plain argument is made that half a dozen cities on the American side of the lakes contain more destructible wealth than the whole dominion, and that the situation is entirely changed from what it was when the United States and Great Britain agreed that neither country should keep a large naval force on these waters.—Marine Review.

Gov. Rich, taking official notice of the death of ex-Governor Jerome, says: "He was a true friend, a pure patriot, and an accomplished gentleman, who was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was conspicuous for his ability, integrity and fidelity to duty in every public trust. He was a kind and affectionate husband, father and friend. The people of the state will unite with the family in mourning their irreparable loss."

As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the flags on the capitol and other state buildings will be displayed at half-mast, the capitol appropriately draped and all state departments closed on the day of the funeral."

The Turk can kill unarmed men, women and children but he backs down when a fight is the alternative. An American missionary named Knapp had been expelled from an Armenian city and had reached a port on the Mediterranean from which the Turkish authorities proposed to send him out of the country, refusing to deliver him to the representatives of the U. S. In that contingency the wooden man-of-war Marblehead was sent to back the demand for his release and the Turk backed down and released Mr. Knapp. If the European powers would show half the pluck shown by the U. S. in this matter the Armenian business could be settled in a week.

Stanley Turner is "a bad man to fool with." The Luce county treasurer having notified him that John Torrent, a Muskegon lumberman who has large pine interests in that county, had refused to pay taxes on his property for three or four years in succession, and that the pine was being rapidly stripped from the land. Mr. Turner made careful inquiries into the case and a few days ago instructed Sheriff Louks to sell a quantity of pine logs for the taxes due on the property. Why not keep him in the position where he has such opportunities and makes such good use of them?

What the country needs is more work at home and less money sent abroad to pay for foreign made goods. The wage workers have had a sufficient trial of a low revenue tariff to convince them of its

utter failure to benefit their condition, and the whole country agrees with them. The Wilson tariff was based on fraud and false pretense, and the lesson has been too deeply impressed upon the minds and the pockets of the people to permit of any other question than that of Tariff revision engrossing their attention.

Through the efforts of Cleveland city officials and commercial bodies, the Ohio state legislature has passed a bill authorizing the city to issue bonds to the amount of \$500,000 for widening, deepening and straightening the Cuyahoga river. Big appropriations of this kind for river and harbor purposes, additional to funds furnished by the general government, will certainly result in a more active competition for business between lake cities, especially on Lake Erie, and these cities may yet be found spending on their own account for harbor improvements more money than is apportioned to them in river and harbor bills by the government.—Marine Review.

For a long time "the American markets have been overcrowded with foreign goods." They are today. Overcrowded with the products of foreign cheap labor; products which come into direct competition with and shut out of our own markets to a great degree the products, of our own labor. "Bide a wee," though; keep a good hope; the reign of the free-trader will end a year hence; then and thereafter we can look for "America for Americans" in industry as well as in politics.

The exports of tin plate from Great Britain to the United States in the first quarter of this year foot up 27,744 tons. In 1895 the year's total was 222,901 tons, and in the first quarter, 60,240 tons. In 1894, the total for the year was 226,879 tons, and for the quarter ending with March, 48,616 tons. It will be seen that the rate for the first three months of this year is only half the average yearly rate in 1894 and 1895, and is also half of the average of the first quarters of the two years in question. American tin plate has come to stay.

Apropos of the fight between Congressmen Hall and Money, an exchange says: "The incident had taken place in a 3-cent beer saloon, would call for a raid by the police and the arrest and imprisonment of the ruffians who participated. Happily we are able to say that the affair is almost without precedent. It is to be hoped that the house will take steps to show that a certain deference to common decency is required of its members." The house will take no notice of the affair, though.

Cuban advices are contradictory; from Havana on Sunday last came assurance that Maceo was hemmed in west of the "trocha" and could not escape destruction; from the same place, on the same day, came private advices that Maceo had broken through the "trocha" and reached a place of safety.

Donovan, of Bay, is suggested as the democratic candidate for governor next fall. Good suggestion, too; he would get more votes than the man whom the democracy so delighted to honor only a year or so ago—Don. M. Dickinson. Let it be Donovan his record is clean.

Pennsylvanians are wasting their wind shouting for Quay; they will vote at St. Louis, finally, for McKinley and Reed—all the western delegates for the former and those from the eastern end for the latter—Quay's nomination is simply impossible.

The New York Sun urges the democracy to "cheer up." That's all right for Mr. Dana, who wants nothing of the party—neither place nor pelf—but it can't be done by those fellows who are going out a year hence.

If the A. P. A. war-on McKinley is to be of any effect whatever another man than "Alphabet" Stevens must be put in command; his blundering would ruin a good cause.

The democracy is "beating the covens" for a presidential candidate. Ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, is the latest suggestion.

Pharmacy

There
Are
Moments

when one wants
to make a "deal"
with a house that
may be absolutely
relied upon, and

Those
are the
Moments

in which comes to
us the larger part
of our business.
There is no risk
in buying drugs
from us because
we guarantee pur-
ity and accuracy.

Give us
a
Show

to fully demon-
strate these state-
ments.

THE
HILL DRUG STORE

THE
SOURWINE DRUG
CO.

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

Carpets and Rug

Special Sale...

-OF-

CARPETS!

We carry the only complete line of Carpets in Escanaba, and those who study their own interests will come here before buying elsewhere.

Ingrains at	- - - - -	19c yd
"	- - - - -	39c yd
Strictly all-wool, extra super., guaranteed best		
2 ply,	- - - - -	50c yd
Tapestry Brussels at	- - - - -	69c yd
Body Brussels, with borders to match at	- - - - -	\$1.00 yd
Moquettes, with borders to match,	- - - - -	98c yd

We can make and lay carpets and guarantee as good work as can be had anywhere in the United States.

RUGS AND DRAPERIES

—*OF ALL KINDS.

No matter what prices others quote you we will sell you better goods for the same money.

ED ERICKSON.

Millinery

SUMMER 1896.

NEW GOODS!
NEW STYLES!

MRS. L. A. KAUFMANN

Invites the Ladies to Call and See Her New Stock of

SUMMER MILLINERY!

Including all the Latest Novelties in Headwear, at Reasonable Prices.

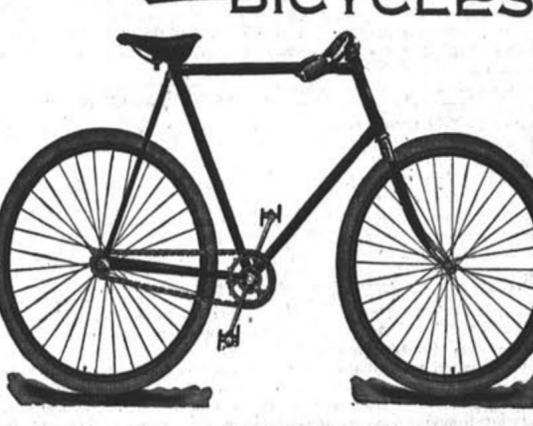
Mrs. L. A. Kaufmann.

Bicycles.

S. O. & E. ATKINS

—HAVE AN ELEGANT LINE OF—

BICYCLES!



INCLUDING THE
EAGLE, IVER JOHNSON, BLACKHAWK,
ROAD KING, NOVELTY, WESTMINSTER.
RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$35 TO \$100.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Groceries.

MERRILL'S GROCERY

803 LUDINGTON ST.

CANNED GOODS.

Dime Milk, 1 for 95c
Crest Brand Salmon, per can 13c
Justice Brand Salmon, per can 13c
Columbia River Salmon, per can 14c
Oil Sardines, 6 cans for 25c
Mustard Sardines, per can 8c
A. No. 1 Canned Tomatoes, per can 8c
Best Canned Tomatoes, per can 11c
Lobsters, per can 10c
Canned Apples, per can 10c
Roast Beef, per can 15c
16-oz Van Houten's Cocoa 6c
8-oz Van Houten's Cocoa 4c
Lusk's Bartlett Pears, per can 10c
*Other lines of canned goods equally as low.	

BAKING POWDERS.

Forest City, worth 95c, at 25c
Cooks Delight, worth 95c, at 10c
Star & Crescent, worth 95c, at 95c

SUNDRIES.

Pure Lard, per pound 9c
Lard Compound, per pound 8c
Powdered Sugar, per pound 6c
Cube Sugar, per pound 6c
1x Coffee, per pound 12c
Rice, per pound 6c
Corn Starch, per package 5c
Pepperless Tobacco, per pound 25c

COCOANUT.

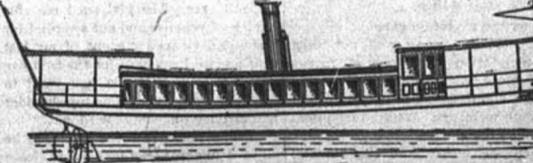
Loose, per pound 15c
Wetmore's, per package 7c
Dunham's, per package 8c
Scheep's 9c

SPICES GROUND.

A. & H. Soda, per pound 7c
Curries, per package 7c
Tea Dust, loose, pound package 10c

MERRILL'S GROCERY,
803 LUDINGTON ST.

Marine Iron Works.



To Boat Builders and Marine Engineers

IN PARTICULAR

Our exclusive specialty is designing and building (to order) complete outfits of genuine MARINE machinery in small and medium sizes (four to twenty inch cylinders).

HIGH PRESSURE—COMPOUND—TRIPLE EXPANSION and PADDLE WHEEL OUTFITS.

EITHER WOOD OR COAL BURNING MARINE BOILERS.
(No Stationary or "Trade" Machinery.)

Catalogue 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.

THE IRONPORT

WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL XXVII.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

NUMBER 19

Groceries.

GOLD MEDAL.

GOLD MEDAL.

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

-HAVE YOU EVER USED-

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR?

If not you should try it; get a small sack, it will do for a trial, and costs but 60 cents. We have sold Gold Medal Flour for the last five years. Our trade in it is constantly increasing and it gives universal satisfaction. We claim for Gold Medal that is positively the best flour for bread that is made. That it will make more and better loaves of bread out of the same quantity of flour than other brands.

A hint to good breadmakers who use Gold Medal Flour: Mix your batch of dough soft. Spring wheat flour absorbs lots of water, so for best results mix your bread soft. The enormous amount of gluten which spring wheat flour contains, enables the dough to absorb more water and hold together better, while kneading, than other wheat flour. Water is cheap, so add plenty and your dough will rise and bake into a large, clear, creamy white loaf.

FOR MAKING ALL KINDS OF CAKE USE OUR

ANGEL CAKE FLOUR.

This is the Very Best Flour Made for all Kinds of Cake and Pastry.

-DON'T FORGET THIS-

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

ANGEL CAKE.

ANGEL CAKE.

Bottled Beer.

Escanaba * Brewing * Co's

BOTTLED BEER.

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

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT

Flour and Feed.

FLOUR

Feed, Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.

The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of family flour, and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods fresh.

1203 Ludington St.

C. MALONEY & CO.

Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries

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

Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts

E. M. St. JACQUES

AMETHYST'S TALK.

For this week we have selections from Whittier:

Faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee. —The Master.
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.—Among
the Hills.

Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!—The
Clear Vision.

Still in mutual suffering lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love, that never knows
The secret of forgiving. —Ibid.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the
woods

Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wind-flowers sway,
Against the throbbing heart of May.

—Ibid.

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self sacrifice.—Snowbound.
Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
Himself to nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird, had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tale the sparrows told.

—Ibid.

Dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I
hold?

What chance can mar the pearl or
gold?

Thy love hath left in trust with me?

—Ibid.

Keen, and sure of its mark is Robert
Burdette's satirical reply to Ingersoll,

as published in the Journal last week.

This reply was written some fifteen
years ago, when Burdette was promi-

nent before the public as a humorist,

and Ingersoll's lecture referred to was
like all that he had written, full of blas-

phemy and of disrespect for God and
for the Bible. The humorist shows that,

with all the infidel's vaunted independ-

ence of both, he owes all that is good in
his life and words to these supreme

sources. His last lecture or sermon de-

livered from the platform of the Chicago
Militant Church is enough to make one

shudder and turn away with disgust, it

is so full of concealed weapons to be
used against God and the Bible; against

everything miraculous as far as religion
is concerned. (We presume that Ingersoll

is sufficiently intelligent to acknowl-

edge the miraculous and inscrutable in
science or philosophy.) I say concealed

weapons because in this recent lecture,
the word Lord is used only once, and

the word Bible not at all, and yet, through
the fine flow of language there is the

greatest bitterness and enmity mani-

fested towards both. Wasn't it a ridicu-

lous sight to see full grown men sitting
upon that platform swelling their sides

with charity for the infidel who would
cast their Christian charity and broad-

ness under his feet and crush them with
a laugh; but,

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For deity offended."

