

THE IRON PORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

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REPUBLICAN NOMINEES

The Ticket Which Will Prove a Winner on Nov. 3d.

CANDIDATES THAT WE ALL KNOW

Brief Biographical Mention of Each Republican Nominee—Earnest and Unflinching Work Should be Put Forth by All.

Delta county electors have next Tuesday not only to express their preference for a man to occupy the presidential chair for the four years next succeeding the fourth of March of next year and a governor and state officers for Michigan for the two years after the 31st of December next—not only their preference for Wm. McKinley rather than Wm. J. Bryan and for Hazen S. Pingree rather than Charles R. Sligh—but to choose, also, between the republican and popocratic candidates for congressman for the 12th district, state senator for the 30th district, representative in the lower house of the legislature for the Delta district and a full set of county officers to serve for two years.

It is sometimes suggested by persons who are republicans on national issues that in local matters it is not necessary to be governed by party affiliations; that to "vote for the best man" is the proper course, and the suggestion has something of force or would have were it not that such a course is always destructive of party coherence and if the determination of the question as to who "the best man" is was a matter of evidence. Such is, however, never the case; the voter who "scratches" his party ticket does so, at the peril of the disintegration of his party, because of almost anything else than a calm conviction that the man in whose favor he sacrifices the candidate of his party is "the best man"; he does so for reasons of personal friendship for the one or personal antipathy to the other—reasons he should not, at this time at all events, allow to influence his actions.

The republicans of Delta county have no reason to fear the application of "the best man" test but that is not the point; what they desire is the success of the party at all points and the only safe course is to stand by it at the polls without wavering, trading or scratching. Our opponents set us the example, in their nominations, of the way to destroy a party organization—a populist is at the head of their ticket and populists and renegade republicans are numerous upon it—an example not followed in the makeup of our ticket and one which we must not follow in part by sacrificing any candidate upon it in favor of one upon theirs. A cross-mark in the circle under the flag is all that a republican voter need do to his ballot, all that he should do, all that he will do if he regards the success of the party as the end to be striven for and achieved.

Assuming that at this hour no argument is needed concerning the electoral or state tickets; that every republican elector will support the McKinley electors and the state ticket, from Pingree to Simmons, The Iron Port urges the same course with reference to

CARLOS DOUGLAS SHELDEN, the republican nominee for member of congress. He is a man who, by long residence in the district and active participation in its affairs is well qualified to look after its interests; whose business habits and sterling integrity are a guaranty that such interests will be safe in his hands and will be diligently attended to. He will seldom be heard upon the floor of the house—never in any speeches "for Buconec"—but his work, like that of his immediate predecessor, will be in committee and, for the benefit of his constituents who may require it, in the departments, the patent office and the pension bureau. No republican can afford to reward desertion by a vote for his opponent.

HON. RICHARD MASON, For senator from the 30th district the choice lies between Senator Richard Mason and Frank Peters—one a man who has spent his life in this county and is connected with its leading industry, the manufacture of lumber, and the other a "Johnny-come-lately," a lawyer, who would pack his grip and flit tomorrow if a more lucrative practice was open to him elsewhere; one who has already served the district acceptably one term and the other utterly unknown to the people of this county until the popocrats gave him (what none of the old democrats wanted) the senatorial nomination. We said "choice"—there is none, in fact—a vote for any other candidate than Senator Mason is a vote wasted.

HON. ORAMEL B. FULLER made no introduction to the electors of

the Delta representative district; he has represented them, acceptably, in two legislatures and is, for that reason (if for no other) better qualified to represent them in another than the unknown pill-peddler whom the popocrats discovered in the northeast corner of Alger county and selected as their candidate, the men who had tried his vote-getting abilities in previous campaigns declining the empty honor. The district will doubtless return Mr. Fuller again and the votes of Delta county electors are the ones that will do it, though he will get his party vote in Alger and Schoolcraft. We can do no better, in his behalf than to repeat our words, uttered when he was first a candidate, in 1892, "He comes of democratic stock," having been born in New Jersey when all Jersey men were democrats—a time happily long past—but on reaching man's estate he allied himself with those who stand for American ideas, American industries and American progress—the republicans, and stands with them to-day in full accord with the principles of the party as laid down in the national and state platforms. That he will be elected is as certain as that a majority of the voters of the district are well-informed and sensible.

The first office on the county ticket is that of judge of probate, and for it the republican county convention, after a sharp contest, presented the name of

THOMAS B. WHITE. That gentleman was born in New York but was brought when a child of tender years to Wisconsin but went thence to lower Michigan in early manhood and in 1888 removed to this city and has since been a resident of it. He was at first associated with the present prosecuting attorney of the county, the firm being White & Jenaluga, but that association was terminated by mutual consent and Mr. White has since that "paddled his own canoe." Always a republican, he soon became active in political affairs and therein displayed abilities which brought him into prominence in party councils. He now holds the position of city attorney, having been chosen to succeed Hon. A. R. Northup, and has so far made a good record in that office. That he is well qualified for the discharge of the duties of the office of judge of probate is not questioned; that he is entitled, by the fact of his nomination, to the support of the republican electors of the county must be conceded; that he will receive such support and be elected to the office is not to be doubted; Delta republicans can not afford to endanger his election, and make possible that of the popocratic candidate, nor do we believe they will do so; it is not a good year (there is never a good one) for "knifing" a fairly chosen candidate; by our numerical preponderance we are entitled to every place on the ticket; by the character of our candidates we are entitled to every place and only treachery can prevent our having them. Let there be none; stand to the colors; vote the ticket straight.

FREDERICK M. OLMSTED is the republican candidate for sheriff. It is hardly necessary to speak of his character for he is well-known in city and county. Born at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, he became a resident of the county at the age of nineteen years and has been such, continuously, ever since, having been engaged chiefly in farming and in work in the woods, in the cutting and preparation for market of pine and cedar. His residence has always been in the eastern townships and is now in Garden, where he has done his part in changing the political complexion of the township from democratic to republican. That and the other townships on the east side of the county presented his name to the republican county convention for the office of sheriff and, it being conceded that they were entitled to one good place on the ticket, the nomination was made. Mr. Olmsted has been entrusted with public duties by his township and has always discharged such duties to the satisfaction of his constituents, and will fill the larger sphere to which he now aspires, and to which he will doubtless be called next Tuesday, to the satisfaction of the people of the county. The cross-mark at the head of the republican ticket will serve; the full party vote is all he needs, and to which he is entitled.

OSCAR V. LINDEN is the next name upon the ticket and the office for which he is nominated is the same which he has filled since 1892, that of county clerk and register of deeds, the most important (unless that of treasurer be so considered) office in the gift of the people of the county. At the time of his first candidacy for the office this paper said of him that should he be chosen "he will prove no unworthy successor to the worthy officers who have preceded him," and that such has been the case his re-election in 1894 and his re-nomination at this time is evidence sufficient, but is not all the evidence; it is supplemented by the universal commendation of those who have had business with the office, who certify to his pains-

taking accuracy in the discharge of its duties and his unflinching politeness to them. A son of the Northland and prominent among those of his own nationality, he is entirely Americanized in sentiment and fully in accord with the principles and purposes of the republican party, and that he will serve another term in the office is practically a foregone conclusion. As we have said of the others, the cross-mark under the flag with the face of Lincoln is all the voter need make.

EMANUEL M. ST. JACQUES, candidate for county treasurer, is a son of that hardy race—the Canadian-French—which has sent so many of its sons to fell the forests and till the soil of this region. He came hither from Quebec in July, 1872, and took work in the woods for the company which then operated the mill at Flat Rock. After a time he entered the employ of the C. & N. W. railway company in this city, working at his trade, blacksmithing, putting in the two services thirteen years of steady work. At the end of that term, in 1885, having accumulated a little capital, he engaged in business on his own account in which he succeeded and in which he is still engaged. During the years that have since elapsed he has attained a leading position in his ward and among his compatriots, has been chief officer of the French benevolent organization, the Institut Jacques Cartier, has served his ward as supervisor for four years and the city as its treasurer for the same number of years and is now treasurer of the Delta County Agricultural Society. Last spring he declined to be considered a candidate for another term as city treasurer and another was chosen, but as he seemed to have a "vocation" for treasurerships he was immediately mentioned as a proper person to receive, care for and pay out the county funds and the suggestion was accepted by the county convention of the republican party and he was placed upon the ticket for that office. He is capable, he is honest, he is a republican without an "if" or an "and"—just a straight republican—and the voter will make no mistake who gives him support. The one cross-mark at the head of the ticket at the left of the big official ballot will do it.

IRA C. JENNINGS, the republican candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney, is so well known (by having served in that capacity) that extended comment is hardly needed. He is a Michigan man by birth, his education was acquired in its common schools and university and (as to the law) in the office of a law firm at Charlotte, Eaton county. He "hung out his shingle" in our city in 1888 and has since practiced his profession here—at first in association with T. B. White, then with F. D. Mead and more lately without a partner. His record in the office during the two terms he has held it is guaranty for the prompt, faithful and accurate performance of its duties in the future should he (as he doubtless will) be re-elected. It should be mentioned that during his incumbency of the office he has collected from forfeited bonds over two thousand dollars; enough to pay his salary for two years; a new record in the office. Again, only the cross-mark in the circle is necessary.

ALPHA C. BARRAS will succeed A. P. Smith as circuit court commissioner. He is, as all our readers know, "an Escanaba boy" and is young in his profession but he is well qualified to discharge the duties of the office and has the advantage of a business association with the Nestor of the Delta bar, Hon. E. P. Royce. Again that cross-mark; put it there and stop. Of the remaining candidates on the ticket—Craig for surveyor and Hutchins and McFall for coroners—we need say nothing; they are each "all right" and will be elected unless the whole ticket is defeated (a contingency about as probable as an earthquake), for nobody will "scratch" so near its end.

And so, brother republicans, register to-day or Monday and on Tuesday vote the ticket, straight.

Make It Emphatic. Although by every sign by which electoral results are foreseen the cause of sound money is certain to prevail next Tuesday, no patriotic citizen who is weary of depression and uncertainty and eager to see the return of confidence and revival of prosperity will be content with a bare majority against the doctrines represented by the Chicago candidates. To realize the greatest good and experience immediate results of a beneficent nature, the defeat of Bryanism must be overwhelming and irrevocable. It must be not an overthrow merely, but an extermination.

Good News for the Miners. The management of the Lake Superior mine, at Ishpeming decides to work with full force during the winter. This makes steady employment for over 1,000 men. The Pittsburg and Lake Angeline mine, ordinarily employing from 600 to 800 men, now idle, will probably resume mining with a full force next month.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

The Joint Debate Proves to be a One-Sided Affair.

M'GEE TOO MUCH FOR HOPKINS

The Opera House Crowded for the Occasion—The Scandinavian McKinley Club Meets—Chairman Hanna's Last Appeal.

Chairman Hanna last Tuesday issued a last appeal to the voters of the county from which we clip the following: "In your hands is the destiny of our nation. With you rests the responsibility of deciding for or against your country's honor. Alone, in your booths, on election day; with your conscience as your only guide, you will indicate whether you stand for or against the best principles of government. You should calmly and carefully consider before you act. Let no impulse sway you; let action be upon conviction. Patriotic voters, you each and every one can render a service in this campaign. You can not only cast your vote for good money, good government and protection to your home and your flag, but you can secure for these great principles at least one other vote. Each patriotic citizen should himself or herself individually endeavor to rescue a friend from the error of an unwise exercise of his elective franchise, from voting against those principles of national honor for which our people have striven for over a century. The women of the country, mothers, daughters and sisters, who have at heart the happiness of family and home, can perform effective work by appealing in person to acquaintances and friends who have votes to support our cause."

That carefully arranged "debate" last Saturday evening turned out no "debate" at all. The popocratic speaker, Hon. S. W. Hopkins, made no attempt to answer the questions put to him by "the boy from Nahma" Mr. McGee, but gave the audience the set speech which he had prepared for use in the campaign; the which Mr. McGee tore to rags—contradicted his arguments, related his statements and (in short, to use a bit of current slang) "made a monkey" of the popocrat. The house was packed and the silverites did their best, by applause, to support their representative but to no good result; they were downed and they knew it, and when all was over (it was nearly midnight) some of them were frank enough to acknowledge it, one saying to the other "He [McGee] roasted me—I got out of him [Hopkins] in the closing." Mr. Chairman McKenna, preferring that Hopkins was his preference rather than Tarsney, said "I wanted an argument not a circus." He had the "circus" but the "argument" was woefully lacking.

The Scandinavian McKinley club met Sunday afternoon in North Star Hall and was addressed by "the boy from Nahma" Charles A. A. McGee, and (more briefly) by T. B. White and Col. Van Duzer, in English of course, and by Olof Lind in Swedish. The English speakers were listened to attentively and elicited evidence of approval, but the remarks of the Scandinavian laborer (for such Mr. Lind is) awoke the enthusiasm of the crowd and brought out a storm of applause. The Scandinavian Glee Club enveloped the occasion by patriotic songs and, as a whole, the meeting served to consolidate the republican, protective sound money sentiment of the Scandinavian citizens; it could not add to its strength for the Norsemen were "solid," already, for McKinley.

The club will meet again, at the same place, to-morrow afternoon when other speakers will be on hand and other good reasons given why every laboring man should support the republican ticket and platform.

As the campaign nears its close the false stories that are spread increase in number. Many of these stories are lies made out of whole cloth and are circulated with the deliberate purpose of deceiving the voters. More of these stories have some foundation in fact, but have become so distorted that they would not be recognized at the place of their origin. Such stories are probably more dangerous than those that are complete and absolute falsehoods, for the grain of truth in them makes them the more delusive and deceptive and enables those who spread them to do so with a better conscience. The voters should have good sense enough not to be misled by wild stories circulated in the last few days of the campaign.

So stormy was the weather Thursday evening that the turn-out to see Mr. McDonald, the free-silver orator from the

Soo, was the smallest gathering of the season, but he was on hand and held forth to two or three hundred who braved the storm to hear him. Of his address nothing need be said except that it was well-delivered; there was, there could be nothing new in it, he could but thresh over, once more, the old straw, the which he did as energetically as though it still contained grain of argument. The work of conviction was done long since. The Iron Port doubts if the opinion of a voter has been changed by the speeches of the last ten days; whether many votes have been influenced by all the oratory; the voters have been reading this year.

The last word of the campaign will be spoken, at the Peterson opera house, on Monday evening next, Nov. 2, by Chase S. Osborn. Let the house be crowded; Mr. Osborn is not talking for himself, now, but for "the advancement of prosperity," Wm. McKinley, for a square deal between debtor and creditor, and for honest money and good times. It will be a prelude to the grand hurrah of the succeeding night, when the wires bring us the welcome news that Wm. McKinley is elected.

The McKinley and Hobart Marching Club will parade, for the last time previous to the election, with torches and music, this evening, Saturday, October 31. After the election—but that's another story, which will be told in due season.

Justice to Senator Mason. ESCANABA, Mich., Oct. 26th, 1896.—It has been reported to me that Mr. Frank H. Peters, democratic candidate for state senator in this district, has stated, in aid of his own candidacy, that his opponent, the present senator, Hon. Richard Mason, does not pay the men who work for him.

In simple justice to Mr. Mason, I desire to say, from a personal knowledge of the facts, that no employer could be more willing and anxious to pay his men than he was to pay the men engaged upon the drive on the Whitefish river last spring. Mr. Mason and one other lumberman interested, hired attorneys to determine their just proportion of the total cost of the drives and actually paid many of the men the amounts due to them before the other lumbermen could be got together to conclude an agreement for settlement.

In the settlement of the last drive Mr. Mason paid his just proportion of the wages through attorneys whom he paid and would not permit to charge the men a collection fee, except the men who placed their claims in the hands of Mr. Peters who commenced suit before even asking for payment.

I also know that Mr. Mason tried to bring about an agreement between the log owners before the drives were completed so that the men might be paid without delay; and in pursuance of that purpose he came to Escanaba to attend several meetings of Whitefish lumbermen, that were called but failed because of the absence of others.

Mr. Mason's pro rata share has been fully paid to all of those men or to Mr. Peters himself, as their attorney, except two small orders which I hold and which by mistake of the jobber in charge of the first drive, were not included in the settlement.

IRA C. JENNINGS, Attorney.

The Ladies Protest. There is quite a little dissatisfaction, by a number of ladies in regard to the premium list of the late county fair. It appears and it is a fact that articles that had 1st and 2nd premium tags on at the close of the fair were not on the list of premiums made out by the secretary. Mrs. Noble had first premium tag on spoon stand, and it can be seen on it now at her home; still it was not on the list made out. She also had first premium tag on silk work, this also was not on the list. Instead of drawing \$3.50 which belonged to her, she got but \$1.50, this on cakes. They are others equally situated. It is not so much the small sum of money that is held back but the disappointment in not getting their just dues; after working hard for weeks not only to show their taste and skill in their work, but to add to the attraction and success of the fair. This is by no means encouraging to the ladies to induce them in the future to exhibit their work of art or skill where they are deprived of that which rightfully belongs to them.

H. M. NOBLE.

They Tried Again. Charles Maloney and P. M. Peterson having declined the doubtful honor thrust upon them by the council of places upon the board of public works, the council, at a special meeting held Monday evening offered the places to James S. Doherty and Joseph T. Wixson. The latter, seeing he is asked to serve only until next spring, will try it; as to Mr. Doherty, the Iron Port at this writing has no information. If he consents to serve he will acquit himself well; of that there is no doubt. Later, Mr. Doherty accepts.

NEWS NOTES ABOUT TOWN

General Pickups of the Week by Iron Port Reporters.

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS

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

Hon. T. B. Danstan says, "I have visited every county in the upper peninsula except Mackinaw and find the utmost enthusiasm for the republican ticket; the plurality will be the largest ever given in the twelfth congressional district, probably from 14,000 to 18,000. There is very little silver sentiment, compared with what I expected to see."

County Clerk Powers was able to remove the contents of his vaults into the temporary court house Monday and found all the records in a good state of preservation. The forty tons of coal in the basement of the court house is burning yet.—Ontonagon Herald.

Negaunee tax-payers who object to a municipal electric lighting plant talk of the failures of such plants at Marquette, Escanaba and Crystal Falls. Leave out Escanaba; our lighting plant is not a failure, though we did pay a big price for it.

The city council at Gladstone will not buy the electric lighting plant at present; the condition of the city finances does not warrant the expenditure. The company will have the plant in operation again in two or three weeks.

A. J. Foster, of Foster City, died last Sunday night. His body was taken to Cleveland, Ohio, for burial. He was well known in this city and his demise is sincerely regretted by his many friends.

Sexton Abel has lost a small book, the record of burials in Lakeview, and will be much obliged to the finder for its return. It can be left at this office if more convenient than to find him.

Ex-congressman Eldredge, the man who backed down a southerner that challenged him by naming bowie knives as the weapons, died last Monday at his home in Wisconsin.

Economy is the word in Iron county. The supervisors cut the salary of probate judge to \$450, of the prosecuting attorney to \$850, of treasurer to \$1,500 and of clerk to \$800.

A dispatch from Rome says that the election in the U. S. is the absorbing topic at the Vatican. The papal income is derived largely from American contributions.

The Colby mine, in which the estate of the late J. H. Mardoull has a large interest, has 240,000 tons of ore in sight and a prospect of resuming operations.

Chase Osborn spoke at Hancock Monday night. Hancock firm; who had a grudge against him growing out of the tournament at the Soo, interrupted him.

The whole aim of the popocrats is to array those who have labor to sell and those who wish to buy it in open hostility. The plan is vicious.

Quite a bit of cash is up in wagers on the election. The popocrats want, and get, odds. Two to one is about the figure on McKinley.

Leathem & Smith, of Sturgeon Bay, bought the wreck of the Anstrasia, and the cargo in it, of the underwriters.

The Newberry asylum is full and no more patients can be received until the new cottages are ready—say Dec. 10.

Dick Letcher and his fireman had to jump for their lives one day last week. Their engine went "over the bank."

Silas Gagnon, fifteen years old only, fell dead in the postoffice at Gladstone one day last week of heart disease.

Mrs. Hugh McCauley died last Monday of consumption. Funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Wednesday.

Archie McDougal was shot to death by his wife at Marinette last Saturday. The woman is in custody.

Alma N. Christopherson, of Ford River, died of brain fever on the 29th and was buried on the 24th.

The lumber shovers at Marinette have agreed to accept forty cents an hour and the "war" is over.

It's wonderful how many votes a man can get when he is not a candidate for office.

The Westcott will make but two more trips before going into winter quarters. There are several cases of diphtheria in town but they are not malignant.

Some ill-bred fools at Chicago threw eggs at Mr. Bryan. None hit him.

The little schooner Emily Taylor lived the gale out and has been found.

Bryan was at Green Bay yesterday for an hour.

Tom Farrell wants men to make ties.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR TRIFLING

If you have got a single dollar to spend, spend as though there wasn't another insight. This is no time for trifling, whether you're young or old you can't recall a period when more prudence in purchasing was demanded than is demanded of you right now. See our goods and prices.



Handsome Ladies' Jacket like above cut worth \$10.00, panic price \$5.00
 Silk lined tailor made latest style, worth \$15.00, panic price 9.75
 Misses' all wool beaver, former price \$7, panic price 3.98
 Children's Gretchens 1.49
 All wool flannel .95
 1 lot of 150 coats and capes, to close 1.19
 In our millinery department we will give you choice of 150 trimmed hats, panic price 1.59
 Ladies Fedora Hats in all the latest shapes.
 Children's & Misses' Tam O'Shanters, panic price from 21c up

Men's good heavy winter caps; always sold at 50c; during our panic sale will go at .24
 Suspenders, panic price, per pair .09
 Suspenders, heavy working, panic price per pr .11
 All wool, hand knit mittens, panic price, per pair .33
 Men's all wool heavy weight Sweaters; our panic price is .98
 Jersey Overshirts and all other kinds of overshirts are all going at panic prices, including our heavy buffalo flannels, which are now being sold at 1.19



Boys' Reefer Suits from 87 1-2c up
 Young Men's Overcoats and Ulsters from \$2.50 up
 Young Men's Suits, square and round cut, value from \$8 to \$12, now selling from \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00



Washington beaver overcoats in black and blue, elegantly made and trimmed; price in good times was \$12.00, panic price 6.25
 Overcoats, made of highest grade Kerseys, Meltons, Tibets, Covert Cloth, Etc.; good times price, \$15.00; panic price 8.75
 Overcoats in dark colors, velvet collars, neatly made and trimmed such as brought us in good times \$7.50; panic price for same is 3.25
 Men's Ulsters, of all kinds from the cheapest to the best that can be found in town; in good times prices were 5.00 to 20.00; panic prices range from 2.90 to 14.00
 Overcoats. We have some that are slightly damaged; all good coats, worth from 8.00 to 12.00; during our panic price sale take them away for 1.25
 Men's Wool Suits in heavy weight, single or double breasted or round cut, such as sold in good times from \$7.50 to \$8.50, panic price 3.90
 Men's all wool suits in black, blue or fancy chevots, in single or double breasted sacks; price in good times was \$10.00; panic price 5.75

KRATZE, 608 and 610 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Michigan

IF BRYAN IS ELECTED, WHAT THEN?

Continued From First Page.

have never seen before, and the prostration and dry rot following the panic would continue for several years afterwards. Business activity would not return at once with restored currency, as credit is a creature of slow growth. It took six years to recover from the panic of 1873, and would probably require ten years or more to recover from this one.

With new corn at 18 cents a bushel in Illinois, and 15 in Kansas and Nebraska, and with those prices to be still further reduced by the panic, the enforced idleness of the laboring classes, and the consequently diminished demand, to from 10 to 15 cents a bushel, after the laborer has been paid and the farmer's store bills settled, how much will be left for taxes and interest on his mortgage? And if he defaults in either will not the mortgagee want his 100 cents instead of 53, and foreclose? Although foreclosure takes from one to two years, and would take until Nov. of 1897 or 1898, yet as the effects of the panic would still continue, there could be but one result, the farmer must lose his farm and become a renter. The outcome therefore for farmers in debt, must inevitably prove disastrous.

The foregoing are the immediate effects. In from five to ten years hence, after business and credit were restored, real estate and labor to-day worth \$1 in gold would again be worth that, and, if silver dollars were worth but 50 cents in gold, they would be worth \$2 in silver, just as they are worth about \$2 to-day in silver bullion. But those silver dollars would not be the silver dollars of to-day, because not interchangeable with gold as ours are. They would not be worth half as much, and hence be different because depreciated.

As well might they think to profit by selling their farms or their labor for francs instead of dollars, because it takes five francs to make a dollar, and they would consequently get five times as many of them, as that by selling for silver dollars, two of which make a gold dollar, they would make a profit. All expenses of living would meantime have doubled, and as these advance faster than labor or real estate (which always rises last of all commodities) even after work was found, wages would not buy as much as they do to-day. Hence after severe suffering in the start, and after low wages and high prices for many years, the laborer would be no better off in the end.

And how would the farmer be benefited, if starting in debt, he had in the process lost his farm?

Mr. Bryan claims it is inconsistent to say that free silver coinage will cause disaster and also that it will double prices. But a little reflection will show that that we would have a panic, which would result, and afterward prices would

be doubled (in silver). In this great disaster capitalists could save themselves by buying exchange or foreclosing. The hardships and misery would fall upon the laborer, and those in debt, that is upon the mass of our people, and make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Crime and lawlessness would necessarily increase, and driven by hunger and despair become rampant.

Instead of more money, which Mr. Bryan promises us, we have seen that his election means money famine for a year and more, and instead of "prosperity for the producers of wealth", there would be but losses, hardships and suffering.

In view of these inevitable, and many of them conceded consequences of Mr. Bryan's election, is it wise to put him in?

Stove Wood for Sale.

The I. Stephenson Co. will deliver pine stove wood to order, at any point in the city at \$2.00 per cord. Office at foot of Ludington street.

