

MR. BRYAN SURRENDERS

Wm. McKinley is President Elect of the United States.

OUR OWN STATE VOTED FOR HIM

The Twelfth is the Banner District; Every County Gave a Republican Majority and the Aggregate is Sixteen Thousand Votes.

The following dispatch sets it: LINCOLN, NEB., Nov. 5.—Hon William McKinley, Canton, Ohio.: Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election, and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issue to the American people and their will is law.

W. J. BRYAN. President McKinley it is. The 39 votes of the New England states are his; add thereto the votes of New York, 36, Pennsylvania, 32, New Jersey, 10, and the footing is 117; then add Ohio, 23, Maryland 8, West Virginia, 6, and the score reaches 154; Wisconsin comes next with 12; Indiana with 15, Illinois with 24 and 205 is the figure; then the little ones—Delaware, 3, Dakota, 4, and the total amounts to 219; then Iowa's 13 puts it to 232 and California and Michigan add 9 and 14 respectively and make the total 255 and Minnesota adds her nine to make a total of 264 for the "advance agent of prosperity," Wm. McKinley, of Ohio.

All these are safe and no more are needed but others will probably be added; Mr. Hanna's estimate of 311 may be proved correct.

Of Michigan we may well be proud. The popocrats had claimed the state for Bryan and many republicans had been "shaky," fearing the loss of the "farmer vote" in the southern counties, a fear which the result shows to have been unfounded. Of the upper peninsula we can but be proud; every county in the 12th district has done better than was promised; our own was asked to give 1,000 for McKinley; it betters that by 600 or more. So, also, with the other counties of the district, and we "go to the straits" with about 16,000. The state gives McKinley about 50,000 and the state ticket is elected, the legislature is safe and ten of the twelve congressmen are republicans. One of the defeated candidates for congress is W. S. Linton, the A. P. A., for whose fate there are no mourners in this region.

The total number of votes cast in this city was 1,690 and the plurality for McKinley was 345. By wards the vote was as follows:

- First ward—Total vote 228. Majority for McKinley 54, Pingree 60, Sheldon 41, Mason 10, Fuller 40, Glaser 78, Olmsted 60, Linden 36, St. Jacques 23, Jennings 49, Barras 47, McFall 46, Hutchins 48, Craig 44.
- Second ward—Total vote 188. Majority for McKinley 96, Pingree 98, Sheldon 94, Mason 85, Fuller 104, White 12, Olmsted 124, Linden 106, St. Jacques 76, Jennings 59, Barras 77, McFall, 109, Hutchins 109, Craig 109.
- Third ward—Total vote 388. Majority for McKinley 46, Pingree 68, Sheldon 44, Peters 6, Fuller 42, White 30, Olmsted 55, Linden 50, St. Jacques 4, Jennings 44, Barras 46, McFall 49, Hutchins 43, Craig 40.
- Fourth ward—Total vote 314. Majority for McKinley 62, Pingree 78, Sheldon 59, Mason 36, Fuller 69, Glaser 7, Olmsted 84, Linden 59, St. Jacques 60, Jennings 73, Barras 70, McFall 67, Hutchins 63, Craig 63.
- Fifth ward—Total vote 261. Majority for McKinley 22, Pingree 31, Sheldon 22, Mason 14, Fuller 25, White 16, Olmsted 41, Linden 23, St. Jacques 14, Jennings 28, Barras 25, McFall 29, Hutchins 17, Craig 19.
- Sixth ward—Total vote 262. Majority for McKinley 54, Pingree 78, Sheldon 57, Mason 28, Fuller 55, White 28, Olmsted 68, Linden 46, St. Jacques 54, Jennings 65, Barras 58, McFall 59, Hutchins 59, Craig 57.
- Seventh ward—Total vote 49. Majority for McKinley 11, Pingree 18, Sheldon 11, Mason 11, Fuller 9, White 12, Olmsted 15, Linden 21, St. Jacques 10, Jennings 11, Barras 11, McFall 11, Hutchins 11, Craig 11.

Delta county's vote was larger than ever before—nearly 3,900—and the majority were for McKinley 1,580 with Fairbanks and Sack Bay not reported;

for Pingree (returns from three townships lacking), 1590, Sheldon 1394, Mason 1050, Fuller 1446, White (plurality) 387, Olmsted 1403, Linden 1385, St. Jacques 1163, Jennings 1406, Barras 1355, McFall 1334, Hutchins 1279, Craig 1228. The three townships yet to be heard from will add about a hundred to each of these majorities.

A tabulated statement of the vote in Delta county will be found on another page.

Literary Notices.
"The Effect of Republican Victory" is ably discussed by the Hon. T. C. Platt in the opening article of The North American Review for November. A scholarly essay on the "Influence of the College in America" is contributed by President Charles F. Thwing, D. D., of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, while "What the Country is Doing for the Farmer" is most interestingly stated by W. S. Harwood. The Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, writes of "Some Later Aspects of Woman Suffrage," and G. Norman Lieber, United States Judge Advocate-General, thoughtfully inquires "What is the Justification of Martial Law?"

Recent bank delinquencies in various portions of the country afford a timely opportunity for the Hon. James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency, to treat the subject of "Protection of Bank Depositors," and "Election Trials in Great Britain," by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., deals with the Corrupt Practices Law in that land. The problem of "High Buildings" is ably considered by A. L. A. Himmelwright, and a vigorous denunciation of the "machine" in politics is indulged in by Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., in a paper entitled "Government by Party." Miss I. A. Taylor furnishes an interesting dissertation upon "English Epitaphs," and in "The Animal as a Machine," Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, offers a most fascinating scientific study. Public attention is extensively invited to the paper on "The Plain Truth About Asiatic Labor," by the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Siam, a most important subject. Other topics dealt with are: "Taxation of Church Property," by the Rev. Madison C. Peters; "The Relation of Spain to Her Government," by L. Williams, and "A Defense of our Electoral System," by Neal Ewing.

Big Bessemer Ore Find.
An extensive deposit of the best quality of Bessemer ore has been found in the old channel of the Michigan river at the Mansfield mine and it promises to be the richest and most extensive that has been discovered in the upper peninsula for many years. Investigation proves that the deposit is over one thousand feet in length and is supposed to have a great width and depth. The mining company has had a big project on their hands and it is a feat of engineering skill. They have changed the channel of the river at an expense of \$30,000, and the ore in sight is worth many times that sum.

The Fair at St. Anne's.
The fair held at St. Anne's church last week was a pronounced success. The voting contests resulted as follows: For the ring the number of votes cast was 3,317 and the sum realized \$331.70. Miss Sophia Welch received 1,784, Miss E. Grenier 1,288 and Miss Yarda Strom (who withdrew her name) 245, and Miss Welch took the ring. For the case 3,324 votes were cast, of which N. Primeau received 2,235 and N. Riley 1,089, so Mr. Primeau carries the case. Altogether a nice sum (not definitely stated) was realized, which goes for the repairs and improvements, now in progress, of the church.

The Lost Silver Mine Found.
There has always been a belief that a wonderfully rich mine of native silver existed in Baraga county; Indians and white men who lived with the Indians formerly brought to market masses of silver but neither would tell whence it came, and many years ago the latest survivor of those who knew the secret died without divulging it. It is now asserted that one Dowdell has rediscovered the "lost mine" and that it will be worked. It is in the so-called silver mountain, on the head waters of the Sturgeon river, in Baraga county.

Bright Outlook for the Cubans.
Recent advices from Cuba strengthen the belief that the existing revolution will result in a complete victory for the patriots, and in the independence of the island. Every month that the insurgents can prolong the war adds to their chances of success, and they are well able to take care of themselves, having plenty of arms and a satisfactory supply of commissary stores.

Adjourned One Week.
The annual meeting of the Delta County Agricultural Society will be held at the Sherman House Monday evening, a postponement having been taken to that date. All stockholders should be in attendance.



THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

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.

A dispatch from Menominee last Sunday was this: "During the last republican demonstration of the campaign here last night, a wagon load of fireworks on Main street caught fire and burned up, shooting fireworks right and left. A panic was narrowly averted."

The trotter, J. Doll, sold by R. Perron to Ashland parties, which had a gone here in 2.26, was distanced in a race at Ashland last week. She was entered in the 2.25 class but failed, in the first heat, to get inside the flag.

Rev. Victor Swift, pastor of the Swedish Methodist church, is arranging for a concert to be given in the church early next month, the proceeds to go to the Ladies' Society. Further particulars will be given later on.

Ira Carley, of Ingalls, lost lumber and other property valued at \$20,000 by fire last Saturday night. Insurance \$18,500. The fire was of incendiary origin. The firemen from Marquette saved the village.

It is gratifying to know that Mrs. Wm. McKeever will not have to wheel her husband down Ludington street in a wheelbarrow, an act she proposed to perform if eloquent Willie was elected.

The total receipts of Delta county, from all sources, for the year ending Sept. 30th, were \$110,651.48 and the total disbursements for the same period \$111,796.19.

The Mirror alleges illegal voting and threatens prosecutions by the wholesale. If any illegal voting was done, which is more than doubtful, let punishment follow.

Messrs. Osborn and Mason were received by a good audience Monday evening, in spite of the foul weather, were listened to attentively and frequently applauded.

The Mirror suggests, now that Bryanism is "ausgespielt," that we "do something for ourselves and others"—the most sensible thing it has suggested since June.

The cave of Adullam we learned about when we went to Sunday school, but what the Mirror means by its "cave of Adullam" is beyond our guessing.

The two free-silver missionaries who attended to things at Ford River "deserve well of the country"—Bryan got nine votes in that township.

A small but threatening blaze was doused by the firemen Monday evening. It was in some rubbish in the rear of Ellsworth's pharmacy.

The storm of Monday broke up the wreck of the Australasia and Leatham & Smith, who bought it of the underwriters, lost heavily.

The Mirror was quite badly exercised because The Iron Port had the temerity to issue an election "extra." It went, though.

Stockholders should remember that the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society will be held on Monday evening next.

No quorum at the city council last Tuesday evening and an adjournment was taken until Monday evening next. Information is wanted of the present whereabouts of one W. J. Bryan, who has disappeared since last Tuesday. Capt. Bartley, of the Monarch, reports

the Allegany and Transfer in bad shape and likely to become total losses.

Rev. Dr. Todd will give a series of Sunday evening addresses on "Some Leaders of the Jewish People," commencing Sunday next. They will deal with conditions existing at the time in which the various leaders lived, and the work accomplished by them. The subject tomorrow evening will be "Moses, the Leader and Lawgiver." A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

A daughter of Frank Loeffler, of De Loughary, eight years of age, died of membranous croup on Wednesday last.

Charles Towne, who ratted to the popocrats, is defeated by 2,000 votes and the verdict is "served him right."