...

I have been entertained by watching
the woodpecker as he made a row of
holes in our maple tree, just outside the
window. After the holes had been made
and the chips thrown on the ground, he
would put his head first on one side
then another, and suddenly dip his bill
into a hole, I imagined in search of the
sweet sap. He bored through the bark
in twenty-two places, then disappeared
when others came to reap the benefit
of his labors. At one time two woodpeck-

ers were making a circuit of the tree, the
black trunk of the maple forming an ef-

fective background for their showy red
and black, grey and white plumage.

Occasionally they would utter a sound
like the sharp cry of a kitten. With
what force the woodpecker strikes the
tree with its bill! No wonder a child
looking on said she "should think it
would make its head ache to hammer so
hard."

Two little girls were holding an indigna-

tion meeting over a conversation they
had heard between some cruel boys
who boasted that they had killed
twenty-one woodpeckers that morning.

Little Ruth, only five years old, finally
came to the conclusion, that it might
be better to shoot some birds for she
said with a twinkle in her eye; "Well, I'd
shoot the kind that won't come down,
but just sit up in a tree and sass you!"

...

The lovely heptaca is with us again,
in all its dainty raiment of pink, white
and blue. It is really our first spring
flower, appearing this year on the 15th
of April. The blossoms do not wait for
the new leaves to accompany them, but
step out bravely unattended except by a

few withered last year's leaves. Does it
not in this way remind you of an "old
man's darling?" Unmindful of the
rigorous winters of Vermont, the hepta-
ca also revels in the balmy air and rich
oak-hammocks of Florida.

When One Sleeps.

The influence of the direction in which
the human body reclines in sleep, though
often discussed, is doubtless generally re-
garded as a very trivial question. Some-
times a medical man as Sir W. B. Richard-
son has taken up the matter, however, and
declares that the effect of the earth's
rotation has not been properly investiga-
ted, and that is probably of much import-
ance, especially to invalids, feeble and
sleepless people. The rapid motion of
earth tends to affect the circulation. The
blood is inclined toward the head or
away from it, according as the head is
placed toward the east or the west, and
Dr. Richardson sleeps most comfort-
ably and awakens more rapidly, with the
head in the westerly direction. The editor
of Science Gossip points out that
another curious fact connected with the
earth's rotation is the temporary un-
consciousness of animals about an hour be-
fore dawn, no matter at what hour this comes.
Children turn and moan, elderly people
awaken and turn over for another sleep,
cocks crow, dogs become uneasy and
horses and cattle move about for a short
period, when stillness returns for a time.
What is the cause? Are animals, it is
asked, affected by some magnetic wave
which precedes sunrise an hour or so, or
is the habit one of heredity, passed down
through numberless generations from an
original wild state when an alertness just
before daylight was necessary for protection
from enemies?

Homesickness.

Down at grandma's years ago,
All the livelong summer day
Did I gambol and fro,
Till the evening cool and gray
Sent athwart the grassy lea—
Dewy waves of dusky gloom;
Plead I then at grandma's knee:
"I'm so homesick; take me home!"

All the livelong summer day
Did I gambol up and down,
Romping on the fragrant hay—
Up the highroad, bare and brown,
Making journeys out of sight
Till the swallows' nesth the comb
Of the farmhouse twittered "Night,"
—And I echoed, "Take me home!"

Life has been a summer day,
But the sun is sinking low,
And the evening shad'ow gray
Mingle with the moonlight's glow;
All the way is rough and steep
Where my truant footsteps roam,
And I can but pause and weep:
"I'm so homesick; take me home!"

Advertising Right.

If advertising is any good, and all good
business men say it is, the good of it is
in a good deal of it.

Half of the business-paper advertise-
ments occupy half enough space.

Folks are not obliged to read advertise-
ments any more than they are to eat
hash at a restaurant.

The successful hash-seller makes good
hash, and serves it well.

The successful advertiser has something
to say, says it well, and serves it well.

You must make people read your ad-
vertisements. That's your part of the
business.

If you don't use space enough for folks
to see that you are advertising, you
might just as well not advertise.

Up to Date.

The most complete Tariff Text Book
ever published is the new edition of
"Tariff Facts for Speakers and Stud-

ents," Defender Document No. 9—260
pages, just out. Publishers, The Ameri-

can Protective Tariff League. Cam-
paign text books issued before the elec-

tion are of little value. The Tariff
League is to be congratulated on its
foresight in getting out its book so early
in the year. Order by number only.
Sent to any address for twenty-five
cents. Address W. F. Wakeman, Gen.
Sec., 135 West 23d St., New York.

Trouble is Threatened.

Advices from Ishpeming are that
"The work of discharging miners from
the three principal mines is in progress
this week, and about 400 men are al-

ready out. The miners are indignant,
claiming that no adequate notice was
given employees of the proposed reduc-

tion in force, and that the wholesale
discharges are being made to intimidate,
and if possible disrupt the miners' union.
The more aggressive members of the
union are advocating a strike."

Cruel Examiners.

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribu-

nally overheard a dialogue between two
suburban gentlemen.

"How did your daughter pass her ex-

amination for a position as teacher?"

asked the first man.

"Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't
pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it,
but they asked the poor girl about things
that happened before she was born."

Yes, It is True.

The Soo line is the only line authorized
to sell at low rates to points in North
Dakota; also Minnesota, Wisconsin and
Michigan. Call early and get full particu-

lars from Levi J. Perrin, Escanaba,
or nearest Soo line agent.

Municipal Gossip.

The Two Johns is a swell cigar.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Mar-
tin, of Long Beach, 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 syrups but
found no relief until I bought a bottle of
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which re-
lieved 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 be-
fore you get relief. It has been in the
market for over twenty years and con-
stantly grown in favor and popularity.
For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by
Bert Ellsworth, druggist.

Persons, if any they are, who have
sent money by mail from this city to the
Monon Seed Co., of Chicago, are invited
to call at the post office, where they may
hear something to their advantage.
The concern is a fraud.

Situations guaranteed to all graduates
of Dodge's Institute, Valparaiso, Indiana.
Tuition: Full course, \$25; per month, \$5.
Good board, \$1.40; furnished room, 30
cents per week. Write for catalogue.
Geo. M. Dodge, Manager.

The examination of Fred Durocher upon
charge of criminal assault resulted in
his discharge. The prosecuting witness
told so many, different, stories that her
evidence went for nothing, and there was
no other.

As to baseball during the coming
season we can only say that the grounds
are being put in good shape, and that there
will be good games.

A logjam in the Fence river raised the
water suddenly and Monroe's camp was
inundated. It was a scramble for
life, by men and horses, but all got safely
to higher ground.

Edward Anderson died, at his residence
on Harrison avenue, last Thursday, of
pneumonia. He was 35 years old only,
and leaves a widow and one child.

Marinette "sports" amused them-
selves by a fight between a caged eagle
and a bull dog. The eagle was killed
and the dog lost an eye. Nic "sports,"
they.

Get your Pictures and Picture Frames
at Wixon's Studios, Escanaba and Glad-
stone. The only first-class galleries be-
tween Menominee and Ishpeming.

The state analyst says the Menominee
water supply has no typhoid germs;
that the source of the prevailing fever
must be sought elsewhere.

Seed Wheat, Seed Oats, all of the
quality adapted to this climate, can be
had at Pat Fogarty's Flour and Feed
Store 600 Ludington St.

Store for rent in Green's block, Glad-
stone, Mich. Good location for grocery
or meat market. Apply to John R.
Green, Gladstone, Mich.

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.

Geo. Hoffman and August Erickson
were killed in the Fabst mine, Gogebic
county, by the premature explosion of a
blast, last Tuesday.

Lawn Grass Seed, Clover, Timothy,
Millet, Hungarian and Red Top Seed can
be had in any quantities at Pat Fogarty's
Feed Store.

Thirty days from date we will sell all
uncalled for packages, now lying on the
shelves of the Steam Laundry, to pay for
laundrying.

The strike at the Quincy copper mine
now involves all the underground men
and the mine is idle and the mills must
stop soon.

Marinette has a "deficit" as well as
Uncle Sam and proposes to meet it in
the same way, by issuing long-time
bonds.

Choice seed potatoes, Rose of Erin,
Isle of Jersey and American Wonder, for
sale by A. Lathrop, Lathrop, Mich.

Horse, buggy and harness or buggy
and harness for sale at a bargain. Ap-
ply to A. McIntosh's livery. 19-2.

Pat Fogarty at 600 Ludington St. has
a fine assortment of Field and Garden
Seeds all fresh and good.

The manufacturers of bicycles propose
a "trust" to control the output and
maintain the price.

A railroad from Rapid River north,
through the hardwood timber, is talked
of.

Solomon Baby was found dead in the
woods near Little Lake Wednesday.

How to Treat a Wife.

(From Pacific Health Journal.)
First, get a wife; second, be patient.
You may have great trials and perplexi-
ties in your business, but do not there-
fore carry to your home a cloudy or con-
tracted brow. Your wife may have tri-
als, which, though of less magnitude,
may be hard for her to bear. A kind
word, a tender look, will do wonders in
chasing from her brow all clouds of

gloom. To this end we would add al-
ways keep a bottle of Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy in the house. It is the
best and is sure to be needed sooner or
later. Your wife will then know that
you really care for her and wish to pro-
tect her health. For sale by Bert Ell-
sworth, Druggist.

Literary Notices.

Three striking contributions to the May
Atlantic are the opening number of a se-
ries of letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti
to William Allingham, ably edited by
George Birkbeck Hill, with a delightful
autobiographical sketch of Allingham;
Kendric Charles Babcock's discussion of
the Scandinavian Continent, being the
third paper in the series on characteris-
tics in American life; and an anonym-
ous paper of Mr. Olney's Stress for the
Presidency.

An out-door flavor is given to this issue
by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's Whimsical
Ways in Bird Land, another of her bird
papers which have won for her a wide re-
putation as an acute observer and grace-
ful writer, and Pandeus Pastimes, an
out door study of Spring from a child's
stand-point, by Mrs. Fanny Bergen.

Other features are a discriminating Ja-
panese sketch by Lafcadio Hearn, A Trip
to Kyoto, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lath-
rop's Memories of Hawthorne, concluded,
The Preservation of our Game, by Gaston
Fay, and the Teaching of Economics, by
J. Lawrence Laughlin.

Fiction is represented by a further in-
stallation of Henry James's The Old
Things, and a striking one-part story of
western life by Mary Halleck Foote, en-
titled Pilgrim Station. Poems, book re-
views, and the usual departments com-
plete the issue.

An Adage Knocked Out.

It seems to be the opinion of some peo-
ple that the old theory that "good wine
needs no bush" still holds good, and hence,
if a commodity is extensively adver-
tised it is prima facie evidence that it can
not stand on its own merits. Such a
supposition is a great mistake. There
may have been a time in the history of
the world when a tradesman who had a
thoroughly reliable article to dispose of
could do this without attempting to at-
tract public opinion, because the knowl-
edge of what he had to sell would in
some way or another spread itself abroad.
This, however, is a manner of trusting to
luck quite foreign to the best business meth-
ods of to-day. If a merchant has a good
article to sell and knows that his fellow-
citizens were made aware of the fact they
would come to him to purchase it, it is a
duty that he owes to himself to see to it
that their attention is immediately com-
manded, and whatever is done in this
direction is to all intents and purposes ad-
vertising.

Progress in China.

An imperial edict authorizes the build-
ing of a railroad from Peking to Han
Kow. This is to be a grand trunk line
and the emperor says that as the dis-
tance is great and the cost immense he
grants the privilege of constructing it to
wealthy men in the various provinces
who can show a capital of at least 10,
000,000 taels. Government officials are
not to interfere with the gains or losses
of the company and the promoters are
promised tokens of imperial approbation
if they are successful. The edict is
addressed not only to people in the cap-
ital, the provinces, and other dependen-
cies of the empire, but also to "our peo-
ple laboring in other lands."

How to Drink Milk.

It is well known that milk curdles im-
mediately on reaching the stomach. The
most common reason why milk does not
agree with people is that they swallow it
too quickly. If a glass of it is drunk basti-
dly, it forms one solid curdled mass, very
difficult of digestion. If the same quan-
tity is slowly sipped, and well chewed, it
will be so thoroughly divided, that when
it is coagulated, instead of being in one
hard mass, upon the outside of which
alone the digestive juices can act, it is
more in the form of a sponge, and expos-
es a much larger surface to the action of
the gastric juice.