Silverware of every description at lowest prices at Sourwine & Hartnett's. Buy before election as the entire stock will be coined into 100-cent dollars immediately thereafter. Two stores.

It's too late for soda water, but you will find everything else at Sourwine & Hartnett's. Two stores.

Professional Cards.

DR. C. H. LONG,
 Physician and Surgeon.
 Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles.
 Office over Young's bakery, 605 Ludington St.
 ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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

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

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

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

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

FRED. E. HARRIS,
 CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
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THE IRON PORT WEEKLY

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXVII.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1896.

NUMBER 44.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEES

The Ticket Which Will Prove a Winner on Nov. 3d.

CANDIDATES THAT WE ALL KNOW

Brief Biographical Mention of Each Republican Nominee—Earnest and Unremitting Work Should be Put Forth by All.

Delta county electors have next Tuesday not only to express their preference for a man to occupy the presidential chair for the four years next succeeding the fourth of March of next year and a governor and state officers for Michigan for the two years after the 31st of December next—not only their preference for Wm. McKinley rather than Wm. J. Bryan and for Hazen S. Pingree rather than Charles R. Sligh—but to choose, also, between the republican and popocratic candidates for congressman for the 12th district, state senator for the 30th district, representative in the lower house of the legislature for the Delta district and a full set of county officers to serve for two years.

It is sometimes suggested by persons who are republicans on national issues that in local matters it is not necessary to be governed by party affiliations; that to "vote for the best man" is the proper course, and the suggestion has something of force or would have were it not that such a course is always destructive of party coherence and if the determination of the question as to who "the best man" is was a matter of evidence. Such is, however, never the case; the voter who "scratches" his party ticket does so, at the peril of the disintegration of his party, because of almost anything else than a calm conviction that the man in whose favor he sacrifices the candidate of his party is "the best man;" he does so for reasons of personal friendship for the one or personal antipathy to the other—reasons he should not, at this time at all events, allow to influence his actions.

The republicans of Delta county have no reason to fear the application of "the best man" test but that is not the point; what they desire is the success of the party at all points and the only safe course is to stand by it at the polls without wavering, trading or scratching. Our opponents set us the example, in their nominations, of the way to destroy a party organization—a populist is at the head of their ticket and populists and renegade republicans are numerous upon it—an example not followed in the make-up of our ticket and one which we must not follow in part by sacrificing any candidate upon it in favor of one upon theirs. A cross-mark in the circle under the flag is all that a republican voter need do to his ballot, all that he should do, all that he will do if he regards the success of the party as the end to be striven for and achieved.

Assuming that at this hour no argument is needed concerning the electoral or state tickets; that every republican elector will support the McKinley electors and the state ticket, from Pingree to Simons, The Iron Port urges the same course with reference to

CARLOS DOUGLAS SHELLEN. The republican nominee for member of congress. He is a man who, by long residence in the district and active participation in its affairs is well qualified to look after its interests; whose business habits and sterling integrity are guaranty that such interests will be safe in his hands and will be diligently attended to. He will seldom be heard upon the floor of the house—never in any speeches "for Buncombe"—but his work, like that of his immediate predecessor, will be in committee and for the benefit of his constituents who may require it, in the departments, the patent office and the pension bureau. No republican can afford to reward desertion by a vote for his opponent.

HON. RICHARD MASON. For senator from the 30th district the choice lies between Senator Richard Mason and Frank Peters—one a man who has spent his life in this county and is connected with its leading industry, the manufacture of lumber, and the other a "Johnny-come-lately," a lawyer, who would pack his grip and flit tomorrow if a more lucrative practice was open to him elsewhere; one who has already served the district acceptably one term and the other utterly unknown to the people of this county until the popocrats gave him (what none of the old democrats wanted) the senatorial nomination. We said "choice"—there is none, in fact—a vote for any other candidate than Senator Mason is a vote wasted.

HON. ORAMEL B. FULLER. No introduction to the electors of

the Delta representative district; he has represented them, acceptably, in two legislatures and is, for that reason (if for no other) better qualified to represent them in another than the unknown pill-peddler whom the popocrats discovered in the northeast corner of Alger county and selected as their candidate, the man who had tried his vote-getting abilities in previous campaigns declining the empty honor. The district will doubtless return Mr. Fuller again and the votes of Delta county electors are the ones that will do it, though he will get his party vote in Alger and Schoolcraft. We can do no better, in his behalf than to repeat our words, uttered when he was first a candidate, in 1892, "He comes of democratic stock," having been born in New Jersey when all Jersey men were democrats—a time happily long past—but on reaching man's estate he aligned himself with those who stand for American ideas, American industries and American progress—the republicans, and stands with them to-day in full accord with the principles of the party as laid down in the national and state platforms. That he will be elected is as certain as that a majority of the voters of the district are well-informed and sensible.

The first office on the county ticket is that of judge of probate, and for it the republican county convention, after a sharp contest, presented the name of

THOMAS B. WHITE. That gentleman was born in New York but was brought when a child of tender years to Wisconsin but went thence to lower Michigan in early manhood and in 1888 removed to this city and has since been a resident of it. He was at first associated with the present prosecuting attorney of the county, the firm being White & Jennings, but that association was terminated by mutual consent and Mr. White has since that "padded his own canoe." Always a republican, he soon became active in political affairs and therein displayed abilities which brought him into prominence in party councils. He now holds the position of city attorney, having been chosen to succeed Hon. A. R. Northrup, and has so far made a good record in that office. That he is well qualified for the discharge of the duties of the office of judge of probate is not questioned; that he is entitled, by the fact of his nomination, to the support of the republican electors of the county must be conceded; that he will receive such support and be elected to the office is not to be doubted; Delta republicans can not afford to endanger his election and make possible that of the popocratic candidate, nor do we believe they will do so; it is not a good year (there is never a good one) for "knifing" a fairly chosen candidate; by our numerical preponderance we are entitled to every place on the ticket; by the character of our candidates we are entitled to every place and only treachery can prevent our having them. Let there be none; stand to the colors; vote the ticket straight.

FREDERICK M. OLMSTED is the republican candidate for sheriff. It is hardly necessary to speak of his character for he is well-known in city and county. Born at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, he became a resident of the county at the age of nineteen years and has been such, continuously, ever since, having been engaged chiefly in farming and in work in the woods, in the cutting and preparation for market of pine and cedar. His residence has always been in the eastern townships and is now in Garden, where he has done his part in changing the political complexion of the township from democratic to republican. That and the other townships on the east side of the county presented his name to the republican county convention for the office of sheriff and, it being conceded that they were entitled to one good place on the ticket, the nomination was made. Mr. Olmsted has been entrusted with public duties by his township and has always discharged such duties to the satisfaction of his constituents, and will fill the larger sphere to which he now aspires, and to which he will doubtless be called next Tuesday, to the satisfaction of the people of the county. The cross-mark at the head of the republican ticket will serve; the full party vote is all he needs, is all he asks for, and to that he is entitled.

OSCAR V. LINDEN is the next name upon the ticket and the office for which he is nominated is the same which he has filled since 1892, that of county clerk and register of deeds, the most important (unless that of treasurer be so considered) office in the gift of the people of the county. At the time of his first candidacy for the office this paper said of him that should he be chosen "he will prove no unworthy successor to the worthy officers who have preceded him," and that such has been the case his re-election in 1894 and his re-nomination at this time is evidence sufficient, but is not all the evidence; it is supplemented by the universal commendation of those who have had business with the office, who certify to his pains-

taking accuracy in the discharge of his duties and his unflinching politeness to them. A son of the Northland and prominent among those of his own nationality, he is entirely Americanized in sentiment and fully in accord with the principles and purposes of the republican party, and that he will serve another term in the office is practically a foregone conclusion. As we have said of the others, the cross-mark under the flag with the face of Lincoln is all the voter need make.

EMANUEL M. ST. JACQUES, candidate for county treasurer, is a son of that hardy race—the Canadian-French—which has sent so many of its sons to fell the forests and till the soil of this region. He came hither from Quebec in July, 1872, and took work in the woods for the company which then operated the mill at Flat Rock. After a time he entered the employ of the C. & N. W. railway company in this city, working at his trade, blacksmithing, putting in the two services thirteen years of steady work. At the end of that term, in 1885, having accumulated a little capital, he engaged in business on his own account in which he succeeded and in which he is still engaged. During the years that have since elapsed he has attained a leading position in his ward and among his compatriots, he has been chief officer of the French benevolent organization, the Institut Jacques Cartier, has served his ward as supervisor for four years and the city as its treasurer for the same number of years and is now treasurer of the Delta County Agricultural Society. Last spring he declined to be considered a candidate for another term as city treasurer and another was chosen, but as he seemed to have a "vocation" for treasurerships he was immediately mentioned as a proper person to receive, care for and pay out the county funds and the suggestion was accepted by the county convention of the republican party and he was placed upon the ticket for that office. He is capable, he is honest, he is a republican without an "if" or an "and"—just a straight republican—and the voter will make no mistake who gives him support. The one cross-mark at the head of the ticket at the left of the big official ballot will do it.

IRA C. JENNINGS, the republican candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney, is so well known (by having served in that capacity) that extended comment is hardly needed. He is a Michigan man by birth, his education was acquired in its common schools and university and (as to the law) in the office of a law firm at Charlotte, Eaton county. He "hung out his shingle" in our city in 1888 and has since practiced his profession here—at first in association with T. B. White, then with F. D. Mead and more lately without a partner. His record in the office during the two terms he has held it is guaranty for the prompt, faithful and accurate performance of its duties in the future should he (as he doubtless will) be re-elected. It should be mentioned that during his incumbency of the office he has collected from forfeited bonds over two thousand dollars; enough to pay his salary for two years; a new record in the office. Again, only the cross-mark in the circle is necessary.

ALPHA C. BARRAS will succeed A. P. Smith as circuit court commissioner. He is, as all our readers know, "an Escanaba boy" and is young in his profession but he is well qualified to discharge the duties of the office and has the advantage of a business association with the Nestor of the Delta bar, Hon. E. P. Royce. Again that cross-mark; put it there and stop. Of the remaining candidates on the ticket—Craig for surveyor and Hutchins and McFall for coroners—we need say nothing; they are each "all right" and will be elected unless the whole ticket is defeated (a contingency about as probable as an earthquake), for nobody will "scratch" so near its end.

And so, brother republicans, register to-day or Monday and on Tuesday vote the ticket, straight.

Make It Emphatic. Although by every sign by which electoral results are foreseen the cause of sound money is certain to prevail next Tuesday, no patriotic citizen who is weary of depression and uncertainty and eager to see the return of confidence and revival of prosperity will be content with a bare majority against the doctrines represented by the Chicago candidates. To realize the greatest good and experience immediate results of a beneficent nature, the defeat of Bryanism must be overwhelming and irremediable. It must be not an overthrow merely, but an extermination.

Good News for the Miners. The management of the Lake Superior mine, at Ishpeming decides to work with full force during the winter. This makes steady employment for over 1,000 men. The Pittsburg and Lake Angeline mine, ordinarily employing from 800 to 850 men, now idle, will probably resume mining with a full force next month.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

The Joint Debate Proves to be a One-Sided Affair.

M'GEE TOO MUCH FOR HOPKINS

The Opera House Crowded for the Occasion—The Scandinavian McKinley Club Meets—Chairman Hanna's Last Appeal.

Chairman Hanna last Tuesday issued a last appeal to the voters of the country from which we clip the following: "In your hands is the destiny of our nation. With you rests the responsibility of deciding for or against your country's honor. Alone, in your booths, on election day, with your conscience as your only guide, you will indicate whether you stand for or against the best principles of government. You should calmly and carefully consider before you act. Let no impulse sway you; let action be upon conviction. Patriotic voters, you each and every one can render a service in this campaign. You can not only cast your vote for good money, good government and protection to your home and your flag, but you can secure for these great principles at least one other vote. Each patriotic citizen should himself or herself individually endeavor to rescue a friend from the error of an unwise exercise of his elective franchise, from voting against those principles of national honor for which our people have striven for over a century. The women of the country, mothers, daughters and sisters, who have at heart the happiness of family and home, can perform effective work by appealing in person to acquaintances and friends who have votes to support our cause."

That carefully arranged "debate" last Saturday evening turned out no "debate" at all. The popocratic speaker, Hon. S. W. Hopkins, made no attempt to answer the questions put to him by "the boy from Nahma" Mr. McGehee, but gave the audience the set speech which he had prepared for use in the campaign; the which Mr. McGehee tore to rags—contradicted his arguments, refuted his statements and (in short, to use a bit of current slang) "made a monkey" of the popocrat. The house was packed and the silverites did their best, by applause, to support their representative but to no good result; they were downed and they knew it, and when all was over (it was nearly midnight) some of them were frank enough to acknowledge it, one saying to the writer "He [McGehee] roasted h—l out of him [Hopkins] in the closing." Mr. Chairman McKeena, alleging that Hopkins was his preference rather than Tarsney, said "I wanted an argument not a circus." He had the "circus" but the "argument" was woefully lacking.

The Scandinavian McKinley club met Sunday afternoon in North Star Hall and was addressed by "the boy from Nahma" Charles A. A. McGehee, and (more briefly) by T. B. White and Col. Van Duzer, in English of course, and by Olof Lind in Swedish. The English speakers were listened to attentively and elicited evidence of approval, but the remarks of the Scandinavian laborer (for such Mr. Lind is) awoke the enthusiasm of the crowd and brought out a storm of applause. The Scandinavian Glee Club enlivened the occasion by patriotic songs and, as a whole, the meeting served to consolidate the republican, protective sound money sentiment of the Scandinavian citizens; it could not add to its strength for the Norsemen were "solid," already, for McKinley.

The club will meet again, at the same place, to-morrow afternoon when other speakers will be on hand and other good reasons given why every laboring man should support the republican ticket and platform.

As the campaign nears its close the false stories that are spread increase in number. Many of these stories are lies made out of whole cloth and are circulated with the deliberate purpose of deceiving the voters. More of these stories have some foundation in fact, but have become so distorted that they would not be recognized at the place of their origin. Such stories are probably more dangerous than those that are complete and absolute falsehoods, for the grain of truth in them makes them more delusive and deceptive and enables those who spread them to do so with a better conscience. The voters should have good sense enough not to be misled by wild stories circulated in the last few days of the campaign.

So stormy was the weather Thursday evening that the turn-out to see Mr. McDonald, the free-silver orator from the

Soo, was the smallest gathering of the season, but he was on hand and held forth to two or three hundred who braved the storm to hear him. Of his address nothing need be said except that it was well-delivered; there was, there could be nothing new in it, he could but thresh over, once more, the old straw, the which he did as energetically as though it still contained grain of argument. The work of conviction was done long since. The Iron Port doubts if the opinion of a voter has been changed by the speeches of the last ten days; whether many votes have been influenced by all the oratory; the voters have been reading this year.

The last word of the campaign will be spoken, at the Peterson opera house, on Monday evening next, Nov. 2, by Chase S. Osborn. Let the house be crowded; Mr. Osborn is not talking for himself, now, but for "the advancement of prosperity," Wm. McKinley, for a square deal between debtor and creditor, and for honest money and good times. It will be a prelude to the grand burrah of the succeeding night, when the wires bring us the welcome news that Wm. McKinley is elected.

The McKinley and Hobart Marching Club will parade, for the last time previous to the election, with torches and music, this evening, Saturday, October 31. After the election—but that's another story, which will be told in due season.

Justice to Senator Mason. ESCANABA, Mich., Oct. 26th, 1896.—It has been reported to me that Mr. Frank H. Peters, democratic candidate for state senator in this district, has stated, in aid of his own candidacy, that his opponent, the present senator, Hon. Richard Mason, does not pay the men who work for him.

In simple justice to Mr. Mason, I desire to say, from a personal knowledge of the facts, that no employer could be more willing and anxious to pay his men than he was to pay the men engaged upon the drive on the Whitfish river last spring. Mr. Mason and one other lumberman interested, hired attorneys to determine their just proportion of the total cost of the drives and actually paid many of the men the amounts due to them before the other lumbermen could be got together to conclude an agreement of settlement.

In the settlement of the last drive Mr. Mason paid his just proportion of the wages through attorneys whom he paid and would not permit to charge the men a collection fee, except the men who placed their claims in the hands of Mr. Peters who commenced suit before even asking for payment. I also know that Mr. Mason tried to bring about an agreement between the log owners before the drives were completed so that the men might be paid without delay; and in pursuance of that purpose he came to Escanaba to attend several meetings of Whitfish lumbermen, that were called but failed because of the absence of others.

Mr. Mason's pro rata share has been fully paid to all of those men or to Mr. Peters himself, as their attorney, except two small orders which I hold and which by mistake of the jobber in charge of the first drive, were not included in the settlement.

IRA C. JENNINGS, Attorney.

The Ladies Protest.

There is quite a little dissatisfaction, by a number of ladies in regard to the premium list of the late county fair. It appears and it is a fact that articles that had 1st and 2nd premium tags on at the close of the fair were not on the list of premiums made out by the secretary. Mrs. Noble had first premium tag on spool stand, and it can be seen on it now at her home; still it was not on the list made out. She also had first premium tag on silk work, this also was not on the list. Instead of drawing \$3.50 which belonged to her, she got but \$1.50, this on cakes. They are others equally situated. It is not so much the small sum of money that is held back but the disappointment in not getting their just due; after working hard for weeks not only to show their taste and skill in their work, but to add to the attraction and success of the fair. This is by no means encouraging to the ladies to induce them in the future to exhibit their work of art or skill where they are deprived of that which rightfully belongs to them.

H. M. NONLE.

They Tried Again.

Charles Maloney and P. M. Peterson having declined the doubtful honor thrust upon them by the council of places upon the board of public works, the council, at a special meeting held Monday evening offered the places to James S. Doherty and Joseph T. Wixson. The latter, seeing he is asked to serve only until next spring, will try it; as to Mr. Doherty, the Iron Port at this writing has no information. If he consents to serve he will acquire himself well; of that there is no doubt. Later: Mr. Doherty accepts.

NEWS NOTES ABOUT TOWN

General Pickups of the Week by Iron Port Reporters.

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS

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

Hon. T. B. Dunstan says, "I have visited every county in the upper peninsula except Mackinaw and flad the utmost enthusiasm for the republican ticket; the plurality will be the largest ever given in the twelfth congressional district, probably from 14,000 to 18,000. There is very little silver sentiment, compared with what I expected to see."

County Clerk Powers was able to remove the contents of his vaults into the temporary court house Monday and found all the records in a good state of preservation. The forty tons of coal in the basement of the court house is burning yet.—Ontonagon Herald.

Negaunee taxpayers who object to a municipal electric lighting plant talk of the failures of such plants at Marquette, Escanaba and Crystal Falls." Leave out Escanaba; our lighting plant is not a failure, though we did pay a big price for it.

The city council at Gladstone will not buy the electric lighting plant at present; the condition of the city finances does not warrant the expenditure. The company will have the plant in operation again in two or three weeks.

A. J. Foster, of Foster City, died last Sunday night. His body was taken to Cleveland, Ohio, for burial. He was well known in this city and his demise is sincerely regretted by his many friends.

Sexton Abell has lost a small book, the record of burials in Lakeview, and will be much obliged to the finder for its return. It can be left at this office if more convenient than to find him.

Ex-congressman Eldredge, the man who backed down a southerner that challenged him by naming bowie knives as the weapons, died last Monday at his home in Wisconsin.

Economy is the word in Iron county. The supervisors cut the salary of probate judge to \$450, of the prosecuting attorney to \$850, of treasurer to \$1,500 and of clerk to \$800.

A dispatch from Rome says that the election in the U. S. is the absorbing topic at the vatican. The papal income is derived largely from American contributions.

The Colby mine, in which the estate of the late J. H. Macdonald has a large interest, has 240,000 tons of ore in sight and a prospect of resuming operations.

Chase Osborn spoke at Hancock Monday night. Hancock firmen; who had a grudge against him growing out of the tournament at the Soo, interrupted him.

The whole aim of the popocrats is to array those who have labor to sell and those who wish to buy it in open hostility. The plan is vicious.

Quite a bit of cash is up in wagers on the election. The popocrats want, and get, odds. Two to one is about the figure on McKinley.

Leathen & Smith, of Sturgeon Bay, bought the wreck of the Anstralsia, and the cargo in it, of the underwriters.

The Newberry asylum is full and no more patients can be received until the new cottages are ready—say Dec. 10.

Dick Letcher and his fireman had to jump for their lives one day last week. Their engine went "over the bank."

Silas Gagnon, fifteen years old only, fell dead in the postoffice at Gladstone one day last week of heart disease.

Mrs. Hugh McCauley died last Monday of consumption. Funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Wednesday.

Archie McDougal was shot to death by his wife at Marinette last Saturday. The woman is in custody.

Alma N. Christopherson, of Ford River, died of brain fever on the 29d and was buried on the 24th.

The lumber shovers at Marinette have agreed to accept forty cents an hour and the "war" is over.

It's wonderful how many votes a man can get when he is not a candidate for office.

The Westcott will make but two more trips before going into winter quarters. There are several cases of diphtheria in town but they are not malignant.

Some ill-bred fools at Chicago threw eggs at Mr. Bryan. None hit him.

The little schooner Emily Taylor lived the gale out and has been found.

Bryan was at Green Bay yesterday for an hour.

Tom Farrell wants men to make tin,

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to his name or otherwise, is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the cost. The courts have decided that referring to news newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unsealed for to print the contents of INTERMEDIARY PAPERS.

A FLIGHT TO THE POLE.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

My air-ship was a complete and perfect success. An extended trial trip had demonstrated that the vertical propeller was capable of raising the ship to a height far beyond that of the highest mountains on the earth, while the horizontal propeller could easily drive it ahead at a speed of 300 miles an hour. It answered the helm more readily than any vessel that ever rode the waves, and its course could be deflected up or down with equal readiness. In fact, I at last had ready to my hand the means of accomplishing my great project. On the evening of the third day after the trial trip, I drove up to my ranch, near Knight's Landing, where the air-ship had been built, unknown to all the world save James Auchincloss, the Scotch machinist who had assisted me in putting the parts together as they arrived from the foundry in San Francisco. He had shared with me the perils and triumphs of the trial trip. Now, as I drove my light wagon up to the door, after a trip to the ferry, Auchincloss came out to help me to unload. Having handed out supplies of bread, crackers and various kinds of canned delicacies, together with some wine and spirits, I flung out six buffalo robes, and the same number of heavy blankets.

"Hallo, Mr. Aitken!" exclaimed Auchincloss. "You've got wraps enough for the north pole."

"Glad you think so," replied I; "that's just where we're going."

"All right, boss," said Auchincloss, "I don't doubt you can do it. A man that can build an air-ship can go to the north pole in it. When do we start?"

"To-morrow morning, at daybreak—half-past four."

"Then let's go to bed."

Day broke dim over the hills and plains of Stanislaus county as, after a hasty breakfast, we stowed into the vessel the things I had bought on the previous night. We also carried in our stove and clamped it securely to the cabin floor, piling in at the same time half a cord of wood for fuel. Two ten-gallon kegs of water completed the commissariat. I secured a small, but beautifully fitted compass, with all modern appliances, at the forward end of the cabin, where it would be furthest removed from the influence of the iron; and, beside it, a very fine chronometer. This latter marked just 12 minutes to five as Auchincloss, standing by the engine, turned on the air, and, under the enormous draught of the horizontal fans, our vessel with a singing noise rose vertically into the air.

The moving panorama beneath us now began to be beautiful in the extreme. I purposed keeping roughly in the region lying between the 120th and 122d meridians of longitude, deviating from a strict northerly course where necessary to avoid a mountainous country. We therefore passed in a north-westerly direction over Farmington and Linden; crossed the Calaveras river at 5:04; the Mokelumne at 5:10; the Cosumnes at 5:14; and were ascending about five miles to the east of Sacramento at 5:20. By six a. m., we had passed Red Bluffs and Cottonwood, and were abreast of the Black Buttes of Lassen; while far away to the north, 70 miles across the intervening country of Shasta, and in that of Siskiyou, the white cone which gives its name to the afore-mentioned district pierced the cloudless ether. Still keeping up the main water-shed of the Sacramento, at 6:20, we skirted the western base of Mt. Shasta, which towered 12,000 feet above us. Ten minutes later we were just crossing the Oregon line, having passed over more than four degrees of latitude, or 300 miles, in an hour and a half. The vessel was answering expectation; the pressure in the receiver was only 80 pounds, and the discharges of cartridges in the condenser had been kept to 12 a minute. Auchincloss continued to smoke imperturbably, and went methodically round with his oil can.

We now and again made a divergence to the northeast to avoid the Cascade range of mountains. At 7:45 we sighted the Columbia river, and crossed into Washington territory at The Dalles. Striking still eastward into the valley of the Yakima, Mount Adams, Mount Rainier and Mount Alks were successfully left behind us during the next half-hour. Here, the mountains becoming more broken, we had to rise to a height of nearly 6,000 feet to avoid their ridges. At 8:30 we crossed the forty-ninth parallel and entered British territory. The next three hours were passed at a great altitude, for we were continually approaching the Rocky mountains. These we crossed between 9:50 and 10:15, at an altitude of 8,000 feet by the barometer, and entered upon a region much colder than that which we had left on the other side of the range. I now lit the stove, as it was getting sharp and cold, for the sun was no higher in the heavens than it had been two hours earlier, though it had, of course, swung further to the south. I also spread out my charts upon the table, and at 12 noon I took a sextant observation, and determined the latitude to be 61 degrees 40 minutes north, while the river which ran beneath me I concluded to be the Mackenzie river, in longitude 121 degrees 20 minutes west. The variation of the compass had increased since leaving California; but, by consulting my tables of magnetic variation and deflection, I was enabled to frame an approximate northerly course; and determined now, as there were no more mountain ranges in view, to keep as closely as I could to the 121st meridian.