The Woodenware Co. made its first shipment last Monday—a car-load of butter dishes—to Kansas City.

The weather bureau "did itself proud" Tuesday and Wednesday. It turned out McKinley weather both days.

Frank Peters lacked some 3,500 votes of beating Senator Mason, and Bohn is as far behind O. B. Fuller.

The voters of the county took note of the advice of The Iron Port to "vote straight," evidently.

The election in the public schools on Tuesday gave McKinley an overwhelming majority.

The railway shops were closed on Tuesday so that the men could vote at their leisure.

Fifteen hundred is a fair majority for McKinley and honest money in Delta county.

Two hundred and twenty-four licenses to kill deer have been taken out already.

The county road commissioners receive \$3 per day for actual services.

Pingree, for governor, ran 10,000 ahead of the national ticket.

The hotels were empty Tuesday, everybody was at home to vote.

Good Effects Already.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 4.—Orders were issued to-day for the immediate resumption of the hoop iron mill of Painter & Sons and the continuous mill of Jones & Laughlins, two concerns giving employment to about 500 men. The 600 employes of Pennsylvania railroad shops at Wilkesbarre, Pa., who have been working eight hours a day five days a week were notified that hereafter they will be given ten hours a day for seven days a week. They are paid by the hour. Boyer, Higbee & Co. have arranged to start their glass plant next Monday and Phillips & Co. gave orders to get their factory ready for operation at once.

M. W. Naylor Dead.
M. W. Naylor, whose departure for a milder climate had been announced in this paper, paid the last debt of humanity last Wednesday. He had been in usual health (not too good) up to that day and had visited Gladstone, but upon his return was prostrated by a hemorrhage and was beyond help when Dr. Youngquist, who was called, arrived. He had made a will, Squire Brown being his executor.

A Streak of Good Sense.
The Mirror has unbounded faith in the ability, the honor and patriotism of Mr. McKinley and predicts that he will rise above partisanship and prove to be the champion of all the people. We believe he will be guided by the purest of motives in the discharge of his important duties as executive head of this nation, and, believing this, we hail him as the next president of the United States.—Mirror, Thursday.

Thanksgiving.
The president, by proclamation names Thursday, Nov. 26, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer. It may be remarked that his proclamation was issued two days after the election and that he mentions as the first cause for thanksgiving "our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from threatened danger."

THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL

Chas. T. Harvey Took a Government Contract in '82.

IS VISITING ESCANABA FRIENDS

Mr. Harvey Talks Interestingly of the Early Days in this Section, of Which He Was a Pioneer—Thirty-Six Bushels of Mail.

We have had as visitors in this city during the last few days two of the veteran pioneers of the upper peninsula and especially of this portion of it, who started the first overland summer mail to Lake Superior, on wheels from Masons at the head of Little Bay de Noc to Marquette, and thence by steamer to Houghton on the upper lake, and by a connecting steamer on the bay to Green Bay city.

We refer to Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Harvey who are the guests of Mrs. S. L. Selden, at 410 Hale St. Mr. Harvey took the first contract from the United States to carry a summer mail to Lake Superior via Green Bay in 1862-3 and agreed to open a wagon road between the Bay and Lake Superior to enable it to be transported on wheels. While the road was being opened Mrs. Harvey came this way and rode across the peninsula on horse back being the first woman to reach Lake Superior from any direction over a public road.

Many of our old residents will recall to mind the snug side wheel steamer Sara Van Epps which in early days was the only steamboat rubbing regularly between this place and Green Bay. It was built for this line at Green Bay and named in honor of the pioneer feminine path finder of Lake Superior, that being Mrs. Harvey's maiden name.

Both are much impressed with the substantial growth and business development and prospects of our city, which when they first saw the location was known as Sand Point, without a house to be seen in any direction. Mr. Harvey made many trips up and down the bay shore in the early days before any roads existed and can tell of as many hair breath escapes in traveling over the ice, probably as any man living, but in an interview this week, one incident connected with the opening of the mail route first mentioned will be noted.

It was most strenuously opposed by the steamboat interest centering at Detroit and Lake Erie, who had contracts for the only summer mail then going to Lake Superior. They brought powerful influences to bear at Washington to upset the contract obtained by Mr. Harvey, which he primarily secured by convincing the joint committee of both houses of congress on war defenses, and showing that a difficulty with Great Britain then in prospect on account of the Trent affair, might close the "Soo" route and stop supplies of copper for ordnance purposes, and offering to open a road to those shores as a part consideration for the mail contract. The steamboat owners sent on reports to the post master general that the swamps lying between Green Bay and Lake Superior were impassable and to open a road through them would be an undertaking requiring years of time and great sums of money. A letter from the postmaster of Detroit is on file in the department, saying among other things "Mr. Harvey might as well undertake to carry mails to the moon as through the swamps of the upper peninsula in the summer time."

A special hearing was given by the post master general and a United States senator living at Detroit appeared in opposition. The report of the committee of congress however was too strong to be overriden, and the contract was not abrogated. It was to commence May 1st, work had just started on the wagon road and pack carriers were employed to carry the mail bags. Mr. Harvey was at Green Bay city when the first mail from the south came in. It had 54 bushels of mail matter in sacks of newspapers. Mr. H. was astounded, and had the sacks opened. He found that they had been made up at Detroit, and included mail for Minnesota and northern Wisconsin and had been accumulating for weeks. He saw the game at once. He hired a four horse team and had the whole lot hauled back to Appleton, where the C. & N. W. R. R. then ended, had a mail car assigned to him on the night train, and spent the entire night assorting the mail and reduced the quantity from 36 to about 1 bushel. He delivered the remainder at the Chicago post office, and sent the proper mail forward. Several other tricks were attempted but the placing of four horse buck board stages on the overland road in the next four months proved that the

undertaking was a success, and had come to stay.

What changes the succeeding one third of a century has made in mail facilities in this region need not be told, but how striking the comparison between the two extremes of this period stands forth.

Peterson Brothers Drowned.

Between this harbor and the lightship on the 12-foot shoal last Saturday two brothers named Peterson, who belonged to the crew of the lightship and who braved the storm of that day in the sailboat, were drowned by the capsizing of the boat. The elder of the two leaves a family here, the younger was unmarried. Up to the time this is writ in neither boat nor bodies have been found.

The boat was found upon the beach at Burnt Bluff late on Sunday and in it the body of Martin, the younger of the brothers Peterson. It was properly cared for, of course, but of the fate of the elder there is no evidence. Martin's body was buried here on Thursday from the Swedish Lutheran church, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Swift conducting and Rev. Mr. Williams delivering the sermon.

Civil Service Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission has ordered that an examination be held by its local board in this city on Saturday, Dec. 5, 1896, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., for the grades of clerks and carriers in the postal service. Only citizens of the United States can be examined. The age limitations for this examination are as follows: clerk 18 or over; carrier over 21 years and under 40 years. No application will be accepted for this examination unless filed with the undersigned, on the proper blank, before the hour of closing business on Nov. 21, 1896. Applications should be filed promptly, therefore, in order that time may remain for correction if necessary.

The Commission takes this opportunity of stating that the examinations are open to all reputable citizens of the United States who may desire to enter the service, without regard to race or to their political or religious affiliations. All such citizens are invited to apply. They shall be examined, graded, and certified with entire impartiality, and wholly without regard to any consideration save their efficiency, as shown by the grades they obtain in the examination.

For application blanks, full instructions, and information relative to the duties and salaries of the different positions, apply to

B. D. WINGHAM, Secretary Board of Examiners Postal Service.

County Officers Elected.

The voters of Delta county made no mistake in the selection of men to serve them in the several places of trust and responsibility for the coming two years; every one is "fit" from probate judge to county surveyor, as their acts in office will prove, and as past service in some cases has already proved. White, Olmsted, Linden, St. Jacques, Jennings, Barras, Craig, Hutchins and McFall are each "the right man in the right place."

Nor has any mistake been made in senatorial or legislative district; Mason in the one and Fuller in the other have proved themselves and have evidently done so to the satisfaction of their constituents. To each and all The Iron Port tenders congratulations, and to the constituencies of county and districts its hearty approval of their choice.

Sticks to the Old Lies.

Chairman Jones, of the popocratic national committee, in his letter acknowledging defeat, could not refrain from repeating the stale campaign lies. He accounts for it by saying "The result was brought about by every kind of coercion and intimidation on the part of the money power, including threats of lock-outs and dismissals and impending starvation by the employment of by far the largest campaign fund ever used in this country and by the subornation of a large portion of the American press." Pshaw, Mr. Jones; you talk like a bog.

Republican Jubilation.

It is supposed that the republicans will hold a jubilation some evening next week, but up to Friday evening we have no information as to date or program. In fact, except "to please the boys," the whole business might as well be omitted. We're licked the pope; what's the use of rubbing it in?

Peter Holmes' Nomination Confirmed.

The new board of public works nominated Peter Holmes for superintendent of the water works, the council promptly confirmed the nomination and he is now in charge. The office has been removed to the council chamber, 408 Ludington street.

Card of Thanks.

On behalf of myself and wife I desire, publicly, to return thanks to my friends and neighbors for assistance and sympathy at the time of the illness and death of our son. That no such grief and loss may ever befall any of them is our prayer.
CHARLES LARSON.
Escanaba, Nov. 2, 1896.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to his name or to a subscriber, is responsible for the cost. The publisher is not responsible for the cost of newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or for the cost of postage on them, unless he is notified in writing to the contrary.

FOREST MURMURS.

The glorious sunshine of summer has fled, The rich golden beauties of autumn appear. While the sky with mild yellow light is o'erspread Which often is seen in the fall of the year: And the breeze murmurs out in the forest so wide, And sends back a whisper: "The roses have died."

The fruits are all ripe, and the laden trees groan 'Neath the weight that is bending them down to the earth; The corn is all gathered, and the wheat is all sewn, And now comes the season of pleasures and mirth; And the breeze dances out on the rivulet's tide, The whiles as it murmurs: "The roses have died."

The grass is all seared, the insects are dead, And out in the garden-walks lifeless they lay, While on every side and far overhead Still lingers the light of a beautiful day; But the breeze that at morn floated out in its pride Echoed back in the eve: "The roses have died."

I love the rich autumn, aside from its gloom, And dear to my heart are its joy-laden hours; Although there are voices that speak from the tomb, I love it far more than the season of flowers; I love its fresh breezes, though of death they have sighed, And told to the world how the beautiful died.

—Ladies' World.

THE BEST SNAKE STORY.

The beauty of the best snake story in the world is that there was really no snake in it, which is more than can be said even of the Garden of Eden.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranch. Men work in the fields of California with the thermometer at 110 degrees, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90 degrees. That is the maxim they preach to the stranger in the west, and it has truth in it; but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature; and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115 degrees. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell, with a wagon and a tent; and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called in the vernacular the Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer, and possibly a grizzly bear, discover a gold mine and go back to the ranch with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on our veranda, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snow peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had, at some time or other, sent down a little avalanche of small rocks, that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying: "Sancta Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake, and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Sancta Maria!" he tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said; "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, lean on me."