Her Only Friend.

"Mamma," asked the little 4-year-old,
"how do you spell 'ginger'?"
"Put away your book, dear. It is time
for you to go to bed."
"Papa, how do you?"
"Don't bother me, Katie."
"What does it mean when it says—
"Didn't you bear your mother?"
Katie threw the book on the floor.
"I don't believe there's anybody that
loves me," she burst forth. "cept
grandpa and God. Grandpa, he's in
Michigan, an I don't know where God
is!"

Tested by Mud.

The wearing qualities of Parisian drap-
ery are tested with mud. Any new tint
that cannot stand the influence of mud
being thrown upon it is immediately put
aside as useless. To experiment with
mud, however, has been found unpleas-
ant, foulsome and unhealthy. An excel-
lent imitation of the original was recent-
ly ordered of a chemist, which was com-
posed of a solution of carbonate of am-
monia, carbonate of potassium, sulphite
of soda and sea salt in water.

Periodicals.
THE NAME OF THE NEXT
President of the United States
 WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
The New York Weekly Tribune
 OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

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

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
 the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.
 Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, exciting short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation larger than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in the details, tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and young people of the household.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and The Iron Port
ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$2.00,
 CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription price of The Iron Port alone is \$2.00; that of The Tribune \$1.00.)
 SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.
 Address all orders to
THE IRON PORT, Escanaba, Mich.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

Lumber Yard.
THE I. STEPHENSON CO.

GEORGE T. BURNS, Mgr.

L U M B E R

LATH AND SHINGLES

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Groceries.
Groceries.

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

Pure in Quality,
 CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Canned goods and Table Luxuries are made a specialty. Your trade is solicited with the assurance of entire satisfaction given in return.

A. H. ROLPH,

509 Ludington Street.
 Escanaba, Mich.

Bicycles.
Gladiator
 LATEST DESIGNS
 STRONGEST MATERIALS
 DRILLIANT FINISH
 27 Models, Gents,
 \$85.00 AND \$100.00
 ARTISTIC APPEARANCE
 SILENT EASY RIDING
 CAREFULLY MADE
 Weight 22 POUNDS,
 \$85.00
 GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR.
GLADIATOR CYCLE WORKS,
 142 & CANAL STREETS,
 CHICAGO.
 EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY TO AGENTS.



WIPE OUT.

A Second Fire Destroys What Was Left of Cripple Creek.

THE RUIN CAUSED BY INCENDIARIES.

The Loss Will Fall Not Far short of \$3,000,000—Residents in a Panic—Two Killed by a Boiler Explosion—Police Shoot a Thief.

Cripple Creek, Col., April 30.—A second conflagration, accompanied by many of the horrors of the first, swept the business part of this city into ashes Wednesday. At least three men lie dead as a result and 15 persons were burned and otherwise injured. Two of the dead were killed in the explosion of the Palace hotel boilers, the other was a thief who was shot by a policeman under orders. Griffith is the name of the only identified dead man. One thousand persons are without shelter, and the business men and property owners who have lost all, with little or no insurance, are almost in despair. They are in a fever of excited wrath against the incendiaries who are charged with starting this and Saturday's destruction. The fire burned itself out with the aid of dynamite.

Loss About \$3,000,000.
 Mayor Steele has invited assistance from neighboring towns in the way of tents for the homeless, but the police department feels able to cope with the situation. All that is left of the camp is "Old Town," over to the east, Capitol hill, the residence section northward, and scattering places about the Florence & Cripple Creek yards. West Cripple Creek, across the Freeman placer, was also spared. The loss cannot fall short of \$2,000,000 and the heaviest insurance loss comes by this second conflagration. All the substantial business houses of both brick and wood, the leading hotels, office buildings and better class of retail shops all went up in smoke or lie in ashes as the result of the use of dynamite exploded to stay the flames. The conflagration ended only when the residence portion was reached and open spaces occurred, across which the flames could not reach.

Work of an Incendiary.
 The fire, which was of undoubted incendiary origin, started in the Portland hotel on Second street shortly after noon. A brisk breeze from the south was blowing at the time and the fire rapidly gained such headway that even with a good water pressure the fire department was unable to check the progress of the increasing flames. The Portland was a great rattle-trap and offered the best of kindling for the beginning of a conflagration.

The town was quickly set into a panic by this fire, for the people had not recovered from their terrible experience of last Saturday. Without delay everybody began to prepare to pack up and get away, but so rapid was the progress of the flames that the people soon became panic-stricken and chaos ensued. It is absolutely impossible to portray in words the scenes which followed until the flames had spent their powers.

Teams were lashed up and down the streets by excited men; people with bundles and papers were running pell-mell to the northward; shouts, the booming of the flames, the crash of falling timbers following the explosions of dynamite, all made one ominous, unintelligible roar.

Three Are Dead.
 At the first hint of looting property the police, aided by the citizens, gave prompt notice that death would be the fate of all thieves, and the story was afloat early that several thieves had already been shot and their bodies left to be cremated in the conflagration. Rumors of many lives lost added to the general consternation, and when the boilers of the Palace hotel exploded, killing and injuring several people, the panic-stricken, crazed and excited citizens rushed about without apparent purpose or object.

There are two dead and several injured as a result of the Palace hotel explosion. An unknown man was shot by a policeman while looting a burning building. Only one of the dead men has been identified. His name is Griffith, and he worked at Gold King.

Progress of the Flames.
 The fire originated in the kitchen of the Portland hotel, which stood on Second street between Warren and Myrtle avenues. Back of it was a lumber yard and several small buildings. In an hour's time the roof of the hotel had fallen in and the flames were leaping across to adjoining blocks. The furniture store was blown up by dynamite in an effort to check the fire, but in vain. The Maloney building was next wrecked, with its lawyer and real estate offices, the Fair, a restaurant, and then the Palace drug store opposite the Palace hotel on the second corner above the Portland. Across Second street the Masonic temple, a two-story brick, stayed the progress eastward, and heroic efforts were made to prevent its burning.

On the corner of Second and Bennett stood the Bimetallic national bank, and next to it, in the Cripple Creek mining exchange, was the temporary home of the First national bank. All the money was locked up in the vaults and the place was abandoned when the flames crowded the clerks out. North of the banks were the telegraph and telephone offices, which had to be abandoned.

Late in the afternoon the wind veered around to the east, driving the course of the conflagration to the more sparsely-built residence district, and the fire died out, leaving the high school building the only one of any size remaining in the camp. The list of business houses destroyed will include every firm of any size in the city—banks, hotels, post office, dry goods, hardware, clothing, professional offices, restaurants, rooming-houses, livery barns, big gambling halls and many residences.

More Thieves Shot.
 Denver, Col., April 30.—A dispatch from Cripple Creek at midnight says: Five thieves were shot during the night and two in Poverty gulch. Twenty-five firemen were injured during the day. The ruins are still blazing fiercely. People have sought refuge in box cars, sampling works and shaft-houses. Two train loads have gone to Victor and one to Gillet. Word has been received of the starting of relief trains with bedding, provisions and clothing from Colorado Springs.

Visited by a Cloudburst.
 Sheboygan, Wis., April 30.—The people of this place were terrorized by a cloudburst about ten o'clock Tuesday night. Residences in the lowlands were inundated to such a depth that the police and fire departments had to use boats to rescue women and children. Many people had narrow escapes from death. The loss of property will amount to thousands of dollars.

Warships for Cuba.
 New York, April 30.—The Cuban junta in New York is reported to have purchased seven large vessels, which will be armed and sent to the aid of the insurgents.

Jealousy Causes a Double Tragedy.
 Seattle, Wash., April 30.—Albert Rieuliff (mulatto) shot and killed his wife and then killed himself Wednesday. Jealousy was the cause.

Caught in Chicago.
 Chicago, April 30.—A. W. Rootetter, who was president of a bank at Good-

land, Kan., which failed in December, 1894, during the panic, was arrested Wednesday as a fugitive from justice. It is alleged that he accepted \$1,000 from a depositor when he knew the bank was insolvent and absconded with the money. He was traced here by means of a letter he sent to Goodland, and was caught in the office of the Thompson Book company, where he was employed.

WISCONSIN'S GIFT.

A statue of Pere Marquette Presented to the United States.

Washington, April 30.—The statue of Father Marquette, placed by the state of Wisconsin in the national hall of statuary in the capitol, was on Wednesday officially presented to and accepted by the senate. Eulogies of the good priest were pronounced by the two Wisconsin senators, Mitchell and Vilas, by Senator Kyle (R. D.) and by Senator Palmer (Ill.). Senator Mitchell spoke of the Jesuita in North America as "the transcendent heroes of the advancing army of civilization," and described Father Marquette as "the one great historic character of Wisconsin, whose name would shine the brighter as time goes on." Senator Vilas spoke of him as "the gentle, high-souled, fearless priest and preacher; the discoverer of the Mississippi; a nobleman with soul lifted up to God; a gentle enthusiast; a man to do without boasting, the deeds that heroes do," and said that it was of such as he that congress spoke when it marked for this special honor (a place in statuary hall) persons illustrious for historic renown." Senator Kyle praised the saintly character and unselfishness of Father Marquette and said that he had given his life for those he loved, and Senator Palmer spoke of him as the representative of courage, resolution and devotion to the elevation of humanity. There was no expression of opposition to the acceptance of the statue.

TESTIMONY CORROBORATED.

Another Doctor Declares That Pearl Bryan Was Beheaded While Alive.

Cincinnati, April 30.—When the trial of Scott Jackson was reopened Wednesday morning the prisoner was led in, looking neat but anxious.

Dr. Edwin Freeman, professor of surgery in the Electric Medical college, was placed on the stand. Attorney Hayes put a hypothetical question in which the condition of the body was described. The doctor answered positively and without hesitation that decapitation must have taken place during life.

"Could the condition of the blood on the leaves have been produced by moving the body if the head was severed after death?"

"It could not, except by some person sprinkling blood on the leaves."
 At the afternoon session Dr. Freeman testified his testimony. He said that if chloroform or cocaine had been administered the victim would have roused when decapitation was attempted.

"Dot" Legnor identified the valise left by Jackson in his father's saloon, and also identified the prisoner. Legnor said that the valise the first time Jackson left it weighed three or four pounds and the second time it was apparently empty. Chief of Police Deitch of Cincinnati, was examined and at 4:15 p. m., the prosecution closed.

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

American Filibustering Schooner Taken by Spanish Gunboat.

Havana, April 30.—The Spanish gunboat Mesagera has captured near Bermeos, on the northern coast of the Province of Pinar del Rio, the American schooner Competitor, of Key West, loaded with arms and ammunition for which she was seeking a landing place. On board the schooner were the rebel leader Alfredo Laborde, Dr. Bedis, correspondent of El Mosquito, a Key West newspaper, and three others, all of whom were arrested. The schooner's cargo consisted of 38,000 cartridges of different makes and designed for different styles of weapons, many packages of dynamite and a large number of cases containing Mauser and Remington rifles. The vessel and her cargo, together with the prisoners, were brought to Havana.

Miss Pullman Weds.

Chicago, April 30.—Miss Florence Pullman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, was married Wednesday night to Frank Orren Lowden, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Lowden, of Hubbard, Ia., at the Prairie avenue mansion of the bride's parents. The function was the most brilliant society event of the year. Two hundred relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed in the main drawing-room by Rev. James M. Pullman, of Lynn, Mass., assisted by Rev. R. H. Pullman, of Baltimore, both uncles of the bride.

Two Miners Killed.

Ishpeming, Mich., April 30.—Joseph Harrington and Peter Cardew, miners, were caught and instantly killed by falling ground at the Lake Superior Iron company's section No. 21 mine Wednesday morning. Both were married and leave large families.

Silver in Pennsylvania.

Susquehanna, Pa., April 30.—A rich vein of silver has been struck by the New York and Pennsylvania prospectors at South Canaan, Wayne county, Pa. How extensive it is cannot yet be ascertained. There is much excitement over the discovery.

Died of Exposure.

Imperial, Neb., April 30.—During the wind and rainstorm Tuesday night Miss Leota Brown, aged 20, who had gone to drive some cattle in, perished from exposure within a quarter of a mile of her home.

Northern Pacific Ordered Sold.

Milwaukee, April 30.—Judge Jenkins has signed the decree ordering the sale of all the Northern Pacific railroad properties, including stocks and bonds.