After passing Great Bear lake, no ex-

amination of the chart was necessary to tell us that we had entered the Arctic circle. The biting breeze from the east, and the sun which, though skirting the horizon, seemed never to approach it, were sufficient to acquaint us with this fact. The air of the cabin, excepting in the immediate region of the stove, was keen and bitter in the extreme. Auchincloss' business, except that of oiling the machinery, having been found to be a sinecure, with such regularity did all portions do their work, he had, half an hour previously, come into the cabin, and was engaged in cooking some food for dinner; previous to doing which he had converted two of the buffalo robes and blankets into very rough leggings with the aid of a broad-awl and some leather laces. At 3:15, while engaged in taking a hasty meal, with the welcome addition of hot grog, one of us eating while the other attended to the charging of the condenser, I described an unbroken line of water, and in a few minutes we were flying over the Arctic ocean. At 3:45, we again descried land, which a reference to the map showed me must be Baring island. An hour's passage brought us again to an open sea, which examination proved to be Banks' strait. At five p. m., we again reached a line of coast, which I presumed to be Prince Patrick's island, and accordingly knew that we had reached the 77th parallel of latitude, or less than 900 miles from the pole, having actually traversed the distance of 2,800 miles in a little over 12 hours!

As it was not my object to approach the region of the pole until nearly midnight, when I could take an observation to determine its true location, I resolved if possible to find some Eskimo village where we could obtain suitable wraps to continue our voyage, since neither of us now dared to leave the vicinity of the stove for more than a minute or two at a time, or without quickening the circulation of the blood with copious draughts of spirits. This latter seemed to be wholly appropriated by the extremities and external portions of the body without being conveyed to the brain.

We now slackened our speed and rose into the air, so that I might have a more extended view through my binoculars of the region beneath me, and if possible catch sight of an Eskimo village. I was able to sweep a circle of some ten miles radius, and, after going over some 20 miles of territory, I descried on the horizon what I thought we wanted. Again turning on our propelling power, a run of a few minutes brought us over the place, which proved to be a settlement of some 30 huts, so we proceeded to drop down upon them at a few yards distance. When we got to within 500 or 600 feet we had evidently attracted their attention. Each pigmy hut poured out two or three denizens of every age and size. They looked at us for several moments motionless with amazement, then suddenly dispersed, some running to their sledges and dogs, which they proceeded to harness with every sign of alacrity, others taking refuge within their huts, but not one staying to look further at the strange visitors. We descended very gradually, and at length alighted quietly on the ground. We next got out and walked about to show that we were men; and Auchincloss, who had brought a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, held them out and beckoned to one pigmy who was peering from the door of his hut. This individual must at some previous time have become acquainted with the merits of strangers and black bottles, for, under the influence of the continued sips of Auchincloss, he at length approached and received a tumbler of the beverage, which he swallowed with evident relish. It acted like magic. He called to his kinsfolk, who reappeared as speedily as they had previously vanished, and while Auchincloss administered the remains of the bottle, I went to the vessel and returned with a demijohn. During the hilarity which ensued, I made them understand by signs that I would give a demijohn of spirits and a dozen plugs of tobacco for two suits of furs. The suits were brought, the desired exchange was made, and we were again ascending into mid-air, amid the admiring glances of the Eskimos, ten minutes after alighting among them.

Leaving Prince Patrick's island, we shortly passed into the unknown sea. A reference to the chart showed me that explorers, though penetrating further to the north in more easterly meridians, had left the geography of the earth a terra incognita. We were now, in fact, breaking upon the isothermal line which passes through the twin poles of intensest cold, and which runs in a zigzag curve through the northernmost regions of America and Siberia. We kept the stove nearly red hot; we kept the kettle singing; congratulated ourselves on the acquisition of the fur robes, lit our Partagas, and took turns of five minutes each in the duty of charging the condenser and oiling the machinery. We were now running across a tract of ocean blocked, for the most part, with ice, in uncouth, irregular masses, but with here and there straits of open water, varying from a few hundred yards to a hundred miles in width. The scene was white, drear, bleak, monotonous and ghastly; no vegetation, and the animal kingdom— but sparsely represented by an occasional bear or walrus—looking like mere dots beneath us. The compass had now become entirely untrustworthy, for I had no data on which to base its probable variation. I was, therefore, compelled to steer by an empirical angle, computed from the sun's apparent westerly motion and my supposed latitude, reckoned by speed and time.

At six p. m., when we left the Eskimo village, I reckoned our distance from the pole to be 900 miles, and had accordingly slackened speed somewhat, as I did not wish to gain its vicinity until nearly midnight. For five

hours we had been traversing the frozen deep, and now, at 11 p. m., I determined to descend and make a trial observation to find our latitude. The gearing was changed and we descended upon a somewhat elevated ice plateau. The sun's upper limb alone was visible, though the horizon was sufficiently sharply defined for all practical purposes. After corrections for semi-diameter, dip, parallax and refraction, I computed the sun's altitude, and from it, by an indirect method sometimes used by navigators, I determined our longitude to be 89 degrees 32 minutes west, which proved that we had gone eastward of a true northerly course. Having thus fixed the meridian and the local time I proceeded to take the latitude, which I found to be 89 degrees 42 minutes, or only 18 minutes or a little over 20 miles from the pole. My only course now was to pass over this intervening distance by dead reckoning, dependent upon the speed of the vessel. As there was still half an hour to midnight we took a lunch and comforted ourselves around the stove.

At five minutes before midnight we were again rising over the ice-fields, and steering straight for the eastern limb of the low, red sun. I allowed seven minutes and a half for covering the 25 miles, at full speed, and two degrees of right ascension for the sun's travel during that time; and, taking this latter element into consideration in the steering, as the chronometer marked the time, I signed to Auchincloss to reverse the gearing, when we slowly dropped upon the desolate scene. A blank landscape of barren desolation stretched on every side to the limits of the horizon, and the weird crimson beams of an impotent sun shed a ghastly light upon this frozen sea. No land, no soil, no vegetation, no animal life, no still or flowing water acted as a relief to the death-like nature of the picture. It seemed as if the dead inertia of the planet at this point had transferred itself to everything around. The stillness of death prevailed, and a deep horror came over me as I stood upon this mysterious spot hitherto trod—at least, within the period of our physical history—by none of the human race. Beside me stood Auchincloss, looking in his Eskimo suit, very different to the engineer in blue overalls and jumper who had left the ranch on the Stanislaus river 19 hours previously.

"Here we are, Jim," said I, "as near as we can go. I don't think we're more than a mile out, but in what direction, I don't know. It would require fresh observation to determine everything with perfect accuracy, and that I don't feel disposed to make. And now to signalize the accomplishment of the fact. How are subsequent explorers to tell that anyone has been here before them? I confess I am at a loss; but my mind was so taken up with the sudden requirements of the trip that this thing completely escaped my notice."

"Make yourself easy, boss," said Auchincloss, as he jumped back into the vessel. "I thought of that very thing while you were gone in the wagon to Knight's Ferry. I knew very well there was no pole here, so I made one. Here it is," and, suiting the action to the word, he proceeded to pull out from beneath the center of the vessel a roughly planed piece of timber which had escaped my notice, as it hung supported by rope nooses beneath the length of the boat.

"How will that do, boss?" he exclaimed, as he pulled it from its fastenings. "I rove a block and tackle to it, and I took that union flag of yours that was tacked up on the top shelf of the shanty, and dusted it, and brought it along. Likewise, I took a couple of yards of our calico awning and slapped the red, vertical cross of St. George over the blue diagonal cross of St. Andrew, thereby making a union jack, and here they are;" and he brought out a couple of extremely ordinary-looking flags. "Now," continued he, "I charred the end of this pole, and after that I tarred it. Now, if you'll take the pick and crow-bar and put a hole in this ice, I have no doubt we can leave a pole here, even if we didn't find one."

In 15 minutes our pole was securely imbedded in the ice, surmounted by the twin banners of the stars and stripes and union jack, which would have floated to the breeze had there been any. As it was, our black pole stood out in bold relief against the interminable icy white which surrounded it on every side, and afforded sufficient landmark and guarantee to future explorers that they had not been the first to acquaint themselves with the virgin position of the planet's axis. Of half a dozen bottles of champagne, which had been brought along, three had been drunk, two had burst through expansion as they froze, and but one had retained its liquid condition, having been kept beneath the stove. This last was shivered against our rough mast which Auchincloss christened "North Pole," while I stood sponsor.

Formalities having been expended, and our mission accomplished, we returned to our vessel, again speeding southward under a continuous sun, passing over pretty nearly the same country as we had done on our northward voyage. Suffice it to say that we arrived at our ranch on the banks of the Stanislaus river by seven p. m., or a little after sundown, of the day subsequent to that on which we started, having completed the trip to the north pole and back in somewhat less than 33 hours.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Restful Trip.
"Did you get rested?" Fogg asked of Fenderson on the latter's return from Europe. "Yes, I did," answered the traveler. "Got into Liverpool Friday morning, reached London in the afternoon; went to Paris next morning; left for Switzerland the day after that; stopped there two hours; then started for Berlin and did it up in a forenoon; back to England the next day and caught the steamer just in time. Rested? By Jove, I feel like a new man!"—Boston Transcript.

HOW TO MANAGE AN AQUARIUM

Certain Little Essentials to Its Proper Care.

In order to manage your aquarium properly you will require a few simple tools. A little hand-net and make a bought for a few cents, or made for even less out of a bit of wire and a small piece of mosquito-netting, is useful for catching the fish or shells without putting your hands into the water. A pair of wooden forceps, like a glove-stretcher, will be found most convenient for nipping off bits of decaying plants or for catching objects that may have accidentally fallen into the water. Glass tubes of various sizes are also useful. If you want to catch any small object in the water with the tube, place the tube in the water with your finger over the hole in the top. Until your finger is removed the tube will remain full of air. Place it over the bit of refuse or whatever it is you want to catch, remove your finger, and the water will rush in, carrying the object with it into the tube, which should then be closed at the upper end by placing your finger over it as before. A glass or hard-rubber syringe is necessary with which to aerate the water thoroughly at least once a day, and oftener if possible. Fill the syringe, hold it high above the tank, and then squirt the water back again. A long piece of India rubber tubing which may be used as a siphon is necessary for the purpose of changing the water in the tank when it is evident that something has gone wrong.

If a great film begins to gather on the side of the tank that is most exposed to the light, it should be cleaned away every day, and the sides of the glass polished carefully. A small piece of clean sponge tied on the end of a stick will answer the purpose. If the scum is neglected and left to accumulate, you will find it almost impossible to remove it from the glass even by hard scouring. It is best to have only small fish in your aquarium, and for this reason trout are not desirable. Goldfish and minnows are very good, and the common little sunfish or "pumpkin-seed" is excellent.

You must keep careful watch over the fish in your aquarium, and if any one of them appears to be sick he should be removed at once, very gently, with the hand-net, and placed in fresh water, where he will often recover.

Certain varieties of snails live well in fresh water, and will be found useful in clearing away the green film that is almost certain to collect on the side of the glass; but you must be careful of them and they will devour your plants as well; and if your tank is very small it is hardly worth while to try to keep them.

You must be careful not to overstock your aquarium, for your fish will not thrive if they are overcrowded. Remember, also, that heat and dust are fatal to your pets. The water must be kept clean and cool at all times, and all foreign matter and every particle of decaying vegetation should be removed immediately.—Harper's Round Table.

DRIVER WAS LITERAL.

Followed Instructions in Delivering a Barrel of Flour.

The manager of one of the Chicago express companies tells a good story: "We have a big, strong Irishman driving one of our teams. The other day he was sent with a barrel of flour to the home of a woman on the South side. Arrived there, the driver took the barrel on his back and started up the stairs, his express book in his coat pocket.

"Half way up the second flight of stairs the Irishman came upon a woman scrubbing.

"Will ye be after tellin' me where Mrs. McGowan lives?" he asked.

"I am Mrs. McGowan," said the scrubber—a statement which was irrelevant—"and I live upstairs."

"Where will I lave this barrel of flour?" asked the driver.

"Take it up as far as yeuse can, and then put it down. I'll attend to it," replied Mrs. McGowan.

"So he went up, and when there were no more stairways to conquer he looked about and saw a ladder leading through an open scuttle to the roof. Up the ladder he climbed, out on the roof he stepped, and then, finding he could go no higher without a balloon, he deposited the barrel and came down.

"On the stairway—though nearly at the foot—he found the woman again, and she signed the delivery book. Then he went about his business, but before he got to the office Mrs. McGowan was there demanding an explanation. The driver was called in as soon as he returned.

"Where did you put that barrel of flour?" demanded the official.

"Where she told me."

"Where did you tell him to put it, madame?"

"I told him to take it up as far as he could, an'—"

"Ah! I did," interrupted the honest driver. "If she'll look on the roof she'll find it."—Chicago Post.

What Are We Going to Leave?
How can we think of leaving less than a pleasant memory to others after we are gone? Some of us will not have much money to leave; some of us none at all. What are we going to leave? How much? And to how many? Perhaps you answer: "I hope to leave my family some pleasant memories." And is that all? Are you not going to leave something to others? I heard yesterday of an old lady of 83—indeed, she had passed her eighty-third birthday—and what do you think she is going to leave her family and those who know her? Only the memory of her inordinate love of dress, which she possesses to a pitiful extent. Something more worthy than that we must leave!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Tight-Fitting Jackets.
Tight-fitting jackets are slowly but surely pushing their way into favor again. We are becoming tired of the loose elegance, or want of elegance, displayed by the cape and its marked tendency to individuality bores us.—N. Y. Sun.

OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES.

Owners of Wealth Who Know Nothing of Its Intelligent Use.

The London Spectator once published a list of those it called "obscure millionaires" who had died within the previous ten years. The list was a rather long one. This list sets one considering. The age is a shopkeeping age, it is true. It is apt, we say, to value men according to their property. Great wealth gives great consideration, and yet, notwithstanding the exaggerated importance of money and money-getting, it appears that wealth in the largest measure redeems no man from obscurity; that money in itself, by its mere possession, confers no distinction which even this age values. Its use, and not its possession, is all that can make it a matter of distinction. In our own country, even more than in Europe, wealth exaggerates its own consequence. It is natural that it should, for here, more than there, it is a personal matter. The American millionaire has "made," as he says, his own shrewdness, industry (tact, perseverance or "good luck." He is fond, it may be, of reminding us all that it is so. He is a "self-made man," and recurs to the time when he was a barefoot boy, or a penniless youth, with some pride, as a proof of how bright a man he is in having changed by his own unaided powers the early poverty for the present wealth.

He feels in his heart he has done a noble work, and that he deserves the commendation of mankind for doing it. He is liable to disappointment, as we all know, and it is somewhat strange that, shrewd as he is in money matters, he is so blind in others. For the rest of the world is very busy, and has little time to trouble itself about his success or his failure. Neither can other people see on exactly what grounds a man can claim its applause only for having taken good care of his own interests.

The consideration given to him for his money is given only to his face by those who expect to get something by it. The community would look complacently upon the matter if a sudden revulsion should set him to sweeping the streets to-morrow, would consider him, indeed, quite as important in the last occupation as in that of raking his heaps higher. In other words, it is the wealth itself that is important, if there is any importance in the case. The man who owns it may be very unimportant. In fact, if he is content to be merely its owner, is sure to be so.

The only way to create distinction with wealth is by the use. What a man does with what he has determines the question of his obscurity. The world is very just, and forgets all but its benefactors. The millionaire who uses his millions for his own benefit is like the office-holder who uses his office for his own benefit, or the man of genius who exhausts his genius for his own selfish ends, or, indeed, like any man who, endowed with a trust, uses the trust for his own exclusive use and behoof.

Men possessed of other trusts are not as apt to make this mistake as the men possessed of money. Genius, intellectual power, high spiritual gifts, we are all loud to claim are conferred for the good of humanity. We stand ready to condemn relentlessly the men who endowed with such gifts use them mainly for their own advantage. But great wealth, especially if a man has himself won it, is less apt to be considered a trust. The greed for it is great. It is often sought not for itself, but for the supposed distinction it confers. When the young man of energy and ambition looks forward to the attainment of it as the end of his endeavors, he is not led by any miserly desire for money in-itself. He has rather the nobler desire of winning distinction and importance by the possession. It is a means, and not an end. Pity he should in the years of his pursuit so often change his notion. For his first opinion is right. Wealth can confer distinction. It can bring honor and high consideration. It can make a man's memory fragrant with blessings for centuries. But to do all this it must be used.

There are millionaires in our own country who will neither be remembered nor cared for 30 days after their costly funerals. Their passage from among living men will leave no void, for the stocks and bonds and shares which alone gave them their consequence remain. Mankind has lost nothing, misses nothing. There are others who will be missed in a thousand places and by thousands of hearts, for though the millions remain, the heart that made the millions a blessing is gone. The man in this case is lost to us, and he was more than his money. There are again some few who so dispose of their thousands that their names and memories are linked for years, for centuries, to the monuments of beneficence they leave behind them, famous the land over, not for their wealth, but for the good deeds their wealth was used for. The millionaire is nothing, his importance nothing, his consequence nothing. We want to know what he does with his millions before we care to remember his name. As a millionaire merely, he is like the great poet who never writes, the great orator who has never made a speech, the great inventor who has never invented anything. He had grand opportunities. He could have done so much with his money. He did nothing. He "died worth so many millions." That is all we stand by his grave, and think "what a fool he was!" Another "obscure millionaire."—Philadelphia Church Standard.

Distinguished Marksman.
"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practicing with our roof rifles at my country place the other day, and habit the bullseye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes, but he had to pay for the bull."

—Sketch.

—About 300 species of turtles and tortoises are known. Some of these attain a very large size.

PEOPLE ABROAD.

Henri Mellhae has sold the billiard table on which he used to play with Dumas fils and Miesonier. He is growing old and needs the room for books.

Robert Nobel, who recently died in Sweden, discovered the rich deposits of petroleum in the Caucasus in a chance visit to Baker in 1873.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has received from Czar Nicholas the grand cordon of the Order of the White Eagle, in recognition of the services rendered by the banking house to his majesty.

George Heburne Greenham, who is now retiring after nearly 27 years' service in the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, has been chief inspector for 10 years.

Dr. Nansen's vessel, the Fram, was built by Colla Archer, of Laurvig, the uncle of William Archer, the English dramatic critic. Colla Archer is of pure Scottish blood, but he long ago settled in Norway.

A German young woman named Elizabeth Opitz has just married a Japanese noble, Viscount Seistro Matsudara, son of the last feudal lord of Shimadara, near Nagasaki, and a pupil in the Forestry school at Eberswalde. This is the first marriage between a German and a Japanese of princely rank.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

A panorama of hell has just been painted by a number of Italian and Hungarian artists. They have asked King Humbert to inspect it.

Kaiser Wilhelm's artistic collaboration with Prof. Knackfuss continues. The next result of it will be a picture representing the Holy Roman Emperor of the Middle Ages on Italian soil.

A new edition of "Frankenstein" is coming out in a few months, the volume being printed with illustrations. No intimation is given as to whom the illustrator will be.

The late Sir John Millais' income ranged as high as \$100,000 in his best years, and from an early date in his career his terms for portraits exceeded those charged by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

An aunt of S. R. Crockett says that in his boyhood he was willing to make any sacrifice for books and saved every penny with that object in view. As he grew older he would spend days upon the hills, studying the landscapes he would portray with his pen.

SPORTS AND CYCLING.

Judge John O. Smith, of Savannah, Ga., found it difficult to keep cyclists from a private path belonging to him, so he sprinkled 500 yards of it with broken glass.

Fulton Canada, of Florida, has just returned from a three weeks' alligator hunt. He killed 298 alligators, averaging six feet long, during the time, for which he received \$145.34.

Kaiser Wilhelm has designed a silver cup which he will offer as a prize for a yacht race from Dover to Heligoland next year after the celebration of the 60th anniversary of his grandmother's accession to the throne of Great Britain.

Miss Nellie Ross is a champion kite flyer of California. She has invented the barrel kite, which looks more like a flattened balloon with the ends knocked out than anything else, and, what is more, she has demonstrated that it is capable of flying higher than any other sort of kite.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A GERMAN paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tobacco contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—Christian Register.

His hat was large, but—joyous truth!—Borena was waiting there! Before her sat a football youth With a head of haunting hair. —Washington Star.

A MAN'S word is worth more to all other times than when he tells his wife that he has no money.—Aitchison Globe.

CASCARIS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla
The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
STEADY WORK
WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to sell STARK TREES millions tested, lately best. Agents wanted. Also for business to MILLER SYSTEM STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKFORD, Ill.
FREE
To introduce One Nursing Case, we are giving away a free copy of our new book, "The Nurse's Handbook." Send address and 2c. stamp for postage to MILLER MFG. CO., ALBANY, O.
1,000 SALESMEN WANTED
EMPIRE NURSERY CO., Chicago, Ill.
PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Whooping Cough in 10 Days.
CONSUMPTION

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Millinery of Middle Autumn and the Beautiful Street Gowns.

As Seen by the Woman Who Looks—Medium-Sized Hats of Brilliant Coloring and Heavy Cloth Gowns Seasonable.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

When the mellow tints of October that painted the woods so little while ago have faded into a dirty yellow, and the rustling leaves lie knee deep on the ground, the winter styles are pretty well prefigured in those of middle autumn, and the character of the season lies stamped upon it for each to read.

A woman always looks first at a woman's hat. The woman who looks will see this year small and medium sizes in the decided majority, although she may hear disquieting rumors of larger sizes and showier shapes impending. Three out of five have the high, square piquant crowns which above most faces look so charming.

The woman who looks sees the changes rung on felt and velvet, plume, ribbons, chenille, beading, jewelry and bits of embroidery. She sees high straight crowns, bell crowns, and flat brims and dipping and waving brims. She sees—oh, so many hats in poll parrot tints of russet and vivid green; and notes that green in darker, soberer shades is certainly the favorite piece de resistance of mid-autumn millinery.

The woman who looks has seen some hats and bonnets which are really novel. A Rembrandtesque model with an old gold velvet crown and crumpled tobacco tint brim, falling over the right ear and adorned with six black ostrich feathers and steel buckles, was the most odd and effective of these.

A toque in vivid red like an oriole, made of chenille trimmed with red rosettes with steel buckle centers, and further decked with three tall tulip bows of red velvet, was varied, as if by charred coals showing through the heart of a fire, by little black satin rosettes with green hearts—never mind the botany—on the right side.

A black velvet hat was trimmed with two twists of salmon-colored silk about the crown, passing through jet hoops

with black braid. The cape, like the coat, is edged and lined with Persian lamb.

For theater or evening wear there are very tiny shoulder capes. Some of them are extremely short, so short as to suggest doubt of their possessing any use for purposes of warmth, but that's nothing. Among the prettiest of them are those made in white accordion plaited chiffon, trimmed with tiny bands of black velvet, two or three, or four. On the shoulders of one of these I saw three large loops of heliotrope velvet ribbon, whose long ends dropped quite to the waist on each side of the front, and were caught in the middle with big rhinestone buckles.

Even in Paris the bicycle bloomer has seen its best days. This is an item less interesting than it might have been in the spring, yet why? Surely the pleasant days of late fall and early winter are better suited to out of door exercise than the extreme heat of midsummer. The Parisian skirt, however, which takes the place of the bloomer, or rather supplements it, is of truly Gallic levity and brevity, reaching only about three inches below the knee and being memorable for its width and fullness.

From Paris, too, comes hints of the latest fashion for winter garments. These notes and hints are all of coats cut with tight sack-backs, whether the fronts be loose or Watteauish or otherwise.

Skirts are not much more than half as wide as they were, perhaps, a couple of years ago; 3½ yards around the hem at the bottom, and with no godet at the side, is now the correct proportion.

There is no wane of the popularity of the jacket, bolero and Eton, still very short and worn in self colors over vests and blouses of fleecy texture and light tints.

The wide corset belt is as much in favor as is the pearl neck chain, only the pearls are reserved for the few who can afford them. Anyone can have a belt.

An odd detail of the Paris fashions of the present autumn is the common custom of wearing drab cloth sack-back coats with skirts of entirely different hue, or light brown coats over dark green, or other combinations of entirely different tints, of which the lighter is always reserved for the coat. A skirt

HE HAS A LUCKY STAR.

The Cycle Rider Believes That Some Influence Guards Him.

Is It Merely a Superstition?—You Can't Make a Wheelman Take That View of It—Some Amusing and Amazing Escapes.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

Every bicycle racer believes he bears a charmed life when on the track.

Like the "Man of Destiny" who fought all Europe to a standstill without ever receiving a wound himself, the racing cyclist has a fixed idea which never leaves him, that his "good angel" is continually on the watch to guard him against danger and harm as he pedals at headlong speed around the track.

This belief—it is more than a superstition—of the racing wheelman is something entirely unknown to the

When the three wheels struck, Barbo shot up into the air as if from a spring board. He sailed gracefully over the fence surrounding the track, head first, and after turning a somersault which would have done credit to a professional tumbler, landed on his feet in the midst of a crowd of spectators. Hicks was also thrown over the rail, and after performing some wonderful and intricate mid-air contortions, found himself sitting in a seat among the holders of reserve tickets. Owens was the only one of the three who remained on the track, and it took four attendants (the best part of ten minutes to get him untangled from the three wrecked wheels.

Yet none of the men were hurt, although the wheels lay in ruins; and when other machines were provided they started out again and rode to a finish. When the three men came together they were riding at a record-breaking pace, and there was not a person who witnessed the collision but thought that



BARBO AND HICKS DO SOME WONDERFUL MID-AIR CONTORTIONS.

general public and very rarely is it ever referred to by the cyclists themselves.

On the track it often happens that for some seemingly trivial reason a rider who is almost certain of winning a race will absolutely refuse to ride, even though he may have gone so far as to come to the scratch prepared to start. In such cases no amount of persuasion or argument on the part of the racer's friends or backers can induce the man to start in that race.

Urged to give a reason, his answer always is that he has an undefined feeling that he had better stay out of that race—and stay out he invariably does. The real reason, however, is that the man is actually afraid to enter the race. His feelings are as nearly like the "blue funk" of the schoolboy as anything, and he has an idea that his "guardian angel" causes this feeling as a sort of warning. Be this as it may, the fact remains undisputed that racing wheelmen are peculiarly exempt from serious accident while in contests.