"What's the good, boss?" he asked. "I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder, and making a lame walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranch there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground-squirrel holes we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, weary of his boots, had kicked them off, with the long spurs, and come with me in his stocking feet on his quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake bites, which he had studied in Australia; "but we haven't got it; so we must do what we can with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper, as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy. "Drink it, Louie," he said; "never mind cutting your lip; get it down—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced the neck of the bottle, but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor, or pickle, either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, 11 miles away in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away along the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the sock off the Mexican's foot. Already, it was swelling fast,

with a purplish tinge round a tiny blue spot, from which the smallest imaginable drop of blood had welled.

"Any good cauterizing it?" I suggested.

"Not a mag," Jock said, shortly. "Go on with the brandy and keep him moving; that's his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to see; he called, in his terror, on every saint in the church; but he declared he suffered no pain. Jock, improving the occasion, began relating in a low voice to me anecdotes of all the snake bites he had known. "One boy I've seen that did recover," he said; "and that was from the bite of a brown snake, and a rattler—an Australian brown snake, that is; a rattler can't be worse. But this boy was stupid all his life after; not as quick-witted as the average, which is not much to say. And at times, just at the time of year at which he'd been bitten, the wound got red again and swelled, and he was stupider than ever. Louie had on a sock; the rattler'd have had to go through that; he might have spent a bit of his poison there; that gives Louie a sort of a chance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss; no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading; going up the ankle and right up the leg, and the man began to talk slowly and painfully.

"I remember," said Jock, "going along a ridge of a terrace on a steep river bank. The river was full of sharks, and I met a brown snake coming along the ridge toward me. There wasn't room to turn, and I couldn't take to the river, for the sharks, and I hadn't a gun. But my pal coming behind had a gun, and he poked the barrel in between my legs and blew the brute to bits."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heavens, if you think I'd ever lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said; then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm. Signaling me to do the same on the other side, we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it; but strychnine's the best, acts as nerve tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake-bite business."

We heard the little ground-owls begin whistling at each other from the mouths of their squirrel holes away down in the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I felt the work to Jock, and rigged up a pine torch for a signal light on the pole which I had taken from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me, as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen, too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed, "more; that's it—he's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently; "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had replenished the beacon-torch and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle. As I was fixing the torch for the third time I heard a shout down the canyon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock; "alive, and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him—brandy? That's right. How much?"

"A bottleful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these greasers. He'd have died before this if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's foot was swollen so that it scarcely looked like a human member; but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its center. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said. "It's blamed strange," he added, "blamed strange," pecking at the little blue mark with his forceps; "the fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shake him a bit; don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limb wobbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig, and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of his forceps, a long white spine, and regarded it curiously.

Then he said in a hollow voice: "Do you know what that is? It is not a fang at all. It is a cactus spike."

"What?"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes, under the stars that twinkled out over the snow-topped edges of the Sierras.

"Only a thorn!"

"Look at it," the doctor said. "You can see the thing for yourselves."

One after another we examined the spine, feeling its point with a finger that we certainly should not have ven-

ured near it had it been a poison fang. "And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of my best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a thorn in his foot? Well, I am darned."

"That's about what you have been doing," the doctor said, quietly.

"Well, I am darned." Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms; but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him waking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when he had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus-thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added, quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What of?"

"Snake-bite! Shake him up there! Don't let him go drowsy!"

"Snake-bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn."

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing to-night than snake bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimatest facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this case before, although I've never seen it, nor ever thought I should; and that in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake bite, although there was a snake. The coolie saw the snake; it darted from beneath his feet, and at the same moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot—just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man, too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You, Jock, have practically saved him by keeping him moving and counteracting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man; isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got—the physical hurt—is just the pin-prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose?"

"You're right—dead; as dead as you or I would be if we set to drink the same just now. But he—his hardly drunk; he's sober. And he's better now—heart acting better." He bent and listened to his beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing to-night, gentlemen," he added, rising again, and addressing us collectively; "such a thing as neither you nor I are likely ever to see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen; it's a thing that you won't find a great deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added, simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with the hand on the pistol-pocket at the hip."

After awhile the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down. "You can almost see it settling like a batter pudding," as Jim Kelly said; and the fearful purple tinge died out of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so we did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again, where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the republic of Mexico; though after a couple of years on the ranch he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for a snake bite, because it is such a nerve tonic. If a man could make believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake bite. If ever I'm bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus spine."

This is a true story, although it's such a good one. If anybody doubts it, he can see the thorn.—MacMillan's Magazine.

A STRANGE RACE WITH FIRE.

Blazing Oil Carried on the Swift Current of a River.

"My engine was hauling an oil train. The time of year was October. We had had a long spell of dry weather, and fire was beginning to break out in the woods all over the country. That afternoon the air was hazy with smoke, and the sun went down like a ball of hot copper in the thick sky.

"About three miles above Jonesville the line crosses a shallow little river which, running through the heart of the town, supplies water power for the two big mills. The mills were at the lower end of the town, where the water falls some 30 feet into a deep ravine. At the place where the railway crossed the river the banks were steep, and the bridge was a piece of wooden trestle work.

"As we thundered down the grade leading to the bridge—which was hidden from view by a curve—we noticed that the fires were getting close to the track on both sides.

"It'll be bad if the fire gets into the bridge," said Bob Macdonald, the driver, to me, as I heaved a shovel of coal into the firehole. It was dusk by this time. I looked out ahead before I answered. Then I said:

"There doesn't seem to be much fire in that direction. I reckon the bridge won't get scorched this time."

"Three minutes later we were round the curve, and in full view of the bridge. To our horror there were the vicious little blue-and-orange tongues of the fire licking away hungrily at the tall trestles.

"Down brakes!" screamed the whistling wildly. But there was no stopping that rushing mass of loaded tank cars. With what seemed to us undiminished speed we slid down the burning bridge.

"Jump for it!" yelled Macdonald. We sprang, almost together; and the brakemen behind followed our example. The speed was, of course, slackened by this time.

"End over end I went down the embankment, and fetched up in a mossy pool not ten yards from the gulch. I staggered to my feet. The engine was just crashing through the bridge. Down piled the oil cars on top of it, like so many sheep playing follow-my-leader over a fence. I remember nothing how they kicked up behind, just as sheep do, as they went over the edge. The next minute the flames were roaring up like mad. The oil had caught.

"None of the fellows was much hurt but Bob Macdonald; and he, though his arm was broken, was able to crawl up on to the track, where we huddled to watch the dreadful sight. Then a strange and terrifying thing took place. The flames ran out swiftly from the burning ruins over the top of the water, just as if the river itself was on fire. The oil was being carried down by the current.

"Great heavens!" wailed Macdonald, "the whole of Jonesville will go, sure. In 30 minutes that will be a river of fire rushing through the town!"

"At these words a pang tightened around my heart. You'll smile when I tell you why. On the day before, when my train was running through Jonesville I had chanced to catch a glimpse of a little lad, with fluffy yellow curls, on the balcony of a house right by the edge of the water. The little lad had smiled and waved his hand at me, and looked after me some way, as if he was lonely and wanted to come. I carried his look with me all day. About this time I had a little lad of my own, with curls something like this one's, away east. My boy was a good deal bigger than this one; but maybe a streak of homesickness made me sort of sentimental, you know.

"Well, at those words of Macdonald's it wasn't the town I thought of, but the little lad at the window.

"I'll warn the town!" I shouted. Then I scrambled down the bank, on the side above the fire, got across the river by alternately swimming and wading, and started on the run down the track toward Jonesville.

"In those days I was a smart long-distance runner, and five miles was my pet distance. But it was one thing running on a well-made racing ground, and quite another on the irregularly placed sleepers of a railroad."

"I should think so!" I interjected, feelingly. I had tried it more than once.

"But I tell you," continued Steeves, "I made good time. The river was swift, and those sliding flames had a big start; but in five minutes I was abreast of them. Soon I was well ahead; and then I lost them behind a turn of the banks.

"Before I reached the town my eyes felt full of blood, my heart seemed as if it would burst, but my legs could have gone on forever. The streets were lighting up. I began shouting as I ran: 'Fire! Fire!' as vigorously as my dry throat and heavier lungs would permit. There was no sign of fire to be seen, but the wondering people caught up the cry, and by the time I reached the engine house everything was ready for a start, and the firemen were looking anxiously about to see where they were wanted. I told my story; and before it was through the engine was tearing toward the water-side as fast as the horses could gallop.—Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

Not Contradicted.

"What ails you, Squidrig?" asked McSwilligen of his friend. "You look as though you had been in a fight."

"I have," replied Squidrig. "I punched Spiffin because he said I was the tallest liar he ever knew."

"That was quite right to resent such a charge. It is perfectly ridiculous. You are only about five feet five inches tall."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Henry III. of France, 1574-1589, was an expert billiard player, and his example made the game exceedingly popular in France and the courts of Europe.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Max Pemberton has written a series of stories which he calls "Queen of the Jesters."

R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," has written two short Christmas stories for London magazines.

Coulson Kernahan's "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil" is about to be issued simultaneously in England and America.

Volumes of short stories are again much in evidence this season, but publishers say their sale is no more certain than it used to be.

Guy Boothby, of "Dr. Nikola" fame, has finished a new novel in which the doctor is again introduced. It is entitled "The Lust of Hate."

An authorized translation of Miss Ruth Putnam's "Life of William of Orange" has been prepared by Dr. D. C. Nijhoff, of The Hague, and the book is being brought out in that city.

Bret Harte's "The Judgment of Bolinas Plains" has been dramatized and is to be given in New York by Charles Frohman. Bret Harte, by the way, has just finished a short story called "Under Karl."

For many years Dickens, Thackeray and Scott have been the leading authors of fiction. According to the wholesale book trade reports of London this has latterly been altered. Of the three Scott is decidedly the most popular, but the public taste has undergone a change with all. There is no new author to take their places, and the sale of fiction is increasingly and noticeably more ephemeral each year.

THE DOINGS OF WOMEN.

The Northern Indiana Law school this year for the first time graduated two women, Mrs. Grace Banks Griffith and Miss Sarah McCurdy.

Miss Clara Stimson, of Houlton, Me., has a large shingle mill which she looks after in person. She will saw about 8,000,000 shingles and other lumber this year.

Miss Olga Hilton, a native Alaskan, has been an attendant at the Pratt institute. She has applied herself to the study of household economics with a view of teaching better methods to her countrywomen.