Drugs and Medicines.
If you are House-Cleaning and Want
WALL PAPER
 By all means call and see my stock before purchasing. I have the largest and most complete line and at prices never before offered in the city. Chicago and New York prices are not in it. My stock was bought of the manufacturer direct and I cannot be undersold by any honest competition. "A room well papered is half furnished," so do not go to the expense of kalsomine when paper is cheaper and better. Call and see our immense stock before the assortment is broken and get first choice. Do not forget the place,
J. N. MEAD,
 MASONIC BLOCK, ESCANABA, MICH.

Flour and Feed.
ED. DONOVAN
 DEALER IN
FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN
 AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR.....
MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.
ED. DONOVAN,
 ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

Merchant Tailor.
PETER OLSON,
 Fashionable Merchant Tailor
 HAS RECEIVED THE
Spring Fashion Plates
 And is Prepared to Make Suits to Order from the Latest Patterns in the Newest Styles and at the Lowest Prices, Guaranteeing Satisfaction in Every Particular. He has a Large Stock of
Foreign and Domestic Goods
 And will be Pleased to Show them to you at any time, whether you wish a Suit Now or at Some Future Time.
-Gents' Furnishing Goods-
ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
 Corner Ludington and Elmore Sts.

Furniture.
Escanaba Furniture Co.
 IS NOW READY TO RECEIVE
 ORDERS FOR
**Bar Fixtures, Bank Fixtures,
 Office and Store Fixtures.**
 ALSO A CHEAP GRADE OF FURNITURE.
 GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.
 This work will be furnished for less money than same work can be had elsewhere. Factory on Sarah street.
 Laundry.
WE HAVE A LOT OF....
LAUNDRY BAGS
 TO DISTRIBUTE AMONG OUR REGULAR
 CUSTOMERS. LOOK OUT FOR THEM.
THE ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY.
 216 LUDINGTON ST. TELEPHONE 29
 Contractors and Builders.
KEMP & WILLIAMS
 Window and Doors, Store Fronts, Bar Fixtures, Etc.
 Balustrade work, Turning, Band Sawing, etc. Plans furnished and contracts made
 Shop and office corner Charlotte and Hale. Escanaba, Mich



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Chase S. Osborn, of the Soo, visited here Wednesday and Thursday. He was not looking after violators of the game law, this trip, but after his "fences."

Among the Chippewa delegates to the convention of Thursday was Frank Perry, one of the largest operators in pine and pulp-wood in the u. p.

Geo. E. Holbein, of the Manistique Tribe, was one of the Schoolcraft county delegates in Thursday's convention.

Hon. S. M. Stephenson was in town Thursday for a few hours. Needless to say there were many glad to see him.

Chamberlain, "the tall pine of Gogebic," was distinctly visible, head and shoulders over the crowd, Thursday.

Miss McCormick has so far recovered that she will soon resume her duties in the 5th ward school.

Will Harris came down from Gladstone Monday evening to attend the leap-year party.

Charlie Ehnerd has bought out Willard & Ehnerd and now runs the business alone. Major Clarke, of the Manistique Pioneer, had another touch of paralysis last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Roseborough, of Rapid River, visited this city last Tuesday.

A. P. Smith and Jo. LeClaire, of Gladstone, were in town Tuesday.

A. S. Sandberg has sold his "Garfield house" to J. A. Loring.

Miss Kate Bacon, who has been teaching at Defiance, is at home.

Frank Murray proposes to open a restaurant "on the hill."

Geo. J. Farnsworth, of Nahma, was in the city last Saturday.

Ed. Finnegan is at home again, from Madison, Wis.

W. B. Malloy, of Lathrop, was here last Saturday.

E. Olson, of Barkville, was in town Tuesday.

Owen Curran, of Lathrop, has visited in town this week. He has dropped a hundred pounds or so of his 1895 weight but he is no light-weight yet.

Two firemen, McLean and Reed, came up from Green Bay Wednesday to take employment on the Northwestern.

Hon. J. Mercer, of Ontonagon, here to attend the convention on Thursday, paid the Iron Port a visit.

Mrs. O. B. Fuller is at home, at Ford River, after having been at Detroit two months.

Four Eagle River men—Howard, Holland, Carpenter and St. Louis—were here Monday.

Miss Mollie Hunt, of Neenah, has been the guest of Miss Anna Fogarty this week.

Messrs. Douglass and Bennet, Ironwood editors, attended the convention Thursday.

Miss Mary Coffey has opened dress-making parlors at 530 Ludington street.

Fred Patred, of Ford River, was one of the guests at the leap-year party.

John Fuhrman, of Baldwin, was here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Geo. Grandchamp, of Masonville township, was in town Tuesday.

C. N. Whiting departed Tuesday for Saginaw, on business.

Supt. Stewart, of the Western Express, was in town Tuesday.

F. J. McGrath, of Green Bay, was in town Wednesday.

E. R. Morrison, of Marquette, was in town Tuesday.

H. W. Coburn and wife visited here Tuesday.

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

Miss Anna Carroll visited friends in town Sunday and Monday and attended the leap year party.

Rev. Fr. Gagnier, S. J., of Sault Ste Marie, passed through Escanaba yesterday, enroute to Bark River, whither he went to attend the death bed of an aged Indian named Kaboni.

John Gagner and Jas. Lovelette, of Gladstone, transacted business at the county town on Thursday, as did also Jo. LeClaire of the same town.

Wm. I. Prince, of Bessemer, attended the convention Thursday and visited with Escanaba friends afterwards.

Jo. LeClaire took in the convention and did some quiet work for a favorite candidate for the state senate.

Sheriff, McNaughton and Mr. Oren, of Chippewa county, visited the Iron Port Thursday.

H. L. Bushnell, of Gladstone, was in the city Sunday with a party of Manistique gentlemen.

Easw Ritchie and Josephine Quenel, of Rapid River, have license to marry.

Fabian Defnet was called to Wisconsin yesterday by the death of his sister.

George S. Power is at home again after an extended tour in the west.

Mrs. Barth, of Marquette, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hamacher.

"Bishop Williams" it is, he was consecrated at Detroit yesterday.

Dollie Morton is at home again, after a visit at Chicago.

Rev. Fr. Manning, of Gladstone, was in town yesterday.

Wallace Van Dyke's wound is making him trouble again.

Ben Cholette, of Schaffer, was in town yesterday.

O. V. Linden has been in Chicago since Thursday.

Pat Glynn was in town yesterday. He will again make his headquarters in Escanaba, the Iron Port is pleased to state.

Keeper Armstrong, of Point Peninsula light station, was in town yesterday and favored the Iron Port with a call.

J. D. Sampson, of Norway, died on the night of the 30th ult. in a hospital at Denver, Colorado, of pneumonia.

Marriage license has been issued to Nelson Perron, of this city, and Angelina Benoit, of Whitney.

John Cluin was the first to up \$500 for a "big red card" as a liquor dealer.

Joe Hirn now occupies Peter Schils' old stand, 518 Ludington street.

Rev. Fr. Manning, of Gladstone, was an Escanaba visitor yesterday.

Misses Mattie and Zella Cox will entertain their friends this evening.

Miss May Power will return to Chicago, to resume her studies, soon.

Gay Mathews, late of Gladstone, has pitched his tent at the Soo.

Frank Anthony is visiting his parents in this city.

Christian Mother Reading Circle. The last meeting of the C. M. R. C. was held at the home of presiding officer Mrs. J. M. Rooney, Apr. 24th. This meeting was a social affair. Husbands of many of the members were present.

Mrs. Rogers, high chief ranger, of the W. C. O. F. was also present.

Vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Nolan and Mrs. Rooney. Duette, violin and mandolin, Richard and Joe Rooney. Recitation, little Francis and Mary Rooney.

From the presentation address by Mrs. Rebecca Rioux we clip the following.

"To the sacred heart of our dear Lord Jesus, under whose protection our circle was placed by us, we return our most heartfelt gratitude for the success of our circle. May this cup my dear Mrs. Rooney, remind you often of that cup of joy which awaits those who are willing for the master's sake to sacrifice their own interests for the sake of others, to share the cup of sorrow with the unhappy and forlorn to give—

"Those looks and tones that dart An instant sunshine through the heart. As if the soul that instant caught, Some treasure it through life had sought."

I am happy, my dear Mrs. Wickert, to present you with this pen, as a token of our appreciation of your valuable services to our circle. For your kindness and patience in encouraging and helping others to show their light whilst you were content with the difficult task of bringing order out of chaos. Long may you live to wield your pen, for the work which you love, for the service of Our Lord and humanity. And may you, dear Mrs. Elliot; ever enjoy the sweetness of well merited reward.

Another lady—Mrs. Yockay—is richly deserving of the thanks and good wishes of our circle, as she has with her invaluable good humor, her pleasant satire and her frequent sallies of wit, largely

contributed to the enjoyment, as well as to the service of the circle. To her also is due a large share of the credit of arranging this presentation."

Mrs. Rodgers then gave a short talk on her appreciation of our work and how important it was for mothers to aspire to higher education.

The presiding officer then read the following poem composed by herself for the occasion.

We've been meeting now together, The past three months and more To store our mind with Knowledge and with legendary lore— The home, our country's doings, Sweet religion too, and art Have occupied in turn A sure and lasting part.

And now that the parting time, Is drawing nigh 'Tis not without regret That we leave a little sigh. For the many pleasant evenings In each others company spent While in the same true channel The minds of all were bent.

During the brief respite, From now until the fall, How may our time be occupied For the benefit of all? By deriving useful knowledge From whatever source we can To edify our circle To perfect well its plan.

And in this search for knowledge Learn a lesson from the bee And from each person and each motive Call the honey that we see. Leave the potes and decanation And doctfulness behind These only send out envy And unpleasantness combined.

As all wholesome noble women To be useful doth aspire? So we of this Reading Circle For our friends do this desire That they to may thirst for knowledge And in many circles meet To do homage at its shrine And its pure delights to seek.

Adieu! M. K.

Municipal Gossip.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent livery man and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

For every quarter in a man's pocket there are a dozen uses; and to use each one in such a way as to derive the greatest benefit is a question every one must solve for himself. We believe, however, that no better use could be made of one of these quarters than to exchange it for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that every family should be provided with. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

Read's presidential candidacy got a set-back this week. Vermont instructs its delegation for McKinley and so breaks the New England line.

The strike at the Quincy copper mine is over; the company made some concessions which the men accepted and returned to work.

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

All the candidates for the congressional nomination were in town Thursday; that is, all those yet announced as such.

The Rapid River is one solid jam from the mouth up a distance of seven miles and the Whitefish is solid for ten miles.

The case against George Gallup and others brought by John Dufour [Marcel] was dismissed by Judge Stone.

Pat Fogarty at 600 Ludington St. has a fine assortment of Field and Garden Seeds all fresh and good.

A pleasant May-day than yesterday nobody ever saw, here or elsewhere; it was just perfect.

Iron Mountain proposes to borrow \$15,000 and spend the money for a schoolhouse.

Advertising Right. If advertising is any good, and all good business men say it is, the good of it is in a good deal of it.

Half of the business-paper advertisements occupy half enough space.

Folks are not obliged to read advertisements any more than they are to eat hash at a restaurant.

The successful hash-seller makes good hash, and serves it well.

The successful advertiser has something to say, says it well, and serves it well. You must make people read your advertisements. That's your part of the business.

If you don't use space enough for folks to see that you are advertising, you might just as well not advertise.

The White Crook. Miss Helen Russell, the star, a handsome, well-formed, vivacious brunette is a talented artist who is as stately as a queen with just a sufficient tinge of bashfulness that lends her such enchantment and makes everyone love her. She will appear in the production of The White Crook surrounded with the glamor of poetry and beauty that makes her audience fly into ecstasy. "She might flirt with others" is her favorite song and with her pretty smiles and shy gestures she makes many friends. Her voice is clear, distinct and of a highly cultured nature. Her engagement with The White Crook in this city is for one night only, Thursday, May 7th, at the Opera House.

Yes, It Is True. The Soo line is the only line authorized to sell at low rates to points in North Dakota; also Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Call early and get full particulars from Levi J. Perrin, Escanaba, or nearest Soo line agent.

RAPID RIVER RIPPLES

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

A Source of Fire Protection Has Become a Necessity—The Road to the Furnace to be Graded—Interesting News Nuggets.