The death of a jockey while riding in a race, a fatal accident to a ballplayer, broken limbs and injured health on the football field, and almost fatal accidents while playing polo, are common in-



THE MARVELOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH OF A. J. BOYLE.

stances; but it is seldom, indeed, that one hears of a bicycle racer meeting his death on the track, and even accidents of a serious nature are so infrequent as to cause remark when they occur.

That there is some mysterious influence which protects the apparently reckless wheelman as he rushes at break-neck speed around the track would seem plausible enough, when the number of remarkable falls a man takes are considered. In 99 cases out of 100 where the rider takes a header over a fence, or gets tangled up with his opponent's wheel, it would seem as if no human being could get out of such a mixed-up mess alive, even if he avoided instant death from the terrific jar of the sudden stop. In almost every case, however, the rider picks himself up unhurt, often not even scratched, and appears in the next race none the worse for his mishap.

A peculiar case in point was that which occurred at the Manhattan Beach track on July 15. During a race in which Owens, Barbo and Hicks, all well-known men, were riding in a bunch, they came into collision with one another, and the result was surprising to riders and spectators alike.

one at least of the men would receive serious if not fatal injuries.

Yet another case is that of George Piffier, a well-known wheelman, who, while coaching with three companions, managed in some way to get his wheel mixed up with one beside him. Piffier rose into the air as if he had received a kick from a catapult, and when he landed he was astride a stone wall ten feet away, wondering how he got there, but uninjured.

His companion in the shake-up picked himself up from the middle of the road, and after a careful examination, all the damage he could find consisted in a few scratches, a good deal of the road-bed liberally distributed over his person, and a rent in his new knickerbockers. In this instance the protecting spirit of the wheelmen was particularly well disposed, for the wheels were practically uninjured.

Of all tumbles on record, however, which seemingly started out for tragedy and ended in comedy, that recently taken by Owens on the Olympic track takes the lead. He was in the race to win and victory seemed almost within his grasp. The spectators had already begun to applaud him, and the finish was hardly a length away. Suddenly—no one can tell just how it happened—Owens' wheel struck the inside fence. The wheel halted abruptly; the rider did not. He kept right on in the direction he was headed and did not stop until he found himself in the judges' stand. It was even-money as to who was the most surprised, the rider, the judges or the spectators, at this most unexpected ending of what seemed at the moment of its happening a most serious accident.

Perhaps one of the most marvelous escapes that ever a wheelman had from death was that of A. J. Boyle, of Jersey City, who, while riding down what is known as the Gorge road, which runs from the top of the Palisades down to the river, lost control of his machine and narrowly escaped being carried over the edge of the cliff. His machine went over and was dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks 75 feet below, while Boyle, at the very edge of the precipice, threw himself from his wheel and escaped with only a severe shaking up and a few bruises.

These are but a few of the many instances where the traditional "wheelmen's luck" has seemed to interfere to save the rider from what seemed to be inevitable death. To the majority of persons it is an unexpected mystery, but the cycle racer settles it to his own satisfaction when he attributes his many escapes to his "good angel" or "lucky star."

The Largest City in the World.

The word London suggests bustle and noise. One is bewildered in many of its streets with hurrying cabs and two-storied omnibuses so covered with aggressive advertisements as to make it quite impossible for a stranger to pick out the hidden labels which indicate the vehicle's route and destination. London, with all its whirl, holds the quietest of nooks in which the traveler may rest at night or during a day of respite from sight-seeing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Impossible.

He—They say there is a skeleton in the Hamiltons' closet.
She—Boah! They live in a flat.—Brooklyn Life.

GOLD IN AMERICAN TEETH.

Dentists Hammer Tons of Yellow Metal Into Suffering Jaws.

Quantities of Gold Absorbed—The Demoralization of Teeth Would Be Hailed with Delight by the American Public.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

In all the discussions of the financial question which have appeared in the newspapers this fall the writers speak about gold and silver being used "as money or in the arts."

"In the arts" is a big term. I had always supposed that it meant mainly the use of gold and silver in table plate or in spoons for baby to gnaw, or silver-backed brushes for dear Henry to take with him when he goes to college. But there is another use for gold which was forced upon my attention during a conversation the other day with T. J. Henry, one of the manufacturers of gold leaf and gold foil who make their headquarters in the metropolis and in Philadelphia.

"I cannot form a very accurate idea of the amount of gold used in gold leaf and gold foil in this country," said Mr. Henry, "but it is a big quantity. Probably a dentist could give you a better idea than I can. Gold foil is used almost entirely by dentists in filling teeth; gold leaf is used in gilding, book binding and operations of that sort, besides the show that is made of acres and acres of gilded signs, spread before the public in one way and another.

"The quantity of gold used in gold leaf is at least twice as great as that used in foil, in spite of the fact that the leaf is so much thinner than the foil. A skilled man can hammer out 20 ounces of gold foil in a day, while it will take him a week to make two ounces of gold leaf, because it is so much thinner. This work has always been done by hand, probably always will be. A single thickness of gold foil, such as dentists use—to the ordinary observer that seems thin enough in all conscience—will make an entire book of gold leaf."

There are various forms of amalgam, gutta-percha and cement which are used extensively, but the amalgam turns black almost as soon as it is used, and white cement and gutta-percha, almost without exception, are of only temporary usefulness.

For that matter, if anyone could invent some method of making gold plastic like amalgam and gutta-percha, he could be sure of living in Easy street for the rest of his days. One of the great objections to the use of gold foil is the pain caused to the patient by the slow and unpleasant process of welding the gold into the cavity, leaf upon leaf.

Meanwhile I like to think of that \$100,000,000 worth of gold walking around "God's own country" in the teeth of God's own people as a grimly humorous sidelight on the financial problem of 1896.

Here is one market "for the crushings of all the Rand," which neither "Dr.

with little trip hammers, rubbed off with sandpaper, and gleaming bright through the stubble of unshaven lips and chin or from parted lips of smiling beauty.

This is a big quantity of gold. It would make between 15 and 20 wagon loads, at a ton a load. It would melt up into four cubes each two feet in width, depth and height. Or, if molded into one gigantic tooth, one of the three-pronged fellows that growl so when removed from their accustomed places, that tooth would be ten feet high. A slenderer front tooth, 12 or 13 feet high, could be built from the same gold.

There must be \$30,000,000 or so of the yellow metal buried in the teeth of those who are gone where forerunners cease from troubling and the jumping tooth is at rest.

If anyone wishes to make a fortune in a day, let him invent some material for filling teeth which shall be plastic, which will harden quickly when used, which can be tinted yellowish or bluish, as the case may be, to match perfectly the tooth upon which it is employed, and which will be as durable as gold. No such material has ever been invented.

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WHAT IS SEEN IN NEW YORK BY THE WOMAN WHO LOOKS.

with rhinestone ornaments. And there were black ostrich plumes, almost, of course, to carry out the idea.

Charming enough was a black velvet hat whose crown was topped with upright staves of black quilling and looped in with three strips of white silk, caught at the bows on the left with steel ornaments. Two white ostrich plumes vied in unequal contest with four black ones above them, and a cachepeign of greenery, yallery roses reposed beneath the brim.

A gray felt hat bound with silk—two ribbons encircling the crown and forming rosettes on the side; one bronze, one spotted cream—was adorned with one white plume and one black and a huge windmill bow of the contrasting ribbons in front.

Simplest of all, and the only one I mention in whose trimming a bird was employed, was a hat of beige felt, bound with light brown chenille and trimmed with a broad chenille ribbon of the same shade about the crown. A black-bird writhed in pain down the left side. The milliners add insult to his injury by calling him a "fancy black-bird."

I suppose that velvet is after all the favorite material for hats of note. A purple velvet hat with a wide brim turned slightly up at the sides, and with a high bell-top crown trimmed with three bias bands of the velvet caught in front with small steel buckles; draped as to its brim with white duchess lace and marked at its back with the "jeh dien" crest in black and white tips, is one of the "smartest" models straight from the Paris ateliers.

Another oddity in millinery is shown which will be quite general in a very small bonnet made of velvet, covered with a network of tinselled leaves.

But too long have I dwelt upon the ever-interesting topic, to a woman, of millinery. Let me hasten to add that the tiny muff has had its day. This year the woman who looks at furs sees nothing but enormous muffs of fur, with a fluting of the fur at each end lined with brilliant shades. She sees also feather muffs with ruffles of chiffon. Not new at all, she sees feather boas, which were fairly common last winter. Newest of all, she sees caper made entirely of black or white ostrich plumes, in length reaching about to the waist. These plumed capes are, perhaps, the highest novelty of the season. Before the winter is over we may reasonably expect to see them made in bar-lequin fashion, with white and black plumes intermingled.

Better, I should say, at least more likely to be permanently modish than the plumed capes, are the long coats lined with fur and reaching quite to the bottom of the dress, robed in which a woman of tall and stately form looks indeed regal. One of the most beautiful coats which I have seen is of dark blue ladies' cloth with a cape embroidered

trimming which will not be relished by stout women is a heavily-stitched, nine-inch hem with five rows of braid about the bottom of the skirt.

Except in coats, where the retention of fairly generous-sized sleeves is desirable, they are much smaller than they have been.

And from England there comes as a stylish novelty a white macintosh coat from three-quarters to full length, close fitting in the back, and with full blouse sleeves to accommodate any form of garment or wrap.

ELLEN OSBORN

THE END OF A FEUD.

It Was Amicably Settled to the Disgust of Those Who Wished to See a Fight.

One afternoon when the mail arrived at the village of Barbersville by stage there was the usual move on the part of the idlers to enter the post office. It so happened that the village cooper, whose name was Jones, jostled the village cobbler, whose name was White, and they had some angry words, as follows:

"What ar' ye pushin' fur, Tom Jones?"
"Who's a pushin', Bill White?"
"You ar'!"
"No, I hain't!"
"Then I'm a liar!"
"Then you be!"
"Then I kin lick two sich pumpkin-heads as you!"
"Then you can't do nuthin' of the kind!"

There was hope that they would fight, but nothing of the sort took place. Next day they had the scrap over again, and so on the next, and by and by it came to be a regular thing. Every weekday afternoon for ten long years they had a war of words, and there was no variation.

Bill White demanded to know why Tom Jones was pushin' him, and Tom Jones always denied pushin', and it always looked for a minute as if there would be a fight. After a couple of weeks no one minded them, but the principals kept it up just the same until months made years and the years counted a decade.

Then one day as they were going through the usual programme Bill White happened to stick his finger in Tom Jones' left eye, and at the same instant Tom Jones kicked at a dog and hit Bill White on the right shin. It was an elegant opportunity for a fight, as each thought the other meant it, and for a few seconds the crowd held its breath.

Then the two men turned and fled from each other, one going up the street and the other down, and when they met three days later Tom Jones held out his hand and said:

"Bill, I hain't mad at you, nor never was."
"Tom," replied Bill, as he reached for the hand, "I hain't mad, neither, and less go fishin' together to-morrow."—N. Y. World.



ALL THE GOLD FILLINGS, PUT TOGETHER, WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS.

"How much gold foil do the dentists use?" I inquired.

"Well," replied Mr. Henry, "I should think that they use on an average, about 50 cents' worth of gold per cavity, as teeth go. Some are bigger, some are smaller. This bottle,"—and he held up a vial such as dentists keep their gold foil in—"holds some four dollars' worth of foil and that would make about eight fillings of the average size."

If the average cavity bored out by the industrious American dentist with such extreme discomfort to the suffering patient, contains 50 cents' worth of gold, how much gold do all the million cavities so constructed employ?

It is a big question. There are 70,000,000 people in the country. One of the oldest dentists in New York tells me that at least 75 per cent. of the people in this vicinity employ dentists, not only to extract teeth which have become useless but to fill cavities. Probably the percentage would be considerably lower, taking the country as a whole, and leaving out of the reckoning the babies who have not yet made acquaintance with this particular form of suffering, and people who are too old to have any teeth at all.

It seems likely that there are 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 people in the United States who have enjoyed those sweet seasons of communion with the man whose soft easy chair and hard, uneasy boring implements are so thoroughly appreciated.

Sixty per cent. of the people in New York, Brooklyn and other large cities have all, or nearly all, their fillings of gold. Practically all patrons of dentistry have the fillings in at least their front teeth of this costly material. You will scarcely meet a person upon the street who has not from one to twenty cavities filled with it.

There are people so barbarous and of such magnificent nerve that they have entirely sound teeth bored out only that they may have gold fillings inserted for purely ornamental purposes.

There are dentists in the big prisons, and have been for the last 20 or 30 years. At all the dental schools where young dentists are educated, poor patients are received whose teeth are filled free of charge to give the young doctors a chance to practice their art.

In one way and another it is probable that something like 25,000,000 of the great American people are running around on their usual business with \$100,000,000 worth of gold stowed away in 200,000,000 jagged little caves mined painfully into their respective teeth with hooks and buzz saws and jiggers of one sort and another, worked by the foot-lathe and by hand—pounded in

Jim" nor Laureate Alfred Austin ever took into account.

And the "demonization of teeth" would be hailed with joy by suffering humanity, irrespective of party affiliations.

J. R. JONES.

FACTS ABOUT BACTERIA.

The Rapidity with Which the Minute Organisms Multiply.

The bacterium, contrary to the old opinion, is not a minute representative of the animal kingdom, but is an infinitesimal speck of vegetable life, differing in shape, form and actions, according to species. They are so small, in instances, that as many as 15,000 of them could be laid end to end without the string being of sufficient length to measure the diameter of the dot over a common letter "L." As noted above, they are of different forms, some being round, some oval, and some rod-shaped, while others are in shape of bunches of grapes, corkscrews, Indian clubs, etc. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to examine them, and in no case can we perceive them with the naked eye. Under a strong glass it is noted that some of them have motion, while others do not. Those that have motion behave in a peculiar manner. Some walk about continually in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, turning hundreds of somersaults as they move along.

All species of bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a very curious way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows very rapidly until it becomes as large as the original. Then these, in turn, divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we may have many thousands in a very short time. The figures on the subject are so startling that they can hardly be believed. It has been shown by our best microscopists and bacteriologists that a single bacterium can multiply at such an enormous rate that within 48 hours it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of its species.—Chicago Chronicle.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"I wonder," observed the star boarder, "what's become of the cook's fellow? I haven't seen anything of him for more than a week."

"I don't know," said the melancholy young man, as he fished a collar button out of the soup and held it up to view, "but I have my suspicions."

Then they all waited for the next course.—Cleveland Leader

The Iron Port

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

Go before the board of registration, in person, there is no other way to get your name on the list, and unless it is there you will not be allowed to vote. Saturday next and the following Monday are the days.

THE COUNTY TICKET.

In another place the Iron Port has brief notices of the several candidates presented by the republicans of Delta county for election to county offices and it here urges upon republicans the duty of giving to each a hearty and unanimous support. As a whole the ticket is as near perfect as is possible in a county where a nomination is considered equivalent to election and it is certainly superior to the one put up against it by the mongrel organization which has captured the old democratic party; superior not only as a whole but in every particular.

Support it, then, as a whole and in every particular; give White, for probate judge, your vote not only because he is the better man but, also, because he is the fairly-chosen candidate of the party and as such entitled to it. The Iron Port urges this in spite of the well known fact that he was not its choice for the nomination. As he received the nomination it, and the party whose representatives made him its candidate is in honor bound to stand by him at the polls.

Support Fred Olmsted for sheriff for the same reasons, and for the further reason that he is the representative upon the ticket of the east side of the county, a locality which deserves the recognition heretofore denied it—a coroner has been all that the party has usually conceded to it. Give Fred your vote.

Oscar V. Linden, for county clerk and recorder of deeds, the representative upon the ticket of that staunch republican mass of voters the Scandinavians, has proved his fitness by four years of acceptable service and is opposed by a novice, a man practically unknown and of whose abilities the voters of the county can have no assurance. Between the two—the proved republican and the untried popocrat—the voter must choose and there should be—no believe there is—no question as to the result at the polls. He on the right, the safe, the winning side cast your vote for Linden.

So too, the candidate for county treasurer, Emanuel M. St. Jacques, has proved his fitness for the treasurer-ship by his service in the same capacity for the city. Four years he has handled the funds of this city and done so in a manner to defy criticism—not a cent has got away from him or been improperly applied; not a word or a figure in his books or reports has required explanation—and he will, as incumbent of the more important office for which he is named give the county, equally good service—better no man could. As a competent and tried officer, as a representative of a body of naturalized citizens largely if not solidly republican, and as, himself, a republican unwavering in his fidelity to the party Mr. St. Jacques is entitled to the vote of every one who adheres to it. He'll get them too.

Of Mr. Ira C. Jennings, candidate for prosecuting attorney, it is hardly necessary to urge the support of the republican voter. He is opposed by one who, until now, has posed as a republican but who, failing of appreciation by that party commensurate with his own opinion of his deserts, has "rattled" to the opposition for a nomination. That's all the reward he will get. Between a republican who stands by his party and who sells out for a far from chance at an office there can be no question which republicans will support; Mr. Jennings will get every republican vote and be returned to the place he now occupies beyond a doubt.

As to the remaining names on the ticket—Barras for circuit court commissioner, Craig for surveyor and Hutches and McFall for coroners—it is hardly worth while to make appeal; "the tail goes with the hide;" they will sink or swim with the ticket, and the chances for their sinking are too slight for consideration. Summing up; the republican voter has but little to do when he goes in to the booth with the big ballot; only to see that his cross-mark is plain in the circle under the flag, and that no other mark clouds his meaning, and his duty is done.

The latest contention of the silverites is not that silver will be advanced to a parity with gold, but that gold will sink to a parity with silver, so that one ounce of gold will only be worth sixteen ounces of silver. Even in this theory there is no comfort for the workingmen, whose wages would be measured by a constantly depreciating standard of value. But the supporters of this fine theory fail to explain why the falling value of gold as computed in silver will be arrested when it reaches the arbitrary proportion of 16 to 1. Why should not the same alleged causes that are to force the change from 82 to 1 to 16 to 1 continue to operate until an ounce of silver should be worth as much as an ounce of gold? Fudge!—Philadelphia Record.

Certainly it should set wage-earners thinking, when it is seen that manufacturers almost to a man oppose the proposition of an unlimited supply of 50-cent dollars. It would be plainly to the advantage of the employer to pay out such a dollar for wages, while adjusting the prices he asks for his products to the altered basis. There must be something in the practically unanimous opinion of the manufacturers of the country that this apparent advantage would be nothing as against the ruinous panic that would come with a free-silver victory, and the certainty that what confidence remains in the country would vanish and chaos come.—Iron Trade Review.

In congress, Candidate Bryan spoke and worked and voted for free lumber. And yet the friends and followers of Mr. Bryan pretend that Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin are all doubtful states. We believe that, at one time, they thought Maine was doubtful, too, with the chances a little in their favor. Recent events have given them reason to discard that belief, however. The message which the Maine lumbermen sent in September to Free-Trader Bryan and his other warm friends of Canadian labor, the lumbermen of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin will repeat with emphasis in November.—American Economist.

The men employed in the Chapin mine, in mass meeting, reply to the charges against Mr. Hanna thus: "We have not at any time seen or heard of any coercing from the management of the Chapin mine in regard to our politics. That we have not seen nor believe that any unjust or willful discrimination against union men exists at the Chapin mine. That we have no complaint to make against existing rates of wages, and believe that they are somewhat higher than at other mines. That we, in short, as an employer have found Mr. Hanna humane and just, and the very opposite to what the Democratic papers wish to make him."

The cry of coercion, so frantically and hypocritically raised by the Bryan party, is renewed with vigor and vociferousness as the campaign draws to a close. This silly wail, unsupported by a single genuine instance of undue interference or intimidation, must be accepted as one of many unmistakable evidences of desperation and despair in the camp of the silver advocates.—Free Press.

The popocratic assertion that Bryan men are wearing McKinley buttons is an insult to every man who wears such a button; it suggests that he is a liar or a coward, or both. There are few liars and still fewer cowards among the workingmen of America, and the honest and brave ones will answer that slander at the polls next Tuesday.

The Goodrich line steamer Muskegon, which was wrecked while in dock at Milwaukee, has been stripped of her cabin outfit and will be sold at auction Nov. 10. This course is taken by the Goodrich company with a view to sneaking the Milwaukee Dry Dock Co. for the difference between what she may sell for and her Inland Lloyds insurance valuation.

Ex-Governor Luce has been claimed by the popocrats as a supporter of Bryan and free-silver. He authorizes the declaration that he does not approve of free coinage of silver and will support McKinley; so that gun is spiked. He don't quite like the financial plank of the St. Louis platform but he abhors every plank of the Chicago platform.

The result next Tuesday will demonstrate that the popocratic attempt to stir up employe against employer, borrower against lender, farmer against manufacturer, and to spread the doctrine that success by

one man or a number of men, is essentially at the cost of failure and misfortune to others, cannot succeed with the American people.

Dan Campau having accused the republican national committee of sending agents into Michigan to bribe voters, Mr. Hanna retorts "Mr. Campau must produce his proof of the charge he makes against me, or stand a self-convicted liar before the American people. He is a liar if he said that."

Kentucky Bryanites used bad eggs for arguments when John G. Carlisle went home to talk to them. Perhaps they're not so much to blame—they had no other—but they'll drive every sound money democrat into the republican camp and lose the state as they richly deserve.

One hundred dollars an hour is said to be Bryan's price for his speeches. He ought to have a nice "roll" to console him for his defeat next Tuesday and no republican will grudge him the money.

Silver has fallen off in price to sixty-five cents an ounce and the bullion value of the dollar is now fifty-two cents. A further decline is likely to occur.

The N. Y. Herald has no political preferences but it has opinions, and one of them is that McKinley has 248 electoral votes "corralled."

The popocrats call the advance in the price of wheat "a McKinley trick." It is a "trick" that suits the farmers, all the same.

Municipal Gossip.

The story goes that the remnant of the Chippewas are to get \$500,000, from Uncle Sam. It will be about \$100 apiece for them—when they get it.

Furnished House to rent. Inquire at No. 1023 First street.

Prescriptions—Sourwine & Hartnett—two stores.

Jewelry—every thing—Sourwine & Hartnett—Hill Drug Store.

Peter Mattson, a farmer 63 years of age, drowned himself in the Menominee river last week.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over-night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

Geo. McCarthy last week arrested an Iron River youngster for firing a rock into a passenger train.

Schools of instruction, to accustom the voter in the use of the big official ballot, have been held this week.

Prescriptions—Sourwine & Hartnett—two stores.

The men in the railway shops now work only eight hours a day.

The Western Union will receive and bulletin election returns Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Jewelry—every thing—Sourwine & Hartnett—Hill Drug Store.

You will get what the doctor orders at Sourwine & Hartnett's two stores.

Drugs, drugs; pure drugs and plenty of them at Sourwine & Hartnett's. Sheet music—the latest—Sourwine & Hartnett—two stores.

A Marinette man (his name is Green) expressed a wish to bet a thousand, flat, on Bryan, but when Bill Caven called his bluff he weakened.

"Marquette usually goes democratic by from 200 to 300" but a canvass just made shows that "Marquette is no longer a Democratic city."

Board and room for a gentleman and wife or two single gentlemen can be procured by application at 226 Michigan avenue.

Sheet music—the latest—Sourwine & Hartnett—two stores.

Don't fail to read the supplement in this issue: it is "meaty."

You gold democrat, don't waste your vote. The way to defeat Bryan is to vote for McKinley.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

The Chicago Record's postal card election is over and nobody is the wiser. If the Record has "got its money back" it is lucky.

The Mirror affects to believe that the result of the so-called debate last Saturday evening was favorable to Bryanism. It knows better, though.

Sourwine & Hartnett,—druggists—two stores.

THREE VALUABLE TIPS



Dainty Underwear

What true woman doesn't like all her underwear to be dainty. What true woman doesn't like laces and ruffles and ribbons, even if they are out of sight. Winter underwear has to be a little more substantial than cobwebs trimmed with ribbons, but it can be just as pretty.

We have a stock of corsets, hose, and all the accompanying mysteries to delight every feminine heart in Escanaba. The prices form no small part of the delight.



Here We Dangle

The nicest shoe it is possible to get for \$2.50 and still you put off dropping it "until tomorrow." Why, at the rate these shoes are going, there won't be any more "to-morrows."

One doesn't need to be a judge to see that this soft, flexible, well-made shoe is worth more than \$2.50.



Plenty of Ribbon

The woman with plenty of ribbon on hand, is always well dressed and happy. She may freshen up her gowns with fresh ribbon at any time. She may freshen up her hats at any time. There's no end to the office that ribbons fill. Now here is a ribbon sacrifice. We are going to slaughter delicate beauties and modest goodness on the altar of advertising.

Table listing ribbon prices: No. 5 Ribbon at 3c, No. 7 " " " 5c, No. 9 " " " 5c, No. 12 " " " 10c, No. 16 " " " 10c, No. 22 " " " 10c

ED. ERICKSON, Dry Goods and Carpets.

Legal Notices.

MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the seventeenth day of April A. D. 1896, executed by Wm. H. Hamm and Hannah Hamm his wife, of Escanaba, Michigan, to Abram Shipman, of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "N" of mortgages, on page 135, on the first day of May A. D. 1896. And whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Abram Shipman to Horace I. Benton, by assignment bearing date the fifteenth day of July A. D. 1896, which said assignment was recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "L" of assignments of mortgages on page 120, and said mortgage, now owned by said Horace I. Benton. And whereas said mortgage expressly provides that should default be made in the payment of the interest or taxes or any part thereof, when the same are payable as provided in said mortgage, and should the same or any part thereof remain unpaid for the period of thirty days then the principal sum with all arrearages of interest or taxes shall, at the option of said party of the second part, his legal representative and assignee become due and payable immediately thereafter. And whereas default has been made for more than thirty days in the payment of a part of the said interest and taxes, therefore the assignee of said mortgage hereby declares the whole of the principal sum together with all arrearages of interest and taxes due and payable immediately. And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of two thousand and seven hundred and six dollars and sixty cents (\$2,706.60) of principal and interest and the further sum of two hundred dollars (\$200.00) taxes assessed against the property described in said mortgage, and provided for in said mortgage, and the further sum of thirty-five dollars (\$35.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and the whole amount claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage. A sum of twenty-nine hundred and forty-one dollars and sixty cents (\$2,941.60) 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 bill of sale contained in said mortgage, 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 of Delta, (that being the place where the circuit court for Delta county is held) on the fourth (4) day of November A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day. Which said premises are described in said mortgage as situate in the city of Escanaba county of Delta and state of Michigan, to wit: The west half of lot number eight (8) of block number twenty-nine (29) of the village, now city, of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof. Dated August 27th 1896. HORACE I. BENTON, Assignee of Mortgage. A. R. NORTNEY, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage.

ORDER FOR PROBATE OF WILL—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 8th day of October A. D. 1896, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Walsh, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Catherine Walsh praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary may be granted to Catherine Walsh, the executrix in said will named. Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the second day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 8th day of November A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said petition 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 thereon, 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.

Protection, Sound Money, Prosperity. For President... WILLIAM MCKINLEY. For Vice-Pres... GARRETT A. HOBART. For Governor... HAZEN S. PINGREE. For Lieutenant-Governor... THOMAS B. DUNSTAN. For Secretary of State... WASHINGTON GARDNER. For Treasurer... GEO. A. STEEL. For Auditor General... ROSCOE D. DIX. For Attorney General... FRED. A. MAYNARD. For Commissioner State Land Office... WILLIAM A. FRENCH. For Superintendent of Public Instruction... JASON E. HAMMOND. For Member State Board of Education... JAMES W. SIMMONS. For Member of Congress, 13th District... CARLOS D. SHELDON. For State Senator, 30th District... RICHARD MASON. For Representative in the Legislature... ORABEL B. FULLER.

COUNTY TICKET. Probate Judge... THOMAS B. WHITE. Sheriff... FREDERICK M. OLMSTED. County Clerk... OSCAR V. LINDEN. County Treasurer... EMANUEL M. ST. JACQUES. Prosecuting Attorney... IRA C. JENNINGS. Circuit Court Commissioner... ALPHA C. BARRAS. County Surveyor... JOHN S. CRAIG. Coroners... HARRY L. HUTCHINS, HENRY MCFALL.

Legal Notices.

MORTGAGE SALE—Whereas default has been made in the payment of money secured by a mortgage dated the thirtieth day of August A. D. 1896, executed by William J. Martens and Auguste Martens his wife, of Escanaba, Michigan, to Horace I. Benton of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of Register of Deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "L" of mortgages, on page 197 on the first day of September A. D. 1896, and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of one hundred seventy-one dollars and twenty cents (\$171.20) of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in 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 bill of sale contained in said mortgage, 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 said city of Escanaba and county of Delta (that being the place where the circuit court for Delta county is held) on the seventh day of December A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: All that piece or parcel of land lying and being in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan, to wit: Lot number nine (9) of block number eighty-three (83) of proprietors' first addition to the village, now city, of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof. Dated at Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 10, 1896. HORACE I. BENTON, Mortgagee. A. R. NORTNEY, Attorney for Mortgagee.

(First Publication Oct. 10th, 1896.) STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss: COUNTY OF DELTA. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Delta, made on the 8th day of October A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Maria Kullian, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 8th day of April, A. D. 1897, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 8th day of January A. D. 1897, and on Tuesday the 6th day of April A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated, Escanaba, Michigan, October 9th, A. D. 1896. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

(First Publication Oct. 10th, 1896.) STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss: COUNTY OF DELTA. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Delta, made on the 8th day of October A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Maria Kullian, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 8th day of April, A. D. 1897, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 8th day of January A. D. 1897, and on Tuesday the 6th day of April A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated, Escanaba, Michigan, October 9th, A. D. 1896. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

You must register, in person, or you can't vote. Saturday, Oct. 31, and Monday, Nov. 2, are the days for registration.

Escanaba Iron Post. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1896.

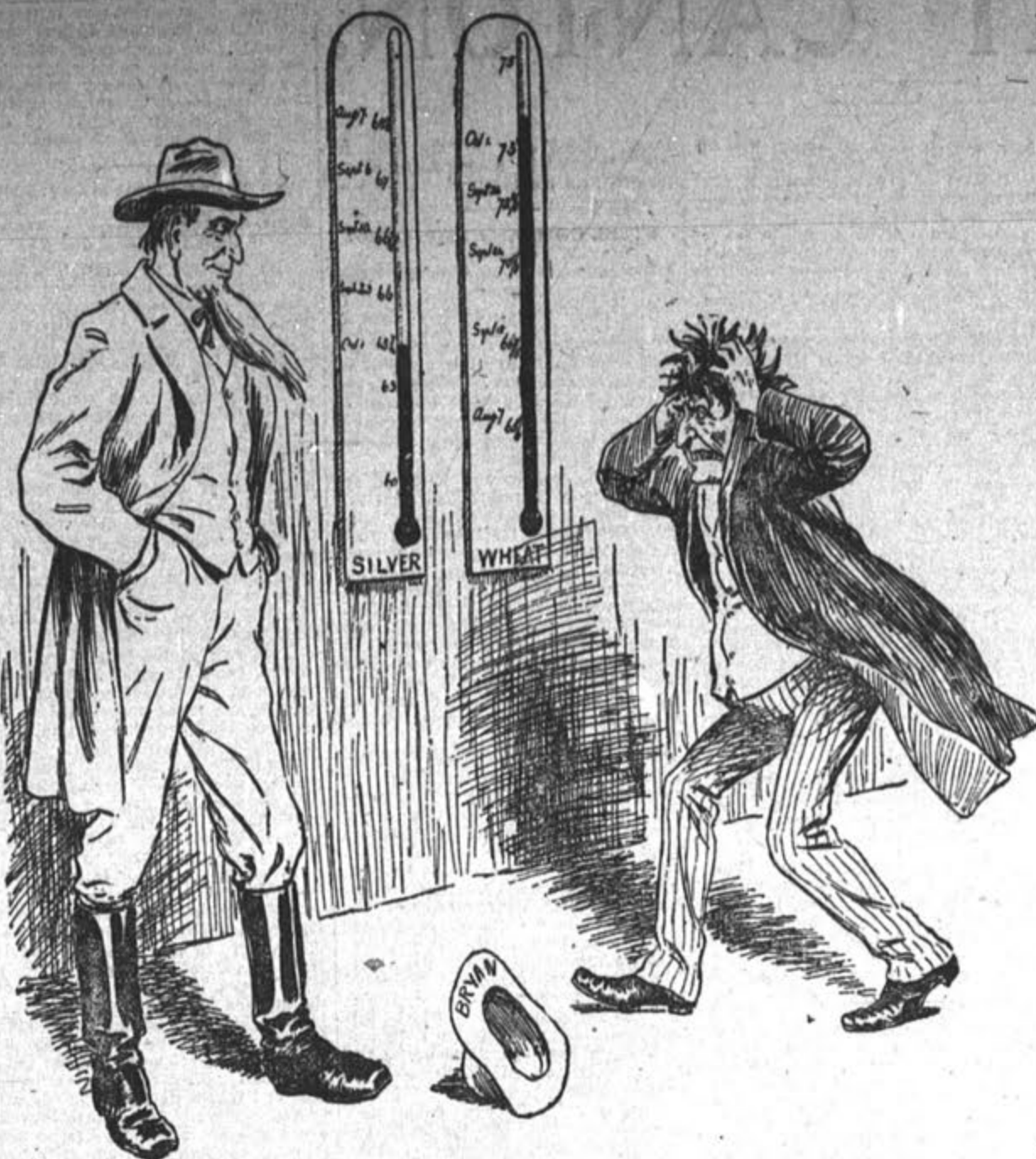
A PRELATE'S COUNSEL

One of America's Great Catholic Leaders is Opposed to Bryanism.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S LETTER

The Chicago Platform Declared to be a Threat Against Social Order.

The letter of Archbishop Ireland, written not as a prelate, but in his private capacity as a citizen, cannot fail to carry weight with multitudes of voters of his own faith, and it is good reading for everybody. He does not lay special stress upon the financial plank of the Chicago platform, but upon its declaration relating to the federal authority and the integrity of the Supreme court.



Bryan tells the farmers that the price of wheat keeps pace with the price of silver; that the gold standard forced down the price of wheat, and that wheat could not rise till silver rose; but the odd facts are that silver has been sinking and wheat rising.

On the question of government by injunction, the archbishop tells the people of America that "The palladium of American liberties is the supreme court at Washington, the counterpoint of which in majesty and in power to enforce absolute justice, does not exist among the nations of Christendom."

Archbishop Ireland thinks that the pamphlet of Archbishop Walsh of Dublin on bimetalism "has no bearing whatever on the situation in America," and that it "is throughout a solid argument against the Chicago platform."

Like all other men who think upon this subject seriously, Archbishop Ireland comes at the end of the ethical aspect of the question, and asks: "Is it honest to try to pay debts with half the money which we received when we contracted them?"

snite of legal enactments of parliaments or congresses. Our hard times have come from the general competition with the countries of the whole globe into which we are forced by cheapness and facility of transportation—from overproduction in past years, from extravagance during good times, and from our own social and political agitations.

I ask if it is honest to try to pay debts with half the money which we received when contracting them? National or private, debts contracted upon a financial system, such that those who loaned money gave it a certain commercial value, and believed, as they could not at the time have received, that they would receive it back, the same commercial value, should be paid in values of that same financial system.

Another Popocratic Forgery. "Holding these views, which are fully and carefully elaborated in this letter, which is too long for reproduction here, it is not surprising to hear him say: 'I stand by the platform and the presidential candidate of the Republican convention at St. Louis. I am opposed to the platform and the presidential candidate of the Democratic convention at Chicago.'"

ONE DAY AT CANTON

Continued from First Page.

others from Rock Island and Moline, Ill., and Davenport. I, Maj. McKinley said: "You come from three states of the mightiest government of earth. You come representing diverse occupations and varied employments, but you come with a single mission; you come with a common purpose, and that purpose is to manifest your devotion to the great principles and aspirations of the American people everywhere."

"I welcome you all here to my home and city. I welcome the commercial travelers of St. Louis, the citizens of Missouri, and I welcome the sound money club of St. Louis, which is composed of men of all political parties, who stand this year for the honor of the government and the integrity of our financial system."

CLEVELAND AND ST. LOUIS. Flag to the Nominee and a Floral Tribute to Mrs. McKinley. The next crowd occupied all the available space around the little reviewing stand. It was composed of commercial traveling men from Cleveland and St. Louis. They presented Gov. McKinley

with a handsome banner and a beautiful floral emblem for Mrs. McKinley. The flag was presented by a 12-year-old lad in behalf of the children of St. Louis, while the traveling men were introduced as an organization largely composed of Democrats but determined to vote for McKinley and sound money.

"I have but one flag, too, like the one brought to me by my young friend from Missouri. (Maj. McKinley here exhibited a small flag, which was followed by tremendous cheering.) It is the flag we all love, and which we mean to transmit to future generations, unsoiled and unstained."

Touchstone of Confidence Needed. "Missouri, like Ohio, needs protection, sound money and public confidence. You have a hundred and fifteen counties in your state, and I understand that there is not a single county that does not produce zinc, iron, coal or lead beneath its soil. (Cries of "That's right.")

RISES WHILE WHEAT WHY SILVER FALLS

Great Natural Demand for the Cereal, but the White Metal is a Drug on the Market.

While silver for weeks has been dropping practically without interruption from about 70 cents an ounce to less than 65 cents, wheat has been shooting up as if it had wings.

It is peculiarly interesting at this time, when Mr. Bryan and the other soon-to-be-muffled-out lights of the free-silver heresy have been cranking a variety of pleasing fictions down the throats of farmers, to call attention to the practically simultaneous rise in wheat and drop in silver.

Probably the free-silver folk will say in regard to the remarkable rise in wheat—about 11 cents a bushel in a month: "What did we tell you? It's as clear as daylight; everybody knows that free silver will succeed, hence they are buying wheat now, as it will go to a dollar at least after Mr. Bryan's election."

Won't Work Both Ways. If this is the free-silver argument for the advance in wheat, why is it that Europe is not buying silver at 64 1/2 cents an ounce if Mr. Bryan's election will raise its price to \$1.25?

Mr. Bryan's contention has been that it was impossible for wheat to rise as long as the gold standard prevailed. Mr. Bryan knew as well as any of us that he was lying when he said that.

The fact is, this advance in wheat, wholly due as it is to natural causes, is a stunning blow to the free silver fallacy. It is useless to tell the farmer that he cannot get more for his wheat while we remain on a gold standard, when he is receiving 10 cents a bushel more for it than he was a month ago.

It is all summed up in this: The crops here and abroad have been short, the total decrease for the world, according to

foreign trade estimates, from last year's crop being more than 100,000,000 bushels. Last year the total crop was more than 535,000,000. This year Thomas estimates it at 435,000,000. The main loss has been outside this country, so that the demand found over here has been exceptionally heavy.

The explanation of the decline in silver is as easily accounted for as the rise in wheat. Soon after Bryan's nomination the free-silver shouters kicked up such a rumpus that speculators both here and abroad thought there was some chance of his success, and silver advanced on speculative buying to about 70 cents an ounce.

The day will come when Mr. Bryan and his ilk will learn that natural causes alone govern the prices of all products.—New York Press.

ALADDIN'S LAMP OUTDONE.

Increase in Value of Wheat, Corn and Oats Alone Estimated at \$175,000,000.

Table with columns for Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, etc., and their values for Oct. 13 and Sept. 12.

To these must be added an aggregated appreciation of many millions on other commodities. Pork, for instance, has advanced from its low point by \$1.85 a barrel, and ribs have advanced nearly a cent a pound.

Americans are in the midst of a marvelous era. Several hundred million dollars have been added to the value of American products in the last sixty days.

Most of the chief farm products share in the advanced prices. Most of these commodities are being exported in enormous quantities, and in exchange America will get European gold.

Table showing the value of Wheat, Corn, and Oats in millions of dollars.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN—POTPOURI 1896.

(Tune—Here's to Good Old Wines, Drink It Down.) We want an honest dollar, so we do, We want a honest dollar, so we do, We want an honest dollar and for it we will holler.

Orchards Fall in Line. But this list does not exhaust the names of the staples that have scored sensational gains. The American orchard is coming in for a share of the good times.

As this silver is worth in the market 66 to 67 cents an ounce the margin of profit is easily seen to be a very heavy one—10 to 20 per cent.

Moreover, some of the mines represent an actual investment whatever. Counting "water" and all, the Elkhorst mine has a nominal capital of only \$1,000,000. It has paid dividends amounting to \$1,212,000.

In brief, this great silver trust is a conspiracy among a hundred or so millionaires mine-owners to rob the public and to levy a tribute upon the wages of everyone who works.

ONE DAY AT CANTON.

Forty Delegations with Forty Special Trains Meet at the Home of Major McKinley.

PRONOUNCED "THE GREATEST EVENT IN POLITICAL HISTORY"

Eleven States and Three National Organizations Send Greetings to the Republican Candidate.

Countless Thousands Through the Streets of Canton and Listen to His Words of Patriotism.

Canton, O., Oct. 10.—"The greatest political demonstration ever known" was the verdict of the veteran observers of the events which occurred here today.

For weeks there has not been a day, except the Sabbath, in which Maj. McKinley has not been greeted by numerous delegations, but today was the greatest of them all.

BEFORE DAYLIGHT

the special trains bearing delegations of voters from both the old political parties began rolling into the depot, and as early as 8 o'clock the impatient visitors began forming in line to march to the modest home which is now the Mecca for citizens of all states and sections, and for men of all past party affiliations.

ALL DAY LONG

delegations of cheering, shouting men from all the walks of life—workmen, merchants, ministers, workers in iron and clay and brass and steel, commercial salesmen, miners, farmers, planters, railroad men and grain dealers, marched to Maj. McKinley's home, and shaking testified their regard for him, and the fealty of their states and sections to the cause which he represents.

Forty special trains

were required to bring the forty separate organizations from twelve different states who sought in this single day to do honor to the candidate of the Republican party, the representative of sound money, sound financial principles and sound government.

TWENTY CAR LOADS.

Pennsylvania and Michigan Join in Early Honors.

Twenty car loads of people from Pennsylvania and Michigan were the first to get Maj. McKinley's attention. They were at his door at 9 o'clock and to the brief addresses of their spokesmen Mr. McKinley responded by saying:

"Your early call is an example of promptness which I trust will be followed on the 3d of November in every part of our country. The best thing in this world next to liberty is labor, and the best thing for labor is an opportunity to work. This is the opportunity for which we are all striving this year and which we hope through a change of policy in the administration of the government of the United States to enjoy to a larger degree than we have done in the past three and one-half years. What we want more than anything else in order to give this opportunity to labor is a restoration of confidence. With confidence shaken, money seeks its hiding place and goes out of the channels of business and legitimate investment and away from farming, manufacturing and mining enterprises. I do not know of a better illustration of the value of confidence to the country than is found in our own experience during the last twenty years.

Some Financial History.

"You will remember that this country received specie payments January 1, 1879. We had outstanding then, as we have now, \$346,000,000 of what is commonly known as greenback currency. Every dollar of that from that date was redeemable in gold upon presentation at the treasury of the United States. So great was the confidence of the people in the ability of the country that from 1879 to 1883 but 44,000,000 of dollars were presented for redemption, and the gold was taken out; \$46,000,000 in fourteen years, and yet in the last three and a half years, since confidence has been disturbed, more than \$200,000,000 of greenbacks have been presented to the treasury of the United States and the gold taken out.

Now, if confidence had existed, if the holders of these greenbacks had not been fearful, and they were only made so because the treasury of the United States was not collecting enough money to pay its bills, that the revenues of the treasury were inadequate for public expenditures, and alarmed, as they were, they would not have sent their greenbacks in for redemption. The gold reserve was encroached upon, and from time to time we have been compelled to sustain it, to borrow gold to put into the treasury of the United States. Now, the Republican party believes it is the duty of the government first to raise enough money to run the government. We don't want any deficiencies in the public treasury, and if we have no deficiency we will have no debts, and if we have no debts we will have no bonds, and when we have no deficiencies everybody will have confidence in the solvency of the treasury of the United States.

Necessity for a High Tariff.

"Then, my fellow citizens, we not only believe in raising enough money to run the government, but we believe in having a tariff upon foreign competing products high enough to protect American labor and American manufactures. We believe it is the first duty of the government of the United States to protect and defend its citizens. It is the poorest policy on the part of the government to give work to the laborer of other nations while we have idle men in the United States. Now when we have once accomplished that, we propose to continue the good money we have in this country. We do not want any short

dollars any more than we want light weights. We are in favor of good, round 100-cent dollars with which to pay the labor of this country and measure the exchanges of the American people and we will have no other kind.

1000 COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Three Great States Send Their Traveling Salesmen.

The second body of visitors was made up of commercial travelers from New York, Ohio and Indiana, and to their tumultuous greeting Maj. McKinley responded by saying:

"Nobody knows sooner than the commercial traveler whether times are good or bad. No class of men so registers the waves of business as the men who stand before me here today. You are interested in your occupations and in having prosperity extend from one end of the country to the other. You are interested in having all of our workshops running; all our mines in operation, and all our workmen constantly and profitably employed. You are, therefore, this year possibly more than ever before interested in the triumph of the political principles which envelop the well-being and highest prosperity of the American people.

"You know better than anybody else that you cannot sell your goods to your customers unless your customers can sell goods to the people. You know that the people cannot buy unless they have something to do at which they can earn money, that they may buy them. That's what is the matter with the country today. That's the diagnosis of our condition at this hour. Business has been stopped; the wheels of industry are not running; idle men are on the streets. Many of the manufacturing establishments are closed and you are not doing as well as you were in 1892.

"The best thing I can wish for each and everyone of you is a return to the splendid prosperity of four years ago. The money of the country, happily, is all right; the Republican party made it all right, and Grover Cleveland's administration has kept it good. We propose to continue that good, sound, unquestioned, undepreciated money with which to do the business of this great country. (Great cheering.)

A Glance Into History.

"What a nation we are! Why, in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln of blessed memory, the immortal hero of emancipation and the war, when he took control of this government, our entire wealth was \$16,000,000,000. When Benjamin Harrison went out it was \$93,000,000,000, and more than two-thirds of the great war debt had been wiped out. Since that time we have been doing little else but make debts for the government and debts for the people. I am greatly honored by this call. Forty many delegations are visiting me today to permit my longer detaining you. I appreciate this visit. It is inspiring to the cause which I represent, and will encourage the Republican spirit everywhere. I know the value of the commercial traveler. When he is against you, look out." (Great laughter and applause.)

IRON WORKERS AT THE FRONT.

They Testify Their Fealty to Protection and Prosperity.

No delegation of the day was more cordially welcomed than the band of iron workers from Cleveland, whose sturdy figures and frank faces were seen as soon as the commercial travelers had given place, and to them Mr. McKinley said:

"I welcome you to Canton and my home. I am glad to learn from your banners and your spokesmen that you stand for the great purpose of the Republican party and the American union, that gives to every citizen of every race and nationality equal chance and opportunity in the race of life—a Union that knows neither caste nor classes, nor creeds nor nationalities, but gives equal protection to all. I am glad to see from your banners that you are in favor of protection to American industries. So am I. I believe it is the duty of the American people to vote for that policy which will protect American industry, defend American labor, and preserve the old scale of American wages. I thank you heartily for this call. I am always glad to meet the workmen, and there is nothing in this campaign that gives me more encouragement than to have behind me the men who toil." (Great cheering and cries of "Hurrah for McKinley.")

EVANGELICAL MISSION BOARD.

Bishop Thomas Bowman Introduces His Associates to the Nominee.

Bishop Thomas Bowman introduced the missionary board of the Evangelical

association to Maj. McKinley, who addressed his callers briefly, saying:

"It gives me extreme pleasure to meet the representatives of the board of missions and of publishers of the Evangelical Association of the United States. It is indeed to me a very high compliment to have a body like yours turn aside from its business sessions that call it together to make a visit to my home to give me assurances of your support and of the devotion which you have dedicated to the principles for which I stand. I appreciate this call. I would expect from a body of religious men that they would stand by public honor and public honesty as your bishop has described. I would expect from you that you would stand by public law, public tranquility and public security, and the honor of the country to which you belong. It is the proud boast of our American institutions that every citizen beneath our flag can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience in every corner of this great country, and I am always glad to meet a body of men who have dedicated themselves to the improvement and betterment of humanity, for as you better its condition you elevate citizenship, and when you elevate citizenship you have exalted country. I thank you for this call and bid you all good afternoon." (Great applause.)

SOUND MONEY RAILROAD MEN.

Employees of Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Company.

The employees of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railway company and sound money clubs of Akron, O., were introduced by Mr. Sampson, and were addressed by the Republican nominee as follows:

"I am glad to have the assurance through your spokesman that you believe that the triumph of the principles for which the Republican party now stands will be best for you, and so believing that you intend to vote the Republican ticket. I thank you all for this greeting. I feel that you are not strangers to me. I have been riding over your lines for more than twenty years, and I know many of your employees; and I do not know of any business in the country where its employees can so definitely know the condition of the business of the country as the men who are employed by the railroad. You know it in the shop, you know it in the ticket office, you know it traveling on the trains; every switchman, every brakeman, every conductor, and every engineer knows the condition of the business of the country and of the railroad by the amount of business that railway does. He knows when the country is prosperous and when it is in a state of depression, and he does not have to wait for the report of the directors of the railroad to know whether there have been any dividends declared or not. He knows it from the amount of work and the amount of wages he receives.

"Now, my fellow citizens, you are prosperous when the country is prosperous, and the country is prosperous when it takes care of its own people, its own manufacturers, its own mines, and prod-

ucts, and its own labor. The country is prosperous when we have plenty of labor, if we are paid in good money. We believe in sound money, and we are going always to have it." (Continuous cheering.)

POTTERY AND IRON WORKERS.

They Greet the Champion of Protection to American Industry.

The next visitors were from West Virginia and included pottery workers, iron workers and a club known as the Tariff Champions of Wheeling. To these consolidated delegations Maj. McKinley said:

"Gentlemen: Republicans seem to be on all sides this year. (Great laughter and applause; a voice: "And Democrats.") And many Democrats are with us. (Applause.) I am honored by this call of this large assemblage from the state of West Virginia. I am glad to meet the 6-footers. (Cheering from the Six-Footers' Protective and Sound Money club of Wheeling.) They ought to be, and I am sure will be, giants in this contest for national honor. I am glad to meet the potters of West Virginia. I am glad to meet the iron and steel workers of the Riverside mills. I am glad to meet you all and glad to feel that the mission you are here upon is to make Republican principles triumphant on the 3d day of November.

"There is born in every human breast a sentiment that moves him to strive to better his condition. The humblest, those born with least fortune, those with most unfavorable surroundings, all of them aspire to better things and all have a right so to aspire. The genius of our free institutions lifts ambition and most men want to lift themselves up, to elevate and improve the condition of their families. The thought in every man's mind here today is: "How can I better my condition? How can I improve the condition of my family?" The answer comes almost with one voice: "The way to do it is to protect American industry and defend American labor." (Tremendous cheering.) Let us do our own manufacturing here in the United States. Let us make our own iron and steel, our own pottery, our own glass—and when we do that, then we will employ every idle man in the United States and bring hope and happiness to every American home. I believe in that policy of protection to home industries and to the energies of American people. I do not believe anything is cheap to the American people that imposes burdens upon a single American citizen. What you want is work and wages. Do you believe free trade will aid you? Do you believe protective tariffs will do it? ("Yes, yes, every time.") Then vote that way. (Loud yells and cries of "You bet we will.")