The queen of Wurtemberg is neither helpless nor cowardly, as was shown when, upon a recent occasion, her horses ran away. The coachman and footman were pitched from the seat, but the queen climbed to the box, and, securing the reins, checked the horses.

A St. Louis family employs a woman coachman; she first had a cab and conducted a general business, but preferred employment in a private family; a wealthy gentleman gave her the care of his stables and now would not accept anyone in her place so long as she would consent to fill it.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CANNETT & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traub, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALLEN, KEENE & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.—There is one good thing about foreign nobility, after all. "What is that?" "Why, when they come over here they can't compel us to associate with them."—Chicago Record.

Mind Reading.

You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieved by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the weak, and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

NATURAL.—They say that Harry is the greatest kicker in his football team. "I'm not surprised. His father was the fiercest old kicker ever I knew."

Mrs. G. (as her husband departs for a club meeting)—"If you're any later than midnight, I shan't speak to you!" G.—"I hope you won't, dear!"—Basir.

Miss Goodly.—"What's the matter, my poor man? You look ill." Tramp—"Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me."—London Truth.

I HAVE FOUND PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lora, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1896.

MANY a man who wore shoulder straps during the war has been strapped ever since.

JUST TRY a 10c box of Cascarel's, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

BRING a gentleman in hiding your meanness.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN you loaf, remember the rights of busy people.—Atchison Globe.

CASCARELS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip.

PEARLINE

Keep your eye on Pearlina "ads."

If you use it already, you'll find hints here and there that will greatly help. There isn't a man, woman, or child but can be helped by Pearlina.

All these advertisements are meant for the good of Pearlina (the ads), of course—to show you the best and easiest and cheapest way of washing and cleaning, and to lead you to use it. But if they do, they will have helped you far more than they will have helped Pearlina. You have more at stake. All the money you could bring to Pearlina (the ads), by using it, wouldn't be a drop in the bucket to the money you'd save by it.

William's Pearlina



"The Old Soldier's Favorite."

Battle Ax & PLUG

A little bit of pension goes a long way if you chew "Battle Ax." The biggest piece of really high-grade tobacco ever sold for 5 cents; almost twice as large as the other fellow's inferior brand.

A NEW ARMY DEPARTMENT.

Soldiers to Be Given Systematic Training in Athletics.

Highly Popular with the Men—Gen. Miles' Plan in Operation—Football and Other Matches for Uncle Sam's Men.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

Uncle Sam has concluded that prolonged peace is making his soldiers altogether too fat. Hereafter they must be trained down; and among other things they must learn to run. It is not meant to insinuate that running is hereafter to be the favorite mode of warfare of our forces, unless in pursuit of a fleeing enemy; but it is essential for a soldier to be active and lithe-limbed. It is not sufficient that he is well versed in the manual of arms and can go through the bayonet exercise without danger to his comrades; his calling is one which requires an athletic physique, and the army authorities propose to see that he gets it.

An athletic team will immediately be formed at every post in the department of Colorado, in accordance with specified rules, to be commanded by a commissioned officer, selected by the post commander.

So reads the order issued by Gen. Wheaton, U. S. A., commanding the department in question. The order has been approved by the war department and by Maj. Gen. Miles, commander in chief of the army of the United States, and, in consequence, field athletics are to become just as much a recognized part of the soldiers' training as drill or target practice.

For a long time past Gen. Miles has been urging upon the department at Washington the importance of giving the rank and file of the army athletic instruction; and now that the department has at length approved of the suggestion, the different commanders are promptly acting upon it, and athletic teams are being formed at every fort and army post throughout the country. Matches between the teams of different posts are also to be arranged.

Athletic teams, as a rule, are made up of men who take a natural interest in field sports, and who join an athletic club of their own accord. They do things differently in the army, however; nothing is left to the option of

Not only are the men instructed in ordinary field sports, but they have some novel sports of their own. A favorite one is a swimming match in light marching order, while another is a 100-yard race, or a 440-yard race, the contestants carrying their guns and being in heavy marching order.

All these tend to give the men an improved physique and to better fit them for the difficulties of long marches. The United States army, to quote the words of an officer stationed at New York, "is a fine body of men, and with thorough athletic training, they will make troops second to none in the world."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A Philadelphia Chinaman Wanted to Dry Shirts on the City Hall Roof.

Three Chinamen were in the big elevator which carried the "Odd Bits" man to one of the upper offices in the city hall a day or two ago.

"What floor?" queried the elevator man.

Knowledge of the English language was evidently a scarce article with the Mongolians, for they looked at each other and at the elevator man. Then they chattered among themselves for a moment.

"No fool," one of them finally said.

"Loof."

They were carried up as far as the elevator went and then directed to the stairway, which leads out upon the roof of the hall. The "Odd Bits" man followed them.

The Chinamen wandered over the top of the big building arm in arm, looking up and down around, but never venturing very near the edge anywhere.

"No like fall," one of them explained.

"Very much hurt."

The big tower held their attention most. They stood and gazed at it with wide open mouths for a long time.

"Him velly high," the talkative one of the three suggested to an attache of the building.

"Yes," the latter responded with a wink to a bystander, "4,000 feet."

The wonderful information was received without any comment by the Chinamen and the joke was lost. If the attache had said 20,000 it would have been all the same.

When they had satisfied their sight-seeing inclination the Mongolians started for the stairway.

"Him glate building," the spokesman

GOSSIP OF DAME FASHION

Some New Dress Materials for the Late Winter.

Corduroy Will Be Worn—The Cost of Chatelaine—Hats and Their Trimmings—All About the New Stays.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"Fancy checks and weaves will be worn for early winter."

So said the autocratic buyer of a fashionable New York establishment when I asked him about dress materials. Then he added: "But I suppose you want to know what will be worn late in the winter?"

"First tell me about the materials worn at present, please."

"Very well. To repeat, many fancy weaves will be worn. Some few plain materials, such as etamine, figured mohairs and the mohair crepons will be worn, but they are made over bright silks that shimmer through, so the va-

lue to disfigure a woman, and it is found that the lower a corset is, the more perfect the wearer's shape. All that is necessary is that the corset be high enough to support the bust.

Yet not alone for its hygienic lines is the new corset to be admired; its materials and trimmings are equally attractive.

Plain materials no longer enter into its composition. As the corset is so narrow, broad Persian ribbons are available for covering, edged top and bottom with dainty laces knotted with baby ribbons. More delicate silks—white chading to shell pink, a changeable blue and green, green and white, any of the softly-tinted silk—are used for the inside.

If one wishes to be particularly chic, she may have hooks and eyelets of gold—but that is for the few, and its mention has little use here.

Judging from the number of feathers worn, few indeed must be the women who have pledged themselves against cruelty to the feathered tribe. Never were so many birds called upon to con-



GOWNS FOR THE PRESENT.

tribut of their beauty to the adornment of headgear.

Ribbons and velvet also play some part in the trimming of hats, but they are decidedly subordinate to feathers and used only where they would be impracticable.

In shape as well as in trimming hats are peculiar. As a rule they are small, and many have unexpected points sticking out here and there on the brim. One in particular, with very flat crown, is narrow of brim in the front and the back, but at each side flares out in a point that extends far beyond the head.

On occasions these points are accentuated by the hat trimmings, which are designed with narrow loops and wings that rise upward and tend to increase the fantastic shape of the hat.

Prettier, perhaps, is a hat of the same shape, covered with tan canvas cloth and bound with black velvet. Two bands of velvet encircle the crown and a chou in front is held down by a brilliant buckle. From beneath the buckle two satin wings start—wings of glorious beauty, that extend far beyond the points of the brim, making them truly insignificant.

A charming turban was black, trimmed with ribbon in lettuce and grass-green shades.

Others, and particularly attractive they are, are made of a braided felt and chenille—the felt black, the chenille white—and have a stiff whisk aigrette on one side, from which, falling toward the back, cock's feathers droop.

There is no doubt about it. The small hat is the accepted thing.

It is interesting to trace the development of the chatelaine, now that it is so fashionable. As we all know, it was originally an immense bunch of keys worn by the lady of the manor or the "chatelaine of the chateau." Her chain had in itself little value, but it unlocked the way to many treasures; on the other hand, the chatelaine worn by the New York girl is of intrinsic value. A treasure it is, but the treasure lies in itself, and not behind barred doors which it unlocks.

A gold chatelaine, be it ever so meagerly adorned, can hardly be bought for less than \$75, while the handsome ones easily amount to several hundred dollars. The clever girl induces her cousin or uncle or aunt to give her a chatelaine buckle and then publishes among her friends the fact that jeweled knickknacks will be most acceptable.

Some friend immediately donates a set of ivory memorandum tablets; another will give a gold pencil; if she rides a wheel, a match safe should be fastened to one of the chains; a tiny smelling salts, a bonbon box, a wee powder box and any of those small articles so indispensable to the New York girl. The very latest novelty in this line is a crystal, somewhat resembling a cigar cutter, and having at the end a seal with my lady's initials.

Some of the more elaborate chatelaines have watches fastened to their chains and are beautifully enameled. The holidays will soon be upon us. This year the bashful young man need not fear for a means of expressing his feelings. A bit of costly finery for a chatelaine is always acceptable, and may mean much or no more than a bunch of flowers, as he pleases.

THE LATEST.

Guard (on local railway line)—We have missed the connection, and you will have to wait at this station six hours.

Old Lady (who is a little nervous on the railway)—Well, I'm safe for six hours anyway.—Tit-Bits.

HORSEBACK DRILLS.

With Keen Interest Horsemen Greet the Winter Campaign.

New Games for Exhibition—The Horse Show Obligated by Public Interest to Revive High Jumping—Trick Riding in Favor.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

New York.—When fine horses are concerned there is no such thing as economy, as will be abundantly demonstrated at the big horse show to begin here a week from Monday. Poor old horses that have outlived their usefulness may sell for a few dollars each, but the other day in New York, a show horse differing but little from the ordinary farm animal in the cost of raising, brought \$2,000 at auction. It was not a racer, never won a purse on the track in its life, and never will, but by patient and loving training had been qualified to be man's companion and best friend among brutes, a show saddle horse.

The season for indoor trick and exhibition riding and horseback drills and evolutions begins, in all the northern cities, this week.

I have just had a talk with John E. Cowdin, one of the judges of hunters and jumpers at the show, upon the new features of the exhibition. The most significant thing in the arrangements is the revival of the high jumping contest, which has been for several years omitted, but is now restored in direct answer to a strong demand from the box office. The contest is, however limited to six feet six inches. At that height, all the horses that remain in competition will be judged upon form and action. Horses have taken a height of seven feet two inches.