We have successfully passed through the winter without a serious conflagration of any kind but with all our additional new buildings and contemplated ones it would be enormously foolhardy to undertake to pass the dry season of another summer without having some kind of arrangement for fire protection. What are you waiting for, gentlemen? A fire that will at one sweep annihilate our prosperous village? The people at a special election decided almost unanimously in favor of the expenditure. Is this why you hold back? If you will buy a good steam fire engine, nothing but a new one, you will serve well your constituents. More again.

Dr. J. R. Roseborough has purchased from our hustling local agent, Mrs. Peter Cole, a new Estey piano and placed it at the disposal of his sister-in-law, Miss Edith Bannan, whom her many friends, it is hoped, will induce to give lessons and give our novices in that line a much needed rest.

The highway commissioner, Antoine Rushford, says he will at an early day let the contract for cutting and grading the new road from this place to the furnace. It will be a valuable improvement to those of our people who desire to trade in Gladstone or Escanaba.

Miss Emma Schultz taught Mrs. Hamilton's department last week, not Miss Blanche Kinsel as we erroneously stated. The mistake grew out of the fact that the latter has usually substituted in that department. Miss Edna Wolf has charge of it this week.

D. P. Chapman has sabled to Edw. Rabideau the carrying of the mail from the Soo depot and moved to Brampton to make more convenient the schedule of our Northwestern mail which leaves that place daily at 8 a. m. and returns there before noon.

Joseph Fish will petition the township board for a new sidewalk on the south side of State street from Peter Cole's place to his hotel, a distance of half a mile. He should have it too, as his license money alone would pay the expense.

The upper departments of the school have been giving some street exhibitions of military drill and parade, boys and girls mixed, and we must confess that they excel anything we have ever seen from public schools.

George Grandchamp represented this township in the republican convention at Escanaba on Tuesday. J. W. Kinsel called the township caucus to order in the hall on the previous Friday evening.

It is given out on good authority that the committee of the board of education, J. W. Kinsel and Fred Darling, will report favorably on establishing a school at the Furnace.

Schumann of the firm of Horwitz and Schumann moved this week from Manistique into the first story of H. E. Pfeifer's house on North Station street.

Gray and Company's mill began cutting cedar shingles this week and has a bigger stock of cedar logs than ever before.

The Georgian Minstrels gave a social entertainment to a select company in Mrs. H. E. Pfeifer's parlors Sunday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Hamilton, on Wednesday, arrived back from Escanaba where she had been receiving medical treatment.

H. E. Pfeifer is building a third door to the south side of his business block on Station street.

Mrs. Peter Cole is doing an unusually good business in mackintoshes, curtains, albums, etc.

The four departments of the village school have a complete program for Arbor Day.

The Georgian Minstrels got a full hall here on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone buried an infant child on Monday.

First Publication April 4, 1896. MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 6th day of May in the year 1895, executed by Michael Geron and Louisa Geron, his wife, of Petoskey, Delta County, Michigan, to the Minnesota Thresher Manufacturing Company, of Stillwater, Minnesota, which said mortgage was recorded in the office who registers 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 60/100 dollars, (\$341.60) of principal and interest, and which is the whole amount claimed to be repaid 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 sw 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 sw 1/4) and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter (1/4 of sw 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.

First Publication May 2, 1896. CHANCERY NOTICE—State of Michigan, County of Delta: Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Delta, in chancery, at Escanaba on the 27th day of April, 1896. Alice Sage, complainant, vs. Robert Sage, defendant. In this cause it appears that the residence of the defendant, Robert Sage, is unknown but that his last place of residence was Whitefish, State of Michigan. Therefore on motion of Jas. H. Clancy, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered that defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before five months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be printed in The Iron Port, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

J. H. CLANCY, Solicitor for Complainant.

Woman's Delight

In presiding over a table is its arrangement, and handsome dishes is the secret of that success.



Perhaps you do not know that our store has a reputation for showing the newest and prettiest designs to be found anywhere, whether in the markets of New York, Chicago or Milwaukee. Our prices compare favorably with those of the cities, too.

Our Crockery Department is always up-to-date, all the New Things being shown here as they come out, and we most cordially invite the people of Delta county to call and inspect, whether they wish to buy or not. 'Tis a pleasure to show these goods.

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Frank H. Atkins & Co.

Real Estate and Insurance. Northrup & Benton. Real Estate and Insurance. Money to Loan on Improved Inside Property. Dwellings and Business Buildings for Rent. Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance. BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE. House and Lot on North Sarah St. \$850. Choice Lot on South Sarah St. 400. Two Houses and Lot on North Cleveland Ave. 1500. Very Desirable House and South Dickinson Ave. 1500. Fine Lot on Second St. 425. ALL ON EASY TERMS! House and Lot on Second St., a big bargain at 1800. NORTHUP & BENTON.

Soda and Ice Cream. GRAND OPENING! Soda and Ice Cream Parlors. TO-DAY Try O'Meara's Pure Fruit Juice. Try O'Meara's Fruits! CALL AND SEE US. JOHN O'MERA.

Baking Powder. Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair. DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether it is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Sally Martin sat by her favorite kitchen window sewing a little and looking off over the sunny spring fields. All winter through the bare trees she could see the next house farther down the hill, but now the budding orchard had suddenly made thick screen.

The grass was green by the roadside and she walked in the footpath at its edge, feeling the ground under foot with much pleasure and stopping once to look at some bluebirds in a maple tree.

It was the day for youth and pleasure, and when she was out in the open air her face grew serene and childlike; she stopped to listen to the bluebirds and watched their pretty colors in the gray branches, then she walked on down the hill with her golden russets.

The widespread lower country and the hills beyond it were blue with the soft spring haze. Her neighbor's house stood not far away, at a little distance from the road, and the narrow lane into which she soon turned was prettier than ever that spring, with its sheltering turf as soft as velvet, and an early dandelion or two shining against the fence.

The old apple trees leaned their long boughs over it so that they almost met, and in later summer they would be hung thick with wisps of hay and straw from the high-heaped loads that went into the barn.

This was a huge building like an unwieldy elephant in the landscape, while the house was low and small, with a tiny pointed porch and a door that had three panes of glass at top.

When you stood in the entry within you could scarcely get room to shut the door behind you, and were at close quarters with an old colored wood-cut of Gen. Washington, which greeted strangers with an impartial air of dignity.

On the right another door opened into the Bascoms' living-room, which surprised one in so small a house with its size and cheerfulness. The windows looked both north and south, and there were plenty of bright braided rugs on the clean floor.

"I saw you comin' up the lane, Sally, and I don't know whenever I was more pleased," said Mrs. Bascom, who was a lame woman and could not rise to greet her friends except in spirit.

"Now bring that little rocking-chair right over close to me, and let's have a good talk. It's so pretty looking out o' my window. I'm all alone, the folks have gone to the village, shoppin'."

David found his old plow wouldn't do him this year, and Cynthia's she's always ready and willin', so they started right off after an early dinner. I'm braidin' up my rags as usual; I couldn't seem to do anything else just because I felt so busy. There's everything to be done this time of year, ain't there?"

"I waked up feelin' all of a bustle, too, and I soon came down to hemmin' me a blue gingham apron that I don't need one bit," confessed Sally. "I expect it's the spring workin' in us, though there ain't no leaves to show for it. I guess the trees themselves must feel just the same."

The two good women smiled and Sally reached over and took a handful of dark woolen strips and began to braid in company.

"I brought you folks some o' my apples," she said presently. "I'm on the last barrel, but they never were nicer this time of year. They will right away quick as you bring 'em up from the cellar, but you shall have more as long as they last."

"I call 'em a great treat; our apples have been gone some time and the last of 'em were very poor. There ain't such a keeps' cellar in town as yours; it seems to give everything a good taste."

"Grandfather always used to say that it cost him most as much to dig it right out of the rock there as it did to build the house above it," said Sally. "You know 'twas that little glimpse of the sea you only get right there, and he couldn't bear to set his house anywhere else. Three sides o' the cellar is sound rock; I don't know's you remember, it's so many years since you was able to get down."

"I recall all those things I used to be in the habit o' weein' as if it were yesterday," said Mrs. Bascom. "I find my thoughts such good company that I don't miss goin' about as much as everybody expects. Everybody knows just where to find me, and so they come to me; folks like to feel a certainty when they make some effort to come."

"I don't know but what I should have been disappointed pretty bad to-day myself," said Sally. "I seemed to miss seeing the house as I sat there in my window, sewing. The trees and bushes have budded out amazin' since yesterday. I kind of missed you and felt lonesome. I expect I can see the lower light for some nights yet, till the leaves really come, and Cynthia's light I can see all the year round in her window upstairs. I can't seem to go to bed till she does," and they both laughed.

"You and Cynthia used to make signals when you was girls, don't you re-

member, wavin' things and movin' your lamps?"

"'Twas kind o' convenient, really. We used to be havin' our plots together, and we had ways o' aakin' things an' answerin' 'yes and no. I seem to forget a good deal of it now," explained Sally.

"You're just as much of a girl as ever you were," said the elder woman looking up with an affectionate and an appreciative smile.

"Well, I did feel as if I wanted to stop and make a dam by the side of the road there where the water runs out under the stone wall," and Sally smiled in her turn.

"Spring is spring, ain't it? Always just as new every year." Mrs. Bascom gave a long look out across the lovely April country. Suddenly her expression changed. "Why, I can see the gable o' Isaac Bolton's new house. I know he was raisin' yesterday, but I never thought to look. There over the knoll to the right of the woods, you can just see the top of it."

"Why, yes," said Sally, looking eagerly and then going back to her rocking-chair again. She was blushing and her eyes looked very bright. She seemed to make an effort to speak, but no words came.

Mrs. Bascom also made an effort to look away for some time, and pretended to be busy with her work. At last she laid her hands in her lap.

"Sally," she asked, as a mother might speak to her child, "don't you really think you are foolish? I feel as if you were most as near to me as my own Cynthia; truth is I can say things right out to you sometimes that I can't to her, much as I love her. Isaac's a good man and faithful; I don't know what he's buildin' that house for, but I don't believe he'll ever want anybody for his wife but you."

"I heard he was engaged to be married to somebody in Pelham," answered Sally, stiffly, but with no resentment. "I haven't seen him to speak with him for eight months—not since last August, when I happened to meet him here in the yard."

"You done very wrong then, Sally, my dear," said Mrs. Bascom with dignity. "He was glad of the chance to see you and all ready to be friendly, and you passed him right by after you said: 'How do you do, an' something about the weather. I set right here where I be now, an' I see his face work like a child's that has a real taste to keep from cryin'." All these years now you've held on to that grudge, an' 'twas all foolishness. Your Gran'ther Walker's narrow stubbedness keeps you from givin' in, while he's made every effort he could. Sometimes I've thought you didn't love him, an' he was better off to let you have your way about it, but truth is, you'd deny yourself an' go through the world without happiness, rather than feel you was the one to give in."

"It's all true," said Sally, humbly. "I've tried to beat down that hard feelin', but I can't, Mis' Bascom. I own up to you as if you was my own mother; somethin' freezes right up in me. I wish folks hadn't made such a talk about it." She covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"There, there, dear; 'twill all come right one of these days," said Mrs. Bascom, soothingly. "I never meant to work you all up just as we was havin' such a pleasant visit together."

"Somethin' or 'nother I'm so contented livin' just as I be, if it only wa'n't for that," said Sally, drying her eyes, but not changing the subject. "I never could think of anybody else as I have of Isaac. I'm glad you spoke right out, Mis' Bascom. I've wished you would a good many times."

"You an' Isaac an' Cynthia used to have such good times together when he was still livin' here" — Mrs. Bascom braided away intently and did not look up as she spoke—"an' since all this has happened he's often talked to me very free and said it troubled him to know you had so little means while he was well off, and you with no brother nor nobody to look after you in winter time, an' all that."

"I've got along all right," insisted Sally, with dangerous spirit, then she softened again. "You see how it is, Mis' Bascom, it's too late now and we've got to leave it as it is. I expect it's poor old grandfather's setness, as you say. Her face was pathetic and childish as she spoke. "You're always real good."

"Well, I don't know's I be," said the placid old friend. "I've had very hard feelings about being laid on the shelf so early, while I was full of spirit to work, and we'd just built that great barn and had all our plans about running a creamery. The farm's so good for grazin', and 'twould be easier for my husband, but Cynthia wa'n't able to continue without me. He never complains, but in a few years we should have been forebanded and paid what we owed, instead o' only adding to it."

She looked out across the green yard at the barn, the building of which had proved to be such a mistake, and sighed: "I'm going to tell you, too, that we weren't married very young ourselves, Mr. Bascom and I, and 'twas partly owing to my indulgin' just such feelin's as yours, though the occasion was different."