"Protection never closed an American factory; protection never shut an American mine; protection never put American labor out on the streets. I wish I could say as much for partial free trade, such as we have experienced in the last three and a half years.

"More than that, my fellow citizens, we not only want an opportunity to work, but when we get that opportunity we want to be paid in honest dollars worth 100 cents each. (Continuous cheering.) We believe neither in free trade nor in free silver. The one debases the labor, and the other the currency of the country, and more than that, you gentlemen, I know, are in favor of the maintenance of law and order. Now, I thank you for this call and I trust that the little Mountain state will in 1896 repeat the verdict of 1894 by giving the Republican party a grand and glorious tri-

umph. (Loud cries of "We will; we will," followed by three rousing cheers for the "next President.")

STEEL COMPANY EMPLOYEES.

A Delegation of Three Hundred Workmen.

Concluding his preceding address to the miners, Maj. McKinley had to but face about to find patiently awaiting an audience of some 300 steel workers, employed by the Otis Steel company of Cleveland. This party was introduced by Otto Grabien, and Maj. McKinley responded briefly, saying:

"I am honored by this visit and encouraged by it because I know that you bring to me assurances of loyalty to the great principles of the Republican party and of your untiring zeal to make these principles victorious on the 3d day of November. This audience fairly represents the conditions with which the business of this country is done. The men on the other side of me mine coal. The men on this side use coal in their mills, and because you so use it the other mine it. If you created no demand for it there would be no demand for the mine.

"I use this illustration to show you how dependent we are upon each other; how every thread of business is interwoven with every other thread of business, and when you snap one thread you injure all. When the employer does not find it profitable to manufacture he ceases to do so, and when he does not manufacture you do not have employment. When he finds it profitable to manufacture you have steady employment at fair wages. Now, what we want to do in this country is to favor whatever policy will encourage American industry and promote American manufactures. That which will build more factories and give more employment to workmen should be the true, genuine and universally accepted American policy.

"I am one of those who believe that we should look after our own people before we look after the people of other lands, who owe no allegiance to the government of the United States. I believe the right policy is the one which protects the American workshop by putting a tariff upon the products of the foreign workshop. My fellow citizens, I do not believe that we ought to have a tariff policy that will let the products of cheap lands and of unpaid labor come into this country and destroy our manufactures and impoverish and degrade our labor. The protective policy is my policy. It is the doctrine I have always believed in, and I make no apology to anybody anywhere for holding that view, and if on the 3d day of November the American people in their sovereign capacity shall decree that a protective policy shall be restored and sound money continue, I hope and fervently pray that we will enter upon an era of prosperity that will give happiness and comfort to every American home. (Tremendous cheering and cries of "Hurrah for McKinley.") I thank you for this call and

bid you good afternoon." (Great cheering.)

MINERS OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

Three Hundred Workmen from the Pennsylvania Coal District.

The little reviewing stand was brought into requisition at this point, when the crowd had become so dense that the porch could no longer be used, and Maj. McKinley faced some 300 miners from the anthracite district of Pennsylvania, who were introduced by Prof. W. P. Gregory. Maj. McKinley responded as follows:

"You have all found in your own lives that if you get anything that is valuable you have to work for it. You have found in your own experience that there is no way to earn a living or accumulate property except by labor and toil, energy and industry, and by frugal savings, and knowing that all that you are interested in at this moment is how you can best use what you have—your labor, your farms, your products; in a word, what you want is an opportunity to work, and when that opportunity is furnished you will perform the labor, and there are not enough mints in the United States or in the world to give employment to the miners of Pennsylvania. Therefore, my fellow citizens, you must not be looking to the mints for the money which you need. You must look to the mines, to the mills and the factories. (Great applause.) You do not mine coal unless somebody wants to use that coal, and the more users of coal there are, the more miners there will be and the better will be their employment and their wages. (Cries of "Right, right.")

"Now, that is the whole philosophy of this business. (Applause.) When you have an opportunity to work you want to be paid in dollars that are as good as any in the world; when you are given your good, hard blows in the mines or in the factories, given the mine-owner or the factory-owner a good, honest day's work, you want to be paid in good, honest dollars that will not depreciate over night. (Tremendous cheering.) So what the country wants is work and the continuance of the good money we have, and the prevalence of law and order. We want peace and tranquility in this country; we want to preserve the honor of the government of the United States, and we will renounce repudiation in every form. I am glad to meet my fellow citizens from the state of Pennsylvania. We have in this country miners by the hundreds. I know something about them. I know that the only aim they have is an honest one, to stand by honest things, and I know how the farmers of Stark county affirm that the experience of mankind has shown that by reason of their natural abilities gold is the necessary money of the large affairs of commerce and business, while silver is conveniently adapted to minor transactions, and the most beneficial use of both can be insured only by the adoption of the former as the standard of monetary measure and the maintenance of silver at a parity with gold by its limited coinage under suitable safeguards of law. Thus the largest possible employment of both metals is denatured with a value universally accepted throughout the world, which constitutes the only practical bimetallic currency, assuring the most stable standard and especially the best and safest money for all who earn their livelihood by labor or the produce of husbandry. They cannot suffer when paid in the best money known to man, but are the peculiar and defenseless victims of a debased and fluctuating currency, which offers continual profits to the money-changer at their cost.

"What I have read, my fellow citizens, is not the statement of the Republican convention, but of a Democratic convention, the most representative which probably ever assembled in the country. Senators and representatives in public life today, leaders of the Democratic party in their respective states, thus denounce the Democratic convention held in the city of Chicago. They speak words of truth and soberness. You cannot debate the currency of the United States without degrading the public honor. They repudiate their own party convention and characterize its resolutions as unsound, injudicious, unpatriotic, and revolutionary. They are to be commended by every lover of his country everywhere for their courageous stand and for their bold denunciation of doctrines which, although adopted by a convention representing a large body of Democrats, are a menace to the peace and tranquility, the credit and the currency of the country.

The Crisis is Bravely Met.

"It falls to the Republican party this year, as in many other years of the past, to carry the standard of national honor, and it shall never be lowered in its hands. It meets the crisis with the old-time courage, and if it is given power the whole world will know that it will never permit the currency of the country to be debased or its financial honor stained. Our adversaries talk fluently about the "money of the fathers." I want to say for the fathers that their money was always good and honest. They insist that gold and silver alike constitute the money of the constitution and the currency established by the early

statesmen of the country. They would have us believe what history does not support—that gold and silver enjoyed equal privileges in the mints of the United States during all our history down to 1873. They assert that the stopping of the free coinage of silver in 1873 was "the crime of the century," and is the cause of the present deplorable business condition of the country. They must know that prior to 1873 we had less than 2,000,000 of silver dollars in circulation. We have coined since that time nearly 500,000,000 of silver dollars, and they constitute a part of the currency of the country. They do not tell us that when the coinage of both gold and silver was free in the United States the per capita circulation in this country was less than it has been since the so-called "crime of 1873." Why, under the free coinage of both gold and silver in the days of the fathers we had in 1800 a per capita of \$4.99; in 1833 it was \$3.67; in 1852 it was \$14.63; in 1874 before the resumption of specie payments, and when we were doing business with unlimited paper currency, it was \$18.19; in 1894, twenty-one years after the suspension of free coinage of silver, we had a per capita of \$24.88, and every dollar was as good as gold in every part of the world. We have a greater per capita in the United States than in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and a greater per capita than has Germany. The per capita of the whole world is about \$5.15. The per capita of the gold standard countries is \$18, while the per capita of the silver standard countries—of which they want to make us one—is about \$4.30. Even in the gold standard countries we have more silver per capita than the other silver countries of the world. The gold standard countries, having a population of less than one-third of the world's population, have nearly two-thirds of the circulation of the world's currency. The United States has about 6 1/2 per cent. of the total population of the principal countries of the world, yet it has 22 1/2 per cent. of the banking resources and nearly 16 per cent. of the total money supply of the world. France has a higher per capita than the United States, but the banking deposits in the United States are \$77.76 per inhabitant, or \$43 greater for each inhabitant than the banking deposits of France.

VETERANS FROM MARYLAND.

Major McKinley Delivers to Them an Unusually Earnest Address.

The Maryland G. A. R. club, one of the delegations of the day, was honored by one of the most earnest addresses Maj. McKinley has yet delivered. In response to Gen. Theodore F. Lang, who spoke for the Maryland visitors, Maj. McKinley said:

"The spectacle which we witness in Canton today is most encouraging and inspiring. There are delegations here from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Maryland. (Great applause and cries of "Towa.") Yes, Iowa and Kentucky, and on yesterday we had delegations from the Old Dominion state of Virginia and from the state of Tennessee. All are welcome to my home and city, for all of them are moved by a common purpose, and that purpose is to save the country from repudiation and dishonor.

"This visit on the part of my fellow citizens from Maryland indicates their concern at the present condition of the country, and manifests a belief on their part that the sooner it comes to an end the more gratifying it will be. It is an unmistakable expression of your belief that the change most to be desired can only be secured through a Republican triumph, and that you are zealous and alert to do your full part in bringing about the result. This campaign has many peculiar phases. It involves the most vital interests to country. It is unique in American politics. One of the old and most honored political parties of this country is very much divided this year. A part of it has united with the other parties, and in some of the states the alliance has been rejected, and the fusion repudiated, so that the condition is not altogether and everywhere harmonious. The old leaders of the Democratic party, those who carried its burdens and fought its battles in the past, framed in the city of Indianapolis a few weeks ago an indictment against their old party associates who met at Chicago, which in severity has been unequalled. They pronounced the declarations of the Chicago convention, which was Democratic in name, as an attack upon individual freedom, right of private contract, the independence of the judiciary and authority of the President to enforce the laws of the United States.

Chicago Convention Arraigned.

"They charged the Chicago convention with a reckless attempt to increase the price of silver by legislation to the debasement of our monetary system, and threatened unlimited issues of paper money by the government. They pronounced in view of these and other grave departures from Democratic principles that they cannot support the candidate of that convention, nor be bound by its acts. They declare that the Democratic party has survived many defeats, but could never survive a victory won in behalf of the policy proclaimed in its name at Chicago. On the money question they

"The people will not consent to a decrease of their circulating medium, nor a debasement of that medium of exchange. If by your votes this menace to the money and credit of the country be dispelled, and by the same votes you restore the American protective policy, that will stop deficiencies in the treasury, and will protect American industry, and courage and confidence will come back again. Open the mills and the mines of our country by a judicious protective tariff and you will stop idleness and distress in the ranks of labor, and you can't stop it in any other way. What will be the voice of Maryland on the 3d day of November? (Cries of "McKinley, McKinley.") What will be the voice of the great city of Baltimore? (Cries of "McKinley.") How will that old conservative city speak for national honor? (Cries of voting for McKinley and protection.)

"I thank my old comrades of the war for their presence here at my home today. I thank my fellow citizens of every vocation for having paid me this visit, and I beg to thank them in the name of the Republican party for their assurances of loyal support to the principles of public honor, a sound money, sound money, reciprocity, which will try to us, I trust and firmly believe, good times, from which we wildly ran away in 1892."

MAINE HEARD FROM.

Congressman Boutelle Speaks for the State of Maine and Reed.

One of the distinguished visitors of the day was Congressman Boutelle of Maine, who was introduced to one of the visiting delegations by Mr. McKinley with such happy words that he could not escape participating in the speech-making which Gov. McKinley was expected to alone perform. At the close of one of the addresses Mr. McKinley, turning to Mr. Boutelle, who stood near him, said:

"We have present with us Gen. Boutelle of Maine, a gentleman who is marching up the hill (another delegation was then approaching) I am sure you will be glad to hear a voice from the state of Maine that has just given us nearly 50,000 majority." (Applause and cheers.)

Mr. Boutelle said:

"The governor has taken a slight advantage over me in bringing me before you, but I desire to say to you that there is no Republican in the state of Maine who would not deem it an honor and a privilege to stand here, at the residence of William McKinley of Ohio and thank you for the splendid manifestations of loyalty which you have exhibited here. We have got through with our little piece of work in Maine; we have set the mark, 50,000 high, for the other states for the American Union to go by. We want to see Ohio more than double it. We want to see Indiana come up with 60,000, and we are going to see, my friends, on the 3d day of November a defeat of free trade, free silver, and repudiation more disastrous than has ever before overtaken demagogism in this country, and now, gentlemen, I propose three hearty cheers for the next President of the United States." (They were given with vim.)

THREE STATES AHEAD.

Delegations from Illinois, Iowa and Pennsylvania Grouped.

Scarcely had the preceding crowd vacated the lawn when the shouts and cheers of another coming up the street were heard. This was composed of the Hardware Men's Sound Money club of Reading, Pa., and railroad men and

Continued on Second Page.

States Represented at Canton, Oct. 10th.

New York,	Maryland,	Michigan,
Pennsylvania,	West Virginia,	Indiana,
Maine,	Kentucky,	Illinois,
Ohio,	Missouri,	Iowa.

ONE DAY'S VISITORS AT CANTON.

Iron Workers,	Merchants,	Clergymen,
Pottery Workers,	Commercial Travelers,	Teachers,
Mine Workers,	Bank Employes,	Lawyers,
Factory Workers,	Commission Men,	Editors,
Railroad Workers,	Manufacturers,	Statesmen.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

Paragraphs Pertaining to the Movements of People.

FAIR AT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

Voting Contests for a Diamond Ring Between Three Ladies and a Gold-Headed Cane Between Three Gentlemen—Other Notes.

A fair has been in progress all this week at St. Anne's church. This evening there will be a voting contest for a diamond ring—the contestants being Yoda Strom, Sophie Walch and Emalie Grenier—and for a gold-headed cane between Napoleon Primeau, Nick Bink and Nick Riley. Supper will be served from six until eleven p. m.

Henry Wisson, of Clear Lake, Wis., with his wife, visited his brother, J. T. Wisson, last week and departed on Monday for Port Huron, to visit relatives in that vicinity.

Mrs. Edblom, wife of the pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, was "surprised" by her friends last Saturday and presented with a purse containing "pin-money."

Capt. Wallace Van Dyke arrived Monday with the Lettie loaded with good things to eat—apples, butter and honey—and has gone for more.

Gust Olson and Amanda E. Brandt were married last Saturday evening at the residence of A. S. Sandberg, Rev. Mr. Edblom officiating.

Knute Swanson and Emma L. Bloom, both of Ford River, were married last Saturday, Rev. C. P. Edblom officiating.

Mrs. James Blake departed Tuesday morning for Mt. Clemens, to take a course of the waters for her rheumatism. Al. Yerrick, of Masonville, was in town on Monday and let fall some words of sound politico-economic doctrine.

"Windy" Young, the only captain trading here who shouts for Bryan and free silver, was here Sunday.

Robert Wiley and family, of Champlain, N. Y. have visited the family of A. J. Valentine this week.

Rev. Dr. Leuker, of Milwaukee, preached in the Swedish and Norwegian churches last Sunday.

Frank D. Mead is at home again after a visit of several weeks' duration at Milwaukee.

Mrs. A. P. Smith and her sister, Miss Empson, of Gladstone, visited here Saturday last.

Sandy Oliver was called to Foster City Monday to care for the remains of Mr. Foster.

Pat Tolan is at home for a visit but will return to Wisconsin and his job, soon.

Ed Hart has lately undergone a severe surgical operation but is recovering nicely.

Sam Maryball, of Appleton, visited printers and stationers here last Saturday.

Dr. Youngquist returned Sunday, from a two-weeks' visit at Grand Rapids.

Ed Erickson went hunting at the close of last week.

Clark Hattton has visited at Chicago this week.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church, will give a Pumpkin Pie Social Saturday evening, October 31st, at Baptist hall. Admission, including refreshments, 10 cents. There will also be fancy articles for sale. Refreshments will be served from 5 p. m. till 10 p. m. All are invited.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will serve lunch next Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Goodwin No. 219 Ogden avenue. A general invitation is extended.

Mrs. Hicks and Miss Buchanan, delegates from Gladstone to the W. C. T. U. convention at Ishpeming, visited in town Tuesday.

Madames McCourt, Pillsbury, and McKeever and Miss Atkins have attended the W. C. T. U. convention at Ishpeming this week.

Mrs. O. J. Noland, formerly of (and having many friends in) our city, has removed from Duluth to Eveleth, Minn.

A. G. Crose went to Green Bay, after ducks, Monday; and he got 'em too, a good lot, and came home Wednesday.

Mrs. Theo Farrell has departed for Puget Sound, to spend the winter in the milder climate of the Pacific coast.

Henry Coburn was in Escanaba Thursday talking McKinley, sound money, protection and prosperity.

R. C. Clay, a deck hand on the Engine Hart fell into the hold and was badly bruised and shaken.

Capt. John R. Wood, of Iron Mountain, was in town over night Tuesday. John Nelson and Martha Johnson, both of Gladstone, have license to marry.

W. S. Taylor, of Appleton Wis., was in town, on business, last Wednesday.

George T. Burns was called to Milwaukee on business last Tuesday.

A. T. Kellher, of Gladstone, was in town on business last Thursday.

Harry Work called on his friends and customers in the city Thursday.

Louis Stegmiller is at Cripple Creek, or was a day or two since.

Mrs. F. L. Wingar has returned from her visit at Marquette.

Miss Dollie Morton departed Tuesday for a visit at Chicago.

Mrs. M. Lyons is visiting at Green Bay.

Mr. Roche, who has sold "wet grocer-

ies" here for thirty years, called on his customers Wednesday.

W. B. Malloy, of Lathrop, visited here on Tuesday.

H. M. Noble and wife have visited at Chicago.

Ed. Arnold, of Escanaba, who has cedar camps in the vicinity of Corinne, was in the city Monday night. He is one of the democrats who are going to vote for McKinley and prosperity and also is using his influence for the republican ticket.—Pioneer.

Leslie McLaurin, who had been in the employ of the Garth company, on the drive, is missing since July 12th and his father, Robert McLaurin, of Alcona, Mich., wants information concerning him.

The Hon. Richard Mason is making a red-hot canvass for state senator, and the republicans will certainly give him a second term.

Wm. Meier, of the fire department, and Alvina Rudnik were married, at Bagley, on Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Fish and Misses May and Sadie have returned from their visit at Chicago.

C. D. McEwen has been under the weather, a severe cold, this week.

J. H. Bennett has been appointed postmaster at South Manistique.

R. L. Hall is seriously indisposed. Dr. Booth is caring for him.

B. D. Wingard visited at Marquette last Wednesday.

John J. Seiner is again at home from the west.

Conrad Lins went "up the line" Wednesday.

MATTERS ABOUT TOWN.

Nearly 19,000 voters were disfranchised by "defective ballots" in the last election in New York. Had they been content to vote straight—just put a cross-mark under the head of their party ticket—they'd have been all right.

Business is looking up at Iron Mountain. Mr. Hanna and his associates are preparing the consolidated Chapin prospect for a big output next season, probably a million gross tons, and they pay good wages, promptly.

Any "startling" political yarn issued to-morrow or Monday is certain to be a "roorback." Pay no attention to such but just vote as you have already decided to do—for McKinley and protection.

Halloween to-night, and the usual pranks may be expected—gates unbinged, signs removed, etc. It is all very silly but the kids think it fun and their elders endure the nuisance for that reason.

Thos. Farrell has nearly 500 men at work in the woods. He recently opened a supply store at Rapid River, Chas. M. Thatcher being in charge thereof.

A. H. Rolph will be much obliged if the person who took his flag from republican headquarters will return it to him this morning. He wants it.

Marinette merchants have had "instruction ballots" printed with their advertisements on the back and have circulated them extensively.

A small blaze at the corner of Campbell and Thomas streets was quickly doused by the firemen Wednesday evening. Not much damage.

The South African gold fields still attract experienced men from the mines of this region. Four left Negaunee, bound thither last Sunday.

"Kid" Lavigne beat Jack Everhardt in a twenty-five round contest at New York Tuesday night and is light-weight champion of the world.

A prospector named Tucker is said to have found gold quartz near Iron Mountain which carries \$95 dollars in gold to the ton. That beats John Millar's silver mine, easy.

The first ticket on the ballot, vignette the flag with Lincoln's portrait. Put a cross-mark in the circle and let it go in the box so.

C. F. Larson lost one of his twins, five years old, by croup, Wednesday night. The attack was sudden and its sufferings brief.

Dr. J. E. Scallon, long prominent among u. p. democrats, is speaking in opposition to Bryan and the Chicago platform.

Bryanites pretend to be very confident of success but they want odds of two to one or they won't put up their cash.

Sailors can vote only at their homes, just like other folks, not wherever they may happen to be, on election day.

The German Lutheran church took a benefit at the hall of the Sons of Hermann Thursday evening.

A well-posted woodsman estimates the cut of pipe this winter at only fifty per cent. of the usual output.

The state convention of Sunday school workers comes off at Kalamazoo on the 17th of November.

Don't "scratch" in the booth; vote first, vote straight, and scratch afterwards, if at all.

Gen. W. F. Rosecrans, "Old Rozy" of the Army of the Cumberland boys, is out for McKinley.

The inquiry concerning Daniel McClelland is fruitless; nobody here knows such a man.

The Metropolitan Lumber Co. has twelve million feet of lumber, unsold, in its yards.

The fine weather came to an end Wednesday night. Thursday was cold and wet.

Peter Holmes resumed the duties as superintendent of the water works.

The election returns will be received at the council chamber Tuesday evening.

The republican candidates visited across the bay points this week.

The water works office will be moved into the council chamber.

TO BE OUR NEXT GOVERNOR

Something About the Republican Candidate.

He Comes From Good Old New England Stock and Has Made His Name Famous Throughout the Nation. A Tribute from National Tribune.

Still is it true that deeds heroic For man, by man unselfish wrought, In spite of skeptic and of stoic Shall thrill the world with kindlier thought.

While pulses warm with quickened beating, Divine relationship to trace, We hail with universal greeting The brotherhood of all the race.

And so it is the people claim him This civic chieftain of his clan; And thus the shouting thousands name him The Prophet of the working man!

He lives in the beautiful city of the straits. He is the republican candidate for governor of his state. He will undoubtedly be chief executive of Michigan upon and after January 1, 1897; yet his fame, his prestige, his hold upon the popular heart do not depend upon the issues of November 3; nor has Michigan any longer the sole claim on him, for



belongs to the nation, and in one sense to the world.

He was born at Denmark, Maine, August 30, 1840, and is the son of Jasper Pingree; his mother's maiden name was Adaline Bryant.

The family records have been faithfully kept, and show that the mayor of Detroit is of the eighth generation of Pingrees born on American soil. The first of the name here was Moses Pingree (spelled Pengry) who, with his brother Aaron settled in Ipswich, Mass., in 1640. It is believed they came from England. No one who possesses what is called family despises such distinction, and it is interesting to know that this sturdy champion of the rights of common humanity has a long line of christian ancestry behind him; men and women of character, standing and influence. Puritanic ideas of honor and honesty, love of home and country, and a readiness to defend these at the hazard of life and fortune, have ever distinguished them. It is inspiring to be thus fore-fathered, it is altogether better to be worthy such ancestry; to have in his soul the elements of true greatness.

The early youth of Mr. Pingree was filled with labor; first on his father's farm, with the usual New England wringer's schooling to the age of fourteen; then in a cotton mill at Saco, Maine; then in a shoe factory at Hopkinton, Mass. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company F, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, and North Anna. On June 1, 1864, he was captured by Mosby's men and suffered the usual bitter experiences of a Union prisoner at Andersonville, Gordonsville, Salisbury and Millen. After five months he was exchanged, in time to take part in the battles of Petersburg, Fort Fisher, Boyden Road, Sailor's Creek, Farmersville and Appomattox. His regiment lost heavily, both in officers and enlisted men.

After his muster out in August of 1865, he came directly to Detroit and was employed in Baldwin's shoe factory. He formed a partnership with C. H. Smith in 1866, and it is related that he put into the firm \$400. That the house so launched has been a successful one, is shown by their commercial rating of \$500,000 capital. Detroit people say the firm is distinguished for straightforward honesty, enterprise and square dealing.

Seven years ago last January, Mr. Pingree was elected mayor of his city, and it is in this capacity he has won his fame. Here he has been most approved, and most opposed; most enthusiastically admired and applauded, most cordially hated, feared and execrated; here he has made friends who would die for him, and foes who hesitate at no device against him. It is said that a man is known by his friends, but he is sometimes better known by noting who are his enemies. So herculean have been his struggles against corporations, monopolies, fraud, greed and mismanagement, and so signal his triumphs that it has brought the man and the city into the public eye to a remarkable extent. Politically speaking he has accomplished the impossible. He found the city in the grasp of corrupt corporations, poorly lighted at great expense, ill-served, no adequate sewer system, a most inefficient and inefficient street car service, with bribery prevailing in municipal affairs to a frightful degree; this was the situation. Now, Mr. Pingree has convictions; his ideas of right, and wrong are very simple, being derived from that old Book long ago given for their guidance to the children of men. In the depths of his soul he believes in human rights, and he has colossal courage of his own which never falters. Given such a situation, and such a man, a battle to the death was inevitable. He began his warfare against these conditions in Detroit with the cheerful relish of a good fighter, and he has never given an inch of ground.

How he espoused the cause of the working man, how he declared for honest dealing in the management of public moneys, how he exposed bribery and fraud, secured cheap rates of transportation, projected a series of needed improvements—public lighting plants, parks, miles of well paved roadways, water service reform, a perfect sewer system and other benefactions—is not the history of all this written upon the beautiful and purified face of the city, and in the hearts of the people? He has entered with sympathy into the wants of the needy, and his plan of permitting the poor and unemployed to plant and cultivate the waste and idle lands in and about the city, has not only fed hungry thousands, but stimulated in them a love of honest labor, and given to many, doubtless, their first impulse to manly independence and thrift.

President Geo. A. Gates, of Iowa College, says of him: "It is probably a fair statement of the truth that no mayor of any considerable city in America has done so much for the interests of his town as this man." "The battle Mayor Pingree has fought out in the eyes of the nation in and for the city of Detroit has put the American nation under obligations to him."