I asked Mr. Cowdin, who is a member of the Rockaway hunt, and an experienced cross-country man, if jumping competitions over barriers that fall down if kicked by the horse as he goes over, do not tend to make the jumpers sloppy in their work over more solid fences, and thus endanger their riders. "No," he replied, "because in the field one rarely comes across a fence higher than four feet six inches, which a qualified competition jumper should clean with ease. You'll notice that the jumping contests are strong along through the entire week, at least one taking place each afternoon and evening, because riding contests of all kinds are

it is for the purpose of drills and evolutions.

These grow more complicated every year. The riders circle, they wait, they wheel by twos and fours, they oblique in single file and align by platoon, they go through the most intricate quadrille figures. Perhaps the highest degree of skill is shown in the tandem riding, where evolutions have been perfected until from four riders with eight horses the number has been raised to 12 riders with 24 horses. Tandem riding with 16 riders will probably be practiced this winter for the first time in New York. It was two years ago that a tandem ride by 12 ladies was performed for the first time. The favorite arrangement is, of course, an exhibition by six lady riders and six gentlemen, the former all upon white horses, the latter upon bay, or vice versa.

Riding clubs are mounted on well-trained saddle horses, and such animals are quite sufficient for evolution riding. The "high school" mount is quite another matter. A high school horse trained to the pirouette, to the "passage" or Spanish trot, to the Spanish walk, wherein each foot is lifted high and then thrust forward horizontally before being allowed to rest upon the earth, and to the galop a tempo, all in strict time with simple march or waltz music, is about as well educated as a horse can ever hope to become, is worth a good deal of money and is sincerely mourned by the kindest of masters when he dies. He is an equine aristocrat.

OWEN LANGDON.

PHILADELPHIANS LIKE CATFISH.

In Chowder Form They Are Almost as Popular as Scrapple.

"Philadelphia is the greatest catfish market in the world," said Mr. L. H. Cogswell at the Eleventh street wharf the other day. Two colored men were busily engaged beheading and skinning a big pile of big catfish. They were remarkably adept in the operation. While one, armed with a sharp knife, would cut off the head of a fish and slit its belly, the other would pick up the fish so treated and with a pair of nippers catch the skin deftly and pull it off. A Star reporter was watching the interesting operation and asked Mr. Cogswell where he found the demand for such a lot of catfish.

"We dispose of a very large number of the fish in this city, but when we have a surplus supply we ship it direct



to Philadelphia. Philadelphia is the greatest catfish market in the world. In the districts inhabited largely by the poor vendors go about the streets with buckets on their heads selling the fish, and their cry is somewhat similar to the familiar 'co-al' which we hear so frequently in Washington in neighborhoods similarly populated. Catfish are cooked in a variety of ways, but made into a chowder is the most popular form in which they are served. Nothing is more palatable than a well-prepared catfish chowder, and a great many people prefer a chowder made from the heads alone. You will notice that these two colored men who are cleaning the fish preserve a number of the largest heads. They have regular customers for the heads, which they will string in bunches and sell for probably as much as the same number of fish would bring.

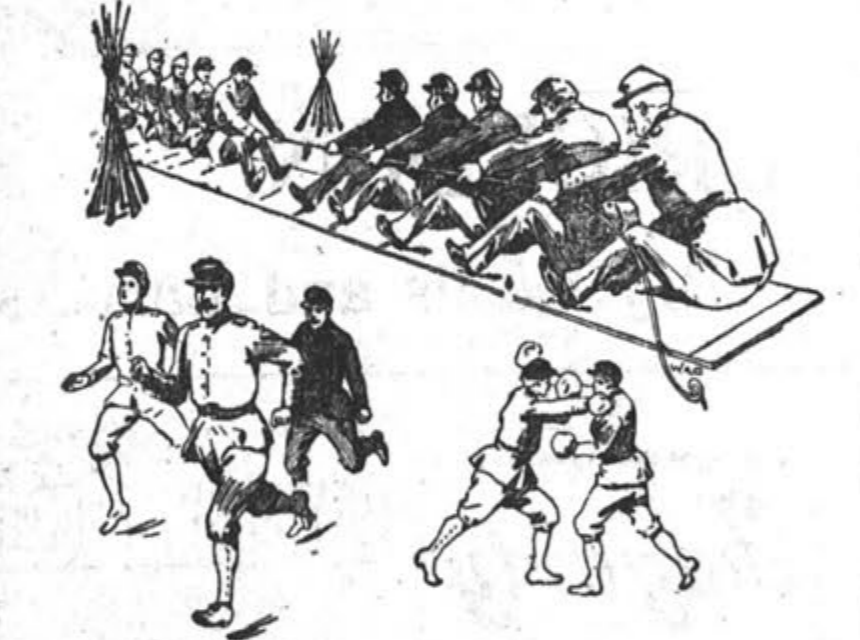
"Yes," continued Mr. Cogswell, "those two fellows are very expert at skinning catfish. The best points in the vicinity of Washington for catching catfish are at Colonial beach and Mathias point. The fall season in the fishing business is now open. The varieties that will be handled are rock fish and white perch, both of which are very large and very plentiful this year. Any surplus that we have above the home demand in these varieties is shipped in ice to New York and Philadelphia, but catfish are only shipped to the latter city."—Washington Star.

Grateful for a Royal Peppering.

Details of an accident which happened while the prince of Wales was the guest of the earl of Crews at Frystone hall, near Pontefract, during the Doncaster week, are just to hand. The prince, Hon. Sir H. Keppel, Lord Londonderry and other members of the house party, were rabbiting in the park, when one of his royal highness' shots struck some iron railings and rebounded with great force into the faces of five of the beaters, who were ranging bushes near by. Fortunately nothing very serious resulted. The prince was evidently cognizant of the mishap, but one of the beaters, quite a typical Yorkshireman, who had received a portion of the shot in his face, shouted: "Hey! Don't send any more like that this way!" The five beaters, glad that they had escaped further injury, speak of being shot by the heir apparent to the English throne with a considerable degree of pleasure, and retain the small pellets taken from various parts of their persons as interesting relics of the incident.—London Standard.

—Exercising the objective, once signified such pain as one would suffer when undergoing crucifixion.

When larger numbers of horsemen and horsewomen come upon the scene



SPORTS OFFICIALLY INTRODUCED INTO THE ARMY.

the individual. But unlike some military orders, irksome simply from the fact that they are orders, the command to form athletic teams has been hailed by the men with delight; and now, between and after drill hours, the parade ground of post or fort is turned into an athletic ground, and men who otherwise might be in the guardhouse for some trivial infraction of military discipline, may be seen in regulation track costume, running, vaulting, jumping, and indulging in almost every variety of athletic exercise.

That the introduction of athletic training into the army is a good thing for the men, both physically and morally, is conceded by all. While the greater part of the United States army was busily engaged in chasing bands of hostile Indians all over the western portion of the country, the need of field athletics was not particularly felt, the men had exercise enough and to spare in endeavoring to keep within striking distance of their active foes. But when the savages were safely disposed of on the different reservations and the monotony of garrison life began, the once hardy soldiers lost their activity, and what, in their fighting days, was but a short jaunt, became, through the enervating influence of garrison life, a hard day's work.

It was while stationed in the west among these men that Gen. Miles, himself an old Indian campaigner, began to see the need of a thorough athletic training for the soldier. Other nations take pains to develop the physique of their soldiers as well as to drill them in tactics; why should not the United States do the same, he reasoned; and from that time until now Gen. Miles has been an enthusiast upon the subject of field athletics. To be sure, the troops were often taken on practice marches across country, or allowed to play an occasional game of football with some civilian team or a team from some neighboring army post; but there was no system, and the exercise was transitory in its effect.

Thus far the official introduction into the army of field sports is in its infancy, but the doubtful stage is passed, and army athletics are with the soldiers to stay.

A report has just been made to the war department by Col. Shafter, at present commanding the department of California, of a series of competitive athletic games held by the soldiers of the department, in which hand ball, tug-of-war, standing high jump, running, putting the hammer and shot, hurdle races, and baseball were the principal games indulged in; and some very good records were made.

confided to the watchman at the door. "We come some more."

"And they will," was the watchman's comment. "We have a batch of them every day. They're welcome, too, all except one fellow I know."

"Why isn't he welcome?"

"Because he suggested one day he was up here that the roof would be a 'glate place to dry shirts.' I gave him a line of talk that must have scared him, for he hasn't been back since."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Antiquarian Lunch.

Amaziah Dukes, a New York broker, recently said: "I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was sold when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa. The remarkable spread was given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, the buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for centuries it had laid in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Cornith. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There Are Two Kinds.

"Do you consider him a good financier?"

"Which kind—public or private?"

"What's the difference?"

"All the difference in the world. Do you mean a government financier or just a plain, ordinary home financier?"

"I don't believe I grasp your meaning."

"Why, it's just this way: If you mean a man who knows all about the finances of the government and could give John Sherman cards and spades and beat him out on telling what ought to be done to keep the country prosperous he's a bird; but if you mean a man who's able to handle his own finances so's to make his business pay and keep his family clothed and happy he isn't in it."—Chicago Post.

riant effect is secured even with plain materials.

"These materials show the trend of the season. Before the winter closes mixed goods will not be used, and will be entirely superseded by one-colored cloths.

"Corduroy will be in great demand for bodices, especially in the olive shades, and some very artistic gowns will be made of it. These gowns will be especially adapted to skating.

"The very latest material is drap d'ete. It resembles Henrietta cloth, having a beautifully-finished face, with a wool back. This material has not yet been put upon the retail market, but we expect to sell it for \$2.50 a yard. It is 54 inches in width, and comes in all the new shades."

Drap d'ete! So that is the name under which we will once more swear allegiance to cashmere.

I wished to see a gown of this material, but the man of power shook his head negatively. He conducted me to the workroom, however, where many



THE FEATHERED HAT.

handsome gowns were being constructed.

Two were particularly attractive, and are intended for wear during the Indian summer days.

A rough goods in snuff brown had a black silk stripe. The skirt was finished about the bottom with rows of black velvet, and a corselet with mesh ends of the same. The Eton jacket opened over a front of corn-colored silk, partly concealed by yellow lace.

The other gown was blue, warp printed, with bunches of violets. The bodice had sleeves and corselet of violet velvet, and a queer trimming about the bottom of the skirt was of yellow lace and tiny velvet choux. The gown was a clever combination of two stars, which, when well handled, are the most chic of the season.

Never has dress reform, so-called, received such a setback as the new stays have given it. They are built entirely upon hygienic lines, and the woman who has been wont to disparage the old corset is now left without an argument.

As told some weeks ago, the new corset provides for a bust expansion that starts from the waist, giving a fullness eagerly sought for by women in good form. The corset is also cut bias over the stomach, and very flat, in direct opposition to the cut of the old-fashioned stays.