"Why, Mis' Bascom!" exclaimed Sally, with deep sympathy.

"Yes, dear, I give you warm'n' out of my own experience," and the elder woman looked grave and kindly. "I've been tryin' ever since to make up for real injusice to the good man I loved best in the world. And you can be sure of this thing, Sally, the 'wrong road never leads to the right place."

It was very still in the wide kitchen; one of the windows was open and the bluebirds were chirping in the orchard. There was a far-away sound of frogs. The old tortoise-shell cat which had been asleep on a cushioned chair came across the floor gapping, and when she saw Sally she hopped up into that friendly neighbor's lap. Sally fondled her a little and laughed at the loud

purring that at once began. Her cheeks were a little flushed. "I heard ever so many robins this morning," she said, as if she were afraid of the silence, and her bosom nodded.

"If it keeps to this weather we shall have the golden robins comin' right along. I do long to get them here in the spring. Then I really feel as if the winter's gone for good."

As Sally Martin went up the road she wished that she were still sitting with her old neighbor. For almost the first time there was something lonely-looking and repellent, something cold and heartless about her own little house as she unlocked the door and went in. She missed the motherliness she had just left, and the sun no longer shone into her own kitchen. She sat down without taking off her shawl.

After all it was too late now to change her manners to Isaac Bolton or to let him know that her love had always been his. Everybody had spoken of his approaching marriage, and the new house was the surest proof. Mrs. Bascom had treated the story lightly, but perhaps she did not know, or had not been told, because she was certain not to approve. Sally knew that her old neighbor had always been her friend. A crisis seemed to have come into her quiet life. Isaac Bolton had been an orphan boy brought up by his uncle and aunt; besides the tract of fine valley land joining the Bascom farm, on which he was putting the new house, he had a good property in money. Sally knew that he would have stayed on with the Bascoms and been a great help to them if the neighborhood to herself had not grown so difficult and unpleasant. Since then he must often have felt homeless. For herself, too, not far beyond 30, strong and fond of hard work, it was a poor sort of life to live on year after year in her little house, pinching out a living from a bit of ledgy land and the tiniest of incomes. Isaac was large-hearted and manly, though quick-tempered enough, as she had known. She saw things differently now, the old habits of her mind, the self-pity that had clung so long to a grievance had worn themselves away and left only regret behind on that spring afternoon. It was too late now, she could not do anything, she had lost all right to the man whom she loved and who had so long loved her. She remembered, as she had so many times before, that when she saw him last his coat needed mending, and that he had grown to look older and even a little gray. She remembered now the sweet, wistful look in his eyes, and how quickly they had clouded over when she with a beating heart had treated him so coldly.

Sally Martin still sat by her window in the late afternoon. She had taken up her sewing again, but her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Every few minutes she glanced down the long road to see Mr. Bascom and Cynthia when they came back; that seemed the only interest to which one might still look forward. At last the wagon came in sight and she wondered what the father and mother would have to tell. To her surprise they passed their own lane's end and came on up the hill, driving fast. Cynthia would not take time just now to come past the house unless for something important—she was late already—and Sally's heart was filled with apprehension.

They turned out of the road, and still sitting by her window she saw Cynthia get out of the wagon, after a word with her father. In both faces was a look of sorrow and shock, and she sprang to her feet as her friend came into the kitchen.

"Oh, Sally, Sally!" said Cynthia, "Isaac got awfully hurt this afternoon. He fell from the house frame, and the doctor can't tell yet whether there is much chance for him. They stopped us as we came by, and they've got him in a little shed until he can be moved to our house—he's got nowhere else to turn. He saw me, and told somebody he had got to speak to me, and when I got to him all he could whisper was that I must come and tell you, and I said I would. He didn't ask you to come, only to let you know."

The two friends faced each other. Sally looked gray and old and stern, but Cynthia had come to an end of her self-control and began to cry. "What will poor mother say?" her voice faltered. "She thinks everything of Isaac and she'll want to get to him, and feel as bad that she can't."

All the color rushed back to Sally's face, and a lovely self-forgetfulness shone in her eyes. She suddenly looked young again and even happy. "Go right home as fast as you can," she said. "I'm going to ask your father to take me right down to Isaac's place. Tell your mother I'll take care of him. I'm going to Isaac now just as fast as I can."

Later still in the twilight, Sally Martin found her way among the new timbers of Isaac's house to the little tool-shed where he lay. Most of the neighbors had gone. The doctor was still there, and he spoke cheerfully as she came near.

"No, there are no bones broken after all, 'twas only the breast knocked out of him," said the doctor. "You'll be laid up awhile, but I believe you'll do well, Isaac. Now who is there to leave him with? I must be off and it's going to be a damp spring night; he mustn't stay here any longer. Move him carefully."

"I'm right here, doctor," said old Mr. Bascom, who loved Isaac like a son. "I'll take him right home with me if he's ready to go. I've got the long wagon, you know."

As for Sally, she had gone straight to her lover's side—where he lay weak and pale on the pile of coats and shavings; she was kneeling by him with a sweet and quiet face, and Isaac's hand was fast in hers. Somehow their happiness seemed all the lovelier because it had come at last in the spring—Ladies' Home Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

"Et yoh argies wif er smaht man," said Uncle Eben, "you done git do wust ob it, and if you argies wif er fool yoh done was wif yoh time."—Washington Star.

"Now I'm ready to treat you," said the doctor, emerging from his private office. "A little whisky, with seltzer on the side, please," returned the patient, absent-mindedly.—Chicago Evening Post.

At a suburban theater, during a performance of the Tour de Nesle, the herald announces "The King!" Voice from the gallery—"What, him a crown? Why he owes me half a crown!"—Stolle Belge.

First Sportsman—"Well, how do you like that new mare of yours?" Second Sportsman—"Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles!"—London Punch.

Uncle Mose—"Whew, but dat's heavy, dere am 13 chickens in dat yer bag." Aunty—"Thirteen, eh; dat's shu' fo' to bring bad luck." Uncle Mose—"Never yo' min' 'bout dat; I done brung de ole hin too."—N. Y. World.

Disappointed.—Mrs. East—"And what did you think of Mr. Inkwell, the novelist?" Mrs. West—"Why, his clothes are so very old-fashioned. And I understood that he was celebrated for his style."—Brooklyn Life.

A Mystery.—"I really cannot understand," said the fond mother to the photographer, "why you should insist on charging double for photographing the baby, when even grasping street car corporations lets him ride free!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Limitations.—"So the new woman poker club was a failure?" "Yes. Several of the members got mad and pretended not to see each other." Thus again was the dominant movement of the century face to face with its limitations.—Detroit Tribune.

The Indian Knocked Out.—"You seem sad, my redskinned brother," said the missionary. "Redskinned brother's heart heap bad," said the shobos son of the prairie. "White man nobis better, fight better, and now Injun hear cologne yell, he know Injun can't war-whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HINDOO SERVANTS.

Must Be Handled Roughly, as They Don't Appreciate Kindness.

"To-day the Hindoo servant is a lazy, good-for-nothing thief, and I will tell you how to handle him," said the general manager of the Southern India railway in his office at Madras, India, to an Enquirer representative who was in the orient several months ago and has just returned to this city. Continuing, he said: "I have seen a good deal of change in the country during my 50 years' residence here, and one of the most remarkable changes has been in the treatment of servants. A few years ago in the good, old days of the Madras presidency, if a servant disobeyed his master he would have been strung up and whipped. If the whipping caused death, a fine of seven rupees (\$1.75 in American money, according to present value,) would have been imposed.

"If, however, the servant's master did not care to run the risk of having to pay the fine, which was considered a big sum for the life of a Hindoo in those days, all he had to do was to send the offending servant with a note to the police magistrate, and an official whip would return with Sammy. The whole appliances for whipping were kept at the police department. Sammy would be made to carry his own whipping post. Flog him hard? I should say they would. The general average would be 30 lashes, and if the master thought that the rascal was not punished enough he would order 30 more lashes. If the Hindoo died from the effects of this punishment, why, there was no fine to pay, and it was simply 'good riddance of bad rubbish.' But look at the condition of things now. The rascally Hindoo will stand up and sass you.

"You ask why. It is because the Hindoo whipping post has been abolished. At present the offending Hindoo is brought before a rajah or judge of his own race, and of course he will not be severe on his countryman.

"The only way that these Hindoo servants can be made to obey is to beat and kick them. You cannot show them kindness or they at once put you down as a softie. Take my advice, as long as you remain in India and your servants are lax in their work, you just make them acquainted with the toe of your boot."

The old gentleman sighed as he recalled the former manner of dealing with servants. His tone of voice and looks indicated that he would like it reestablished. His advice was both good and true, for Hindoo servants do not appreciate kindness, and understand only a kick when you desire them to obey. A "Sahib" (master) who will not give his servant a kick or a slap has no standing with the Hindoo, and is counted by them as "a no-good Sahib."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Qualified.

A little girl was in the witness-box and, as usual, before she was allowed to be sworn she was examined by the presiding judge—Mr. Justice Maule—as to her understanding of the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth."

"And if you always tell the truth where will you go to when you die?"

"Up to Heaven, sir."

"And what will become of you if you tell lies?"

"I shall go to the naughty place, sir."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said Maule; "it is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—London Pick-Me-Up.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable.

For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hood's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hood's Family Pills are the best.

"I shoud' doze hope," said Uncle Mose, "dat dey will git dis heah new photograph trick as fine by summer dat man kin tell wedder melon is ripe."—Indianapolis Journal.

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 within twenty-one days, on payment of \$3 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south coast trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

"It'll kiss you for your sister's sake." "Pray don't frighten yourself," said I straightway took her at her word. And kissed her for myself instead.—Truth.

Half Fare to Virginia and Carolina.

April 21 and May 5 Homeseekers' Excursion tickets will be sold from all points in the west and northwest over the "Big Four Route" and Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare for the round trip. Settlers looking for a home in the south can do no better than in Virginia. There they have cheap farm lands, no blizzards, mild winters, never failing crops, cheap transportation and the best markets. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, excursion rates and time folders. U. L. Tawrri, N. W. P. A., 224 Clark St., 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.

Dr. Tanquer—"You don't take enough exercise for a man of your habits." Old Soak—"I have been shakin' Alice for drinks all the afternoon."—Philadelphia Record.

Better Than Refined Gold

Is bodily comfort. This unspeakable boon is denied to many unfortunate for whose ailments Hysteria, Stomach Disorders is a promptly helpful remedy. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the nervous, persons troubled with biliousness or chills and fever, should lose no time in availing themselves of this comprehensive and genial medicine. It promotes appetite and nightly slumber.

CORROBORATED.—New Yorker—"Are Philadelphia's as slow as New Yorkers think they are?" Philadelphia (surprised)—"Do New Yorkers think we're slow!"—Truth.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

MISS DE PLAIN—"Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?" Family Physician (confidentially)—"Be born pretty."—N. Y. Weekly.

WANTED.—Reliable men to take the agency for our pianos and organs in every county not already represented. Money can be made. Only men of good habits who can give first-class references need apply. Address ERSTZ & CAMP, No. 233 State St., Chicago, Ill.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago.

Monday, April 29th, Thos. W. Keene, the tragedian, begins his annual engagement of two weeks. Seats can be secured by mail.

Schiller Theater.

Alex. Salvini begins a two weeks' engagement April 25th. Do not miss seeing this truly great tragedian.

Discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—Voltaire.

FRS STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Zaou hast a pretty wit," quoth the monarch. "Aye, and a dry humor," replied the jester. Whereupon the king pushed the button.—Philadelphia Record.

Did you write The N. G. Hamilton Pub. Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, about their Life of McKinley? Better do so—chance to make money rapidly.

Eyes from the body's purity the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid.—Thomson.

He—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" Miss Thirty-Eight—"I believe in any kind of love."—Somerville Journal.

THE measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.—Lamb.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious diseases, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

Are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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

\$3. OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, 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.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00, \$1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 25 cents 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 2.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

A SHINING EXAMPLE OF what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago.

For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

Queer Names. "A Crick"—"A Stitch"—"A Twist"—"A Jam"—"A Hair"—"Raw Spots"—"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—"are all well known of flesh, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

Breakfast Cocoa

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

THE MOTORMAN'S MALADY.

A New and Terrible Nervous Disorder Which Baffles Doctors.