In appearance Mr. Pingree is much better looking than his pictures would indicate; the usual full front view is misleading, and does poor justice to the strong, thoughtful and kindly face. He has a very clean and clear complexion, is six feet high, well proportioned, and enjoys superb health.

Any personal sketch of him would be incomplete in the eyes of the feminine world without some mention of the graceful and gracious woman who has been his wife since 1872. An hour's conversation with

FRANCES GILBERT PINGREE is sufficient to reveal one reason, at least, for the marvelous serenity of the man, for the great successes of his life; he has had at home the restful happiness of a womanly nature in ardent sympathy with his own; a second self with ability to comprehend, courage to endure and wisdom to advise; a modest, beautiful, and discreet power behind the throne!

Mrs. Pingree's maiden name was Frances Amelia Gilbert. Her mother was Eliza Richardson, a family of many historic names, whose annals run back through perfectly well authenticated channels to the time of the Norman conquest of England. She was born in Mt. Clemens, Mich., and has an honorable record as pupil and afterward as teacher in the Union school of that city.

The home of the Pingrees has been blessed with three children. Their lovely first-born, Gertrude, whose habitation is in heaven, but whose sweet memory will never leave her father and her mother; the only son, Hazen S. Jr., a student in the University of Michigan; and Hazel, the remaining daughter, a young miss.

The Pingree home on Woodward avenue is a delightful place, not only for outward beauty, but for domestic charm, cultured refinement and hospitable good cheer.

Industrial Prospects.

It is expected that a grand rush will be made for the logging woods in this section providing McKinley is elected. At least that's the way the logging contractors talk when you ask them when they are going to send up their men, or any other questions concerning the winters logging operations.

The Quinnesec Logging company's round house at Iron Mountain, burned Tuesday night, destroying two locomotives and other valuable property. The company has just begun logging operations for the winter. It is a serious loss but undoubtedly the company will buy new locomotives and continue its operations.

The Wisconsin Land and Lumber company will operate three camps near Hermansville the coming winter, one exclusively on cedar and the other two on pine and hardwood, expecting to get out about 300,000 feet of each kind to a camp, also 2,000,000 feet of hemlock timber.

Who Knows the Man?

Last Saturday the following dispatch was received here from a Minneapolis coroner: "Daniel McClelland found dead in hotel. Registered from Escanaba." Diligent inquiry was made by the police force without obtaining any information as to the identity of the person named other than that contained in the dispatch.

The man was suffocated by escaping gas in a room in the Windsor house. He was about thirty-five years of age, apparently, was well dressed, had a small sum of money in his pockets and two memorandums as follows: "Go to Bixby, Minn. Inquire for John Johnson, eleven miles west." "Mr. Johnson: Show the bearer the property I was looking at; he wishes to locate.—George Skinner."

The "Rathbone Sisters." The Pythians have a Ladies' Auxiliary called the "Rathbone Sisters," a local body of which was organized Wednesday evening. Its officers are, in order of precedence, Mrs. S. J. Whybrew, Miss Mary Atkins, Mrs. E. A. Elliott, Mrs. E. G. Turner, Mrs. W. M. Sterling, Mrs. A. C. Booth, Mrs. Carrie Lucas, Mrs. L. A. Rose and Mrs. P. Lucas. Trustees, Madames H. L. Ramsdell, W. L. Brown and J. G. Zane. The body is called "Justice Temple, No. 28," and it starts with a membership of thirty-four.

Sourwine & Hartnett,—druggists—two stores.

Silverware of every description at lowest prices at Sourwine & Hartnett's. Buy before election as the entire stock will be coined into 100-cent dollars immediately thereafter. Two stores.

To-day and Monday are Registration days. Every voter must appear in person before the board in his ward and see to it that his name is on the list or he will lose the right to vote on Tuesday. Get there, to-day if possible, or on Monday if not to-day.

Cloaks and Jackets.

BURNS

Our line of Black and Colored Jackets Swell Up-To-Date Things. Sell Themselves.

This Beauty, \$5.00.

Capes—Yes, we have them in plain wool Beaver. In Velvet. Rich Things.

Fur Capes and Fur Collarettes in Astrakan, Wool Seal, Martin, Beaver, Electric Seal, Coney. Keep everything known to the fur business.

M. A. BURNS.

This Smart Jacket, \$7.50.

Crockery.

There's a Pleased Expression

on the face of everybody who sees what we are now offering in the crockery department. Many bits of daintiness—often rare daintiness from over the sea—are now on sale at prices that are unusual even for the common sorts, because we want to make stock-adjustments and have everything ready for the new arrivals for the Holiday business. These prices ought to induce buying for for future needs.

Frank H. Atkins & Co.,
402-404 Ludington St.

Lumber Yard.

The I. Stephenson Co.

GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES.

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICH.

Groceries.

"SUGAR AND SPICE

and all things nice,"—everything that a well-mannered grocery store should keep—delivered at your house almost as soon as ordered. Prices way down—quality way up. That's the kind of a store this is. The quality of the spices we sell is just as good as the quality of the butter—and that's saying a great deal. We are very proud of our butter.

Frank H. Atkins & Co.,
402-404 Ludington St.

THOUGHTS OF WINTER TIME.

I'm studyin' 'bout the winter time, With fire blazing bright...

Then it's "Balance to yer pardner!" An' "Ladies to the right!"...

IN A RUSSIAN FORTRESS.

It was at an "at home" in Paddington that the writer's attention was attracted by a tall and striking-looking man...

Slavonic type, his figure was well-knit and muscular; he had the brilliant eyes and shapely head that denote the man of intellect...

"That person?" said an acquaintance, in response to a query. "That is Felix Volkovskiy. I will introduce you to him."

The introduction effected, the famous Russian exile, whose escape from Siberia is known to every student of the recent history of Russia...

"They are terrible, the Russian prisons," he said, in fluent English, though with a marked accent. "The food is often found utterly uneatable; the cells are squalid, damp and unhealthy..."

"Yes, if what writers on Russia say is true," I remarked, "all those precautions are sometimes futile?"

"Yes," said Mr. Volkovskiy, smiling; "you see, many of the wardens are kindly fellows, who don't see all they might—and others have their price. Besides, one can generally chat with one's next-door neighbor by gently tapping on the intervening cell-wall."

"Of course, the elementary method of taps—one for the first letter, two for the second, and so on—is very tedious and wearisome. But we have a much simpler way in general use, based on a well-known code."

"When I was immured in the state prison of Petropavlovski in St. Petersburg," he continued, "I found that the occupant of my right-hand cell was a novice, who was ignorant of the code. After repeated attempts to rap out an explanation of it by the lengthier system, I gave that up, and had recourse to another plan."

"You must know that one comfort is allowed us in prison—we may smoke,



THEY ARE TERRIBLE

and that is a priceless boon, I assure you! Well, I sketched the solution of the code on a cigarette paper, crumpled the missive up, and rolled it into a ball with a little wool and hair plucked from my bed coverlet...

"And then?" "In making my rounds, I stopped opposite my neighbor's little window and, turning my back to it, gazed intently at the cathedral spire beyond the walls. By that psychical law of curiosity and sympathy which influences even the duldest minds, my guards gazed with equal intenceness at the spire, trying to discover what was attracting my regard."

"In that instant I jerked my arm smartly across my chest, throwing the pellet over my left shoulder toward the window. Mor-bi'ly he'd then judgment,

my missile entered the deep embrasure, whence—as my neighbor informed me—that evening in the code rap—it was extracted by means of a spoon tied to a stick of firewood from the stove."

"For more important messages, the first step was to fix on a cipher—either invented for the occasion or adapted from one already in use. This was then written out on a piece of paper and smuggled into the possession of the other person, the cipher learned by heart, and the set of paper containing the key either burned, smoked, or sometimes chewed and swallowed. Then documents in the cipher were passed between the correspondents as occasion offered."

"It was not easy to guess how opportunities for passing could arise until Mr. Volkovskiy explained. "One dodge of ours was to secrete our note in the butt-end of a cigarette which we smoked while at exercise. On passing the window of the person for whom it was intended, a slight movement of the thumb upon the breast—thus imperceptible to the pair of gossamers before and behind, would put the prisoner within on the alert. The cigarette end was then thrown carelessly away."

"Afterwards, when the other prisoner came out in turn for exercise, he would find some excuse—adjusting his boots or trousers, for instance, or dropping something as if by accident—to stoop and secrete the little roll of to-



THEY FIRED.

bacco and paper, for examination at leisure in his cell.

"Then I have known missiles (tied to a thread for recovery in case of failure) to be 'flicked' from one cell window to another opposite to it, and lowered to the cell below. But the safest way, I found, was to get one's gooler to convey it in the bread or soup—a matter he would often undertake if one had friends outside to reward him."

"And what of escapes, Mr. Volkovskiy?" I asked. He shook his head with quiet emphasis. "The precautions taken are so complete, and the prison system so stringent, that as an almost invariable rule escape is an utter impossibility. I have meditated it for hours at a time, and many days in succession, but could conceive of no practicable scheme. Escaping from Siberia is easier—though not easy," he added, with a wan smile.

"On my asking him if he had known of no instances of 'politicals' escaping from prison, he replied: "Oh, yes, it has been done. In one case a most elaborate plot was successfully carried out. A warder was falsely complained of by several prisoners in succession, until at length he was discharged. His post was filled by a friend of the prisoners, thanks to forged certificates and papers; and after several months' exemplary conduct in his novel role, he released them one night and himself disappeared."

"Then, my good friend, Prince Krapotkin, who was confined with me in the Petropavlovski fortress, was one of the fortunate few to escape from that grim prison."

"How did he contrive it?" asked the writer. "He first feigned illness," replied Mr. Volkovskiy, "and so was removed to the prison hospital, where, when apparently only sufficiently convalescent to be just able to walk, he was allowed to take exercise in the yard."

"Day after day he tottered feebly up and down one particular line of march, turning at precisely the same point every time, until his attendant, instead of accompanying him to and fro, grew less alert, and would stand still while his charge took his slow paces. At last all was ready; a bribed official communicated with the prisoner's friends, a closed carriage was in waiting outside the hospital gates, and a signal—the note of a violin—was arranged. The invalid began pacing as usual; an opportune moment arrived, the fiddle sounded, and Krapotkin darted past the sentries and out through their wicket. They fired, but missed him; he gained the carriage, drove off, and was free. It was—"

"Mr. Volkovskiy," broke in our hostess, "I want to introduce you to a lady who imagines you live on 'kvass' and 'koutmisa' and black bread."

The Russian's tall, bent figure followed her obediently, and our chat was ended.—Tit-Bits.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

Do Not Leave Youth Behind with Frown, Because You Must.

There is an art in growing old, as in everything else, but some people never seem to learn the secret of it. They cling to youth till all resemblance of it has gone, and instead of evoking the admiration that they fondly hoped to get they are exciting ridicule, and nothing else. Every age has its charms, but to endeavor at 55 to retain the freshness and bloom of 20 is manifestly absurd in the extreme; and yet some women try to keep up this flimsy fiction of extreme youth when every line and wrinkle on their faces betrays them to be double the age they try to delude themselves into fancying that they are.

No amount of paint and powder, hair dye, and cosmetics, will conceal the real flight of time. Indeed, they only serve to intensify it. Golden hair and rosy cheeks on an elderly figure that has long lost the elasticity of youth impose on no one. Youth does not have to be helped upstairs or into its carriage, nor does it prefer to sit in the house or make stately calls when it can cycle and walk and play golf.

No, the true secret of beauty in old age is to accept the well-known fact that years increase our age and do not diminish them, and the woman who retains her youthful looks the longest, and whose old age is the more delightful, is the one who fully realizes this fact, not the one who ignores it. No woman of any kind of common sense will mind lines and wrinkles on her face. They are only signs of the character that has developed year by year. If there were no lines in the face after 40 it would argue ill for the mind of the person who owned the face, as lack of intellect can never bring lines that show noble character.

If a woman wishes to look well at whatever age she is, she must be cheerful and happy, looking on the bright side of things, and not borrowing trouble. She must also bear in mind that dieting in youth will have a very great effect on the complexion in later years. Indulgence in all and every kind of indigestible food when she is still in her teens will slowly but surely ruin even the most matchless of skins. It will become red and coarse, and, worse than all, pimply, and these defects will only become more glaring as years go on.

To retain a good-looking and young complexion, the food must be of the plainest but most nourishing, and taken at regular hours. Stimulants are not good, as they only give a temporary help when there is fatigue and weakness. Warm milk is the best thing when over-tired, as women are apt to become when no longer young. Burgundy may also be taken once a day, if liked.

A woman must remember that she cannot undergo as much fatigue when she is older as she did when she was younger. The hours for sleep should be carefully kept to, and a rest should be taken during the daytime if there is to be fatigue at night. Also, guard against changes of weather, and never be without wool or silk underclothing that is worn next to the skin. Live in a house with an even temperature, and one that does not indulge in draughts. Rain water should be used for the skin, and the daily bath should be of tepid water, followed by a sponge bath of cold water, if the system can stand this treatment. When the hair begins to turn gray, do not dye it some strange and youthful color. Let it gradually grow white, and you will find that your face looks younger, instead of older, with such surroundings. Above all, accept the fact of your increasing years, and remain cheerful and happy in the knowledge of them. This will, sooner than anything else, teach you the secret of growing old with grace.—St. Louis Republic.

A QUESTION OF MANNERS.

Shall the American Lass Be Taught in Courtesy to Her Elders?

It seems to be a mooted question as to whether it is or is not good form for young girls to courtesy to their elders. Many of the latter declare it to be an annoyance and an affectation, while others deem it a graceful and pretty tribute to older people. As a matter of fact, however, it is not correct for girls who are grown up to keep up the "reverence." If English customs are the standard (as they undeniably are for most people who aspire to be "smart") it may surprise those who have taught their daughters to "bob" to know that it is altogether an American adaptation of the funny little dip to royalty. This "dip" in England is used to the various H. R. H's belonging to the reigning family.

"What a funny habit the girls over here have of making bob-courtesies!" commented an English woman recently. "Only the little village children make them at home to 'the quality.'"

For very little girls it looks rather pretty, and might be considered a graceful set, whether it is English or not; but when they are old enough to "put up their hair" and lengthen their frocks it is altogether better form to drop the courtesy as an exaggeration. Younger married women decidedly object to the respectful obeisance, and it is an awkward question to determine just what age a matron is old enough to be treated with special reverence. So it seems that, all things considered, the courtesy should not be encouraged in everyday intercourse, and should be relegated to dances or state occasions only.—N. Y. Tribune.

Boy and Dog Nature.

Little Dick—What did you run away from that dog for?

Little Johnnie—Cause I was 'raid he'd bite me.

"Don't you know if you run away from a dog he'll run after you, an' if you run after him he'll scoot?"

"No."

"Well, it's so. Dogs is just like boys."

—Texas Sifter.

FRESH EGGS FROM THE ORIENT.

Chinese Import Delicacies of the Season for Their Winter Consumption.

"Fresh eggs from China" is a conspicuous sign posted at the windows of all the Chinese stores and restaurants on Clark street. Only the Chinamen notice it, for it is posted in the queer characters of their language. They are a delicacy that come to Chicago every fall from China. This is the season when R. B. Bouheim, in charge of the Chinese entries at the customhouse, has his hands full of work. The examiners' room for the past two weeks has been strewn with the square paper-covered boxes wrapped with bamboo splits, and which hold the consignments of fruits, vegetables and groceries for the Chinese colony of Chicago and the central west—for Chicago is the headquarters of supplies for all Chinamen from the Missouri river to the Allegheny mountains.

Not the least among the queer things that are imported from the celestial kingdom are the fresh duck eggs. At least 20,000 of these have passed through the customhouse during the past two weeks. Each egg is wrapped in a mass of black mud, that retains its putty-like consistency for months even when exposed to the air. They come in boxes holding 25 Chinamen's dozen, which is ten. Everything that comes from China is purchased by tens. The eggs are as fresh as if laid yesterday. Peeling the mud coating from them, the faint blue tint of the shell is disclosed. The only difference between the eggs of an American duck and a Chinese fowl, and the one unfailing mark that keeps the dealer from practicing a deception, is the yolk; instead of being yellow it has the color of an American Beauty rose.

One of the chief importations for the Chinamen is the rice vermicelli, a snow-white gelatinous threadlike substance, and the only thing that to an American seems edible. The canned goods comprise fresh vegetables, mainly beans and cabbage. But the Chinese dote on salted foods, and most of their cabbage comes shredded and salted, together with beans and mushrooms, and sea moss that resembles black wool in appearance. Sharks' fins and oysters are dried and salted, and salted plums are considered a delicacy. Bird's nests are seldom imported on account of their high price.

Appraiser Hoyne estimates that the Chinese importations at Chicago amount to \$100,000 annually, most of which is cleared during September and October. With a big consignment opened the other day were four cases of shoes, a case of incense sticks and two of firecrackers. A package of books, consisting of four volumes in a set, each set being inclosed in a cloth flexible covering and fastened with ivory sticks, was said by the importer to be a history of the recent war with Japan from a Chinese standpoint.—Chicago Chronicle.

X RAYS USED ON ANIMALS.

They Have Proved of Great Benefit in Veterinary Surgery in England.

Although the excitement caused by the discovery of the "X" rays has in a great measure abated, experiments are being quietly prosecuted in many laboratories with a view of widening the range of utility already suggested by Prof. Roentgen's discovery.

In one new experiment in Germany the human body was subjected to the action of the rays through an apparatus of special design, which enabled spectators to clearly observe the action of the diaphragm, heart and stomach. Another interesting demonstration was made in England, where the Roentgen rays were applied to animals without anaesthetics, more particularly for diagnostic purposes. Where radiographs of living animals are ordinarily taken the subject has to be kept still, either forcibly or by anaesthetics, but in this case the animals were moving when the pictures were taken.

The first application of the rays was made to two horses' knees, one of which was broken kneed. Two excellent radiographs were obtained, which clearly show the difference in the two cases. These results promise to be of great service to the veterinary surgeon, as such an application of the "X" ray to moving objects promises to do away with the extreme tediousness and difficulty of keeping the subject perfectly quiet during the prolonged exposure.

Although in this instance the horses moved freely about during the time they were radiographed the lines of the picture were perfectly sharp. The scientist who conducted the experiment says that, although he would scarcely yet undertake to successfully radiograph a vicious horse galloping round a paddock, he will guarantee that the spinal column of a circus horse as it trots around the arena can be distinctly reproduced in an "X" ray picture.

It is proposed by the application of this system to make a series of radiographs of the wild animals at the London zoo. The special apparatus required will, it is expected, be placed on the market by a leading firm of scientific instrument makers in London at an early date.—N. Y. Journal.

A Camel's Speed.

In spite of its having carried Mohammed in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's limit. Nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge it. Best, as Asiatics say, it might break its heart and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.—N. Y. Journal.

—The Hebrew name of N is nun, an eel, and the earliest forms of this character bear a quite recognizable resemblance to the animal they once represented.

LONDON'S WASHING.

Nearly All is Done at 8,000 Steam and Electric Laundries.

The satirical literature of the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century is thick with shafts leveled against three pet grievances of the middle class of those years of grace—namely, cold mutton, mothers-in-law, and the miseries of washing day. Since that benighted period the chef of commerce has discovered at least 50 ways of spoiling wholesome good mutton; mothers-in-law we have still with us—though not necessarily in the form of nuisances—while the miseries of washing day have been so far mitigated by machinery as to be reduced to the rank of a minor inconvenience. Indeed, washing day has been banished from all but comparatively humble homes, and the more fortunate householder sends the family linen to be treated at a huge steam laundry, where the heat is produced by electricity and the elaborate engines are driven by electricity. London and the suburbs contain about 8,000 laundries of different kinds, with an invested capital of £6,000,000 to £7,000,000. The very largest employ from 200 to 500 hands, representing a turnover of from £500 to £700 per week. These monster laundries, in reckoning their expenses and profits, allow 50 per cent for labor, 5 per cent for fuel and materials, and 45 per cent for the cost of and deterioration in machinery, rent, taxes, rates, management and a return on capital employed. In cities and large towns the time appears to have passed forever when a copper in the back kitchen, a washing tub, a corrugated board and a few flat irons were deemed sufficient stock-in-trade for a first-class laundress; and the large laundries, springing up with the celerity of mushroom growth, declare that in washing clothes hand labor cannot compare for cleanliness and economy of means to an end with machinery. It is not, therefore, surprising to find a laundry, engineering and sanitary exhibition—the fourth of its kind—flourishing exceedingly at the Agricultural hall, Islington.

All the wide floor space is given over to machinery in motion, ironing machines, air-propellers, hydro-extractors, disinfecting, tumbling and separating machines, portable boilers, fans for ventilating and drying purposes, pressure washing machines, improved blowers, gas irons, wash tub ranges, steeping, rinsing and blueing tanks, drying horses, ironing stoves, smokeless combustion furnaces, artesian wells, and soap and soda, lime, starch and blue of every aspect, quality and price. Enthusiasts in the hall proudly boast that there is hardly an engineer or chemist of consequence, practicing two callings in these islands, not engaged in working out some process or other connected with the laundry trade. And this invention, talent and enterprise is essentially of modern growth. It appears to have reached maturity within the past dozen years or so, necessitated, in the first place, by factory acts, and encouraged to its liveliest manifestations by the public health act of 1891. These intelligent custodians of whirling, hydro-extractors and American shirt starchers will tell you that washing was never properly done until now; that the old—or, rather, young—Parisian blanchisseuse was not much better than a bungler, and that the pretty English laundrymaid of the long ago could not be trusted nowadays to properly wash a pocket handkerchief. They, at least, have no belief in the continental rustic washerwoman dabbling the family wash in a clear and running stream. The surroundings may be picturesque—the grass green, the poplars bending to the wind, the upland fair with patches of sunlight and racing cloud shadows—but, from their cast-iron and revolving band point of view, the result is execrable.—London Telegraph.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

Profitable Sport That is Making the Birds Scarce.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport; or rather the sale of booty is so great as to attract hunters. The Arabs give themselves to it with a real passion. Mounted on their fine little horses they try as much as possible to fatigue the ostrich, for as it is eight feet high and has very strong legs it possesses a quickness of movement which the best horse cannot attain. It has great endurance. Overtaken by the hunter, it seeks to defend itself with its feet and wings, but more often it still strives to escape by flight, uttering a plaintive cry. In fact the ostrich is deprived of the power of flight by reason of its great size. The muscular force with which nature has endowed it is not equal to lifting such a weight. Its peculiar organization has made it the courier of the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse. The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it then without ceasing until it is almost there, when, worn out, it succumbs, concealing its head in the sand in order not to see its enemy, or instinctively hoping to escape a danger which it cannot see any more. This chase requires eight or ten hours, but it offers large rewards. The plumes are worth a considerable sum, the skin makes good leather and the Arabs are very fond of the flesh. Besides, in spite of the fact that it reproduces its species rapidly, the ostrich is all the time becoming rarer, and it is hunted for export and domestication in other countries. It is one of Africa's great resources and may become a new source of prosperity to Algerians if they are willing to make the effort. The truth of the popular saying, "the stomach of an ostrich," has been confirmed recently by an autopsy on one, doubtless for a time captive, when the following was found in its stomach: A parrot's handle, two keys, two great pieces of coal, a gavel, a handkerchief, a pair of eye-glasses, a ring, a comb, three large rocks, the necks of two beer bottles, the sole of a shoe, a bell and a little harmonica.—Paris Univers Illustré.

Wonderful Domino Combinations.

One of the most wonderful examples in mathematics is that relating to combinations in dominoes. It is calculated that two persons may play the game ten hours a day, making four moves a minute, and that they could continue so moving for 118,000,000 (one hundred and eighteen million) years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, which are 248,538,211,840.—St. Louis Republic.

He Went Up Head.

Teacher—Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. What scholar can give an example?

Hobby—De hole in de fence round de baseball park.—Norristown Herald.

Positive Success.

Mrs. Boggs—That lady over there is Dr. Smith, the only lady doctor in town. Isn't she just too lovely for anything?

Mr. Boggs—Yes, she's killing.—Up-to-Data.

An Economist of Energy.

"Tankerly says he gets drunk simply to save time."

"To save time?"

"Yes, you see he says that when he goes to bed sober he has to bother to dress the next morning, whereas if he goes to bed drunk he only has to wash his face."—N. Y. Truth.

IN CYCLEDOM.

THE RUBBER TIRE.

Where the Product Comes From of Which It is Made.

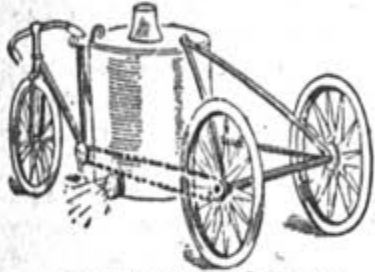
Very few people know much about the article which enters to such a great extent into the composition of the pneumatic tire, says American Cycling. All the rubber used in bicycle tires comes from South America. The United States imports yearly \$100,000,000 worth of raw rubber from the south half of the western continent. It comes to this country free as a raw material, but the republic of Brazil exacts a duty of 21 per cent, or more than one-fifth of its value. It is an established fact that can easily be proved that the export duties on rubber and coffee alone support the republic of Brazil. It would be impossible to estimate on the raw rubber output of Brazil for the current year, but in view of the wonderful demand for that article by tire manufacturers alone it must considerably overlap the \$100,000,000 worth which was used in this country for the year 1895.

As this country has in years past used more than three-fourths of this product of Brazil, it can readily be understood how much the United States have benefited Brazil and how much more they are benefiting the South American republic by the increasing demand owing to the bicycle industry. It is estimated by those who are best able to judge that there will be \$30,000,000 invested in bicycle tires in 1896. The remainder of the yearly import is used in various lines, such as rubber garden and fire hose, belting, rubber used for insulation and countless other purposes. The amount used annually in the manufacture of rubber hose for air brakes is of itself almost fabulous.

TRICYCLE WATER TANKS.

They Would Cost Less Than Wagon Tanks and Would Eat No Oats.