For some years evening stays have been short; now stays are equally short for ordinary wear. Rich corsets tend

The Iron Port

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

President Cleveland is at work upon his last message and it is said that it will be "a corker"

Foreign questions will occupy much of the message. It is his present hope to be able to announce the willingness of Great Britain to submit the Venezuelan boundary question to arbitration. If he be not able to do that he will announce the decision of the Venezuelan commission, and that decision will be in favor of the Venezuelan contention, and the position taken by this country in the matter. Should the president be disappointed by Great Britain's action it is not altogether improbable that he may take a stand which will make the eagle scream as loudly as on the occasion of his first Venezuelan message. The likelihood of the latter, however, is remote. The president is very sanguine of Great Britain's manifesting a willingness to make sufficient concessions to secure the settlement of the question without further friction.

He will have something to say about Cuba. Just what, it is at present impossible to announce. He himself does not know and will not until he shall have conferred with Consul General Lee, who is expected here shortly.

The president will have something to say pleasing to the jingoists about the Monroe doctrine. He will reassert his belief in its justice and pledge himself to uphold it. His reference to Turkey will be read with interest. Should he express his private sentiments, the utterances of Gladstone would sound tame. But while he will not go so far as "the Grand Old Man" he will let it be plainly understood that he intends, so long as he remains in office, to go as far as the letter of international law will permit in "protecting American interests from the awful occurrences which have filled the world with horror."

He will have, also, something to say about the dispute over the boundary line of Canada and Alaska and about the interminable Bering Sea seal negotiations. In fact, nearly, if not quite half of his message will deal with foreign affairs.

The remnant of the Pottawatomies, only 240 all told, came in for \$118,000 from Uncle Sam's treasury. For three decades Chief Pokagon has planned, hoped and schemed to get this money. With it he hopes to put his followers where they may get enough to eat and wear—hardly a possibility now. They are as poor as poverty, as shiftless as hunger and necessity will allow, and aside from sympathy because of their doomed condition they hardly deserve pity. The remnants of this once powerful and war like tribe, which for over a century dominated southwestern Michigan and around whose camp-fires thousands of braves clustered, now aggregate about 240 souls. This number is yearly growing less—so rapidly, in fact, that a few years will encompass their extinction.

Chief Pokagon is the last of the Pottawatomie chiefs. When he goes to the happy hunting-grounds, whether have gone countless numbers of his ancestry, there ends all that is left of old tribal customs, chiefs, warriors and their succession of authority. Of his people he says "It isn't natural for them to work and be as other people, civilization kills them off. They live in huts that they keep red hot; then they go out on hunting trips for a week and sleep with no shelter. Consumption takes them and there are other diseases that rage among them. They used to have wagons and property but most of them drank them up. They can earn 40 to 50 cents a day cutting wood."

The money will do them but little good. If it could be held by a trustee it might, but distributed per capita it will go the way of all they have before received—for whisky and foolishness.

Nikola Tesla, the great electrician has just taken out patents for a device for producing almost incalculable electrical vibrations, and the Electrical Review gives a full description of the invention and its uses. It was by the use of this device that Mr. Tesla has been able to demonstrate the scientific possibility of producing brilliant illumination by means of vacuum tubes that were not in mechanical contact with the electric source. Under the influence

of a current of electricity interrupted 60,000,000 or 80,000,000 times a second the tubes with which Mr. Tesla was experimenting burst into brilliant white light, which was demonstrated by photography to be much more powerful than the arc electric light, although the tubes were entirely disconnected and stood so far away from the exciting coils that Mr. Tesla sat in a large arm-chair between the tubes and the coil while he was photographed by the light of the tubes.

No such effect has ever been produced by any other means, and this gives only a rough indication of the ways in which Mr. Tesla's latest patented device may be of use in the arts. For the production of Roentgen rays, the making of ozone and argon, and for electro-therapeutic treatment the new device will find immediate use.

Thousands of curious and ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the effect that the sun, although he has whirled his burning disk across the heavens for untold ages, continues to burn without being consumed or his bulk being lessened in the least. Some of our most learned astronomers believe, or pretend to believe, that the great orb is a ball of gas, but even a great globe of gas would be consumed to its utmost atom in the course of a few thousand years. Others say that its fires are kept up by the burning of the remains of wrecked worlds which are constantly falling into its mysterious burning depths. But even this seems far from probable, and those who take an opposite view declare that it is a monstrously absurd conclusion. In summing up his opinion on the last conclusion, one of the most eminent astronomers of the day has figured that a mountain range consisting of 176 cubic miles could fall into the sun and yet not furnish fuel enough to keep up the present rate of heat for a single second; and that a mass equal to our earth would only furnish heat for ninety-three years. If these conclusions are correct we may well ask: Of what wonderful, indestructible substance is our great light-giver composed?

The apple is such a common fruit that very few people are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medical properties, and yet it should be a matter of common knowledge that the very best thing one can do is to eat apples before retiring for the night. It is excellent brain food because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver and promotes sound and healthy sleep. The apple not only obviates indigestion and prevents diseases of the throat, but is a most efficacious remedy in obstinate cases of rheumatism. It seems that our forefathers appreciated the virtues of the apple even though they could not give the ways and wherefores from a scientific standpoint. They had an old saw which was something like this: "Eat an apple on going to bed, and the doctor will have to beg his bread."—The Epicure.

Business men in Germany have begun to establish boards of arbitration for themselves like the boards that settle disputes between workmen and employers and between workmen and workmen. This knocks a good deal of business out of the lawyer's hands and deprives the courts of considerable of their income from costs.

The board which six Brunswick chambers of commerce have established has no power, ordinarily, to pronounce, much less to execute, sentence, only to effect a satisfactory settlement, but if both parties ask for and agree to submit to the decision, such decision will be given.

These arbitrations yield a finer measure of justice than the courts, because their judgment is expert. There is no waiting for court calendars to become less crowded, and none of the enormous expense attached to litigation.

With potatoes selling at "a bit a bushel" at Traverse City and at a proportionally low price here the following, from the government agricultural department, is funny reading: "The potato crop is in a bad way. The officers of the agricultural department do not consider this a calamity. The over-abundant crop of last year made potatoes hardly worth digging. The average price fell to 26 cents a bushel. It had never been so low since the war. Nearly 279,000,000 bushels were produced in the United States, not counting thousands of bushels left in the ground. The indications are

that the total yield this year will not exceed 250,000,000 bushels. Even this would be the largest crop ever raised in this country, excepting the phenomenal crop of last year when everybody planted potatoes."

He had just finished a mighty silver oration, and gazing on his hearers, said:

"Is there any man who would like to ask any questions?"

"I would," said a workingman.

"Very well. I defy the opposition. Go on."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-seven."

"Worth any money?"

"I'm not worth a cent," said the orator.

"Ever make a living?"

"Not very often."

"Well," said the workingman, moving away, "if you're sixty-seven years old, and haven't saved a cent and never could make an honest living, you're not the kind of a financier I want to see running the finances of this great United States of America!"

And the crowd laughed in enjoyment of the orator's humiliation.

"Chainless bicycles, in which two pairs of bevel gears are used instead of the chains, are reported to have proved their superiority over the present style of wheel in a test, in which a wheel was run 39,000 miles without adjustment or appreciable wear," says Engineering News. "Dynamometer tests also show that the bevel gears run with less friction than the chain. It is stated that one of the largest manufacturers will soon put these wheels on the market. An obstacle to their rapid introduction is the time required to construct the machinery necessary for turning out the bevel wheels, which must be mathematically accurate in form.

There is gold in the Yukon fields; a party of twelve which reached San Francisco last week brought dust valued at \$140,000 to the mint. One man had \$55,000. J. E. Spurr, who led the United States geological survey expedition party, composed of himself and H. B. Goodrich and F. C. Schrader, over the Chilkat pass and down the Yukon on an investigation tour, says there is gold in Alaska, but one must dig for it there just as in other gold fields. The situation as his party found it in the Yukon mining localities was not one to allure men without capital and health.

Tuesday settled it; the currency question is relegated to the place it ought to occupy and the question of opening the mills takes first place. It will be a year before legislation to that end can be had but the knowledge that such legislation is certain will be "discounted" by investors and an improvement in industrial affairs will be apparent at once; "there's a good time coming" and it is not far off, either.

One thing must be acknowledged; Mr. Bryan made a gallant fight and "aid down" only when he was beaten. Had he stood upon a decent platform, even of the old democratic kind, the result might have been different, but the American voters could not endorse the Altgeld-Tillman sedition. Mr. Bryan's case was that of "poor dog Tray."

By its surrender to the populists at Chicago the old democratic party committed political suicide; by the verdict of the people last Tuesday the populists are sentenced and executed, henceforth, until a new organization is made, there is but one party in the U. S.—the G. O. P.

For common, ordinary, everyday "coercion," talked so much about by the silverites, you are most respectfully referred to the third ward, city of Escanaba, where the "opposition" got in its work at a pace that would astonish even the professional ward politician.

Now that there is nothing to be gained by lying perhaps the populists will admit that Mark Hanna is a fairly decent man; they must admit that he is an able campaign manager.

In order that it may be properly recorded in history will Mr. Bryan please make affidavit that he was a candidate for the presidency?

Bryan failed to carry his own ward, as did also his running mate, Sewall.

Many Escanaba democrats "came in out of the wet" on Tuesday.

What's the matter with Hanna? She's all right!

Who is this man Bryan, anyway?