More Than Nature Can Endure—Extraordinary Symptoms Described in Detail and Illustrated by Actual Cases—No Remedy Known.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

A new disease of an extraordinary character has appeared in our cities. It has become a leading topic of discussion in medical circles, and how best to deal with it is a puzzling and urgent question; science and invention, unfortunately, sometimes bring in new dangers faster than they provide new remedies.

It has been discovered that the occupations of motormen and gripmen produce a malady of a distinct type, with symptoms of a highly sensational order. The characteristics of nearly all the most serious nervous disorders are plainly present, but the disease is highly complex in its nature, apparently originating in a complicated disorder of the vital organs hitherto unrecorded in medical annals. As a consequence, the orthodox treatment of one set of symptoms would be decidedly injurious in relation to others no less pronounced; thus the problem is one of unusual difficulty, and the doctors are at a loss. The disease cannot be localized. Heart, brain, spine, stomach and lungs are simultaneously affected, the degree varying according to the constitutional strength of these organs in the patient.

It was not until attention had been drawn to the curious fact that in every instance the objects of this malady were motormen or gripmen that any clue for practical investigation was obtained. Then the nervous stress under which these men perform their duties was noted and carefully studied from a pathological point of view.

At first, however, very few persons were engaged in these perilous employments, so the matter was lightly regarded and soon forgotten. But since the extensive introduction of electric and cable systems in our large cities—the lines often running through the most crowded thoroughfares—the cases of this most strange disorder became so numerous as to arouse profound interest on the part of the medical profession. Indeed, so rapid was

brilliant colors, exciting the subjects until they fall into convulsions in some cases. This ends in a general blurring of the vision. During delirium the patients mutter a wandering description of their visions as the illusions come and go.

The heart is weak and the stomach dyspeptic; the muscles and joints are painful and drawn; the extremities become cold and are subject to cramps; the bowels are also out of order. Respiration and the motor functions are abnormal, and the patient, when otherwise at ease, suffers much from melancholia.

A typical case is that of William Evans, now an inmate of the Ward's Island insane asylum. Evans is 37 years old. He was taken from his car at the Third avenue cable station and dismissed from the service on a charge of intoxication. The conductor reported that the gripman had been acting strangely, and that he believed he had been drinking. Evans made a confused denial of the accusation, such as all slaves of the liquor habit will plead, which was not listened to by the foreman. A few weeks afterward the man was taken to Bellevue hospital.

Evans' case was a puzzle to the staff at first. Though weak in his intonations, the ex-gripman was at this time perfectly rational, and exhibited a remarkable interest in his condition.

As is the custom in such unusual cases, one of the experts connected with the hospital was called. On this occasion Prof. Starr was sent for. The first thing the professor did was to question the subject on his life from earliest childhood. It was found that Evans' parents were both sound in mind and healthy in body. He was well brought up, had never indulged in bad habits, and had suffered from very little illness. At 19 he took to driving street cars, and was employed by the Third avenue road when the company introduced cable power.

After satisfying himself that Evans' trouble came from his occupation, Prof. Starr proceeded to make a detailed physical examination. It was discovered that the subject possessed but one sound function—his reason. All the organs of his body were more or less affected, simulating several organic diseases. The diagnosis showed that Evans had disease enough in his system to kill ten men. As has been stated, he finally became insane.

Another remarkable case is that of

FOR THE MAY DAY FETES

Gowns for Little Subjects of the Floral Queen.

Rainy Day Suggestions—A Grass Linen Gown and How It Should Be Trimmed—Silk suits and Their Use.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"Do the little folks take much interest in their gowning?" "Ah, madam would not ask that had she been here a few minutes ago. She would have seen a young mademoiselle who came with her bonnet to be fitted for a May fete gown. Mademoiselle was hard to please—here the modiste sighed—and would have none of the pretty gowns that are here. But I showed her this"—taking in her hand a dainty organdie of white, with tiny green spring—and mademoiselle found pleasure in it. It is to be made so, with a collar so, and with this lace." The Frenchwoman's deft fingers gave the material a touch here and there until one might almost see the gown which the little lady had ordered.

When finished this little gown will have a short, full skirt, and a gathered waist. A collar of Valenciennes insertion and lace will fall front and back in a simulated yoke. Large bishop's sleeves will droop at the elbow, and the shoulder slope will be relieved by bows of tiny green ribbon.

At the same time a hat to match was ordered. It will be made of the organdie, shirred, and narrow Valenciennes lace will edge it. Narrow green ribbon and apple blossoms will make an effective trimming. And into this color scheme the golden hair of the child will beautifully blend.

Then the Frenchwoman showed me other gowns she was preparing for May festivals. A white linen, sheer as cobweb, fairly carried me away. It is intended for a little Creole maid, with black eyes and hair. About the shape there is nothing particularly new. In fact, all that is necessary about a child's gown is that it should be full, full, full. To return to our gown. It is designed

These slips, by the way, will be a necessary part of every wardrobe. If one can afford it, the wardrobe should contain two or three, which may be worn under any of the light gowns. They are really economical in the end, since by their use one may seemingly increase the number of gowns in one's outfit.

Rainy weather is always intruding upon us. We cannot get rid of it. It's like Stephen Crane's bloody tiles, from which the murderer tried in vain to escape.

Such being the case, we might as well be prepared, for at no time is it so



A RAINY DAY COSTUME.

important that a woman should be well dressed as on a rainy day. Strive against it as we will, our hair becomes flabby, and when that is accompanied by a homely gown, the result is deplorable.

These remarks doubtless seem superficial, but is there one business woman in ten who, when she buys her gowns for the season, thinks of a rainy-day costume?



MAY DAY GOWNS.

with a square yoke of embroidery, from which, on each side the front, a stole-like tab falls to the waist. A bunch of real cherry blossoms is to be fastened to each of these tabs for the festive occasion on which the gown will first be worn. After that they will be replaced by bows of pink ribbon, and streamers that fall to the bottom of the skirt.

All the gowns have full sleeves, ending just below the elbow. A number are made with gimpes and fastened on the shoulders with straps of ribbon, while all are designed of sheer materials, dainty and light, suggestive of the little fairies for whom they are intended.

Wash gowns are not what they seem. They look so simple, but look as so deceptive. They are like the simple gowns of last summer, only more so.

A grass linen gown is simply made with a plain white skirt, finished with three tiny ruffles that are edged with black velvet ribbon; a plain blouse, tucked waist, black velvet ribbon alternating with the tucks; bishop's sleeves; cuffs and collar of tucks and



A GRASS LINEN GOWN.

Ribbon; how exquisitely simple it is! And yet when one tries to duplicate such a gown, she finds that the linen, the ribbon and the light green silk underlap make quite a hole in her purse.

Grass linens are entirely superseding gingham, of which there are but few this season. Grass linens, however, appear in all the dainty plaid designs with which the finer gingham made us familiar.

One charming frock is very simply and tastefully made of grass linen, with a hair line stripe of yellow and another of dark blue. The simple waist is adorned with revers and skirt basques of openwork embroidery on grass linens, and handkerchief points of the same fall over the yellow ribbon stock. The gown is worn over a yellow silk slip.

Bicycling and tennis are slowly but surely affecting cloudy weather dress, for the knickerbockers, which are so useful in these sports, serve equally well in keeping one dry on a rainy day. They should be worn under a short walking skirt. Cheviot or serge, of any color but blue—that turns green after being wet a few times—is best for the suit.

It's a pretty idea to have of the dress material a tam-o'shanter designed to wear with the suit. It should be trimmed with a couple of quills, which weather cannot spoil.

Over the costume should be worn a long, sleeveless circular coat, of thin tweed or gingham. These coats have capped and narrow turnover collars.

Perhaps one prefers a tight-fitting coat, in which case puff sleeves are worn and jacket fronts. These fronts are intended to conceal a large pocket on each side. The entire effect is very natty.

To return to materials, one cloak was of brown and white fine checked gingham, lined with changeable taffeta in brown and magenta. Another was of tan tweed thin enough, to allow the glow of a pink lining to shine through.

A cute idea in this cloak was a tiny pocket placed at each front corner of the cape. They were entirely concealed by the ornamental flaps.

Above all things, have a handsome umbrella, and learn to properly furl it. Unless you do that, you can never hope to be chic.

Into the secrets of all ages have modistes been prying, to find for the emancipated woman a perfect gowning. Not willing is she to take all that is offered. She demands utility, but she also insists upon beauty.

Therefore, when a long-suffering modiste hit upon the plan of reviving the use of side satchels, there was joy throughout the land. These satchels are such useful articles—they are capable of having contents as varied as those of a boy's pocket—and wishal they are so beautiful, so feminine.

Be sure they are not the bags which were worn a few years ago, as the prices will clearly show. While, during their last season of popularity, charming bags were offered at five dollars, you pay from \$16 to \$40 for one at the present time. The bags now worn are of the daintiest skins obtainable—lizard, snake or monkey—and Persian silk. If you are having made a quaint gown of printed warp silk, send enough of the silk for a bag to your jeweler, and let him fit you out.

For Persian silk bags, gold mountings are most appropriate. The same metal should be used with lizard, while silver combines prettily with monkey and snake skins.

Velvet, particularly green velvet, makes a dainty bag when ornamented with white leather, and mounted in silver. With such a narrow white leather belt should be worn.

Other belts, to match the various bags, may be secured, those in silver costing about five dollars.

LIONS AT SHORT RANGE.

Percy Selous' Adventures with Big Game in Bechuanaland.

Bagging the King of Beasts—Halt for the Royal Highness—A Trying Vigil—Bringing Down a Hyena—A Story for Nimrod.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

We had outspanned the Bechuanaland, near the river Malopo. I had with me two Kaffir boys and a good horse, and of course a good hunting and camping outfit. Lions were said to be numerous in the neighborhood, and I was very desirous of securing a specimen.

One night I was awakened by the barking of the dogs and the uneasiness of the oxen. I grabbed my carbine hastily and endeavored to make out what caused the disturbance. By the meager light diffused by the young moon, I could just distinguish the forms of three large animals on the ridge above the camp. I could see that they were lions, and shook up the already awakened Kaffirs to make up the fire again. I had half a mind to fire, but thought it safer not to do so, the distance being too great, so I waited until morning, and as the flames began to shoot up and brighten the surroundings the lions became less plain to view. I saw them, however, moving along over the ridge. The remainder of the night I sat up, for our animals kept snorting and shifting restlessly, while every now and again came that rumbling roar, which once heard, is never to be forgotten. But nothing occurred, although I was conscious of some creature prowling around close at hand. The roar of the lions kept sounding more and more distant, and as dawn began to break it ceased altogether. As soon as it was light enough to see to any purpose I stepped out, and as I did so a large hyena jumped up from some bones lying nearby and made off. I fired at him and rolled him over.

On examining the ground, I discovered that the lions had not approached any nearer than the ridge on which I had seen them. After breakfast I returned again with the dogs, and followed the spoor as far as the sand lasted; but, when the ground became rockier, I could no longer hold it, and the sun, as it mounted higher, burnt up the scent, so that the dogs could make nothing of it, and I, therefore, re-

had once more appeared in the neighborhood, but as there was an abundance of game about they did not molest us in any way.

Well, as I have said, I got one of these lions after all, though he took quite a lot of getting one way and another, escaping me altogether on one occasion. I was not over and above strong in body, but was very much so in purpose, and it annoyed me to hear the roaring night after night and not render an account for it; besides, our animals were getting almost beyond control, from the incessant tension on their nerves.

Strolling away towards the hills one morning I came suddenly on a lion lying on a rock. His muzzle was stretched straight towards me, between his huge paws; his body, position, and surroundings adapting themselves so admirably to each other that I was almost up to him before I was aware of his proximity. However, he was wide awake enough, and the instant he knew I had seen him he started up and bounded away, giving me no time, in my nervous condition, to get a good shot. I fired, certainly, but as soon as I touched the trigger I knew that I had missed—perhaps it was all the better for me that I did so—and the next moment he was out of sight among the rocks. Walking on a little further, I came upon the half-consumed carcass of a harebeest, evidently killed the night before, the trail by which the lion had dragged it pointing out towards the veldt. Here, then, was a chance too good to be lost, much better than laying out shot game, though I must confess I should just as soon the spot had been a little nearer to the wagon, which was, in fact, more than a mile away. But I made up my mind at once to take advantage of this piece of luck and return at dusk and lie up.