The big sprinkling carts that water city and village streets in the summer time are drawn by horses, for which food must be provided. Henry Holtz, a machinist of Brooklyn, N. Y., has applied for a patent on a device which does away with that item of expense. A



TRICYCLE WATER TANK.

water tank capable of holding 50 or 60 gallons is mounted on a tricycle, making a vehicle somewhat like certain small delivery carts that are now coming into use; and a perforated pipe, running crosswise, is attached, so that the rider can sprinkle a strip of pavement six feet wide. The machine would be propelled by foot-power. He estimates that such a sprinkler would cost less than one now in common use. In large cities, like New York, where there are street cleaners at work all the time, he would assign one of his machines to each mile or two of street. This might make it necessary to have more of the tricycle sprinklers than of the two-horse machines in order to obtain the same service, but they might prove cheaper in the end.—N. Y. Tribune.

WHEELING IN IRELAND.

Great Demand Reported for High-Grade American Machines.

The American vice consul at Dublin, reporting to the state department on bicycles imported from the United States, says that though the present year has been the busiest yet known in everything pertaining to the cycle trade, the general opinion is that the coming year will far exceed it in business done.

During the season now closing it has been no easy matter to secure a machine from the first-class makers without considerable delay, as they have been unable to meet the large demand. The consequence of this delay is that many of the Irish agents are looking to the United States for a part of their supply, and are even at present stocking their depots with American machines or looking out for American agencies, and if manufacturers properly use their opportunities there is no doubt but that American cycles will enjoy a large share of patronage from the cycling public, and that the best grade of American machines will obtain as firm a footing and ready a sale as the best British makes now have.

Early Breakfasts.

Bicycle breakfasts are a popular way of entertaining friends who ride wheels this season. A series of such breakfasts have recently been given by a club in the neighborhood of the sound, where the roads are all that could be wished. The meet usually takes place on a Saturday morning, allowing the male guests who have come to spend Sunday to participate in the pleasure. The time for meeting is at the early hour of eight a. m., and after partaking of coffee or chocolate, with dainty sandwiches and rolls, the cyclists start for a two-hour spin, returning to find a dainty but substantial breakfast awaiting them. The table and room are always decorated with foliage from the woods and field flowers. Several of these repasts have been served upon shady broad verandas.—N. Y. Sun.

Say Wheeling Improves Health.

The congress of sanitary institutes, which has been in session at Newcastle, has strongly indorsed bicycling as being the means of banishing a vast number of the derangements of women, and expressed the conviction that the average standard of the health of women bicyclists has undergone an appreciable elevation.

Like Other Counterparts.

She—The Latin quarter is awful, isn't it? Why don't you change it?
He—They can't. It's bad. — Up to Date.

NOVELTY IN BICYCLES.

Advantages Claimed for the Invention of a Rhode Island Man.

A peculiar feature in a bicycle invented in Providence is in the pedal movement. Although it suggests somewhat the star wheel used before the safety was perfected, the principle is radically different, as there is no "star" spring and the side levers, through which power is transmitted to the driving sprocket, are without a fixed fulcrum.

As described by the Providence Journal, the frame is of the giraffe type, the wheels and handle-bars are standard, but there are four sprocket wheels and two chains, and the chains run vertically instead of horizontally, two of the sprocket wheels being located under the saddle, one on each side of the frame, and thus both chains are out of the way



NEW PEDAL MOVEMENT.

of the mud thrown by the wheels. The rear wheel is driven by the right-hand chain. There are cranks at the ends of both axles. The cranks on the top axle are two inches long, and the leverage obtained makes their length equivalent to four inches. The length of the lower leverage cranks is three inches, which is equal to seven inches, by reason of the leverage of the pedal levers, which are connected with the four cranks by rods. This is a gain of half an inch over the cranks used on other wheels, and the length of the stroke is reduced from 13 to 12 inches.

The lever sprocket on the left is on the crank shaft and is independent of the wheel. The upper left-hand sprocket has the same number of teeth, and the chain delivers the power to the larger of the right-hand sprockets, which transmits it to the right-hand sprocket on the wheel.

The four cranks being set on quarters, it is represented that there can be no dead centers, the result being a steady pull on the driving chain. At all times the cranks are three inches off centers, and the uniform delivery of power to the driving wheel is said to make the machine run more easily than a lighter one of standard make. The wheel illustrated weighs 26 pounds, and the inventor considers it a better hill climber than any other, notwithstanding its greater weight and increased number of bearings, all of which are fitted with balls and adjustable cups and cones.

PARKER'S UNICYCLE.

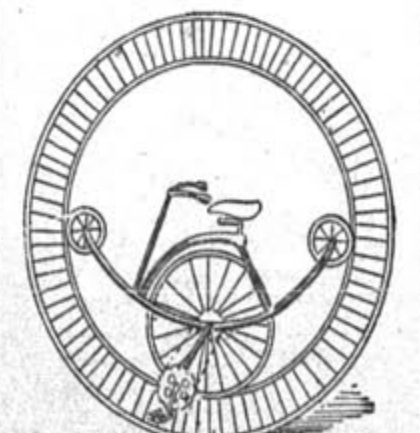
A Chicago Man's Novel Invention for Lovers of the Wheel.

J. W. Parker, a Chicago bicycle manufacturer, expects shortly to perfect a unicycle he is working on. The machine is complete and has been tested.

For attaining a high rate of speed nothing short of a cannon-ball express train is to be compared with it. Mr. Parker had the wheel out for a trial spin on Grand boulevard several days ago.

The inventor affirms that it traveled at the rate of about 40 miles an hour. Mr. Parker says a greater speed could have been attained, but he was afraid of an accident. The plan of the Parker unicycle may be understood by the accompanying illustration.

Handle bars, pedals, and seat are arranged like those of a bicycle. The motor wheels under the saddle. Revolutions of the pedals force the small



PARKER'S UNICYCLE.

front wheel up the inner rim of the main wheel and the weight of the rider sends the unicycle forward.

"I do not think the machine practical as yet for several reasons," candidly admitted the inventor. "There are a few details which have not been fully developed. In fact the bad points are at once seen by anyone who tries to ride it."

Then Mr. Parker enumerated a few of those bad points. Summed up they are as follows:

Two men must hold the machine when a start is made; else it will fall over. After the machine once starts the rider cannot stop it.

It cannot turn a corner. Its speed, when once acquired, is so great the rider can do nothing to avoid collision.

The machine is a trifle over eight feet in height, the rim being one foot wide. It is on exhibition at the inventor's place of business.

Bicycles for Catholic Priests. The statement that the cardinal archbishop of Paris had forbidden the use of the bicycle by his clergy is contradicted. The explanatory circular says that he only advised priests not to use the machine merely for pastime inside Paris, where other means of locomotion exist, but he warmly favors their utilization by the country clergy, especially on sick calls.

BICYCLE RIDERS.

The Skill and Wisdom of Wheelwomen Highly Praised.

It is a noticeable fact that whenever a collision occurs between a wagon or any other object and a woman on a bicycle certain persons invariably ascribe the accident to the woman's incompetence and light-headedness. Without taking pains to investigate the matter, they immediately conclude that she lost her head. And it is true that this assumption is sometimes warranted by the facts.

Accidents have happened to women cyclists which, if the circumstances were correctly described, could easily have been avoided had the rider exercised better judgment and a little presence of mind. There have also been cases where women have appeared on the avenues before they mastered the art of outdoor wheeling; and these have helped to swell the list of riders known as wobblers, dodgers and first-class nuisances.

It is unfair, however, to regard women generally as unskillful and unsteady riders. Instructors in bicycle schools have remarked that the task of teaching their women students is often easier than that of teaching the men, because the former possess greater confidence and composure. They are not easily distracted by the scenes and influences about them. A woman may even fall from her wheel, blush and wound her feelings, but the next minute she is mounted again and off post-haste. Under similar circumstances a man would be apt to defer his practice until he could maneuver all by himself.

Composure likewise characterizes the wheelwomen on the boulevards. Plenty of drivers can vouch for the accuracy which the fair riders display in manipulating their wheels in times of danger. An evidence of this is the small percentage of accidents which occur among the wheelwomen. When one considers that the experience of nine-tenths of the female cyclists has been confined to the last 12 months; that only lately have wheels been suited to their use; and that they have had to withstand the unnamable criticism of every cynic and donkey in the land, it is surprising that every one of them hasn't a bicycle face and a camel back. Not only that; they have been the butt of a class of highway ruffians in the guise of cab and truck drivers, who delight in worrying wheelwomen.

Considering all the annoyances they suffer and the morbid curiosity that is bestowed upon them, the girls deserve to be congratulated for keeping so wisely and so well abreast of their brothers.—N. Y. Sun.

CHINESE CONJURERS.

People Cut to Pieces and Then Put Together Again.

The court jugglers in the time of Kublai Khan made it appear to those who looked on as if dishes from the table actually flew through the air. One of the travelers who visited the regions of which Marco gives us some account says: "And jugglers cause cups of gold to fly through the air and offer themselves to all who list to drink." And Ibn Batuta, a Moor who visited Cathay a century after, gives this account of a similar incident.

That same night a juggler who was one of the khan's slaves made his appearance, and the amir said to him: "Come and show us some of your marvels." Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long things were passed, and (laying hold of one of these) slung it into the air. It went so high that he lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also! By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody kissed the ground before the amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next to me, and quoth he: "Wallah!—His opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocum-pocum!"—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

Tartar Medicine.

Formerly musk was used as a medicine in various parts of the world; but doctors in civilized lands do not hold musk in high repute. In China it is still thought to be a very good medicine; but the Chinese have queer notions about cures and charms. Abbe Hue, a distinguished traveler, says that when a Tartar doctor finds himself without his drugs and medicines he is not in the least embarrassed. He writes the names of the needed drugs on slips of paper, and these being rolled up in little balls, are swallowed by the sick man. "To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself," say the Tartars, "come to precisely the same thing."—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

Somewhat the Reverse.

He—Did Westside make a favorable impression when he called the other night?
She—Not particularly so—for himself he accidentally sat down on his high hat.—Buffalo Times.

PERFECT HEALTH.

How It May Be Obtained by ALL.

An Interesting Bit of History as Told by a Traveling Man.

From the World, Cleveland, Ohio. After an extended trip lasting several months and embracing many points of interest throughout the West and South, Mr. George Lockhart, of Hudson, Ohio, returned home a few days ago. He is bright and genial as ever and looks as if his long holiday had thoroughly agreed with him.

Mr. Lockhart's business during his travels took him frequently to Hot Springs and other health resorts. He does not appear to have been very favorably impressed with the peculiarities of these places, nor with the benefits received by the patients. "Men go there to get cured of disease," says he. "They take one hot bath in the morning and spend the rest of the day generally in drinking, gambling and general dissipation. How they can expect to recover under such treatment passes my comprehension. But they are, as a rule, what the world calls good fellows, free with their money and bent on enjoying themselves."

"With one man, however, whom I met at such a place I formed what I hope will prove a permanent friendship. I am indebted to him for benefits which have left on my mind a feeling of the strongest gratitude. As you know, not at all well. A slight lameness in my right leg, contracted about a year ago, had gradually become worse until I was compelled to go around on crutches all the time. Then my general health failed, until in the latter part of the summer I had about concluded to come home to die. Such a state of affairs as you will easily understand, was anything but comfortable. I was, in fact, neither more nor less than a helpless invalid, a nuisance to myself and everybody around me. It was at this juncture that one day on the train I fell into conversation with the man I mention. He recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so. You see the result."

And Mr. Lockhart expanded his broad chest and smiled. "Look here," he continued, as he took off his hat and holding it on a level with his head, kicked it easily with the foot that used to be lame. No better picture of perfect health and abounding animal spirits could be wished for than this one-time invalid."

"My future movements are uncertain," said Mr. Lockhart at parting. "I will remain in Hudson for some time, but before the summer is over I expect to make a visit to Europe."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Howso—"I know how to govern my wife, sir." Cuzoo—"Well, why don't you do it?" Howso—"She won't let me."—Brooklyn Life.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

He—"What do you think of young Jones?" Sue—"I think if he had lived in Biblical days, Balaam's ass would never have attained such prominence."—Harlem Life.

A Tenacious Clutch.

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is comparable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Bloating and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subsduable with the Bitters.

Yorro Mr. Punctuality was on a mountain top. He pulled out his watch. "Ah!" said he, "if the sun doesn't rise in just one minute and nine seconds, it will be late."

To Cleanse the System.

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

The girl who has a beau is usually the first in the family to catch cold in the fall.—Atlantic Globe.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horshound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The people should really take more pains to conceal what they know.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

It is a queer thing that some men cannot consider themselves truly religious without making other people uncomfortable.—Truth.

"Ha! the plot thickens," muttered the suburbanite, as he gazed closely at his new-sown lawn.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting. "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray, do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

"When I grow up," said little Jack to his father, "I'm going to be just like you, papa." "Good boy to say so," said his father. "Well, I mean it," said Jack. "What a jolly time you do have with mamma always about to wait on you!"

Professor—"You were on the lookout for specimens yesterday, I understand. How many of you remain at a mad dog?" Head Scholar—"Can't say as to that, sir, but I know that father's rood Blackstone."

"Say, grandpa, don't you wish you was a boy again?" "Well, nobody I'd like to be one of I could get back the two fingers I had blown off by one of them blamed little cannons."

Richard—"I understand that old Griffin has given his consent to your marriage with his daughter. Was he good-natured about it?" Robert—"Yes, confound it, he was so good-natured that I couldn't help wishing that while I was about it I had asked for something valuable."—Boston Transcript.

The Thunder of Battle.—"What," asked the commander, anxiously, "is that shriek firing off to the left?" "We are not yet definitely informed," replied the aide-de-camp, "whether it is a general engagement or a policeman shooting at a mad dog." With the fate of nations in the balance, the uncertainty was awful.—Detroit Tribune.

A Spirited Meal.—Cannibal Chef—"What was that I had for dinner?" Cannibal Chef—"It was a bicycle rider, your excellency." Cannibal Chef—"I thought I detected a burned taste." Cannibal Chef—"Yes, your excellency, he was searching when we caught him."—Youkers Statesman.

CINCINNATI FLYER.

Monon Route & C. H. & D.

The Monon has put on a fast flyer for Indianapolis and Cincinnati in connection with the C. H. & D. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 4:30 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 4:27 and Cincinnati at 7:45 P. M., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty-seven minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Monon celebrated high-backed seats, parlor car and dining car. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"HARRY" asked the teacher, "what is an outline?" "Well," replied Harry, who was taking his first lesson in drawing, "at our house the only outline is the clothes line."

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

To Virginia and North Carolina.

In the months of November and December Homeseeker's excursion tickets will be sold from all points west and northwest to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare plus \$3.00 for the round trip. For excursion rates and dates address U. L. TRURRY, N. W. P. A., Big Four, C. & O. Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The best cure for sorrow is to sympathize with another in his sorrow. The cure for despondency is to lift the burden from some other heart.

Get a Farm While Prices Are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE.—"You ride your wheel on Sunday, don't you?" "Yes, but I never run over anyone on that day."—Tit-Bits.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. Mr. Crane presents his new play, "The Governor of Kentucky." Oct. 30th. It was first given in New York last January.

LULU—"We girls are getting up a secret society of our own." George—"Indeed! What's the object?" Lulu—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated."—Household Words.

Pink's Cure for Consumption is an Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Ardmore, Ill., April 11, 1894.

"HAVE you an account at Jones?" "No, I did have; but he keeps a collector out with it now."—Up-to-Date.

Just try a 10-cent box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.



REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

How? By using



We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers,

But to-day well, and stay so. There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Send your works for a Souvenir of the Name of Eugene Field.

FIELD FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a collection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$2.50. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to the Child's Foot-Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet. Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 126 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

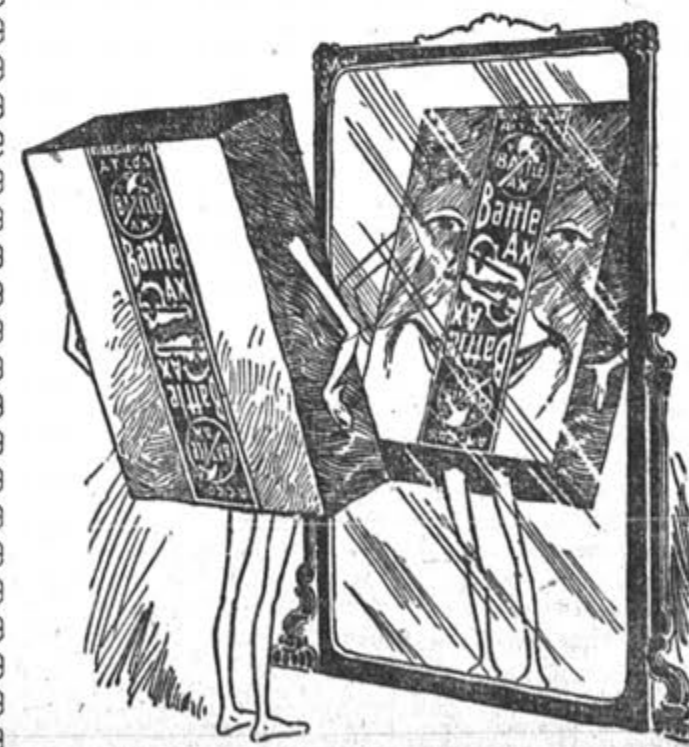
EFFECTS OF A SMILE: YUCATAN KILLS IT

A. N. K.—A 1697

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle-Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

Panic Sale.

THIS · IS · NO · TIME · FOR · TRIFLING

If you have got a single dollar to spend, spend as though there wasn't another in sight. This is no time for trifling, whether you're young or old you can't recall a period when more prudence in purchasing was demanded than is demanded of you right now. See our goods and prices.



Handsome Ladies' Jacket like above cut worth \$10.00, panic price \$5.00
 Silk lined tailor made latest style, worth \$15.00, panic price 9.75
 Misses' all wool beaver, former price \$7, panic price 3.98
 Children's Gretchens 1.49
 All wool flannel .95
 1 lot of 150 coats and capes, to close 1.19
 In our millinery department we will give you choice of 150 trimmed hats, panic price 1.59
 Ladies Fedora Hats in all the latest shapes.
 Children's & Misses' Tam O'Shanter, panic price from 21c up
 Men's good heavy winter caps; always sold at 50c; during our panic sale will go at .24
 Suspenders, panic price, per pair .09
 Suspenders, heavy working, panic price per pr .11
 All wool, hand knit mittens, panic price, per pair .33
 Men's all wool heavy weight Sweaters; our panic price is .98
 Jersey Overshirts and all other kinds of overshirts are all going at panic prices, including our heavy buffalo flannels, which are now being sold at 1.19
 250 towels, big size, Hock Towels, worth 18c, at 5c



Boys' Reefer Suits from 87 1-2c up
 Young Men's Overcoats and Ulsters from \$2.50 up
 Young Men's Suits, square and round cut, value from \$8 to \$12, now selling from \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00



Washington beaver overcoats in black and blue, elegantly made and trimmed; price in good times was \$12.00, panic price 6.25
 Overcoats, made of highest grade Kerseys, Meltons, Thibets, Covert Cloth, Etc.; good times price, \$15.00; panic price 8.75
 Overcoats in dark colors, velvet collars, neatly made and trimmed such as brought us in good times \$7.50; panic price for same is 3.25
 Men's Ulsters, of all kinds from the cheapest to the best that can be found in town; in good times prices were 5.00 to 20.00; panic prices range from 2.90 to 14.00
 Overcoats. We have some that are slightly damaged; all good coats, worth from 8.00 to 12.00; during our panic price sale take them away for 1.25
 Men's Wool Suits in heavy weight, single or double breasted or round cut, such as sold in good times from \$7.50 to \$8.50, panic price 3.90
 Men's all wool suits in black, blue or fancy chevots, in single or double breasted sacks; price in good times was \$10.00; panic price 5.75

K R A T Z E, 608 and 610 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Michigan

Andrew J. Foster
 [Communicated.]

Andrew J. Foster born in Warrensburg, Warren Co. New York, January 10th, 1834, passed from this dream of life into the real life Sunday morning at two o'clock, Oct. 25th, at Foster City, Dickinson county, Mich., where he has resided for the last twelve years, actively engaged in the Lumber and Marble business. He was a stock-holder in both companies, devoting his whole energies to the building up of the business and intellectual growth of the place. His illness was only of four weeks standing having attended with his brother, A. L. Foster, the meeting of the Northern Michigan Marble Co. on the 25th of September, at Oshkosh, Wis., followed by the adjourned meeting of the A. M. Harmon Lumber Co. at same on the 29th. During said meeting he had trouble with his heart, and at Escanaba on their way home, a physician was called in, who gave no hope of recovery. They arrived at Foster City on the 2nd of Oct, where the invalid was tenderly and lovingly cared for until the last.

His wife, who has been his companion in all his joys and disappointments for thirty-six years is left to mourn his loss with brother Leroy and sister Rada, of Ohio, and sister Jennie, wife of Rev. Wm. Campbell of Minneapolis, Minn., with numerous relatives and friends. But the blow falls perhaps heavier upon his brother Alonzo L. Foster of Foster City, Mich., with whom A. J. had been a constant companion and helper in all of his business enterprises during life.

Services were held at his residence by the Sunday school of which he was superintendent. His brother Leroy R. Foster who arrived in time to hear his farewell words, read the 91st psalm and at the request of A. L. he also read this little prayer which always quieted him when restless during his last hours.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I know that God his child doth keep,
 I know that God my life is nigh;
 I live in him and can not die.
 God is my health, I can not be sick;
 God is my strength, unshaking quick
 God is my all, I have no fear—
 Since God, and Love and Truth are here."

Then followed the singing of the hymn he loved—"He Leadeth Me"—by members of the Sunday school.

L. R. left on the 1:20 p. m. train Monday the 29th, taking with him the casket which contained all that was left of his beloved brother, to place the remains in the Lake View Cemetery Vault at Cleveland his former home.

His sad-hearted wife will remain with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Foster until arrangements are completed for final burial. May the "Love so limitless and broad, that men have renamed it, and called it God," bear her up in this trial.

Who Would be Benefited.

Sonnet by Zach Chandler, of Michigan.

foresaw the danger of free-silver nearly twenty years ago. The speech which cost him his life was pregnant with utterance as appropriate to the political conditions of to-day as they were on that occasion. Mr. Chandler, it will be remembered, was found dead in bed in his hotel in Chicago on the morning of Nov. 1, 1879. His death was the result of the intense physical and mental effort accompanying the delivery of a great political speech in that city on the preceding evening. That speech carried the election for the republican party but it cost Mr. Chandler his life.

At that time the bullion value of the silver dollar was eighty-five cents, yet Mr. Chandler foresaw, if the "Warner free-coinage bill" should become law, the substitution of silver for gold, and said: "Now, who is benefited by this substitution? Not a man on God's earth, my friends, except the bullion owner and the bullion speculator. Now, I do not charge these men with corruption; I do not charge these men with being bribed to pass that law, because I have no proof of it; but I do say, and I say it boldly, that the bullion-owners and the bullion-speculators could afford to pay \$10,000,000 in bullion for the privilege of swindling the laboringmen of the country out of 15 per cent. of all their earnings. They say, 'That may all be true; we don't know how it is; we have not been bribed' and I never knew a man in my life that would own up that he was bribed. I don't say that they are, but, I do say, that they are engaged in a mighty mean business."

Railway Men for Sound Money.
 Grand Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Grand Master Sargent and Grand Secretary Treasurer Arnold, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, have issued an address to the workmen of the United States declaring that the proclamation circulated by friends of silver professing to carry their signatures as endorsing free silver, is, as they believe, different from the memorial to congress which they signed three years ago. But whether it is or not, they now declare emphatically and unequivocally "for the sound money plank promulgated by the Republican convention at St. Louis," believing the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 against the interests of labor and would subject the country to "one of the most frightful panics any country in the world has ever seen."

Their Annual Meeting.
 The Delta County Agricultural Society will hold its annual meeting on Monday evening next, at which time a full attendance of stock-holders is desired. All who are interested in the success of the society should be present.

Sourwine & Hartnett,—druggists—two stores.

How's This For "Coercion"?

Jerry Sullivan, of Ironwood, Mich., left that place in June, when the mines closed, on his way to work in the Anacoda. Monday he passed through Minneapolis on his way home. About a week ago, says Sullivan, the mine captain asked him what he would give for the silver cause. He answered that he had not worked all summer and would pay nothing, for his family was starving.

"You will have to do something," said the superintendent.
 "If I must, I will stand a shift," said Sullivan.

"Ten dollars or nothing," said the superintendent. "You will have to give \$10 or get out. All the other boys are doing it."

"Well, if I have to put up or be fired, I will have to stand it," said Sullivan. He agreed to put \$10 into the campaign fund to save his job. A few days later one of the bosses appeared to take the names of the men. Sullivan was asked how long he had lived in the state. He gave the information required, stating he had lived there but a few months. The questions were asked Thursday, and on Saturday night Sullivan with 170 other miners, received their discharge.

"They not only fired me, but they took out the \$10 for the silver fund as well," said Sullivan. "I had not lived in the state long enough to vote, and there were men who could vote ready to take my place."

Asked as to why the other men were discharged, Sullivan said: "Some of them kicked and would not pay the money, and others were the same as myself. Everyone of the 171 men were discharged because they would not put up \$10 or because they were not voters."

If, for any reason, you have not registered before you read this be sure and do so to-day or on Monday next. Unless you do you can not vote on Tuesday.

Is This Legal?

A. J. Scott, supervisor of Hancock, being asked as to the rumor in circulation regarding the registration of voters employed at the new Atlantic stamp mill, said: "The township board will see that every legal voter will be registered. While the law designates the office of the township clerk as the place of registration, still a member of the board will visit the location and take the name of every legal voter and see that it is placed on the voting list."—Mining Journal.

Is such a registration legal? We think not. It opens a door for fraud. Let every voter in this city present himself at the place where the board is in session. No other man can place his name on the registry list.

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