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. Wint' 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. We are selling

| | |
|-----------------|-----|
| No. 5 Ribbon at | 3c |
| No. 7 " " " | 5c |
| No. 9 " " " | 5c |
| No. 12 " " " | 10c |
| No. 16 " " " | 10c |
| No. 22 " " " | 10c |

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| NAME OF OFFICE VOTED FOR. | COUNTY TICKET. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|-------|----------|-------|----------|------|---------------|--------|--------------|------|------------------|--------|---------|---------|--------------|--------|------------------|-------------|-------------------|----------|----------------|--------|----------|--------|----------|------------|-------|-------|--------|------|------|------|-----|
| | PRESIDENT | | GOVERNOR | | CONGRESS | | STATE SENATOR | | ASSEMBLY MAN | | JUDGE OF PROBATE | | SHERIFF | | COUNTY CLERK | | COUNTY TREASURER | | PROSECUTING ATT'Y | | Clerk of Court | | CORONERS | | SURVEYOR | | | | | | | | |
| | McKinley | Bryan | Plingree | Sligh | Sheldon | Seay | Mason | Peters | Fulfer | Bohn | White | Chancy | Glaser | Olmsted | Laviolette | Linden | Champion | St. Jacques | Ward | Jennings | McEwen | Barras | Walle | McFall | Stratton | Hutchinson | Selva | Craig | Squire | | | | |
| Baldwin | 81 | 30 | 84 | 27 | 82 | 28 | 67 | 42 | 81 | 29 | 48 | 18 | 44 | 52 | 59 | 88 | 27 | 72 | 89 | 85 | 25 | 83 | 27 | 83 | 27 | 83 | 27 | 83 | 27 | 83 | 27 | | |
| Bark River | 136 | 19 | 137 | 10 | 134 | 12 | 135 | 11 | 134 | 12 | 49 | 14 | 87 | 108 | 40 | 134 | 12 | 119 | 28 | 134 | 12 | 134 | 12 | 154 | 12 | 130 | 16 | 134 | 12 | 134 | 12 | | |
| Bay de Noc | 69 | 25 | 73 | 24 | 69 | 25 | 63 | 31 | 70 | 24 | 18 | 9 | 70 | 76 | 18 | 76 | 18 | 71 | 23 | 73 | 21 | 68 | 26 | 70 | 24 | 70 | 24 | 70 | 24 | 70 | 24 | | |
| Escanaba | 42 | 38 | 43 | 38 | 42 | 38 | 41 | 40 | 42 | 38 | 29 | 28 | 25 | 38 | 46 | 42 | 38 | 44 | 37 | 41 | 39 | 42 | 38 | 42 | 38 | 42 | 38 | 42 | 38 | 42 | 38 | | |
| Fairbanks | 47 | 10 | 48 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 45 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 17 | 2 | 41 | 49 | 8 | 49 | 9 | 48 | 9 | 47 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 47 | 10 | 47 | 10 | | |
| Ford River | 242 | 13 | 247 | 13 | 242 | 13 | 243 | 13 | 242 | 13 | 155 | 13 | 98 | 238 | 17 | 242 | 14 | 229 | 28 | 235 | 21 | 242 | 14 | 244 | 12 | 243 | 12 | 243 | 12 | 243 | 12 | | |
| Garden | 220 | 74 | 229 | 66 | 220 | 74 | 199 | 95 | 221 | 74 | 139 | 37 | 119 | 279 | 16 | 220 | 74 | 215 | 78 | 221 | 72 | 220 | 73 | 220 | 73 | 220 | 73 | 220 | 73 | 220 | 73 | | |
| Maple Ridge | 72 | 16 | 74 | 16 | 72 | 16 | 65 | 23 | 71 | 16 | 38 | 6 | 45 | 49 | 77 | 13 | 62 | 26 | 74 | 14 | 72 | 16 | 72 | 16 | 72 | 16 | 72 | 16 | 72 | 16 | 72 | 16 | |
| Masonville | 262 | 70 | 274 | 64 | 262 | 70 | 229 | 108 | 263 | 73 | 218 | 61 | 65 | 251 | 83 | 262 | 74 | 260 | 77 | 263 | 73 | 264 | 72 | 264 | 72 | 263 | 73 | 263 | 73 | 263 | 73 | | |
| Nahma | 134 | 15 | 138 | 11 | 135 | 15 | 123 | 29 | 134 | 18 | 135 | 17 | 146 | 8 | 136 | 17 | 130 | 22 | 134 | 15 | 130 | 15 | 135 | 17 | 135 | 17 | 135 | 17 | 135 | 17 | 135 | 17 | |
| Sack Bay | 40 | 14 | 42 | 12 | 40 | 14 | 40 | 14 | 42 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 35 | 44 | 11 | 42 | 12 | 42 | 12 | 41 | 13 | 41 | 12 | 41 | 12 | 41 | 12 | 41 | 12 | 41 | 12 | 41 | 12 |
| Wells | 79 | 15 | 79 | 14 | 79 | 15 | 78 | 19 | 81 | 14 | 35 | 6 | 55 | 67 | 29 | 81 | 14 | 82 | 14 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 | 80 | 15 |
| Escanaba | 141 | 87 | 143 | 83 | 134 | 93 | 120 | 110 | 134 | 94 | 95 | 54 | 122 | 144 | 84 | 132 | 96 | 126 | 103 | 130 | 90 | 137 | 90 | 137 | 91 | 138 | 90 | 138 | 90 | 138 | 90 | 138 | 90 |
| 2d | 142 | 46 | 143 | 45 | 141 | 47 | 137 | 52 | 147 | 45 | 95 | 16 | 88 | 158 | 94 | 148 | 42 | 134 | 68 | 140 | 51 | 133 | 50 | 149 | 40 | 149 | 41 | 149 | 40 | 149 | 40 | 149 | 40 |
| 3d | 217 | 171 | 220 | 161 | 216 | 172 | 190 | 196 | 215 | 173 | 142 | 134 | 112 | 227 | 162 | 219 | 169 | 195 | 192 | 216 | 172 | 217 | 171 | 218 | 169 | 215 | 172 | 214 | 174 | 214 | 174 | 214 | 174 |
| 4th | 187 | 135 | 196 | 118 | 185 | 126 | 174 | 188 | 185 | 186 | 121 | 68 | 121 | 107 | 113 | 185 | 126 | 185 | 125 | 192 | 119 | 190 | 120 | 189 | 122 | 187 | 124 | 187 | 124 | 187 | 124 | 187 | 124 |
| 5th | 141 | 119 | 148 | 115 | 140 | 118 | 137 | 123 | 142 | 117 | 110 | 84 | 55 | 150 | 109 | 141 | 118 | 136 | 122 | 143 | 115 | 142 | 117 | 144 | 115 | 135 | 118 | 139 | 120 | 139 | 120 | 139 | 120 |
| 6th | 156 | 102 | 170 | 92 | 157 | 100 | 143 | 115 | 157 | 102 | 106 | 71 | 78 | 164 | 96 | 151 | 105 | 154 | 100 | 163 | 98 | 158 | 100 | 158 | 99 | 157 | 98 | 157 | 98 | 157 | 98 | 157 | 98 |
| 7th | 29 | 18 | 33 | 15 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 12 | 31 | 16 | 34 | 18 | 29 | 29 | 19 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 | 29 | 18 |
| Gladstone | 95 | 45 | 102 | 38 | 95 | 45 | 91 | 49 | 96 | 46 | 91 | 48 | 9 | 93 | 49 | 96 | 46 | 94 | 47 | 95 | 46 | 95 | 46 | 95 | 45 | 95 | 45 | 95 | 45 | 95 | 45 | 95 | 45 |
| 1st | 156 | 109 | 157 | 105 | 156 | 109 | 162 | 103 | 154 | 110 | 136 | 104 | 30 | 147 | 120 | 146 | 120 | 155 | 109 | 153 | 113 | 154 | 112 | 154 | 110 | 154 | 110 | 154 | 110 | 154 | 110 | 154 | 110 |
| 2d | 64 | 59 | 70 | 56 | 64 | 59 | 63 | 60 | 64 | 59 | 67 | 52 | 7 | 65 | 60 | 65 | 60 | 60 | 65 | 63 | 62 | 63 | 62 | 65 | 60 | 65 | 60 | 65 | 60 | 65 | 60 | 65 | 60 |
| 3d | 22 | 26 | 24 | 25 | 23 | 26 | 27 | 24 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 1 | 21 | 29 | 20 | 25 | 19 | 29 | 23 | 26 | 22 | 28 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | |
| 4th | 22 | 26 | 24 | 25 | 23 | 26 | 27 | 24 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 1 | 21 | 29 | 20 | 25 | 19 | 29 | 23 | 26 | 22 | 28 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | 26 | 23 | |
| Totals | 2774 | 1287 | 2881 | 1158 | 2764 | 1243 | 2594 | 1426 | 2776 | 1146 | 1858 | 899 | 1309 | 2782 | 1256 | 2773 | 1251 | 2662 | 1362 | 2784 | 1244 | 2772 | 1252 | 2793 | 1224 | 2778 | 1236 | 2756 | 1265 | 1265 | 1265 | 1265 | |

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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.

John Noonan, of Oconto, spent the evening of Tuesday in our city. He is an old-time democrat which is equivalent to saying that, at this time, he voted and shouted for McKinley and sound money.

After casting their votes last Tuesday Paul Hohlfeldt, Will Buckholtz, Charlie Ehnerd and John Gross departed for Swanzey to hunt deer for ten days.

Mr. Whittemore, of Saginaw, whose "best hold" is pine stumpage, was in town last Tuesday, and the McKinley plurality is one the less for the fact.

John Kahlow reminds the editor of The Iron Port, in a manner to command his attention, that he (Kahlow) makes and sells the "Orizaba" cigar.

The Misses Nicholas entertained their friends—cards and dancing—at their home in Gladstone on Friday evening of last week.

W. H. Oakley has been appointed postmaster at Trout Creek, Ontonagon county, vice Mannis, removed.

Hugh Lyons and Theo Lavigne came home to vote and Delta county gave McKinley 1,600 majority.

Miss Vilna Macdonald entertained a number of her friends last Saturday evening—a Halloween party.

Mineral King lodge, B. of L. F., will entertain its friends Nov. 20. Dancing will be the main thing.

Chase S. Osborn, here to speak at the wind-up Monday night, paid The Iron Port a welcome visit.

Capt. Stratton came over from Bay de Noc township Tuesday evening to "hear how it went."

R. E. McLean came in from Flat Rock to hear the returns—and he got what he came after, too.

D. J. Duranseau came home from Wisconsin to visit his parents and vote for McKinley.

Chas. T. Harvey and wife, of Toronto, have this week visited Mrs. Selden.

The Baptists' pumpkin pie social Saturday evening was well attended.

Mrs. S. Greenhoot returned Tuesday from her visit at Milwaukee.

Miss Rossie Wright, of Gladstone, visited in this city last Monday.

Fred Kaufman has been at Iron Mountain this week.

The ladies who served meals on election day, both those of St. Joseph's and of the German Lutheran churches, were successful from a financial point of view. From the gastronomic point it need not be said, that was a matter of course.

John Sourwine, P. J. McKenna and Frank Foster orated Monday night and are in some degree responsible for the result the next day.

Geo. Henderson was down from Swanzey Tuesday. Had to come to cast his vote for McKinley and honest money.

Chauncey Yockey has been at home this week, from Madison, Wis., where he is studying.

Jesse Owens' friends "surprised" him last Saturday evening and "a good time" resulted.

Alex Roberts got out to vote last Tuesday, looking slim after his long illness.

F. H. Peters spoke for free-silver, Bryan and himself last Sunday evening.

Miss S. Walsh entertained her friends (some of them) last Sunday evening.

Clark and Maud Hatton visited at Gladstone last Sunday.

Miss Minnie Goodwin spent Sunday with Gladstone friends.

A. P. Smith came down from Gladstone last Wednesday.

Ab Bestman, who caters to the thirst

of Manistique people and does it "to the queen's taste" was in town on Thursday.

Geo. Henderson came down from Swanzey to vote, and many of our boys temporarily absent were here the same day and for the same purpose.

Dan Carroll was in town Thursday but the political news did not please him and he went back to the farm.