My experience goes to show that it is far too easy a matter to miss with a bullet in uncertain light, and that at short range buckshot is quite effective enough with little game. I therefore made several little paper shells to fit my ten gauge gun, and chambering the buckshot nicely therein, filled up the interstices with Eland grease. No lion can withstand such a battery at a fair range and your aim is much more likely to be successful. Of course I took the carbine with 480 ball grain along. I told my boys to stay by the wagons, for I could place no dependence upon either of them on such expeditions—and even-



AND AT LAST OVER THE ROCK BEYOND APPEARED THE LION.

luctantly gave up further pursuit. Away to the east some antelope was visible against the bush belt lining the river, but as I had left my glass in the wagon I could not make out just what they were. I thought I would try to get one, however, in order to use it as a bait in a good position, considerably nearer the wagon, in hopes that the lion might return and give me a shot under more favorable conditions. So I went back to my horse, and leaving the dogs behind set out towards the herd, which I had made out now to be harebeests.

Noting the exact location of the game, I judged that by careful maneuvering I might keep out of their line of vision, especially as the wind was in my favor.

By treading in and out of the clumps of thorns—not always an easy matter on horseback—I eventually got to within a couple of hundred yards, and by a lucky shot bowled one over with a bullet through the neck, killing it instantly, and saving my horse the stiff gallop I had anticipated, for these creatures are as swift as the wind. Throwing the carcass, just as it was, without opening, across the saddle, I took it to a spot which would give me a chance for a telling shot, if a lion should make its appearance. But, although I watched the best part of the night, nothing came of my vigil, the jackals reaping the benefit of all my careful preparations. The fact was, as I subsequently found out, that the animals I had seen were lions in their prime, and it is not often that such can be decoyed by a carcass which they have not themselves destroyed. Fate, however, had willed that one of their number should contribute his share to my list of trophies, though it was not until some time afterwards.

On the following day I was laid up with an attack of fever, which kept me idle for some time. My two boys, however, attended assiduously to my needs, and in due course of time I got about again. The lions, during my sickness,

ing found me duly ensconced among some boulders at a distance of about 20 paces from the half-eaten body, looking directly toward the route taken by the lion when I had disturbed him in the morning. The carcass lay untouched, except that some albicores had picked away at the eyes and nostrils; and I had carefully taken steps which would give me every available advantage with regard to wind, moon and position. So I insinuated myself as well as I could into a crevice between two rocks and waited. It is with varied feelings one finds himself so situated. The utter stillness and the vastness of everything contrast strongly with one's own insignificance.

For a couple of hours I waited, occasionally changing position to ease the cramping of my limbs. "Everything comes to him who waits," and at last, over a rock beyond, appeared the lion, gradually rising into full view. In the dim light he appeared monstrous as he stood, chest full on; and then, as he gave vent to a sonorous roar which echoed and reechoed from rock to rock, the effect was grand beyond any power of expression of mine. It is under such circumstances that you see the lion at his best. Night is his day, and in the sunlight he is more or less at a disadvantage. He must have stood a full minute like this; a sore temptation for me to fire; and I believe I should have killed him stone dead had I done so. Having satisfied himself apparently that things were all right, he walked leisurely down to his prey, and, again uttering a loud roar, stood facing me. This time I did not hesitate, but pulled both barrels nearly simultaneously, and the great beast fell forward almost without a groan. For a few moments he lay absolutely motionless, then there were some convulsive movements of the hinder limbs, and all was still as it had been before he had made his appearance. PERCY SELOUS.



THE GRIPMAN'S VISION.

the increase, that at a recent meeting of the American Medical association, held in New York, it was resolved to make a thorough investigation with a view to a positive method of treatment for these unfortunate victims of modern progress.

The results obtained have strongly confirmed the first impressions. It is "the pace that kills." The effects of this new nervous strain can only be compared with the morbid conditions brought about by the habitual and excessive use of drugs and stimulants; but as the cause is a legitimate and necessary occupation it cannot be made amenable to police regulations. Though the motorman in the pursuit of his calling may reduce himself to a state closely resembling that of a drunkard, or debauchee in the last stages of his downward career, he is guilty of no offense; he cannot be restrained from earning his bread nor can his employers be forbidden to avail themselves of his services. There really seems to be no help for him with our present system of street-railway locomotion.

The first symptoms observed are frequent severe headaches and exhaustion after the conclusion of the day's work. The subject feels a constant desire for sleep, which is found to be illusive if put to test. Next a condition of extreme nervous irritability supervenes. The amount of sleep is gradually decreased, and the appetite becomes dainty and fickle. Finally the patient finds himself unable to concentrate attention upon his work without extreme effort; and whenever he relaxes this control his actions become similar to those of an intoxicated person, even his speech being so disturbed as to resemble the characteristic stammering of an inebriate. After a few hours' rest these symptoms pass away, especially if the subject be put to sleep by the use of narcotics. Such an attack is, of course, extremely wearing.

At the stage of development in which most of these subjects are brought to the hospitals, the most interesting symptoms are as follows: The pupils of the eyes are unequally dilated; a spasmodic action is noticeable; apparitions appear; visions of human beings and of all kinds of small animals—such as cats and dogs—in distress or danger. These optical illusions are apt, after a time, to take the form of great balls of light or zig-zag lines of fire in flaming,

William J. Brown. In this instance a shock hastened the development of the disease. He ran down a little girl, causing her instant death. He was promptly arrested on a charge of criminal negligence, but as he was in no way at fault, he was promptly discharged.

But Brown returned to his work very uneasy in mind. The accident had made a vivid impression on him. At times he seemed to see children on the track in front of him, but on second glance these sights proved to be illusions. He labored under this strain for three months before he broke down, but at length he was taken from his post a raving maniac—so violent that the strait-jacket had to be put in service.

On Brown's last trip from the Battery to the Seventh avenue depot he acted so strangely that the passengers and wayfarers noticed it. He would throw on a powerful brake with a sudden shock, and when the conductor rushed forward to see what the matter was he would declare that a little girl was on the track and that she must be just in front of the wheels—but on investigation no girl could be found.

These delusions of Brown's got to be so frequent that the conductor, when the car arrived at the station, reported what had happened. The acting chief inspector refused to accept the conductor's report as official, and without comment took his stand on the car at Brown's left and proceeded downtown with him. They had gone only a little over six blocks when the gripman threw off the cable, and, with a quick manipulation of the brake, brought the car to a standstill. Brown hysterically threw up his hands, and in a loud voice declared that he had killed another little girl. Nothing would pacify him. He insisted upon it that he saw the act with his own eyes, and became so uncontrollable that the police telephoned for an ambulance, in which he was taken to the Manhattan hospital.

Brown's case shows the cable-car question in a new light, and suggests a comment. It appears that in the end the horrible accidents which from time to time shock the public are as dangerous to the lives of the motormen, accused of criminal neglect in the discharge of their duties, as to the mangled victims.

JAMES S. HAMMOND.

—I love victory, but I love not triumph.—Mme. Swetchine.

INDIANA MINERS.

Four Thousand Men in the Bituminous Coal Fields Strike.
Terre Haute, Ind., May 1.—The 4,000 miners in the bituminous field in the state stopped work Thursday night and it is expected on both sides that there will be a long suspension of operations. The men had offered to work for 61 cents; they had been receiving 60, but the operators asked for a reduction to 55 cents to compete with the Danville (Ill.) district. The men in the Vermillion county (Ind.) district, who have been out of the miners' organization and who have been working for 55 cents, will continue at work, getting out about one-tenth of the Indiana output. The block coal men of Clay county, about 3,000 in number, asked for an advance from 70 to 75 cents when the bituminous men asked for an advance to 65 cents, but the bituminous men having practically offered to continue work at the old scale, have signed a contract with the operators to continue work at 70 cents.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Scores Made by Clubs of Professional Organization on Thursday.
National league games on Thursday resulted as follows: At Chicago—Chicago, 8; St. Louis, 3. At Louisville—Pittsburgh, 9; Louisville, 3. At Boston—Boston, 5; Baltimore, 4. At Brooklyn—Brooklyn, 7; Washington, 2. At Philadelphia—Philadelphia, 11; New York, 10.

Western league: At Minneapolis—Minneapolis, 10; Milwaukee, 4. At Detroit—Detroit, 13; Columbus, 4. At St. Paul—St. Paul, 9; Kansas City, 7. At Grand Rapids—Indianapolis, 9; Grand Rapids, 6.

Western association: At St. Joseph—Rockford, 10; St. Joseph, 7. At Burlington—Peoria, 20; Burlington, 8. At Quincy—Dubuque, 12; Quincy, 11. At Des Moines—Des Moines, 12; Cedar Rapids, 2.

TAYLOR IS HANGED.

Successful Execution in Missouri of Murderer of the Meeks.

Carrollton, Mo., May 1.—At ten minutes to 11 o'clock Father Kennedy placed a crucifix in Taylor's hands and the march to the scaffold began. A number of Catholic ladies followed, joining in the responses of the prayers for the dead. Taylor walked with a firm step and his wonderful nerve never deserted him. After ascending the scaffold Taylor's legs were pinioned, and he kissed the crucifix held in front of him by the priest. The crowd surrounding the scaffold removed their hats and Sheriff Allen waved a white handkerchief in the air. The trap sprang noiselessly and Taylor dropped to the end of the rope. His neck was broken and the body hung motionless. In ten minutes he was declared dead.

TO GET FIVE YEARS.

Reported Punishment of the Transvaal Prisoners.

London, May 1.—A rumor is in circulation on the stock exchange that the Transvaal executive has imposed the punishment of five years' penal servitude with banishment at the end of that term of imprisonment, upon Hammond, Rhodes and the other reform committee leaders whose sentence of death was remitted Wednesday.

Johannesburg, May 1.—The Diggers' News says that influential burghers from all parts of the Transvaal are flocking to Pretoria to petition the government for total abolition of the sentences of imprisonment imposed on the members of the reform committee condemned by the high court at Pretoria.

Legal Notices.

First Publication Feb. 2nd, last, May 16th.
MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE—Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 25th, 1889, executed by Frank Larrin and Philomena Larrin, his wife, to Frederick T. Day and recorded November 20th, 1889, in the office of the register of deeds of Delta county, Michigan, in Liber "F" of Mortgages at page 543.

Said mortgage was on August 6th, 1890, duly assigned by Frederick T. Day to James G. Jenkins, trustee under the last will and testament of Theodore B. Elliott, deceased, and said assignment recorded August 10, 1890, in the office of the aforesaid register of deeds in Liber "K" of Mortgages at page 133. Said mortgage was again on January 16th, 1892, duly assigned by James G. Jenkins, trustee under the last will and testament of Theodore B. Elliott, deceased, to Caroline May Elliott (now Caroline May Graves), who is now the legal owner thereof, and said assignment was on August 29th, 1892, duly recorded in the office of the aforesaid register of deeds in Liber "K" of Mortgages at page 136.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage and the note accompanying the same the sum of \$122.86 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 therein 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 items of interest due and all legal costs of foreclosure, including an attorney fee of \$25, authorized 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 holden), on the 20th 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-two (32) north of range nineteen (19) west, in Delta county, Michigan. CAROLINE MAY ELLIOTT, (now Caroline May Graves) Assignee of Mortgage, C. W. DUNN, Attorney for Assignee. Dated Feb. 15th, 1896.

ORDER OF HEARING, for General Purpose and for Appointment of an Administrator.

State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 20th day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Martin Daniels, deceased, on reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William Daniels, a son and heir at law of said deceased, praying for the appointment of an administrator on the estate of said deceased.

Therefore it is Ordered, that Monday, the 18th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, be required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

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

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.)

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America.....100	Duke.....50	Road King.....65
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A time of the year when every man and boy wants to be dressed neatly. Introductory Inducements that make it a decided object to secure your season's clothing next week.

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Best Styles, Best Grades, Best Values.

Men's very fine Suits in Cut-a-ways, Straight or Round cut Sacks, we are positive no better goods, styles or workmanship can be shown in town, for next week's sale they go at the exceedingly low price—for choice, : : 12.00

This gives you choice of our best men's suits in the building.

Next grade, choice of any suit in the house in any style or color desired, : : 10.00

Next grade, for this sale, : 7.75

Next grade, nice business suits, : 6.00

Next grade, in many styles, this sale, 4.50

BOYS' CLOTHING.

For next week's sale Boys' Clothing will fare no better than the men's. This sale is to reduce our immense stock of men's and boys' clothing, which at the present time is by far the largest ever shown in any one store in town.

REMEMBER, our very best men's suits, ones that have been selling at from \$18.00 to \$22.50, now go at the one price, \$12.00. These are sure to go first, so if you want a very fine suit at very small cost and an immense line to select from call early in the week.

A Genuine Bargain Week in the Clothing Trade.

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