C. H. White, of Milwaukee, and W. O. King and H. C. Crandall, of Chicago, were in town last Thursday.

Herman Breitenbach has gone to take a position as fireman on the Iowa division of the C. & N. W.

Joseph Musquito and Mary Buffalo, Chippewas residing in Nahma township, are licensed to marry.

Mrs. Pillsbury and her mother (Mrs. Bradbury) and children will go south for the winter soon.

The W. C. T. U. gave a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Goodwin Thursday evening.

Rev. Mr. Edblom will remain with his church here, declining the call to Marinette.

Messrs. Hopkins and Davis, of Masonville, spent last Sunday in this city.

Mrs. Blake writes from Mr. Clemens that she is benefited by the waters.

Counselor Carey and P. C. McGowan went to Manistig Wednesday.

Miss Mary Lockwood is very low and her recovery is not hoped for.

Justice Brown is executor of the will of the late M. W. Taylor.

Oscar Packard, of Garden, was in town last Saturday.

R. L. Hull is getting along nicely but a typhoid is no joke.

G. E. Merrill, of Rapid River, was in town Wednesday.

Chas. Irving came home from Baraboo to vote.

Charles Irving has been at home this week.

Circuit Court Commissioner-elect A. C. Barras will hunt deer in the northern part of the county next week.

George Stratton, of Garden, and Margaret Hazen, of Fairbanks, have taken out a marriage license.

W. W. Caven is again a resident of this city, at 524 Ogden avenue.

J. K. Stack was at Metropolitan Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. A. J. Valentine was a Gladstone visitor on Friday.

N. P. Currier has removed to Terre Haute, Indiana.

Oliver Terrio won a big red apple. He bet on McKinley.

George Buckley was at home to vote.

J. S. Doherty is visiting in Wisconsin.

H. H. Winde was in town yesterday.

General News.

Of course there's a knack in caring for a Bicycle in winter. Morris knows how to do it and will call for your wheel if you drop him a postal card. 520 Ludington St.

The North Star is requested to take notice that "the well-informed" do not confound "Death's door" and "Poverty passage" as it did in its issue of the 6th.

Morris, 520 Ludington St.; will properly care for and store your wheel.

Griffey's "animle" was not a rooster but the office cat, and the legend "Wow! We didn't do a thing to 'em."

Bicycles stored at Morris', 520 Ludington St.

Frank Deering walked into the shaft of the Aragon mine, at Norway, yesterday and falling 700 feet was instantly killed.

Gold is coming out of its hiding places already.

A man, name not given, was accidentally shot near Sagola Thursday.

T. J. Sullivan, Gatelys agent at Iron Mountain, is a defaulter and in custody.

The Dunn May Resumé.

While the local management has no positive authority in the premises, the probabilities are that the Dunn will resume operations in the very near future.

An inquiry was received at the mine office this week from the general office, as to the amount of new material required for placing the mine in operation. The list has gone forth. That the Dunn will be "doing business at the old stand" within a short time, is almost certain.

—Iron Mountain Press.

Certainly; "everything goes," now.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

THE SEWAGE PROBLEM.

Plans Concerning the Disposal of Liquid Waste for Isolated Houses.

In building a city house or a house in a suburban town that is provided with sewers, the question of plumbing is comparatively simple. It mainly resolves itself into a question of the amount of money one is willing to expend for methods and systems that are well tried and proved.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

A running stream into which sewage may be discharged does not afford relief. Those who dwell lower down on the stream are likely to make complaint of the contaminations, and they may ask relief from the law.

Therefore, one has close to his house at all times sewage matter in its most dangerous form.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

It is well known to all ship owners that much time and money is lost when ships are detained under the laws of quarantine. Within the last few years, however, many countries have made concessions as to time, and even abolished the detention if the ship has a medical officer and an efficient disinfectant on board.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

One part of mineral matter and only one part in a thousand of the organic matter. It furnishes no menace to health when delivered on the surface, but merely enriches the ground and makes it more productive.

There are certain modifications of the system that make it more widely applicable. It may be that in a country estate there is no available section of land that can be used for sewage drainage without becoming too conspicuous.

We illustrate this article with a design of a house attractive in appearance and suitable for erection in a territory where the sewers have not been laid, and where a system of "surface disposal" could be adopted to better advantage than the use of a cesspool.

General dimensions: Width, including dining-room, bay and tower projection, 44 feet 4 inches; depth, including veranda, 35 feet 2 inches.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 feet 6 inches; first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet 6 inches; attic, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundation, stone; first and second story walls, gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior Finish: Three coat plaster, hard white finish. Plaster centers in hall and principal rooms of first story, Soft wood flooring and trim throughout. Ash staircase. Panel backs under windows in hall and principal rooms, first story.

Colors: Shingling on walls, gables and roofs, dipped in and brush-coated with moss-green stain. Trim, including cornices, veranda posts, rail, outside casings for doors and windows, conductors, etc., dark green. Sashes, blinds and outside doors, dark red. Veranda floor and ceiling oiled.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown on the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrance and concrete floor. Laundry with two set tubs in cellar.

Cost: \$3,500, not including mantels, range and heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor.

Feasible Modifications: General dimensions, materials and colors may be changed. Cellar may be reduced in size or wholly omitted. Laundry tubs could be transferred from cellar to kitchen.

VALUABLE INVENTION.

A Device That Disinfects Vessels and Kills All Vermin.

It is well known to all ship owners that much time and money is lost when ships are detained under the laws of quarantine. Within the last few years, however, many countries have made concessions as to time, and even abolished the detention if the ship has a medical officer and an efficient disinfectant on board.

Statistics cited at the recent meeting in Buffalo of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, in support of the proposition that such engineers be licensed, showed that the boiler explosions in the country for the last five years averaged 26 a month, or one for each working day.

Where Candles Will Not Burn.

In the polar regions Mr. Moss found that at a temperature of 35 degrees centigrade a candle would not burn regularly, for the wax would not melt, being cooled at once by the surrounding air.

Wrapping Paper for Food.

The city of Montpellier, in France, is said to be the first to regulate the kind of wrapping paper in which articles of food shall be delivered.

Paying Occupations.

"Digby says he has made a fortune just by minding his own business."

HOME LIFE AT ROYAL COURTS.

Maids of Honor Find Much in Their Position to Bore Them.

High life above stairs is shown up in a light that may dispel many illusions in a conversation I have just had with a maid of honor to a northern queen. The maid of honor is wealthy in her own right, has a time-out-of-mind pedigree, and is daughter of an eminent statesman.

The subjects of conversation are limited, because so many subjects would be unsafe if repeated. Thus that kind of scandal which goes in at one ear and out at the other is taboed.

CARDS AND CALLS.

An Item of Etiquette for Society People.

Some other card and calling rules that the present code of etiquette ordains are as follows: When calling on a person who is a visitor in a private house the caller must always ask and leave a card for the hostess also.

French Tomato Soup.

One quart of soup stock, half a canful of tomatoes. Take a small onion, cut in pieces and fry slightly.

Securing a Pleasant Expression.

"Yes, sir, I'm ready, but I know I can never look into that camera and have a pleasant expression on my face."

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A NATURAL GIRL.

Why Will Young Women Try to Improve Upon Nature?

I cannot understand why it is that so many girls make the mistake of trying to adopt the manners of their most admired friend instead of studying their own style and behaving as will best set off that style.

This spectacle is sad enough, but not so dismal as that of the Juno creature who refuses to be a Juno and attempts the happy soubrette.

Then there is the big girl, who must cultivate a touch of hauteur—not the indifferent serenity of the classic girl, but the hauteur of the perfectly poised mondaine.

Then the snub-nosed little girl who freckles, whose figure is stumpy, who has a head of hair that will make itself into a shock, whose muscles are easily hardened, and whose health is perfect.

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SWADDLING CLOTHES.

They Are Still Retained in Many of the Provinces of France.

In France every mother, to whatever class she belongs, may say, in speaking of her baby's outfit:

I kept the measure of my loving thought; Among the broken threads serene it ran. And, interrupted oft, anew began.

I know nothing more perfectly French than this little piece of humble and exquisite poetry, showing the stitches that keep a dream imprisoned so purely in snowy linen; nothing more motherly than the last wish of the careful embroiderer, who bids a bird building its nest pick up bits fallen from the finished work, and mix them with its own materials, so as to keep and protect the impatient wing that is growing.

The swaddling-clothes are no longer as tight-fitting as a sheath; the cap which covered the bald little head, and farmed it so prettily with its ruche, has been given up; the lace pillow for the jolling head to rest on has been banished; yet, in spite of all this, the infant in the early stages of its life is a sort of bundle, very much like a bolster, from which two arms and a wrinkled little face protrude.

Paris has made many concessions, and the swaddling is less rigid; but the provinces have not followed suit, while in the country everywhere newborn infants are tied up as hard and fast as ever.

It is quite remarkable that swaddling-cases, bands and various other fetters are the only essentially French contributions that have ever been made to a baby's equipment.

Look at the paintings and engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and see the little creatures who, as soon as they gave up their plumed bonnets and long tulle aprons over a blue or pink dress, against which a jewel hung instead of a teething-ring, had to wear uncomfortable costumes, the miniature reproductions of their parents' clothes.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Compliment Didn't Flatter the Mathematically Inclined Girl.

"You are worth your weight in gold," he ventured to remark to the girl he wanted to marry.

"Am I, indeed," she returned, "and how much is that?"

"I don't know the exact amount," he replied, "but it's a good deal."

"Well, I am just going to find out how much you value me at. I have been studying the money question lately and I have some books that will tell me."

And she went to her library and returned with a report of the United States treasury department.

"Here it is. Pure gold is worth \$20.95 an ounce. That is Troy weight, with 7,000 grains to the pound. Have you a pencil and some paper, Mr. Chapleigh?"

"Oh, Lord," he groaned. "What's that?" sharply.

"I only said, yes, certainly."

"Well, figure out the value of a pound avoirdupois; you know people are weighed by avoirdupois. Only precious metals and precious stones are measured."

"You're a jewel!"

"No nonsense. Figure it up."

For five minutes he wrestled with the problem, until he felt his collar climbing up the back of his neck.

At length she inquired: "Well, what is it?"

"I can't do it."

"Give me the paper. Yet they say men are so much better than women at figures."

In half a minute she read the result. "A grain of gold is worth \$0.043066, so a pound avoirdupois is worth \$301.462. I weigh 110 pounds. I am therefore worth, in your estimation, \$33,150.82—my weight in gold. In that case, Mr. Chapleigh, I think you had better marry Miss Greenwood; she is worth \$50,000. She inherited it from her father. Good day, Mr. Chapleigh."

He feebly protested, but she was implacable, and he left.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Texas Strategist. A Texas man met a friend from the country on Main street, Dallas:

"How are you coming on?" exclaimed the farmer. "When I last heard of you you had a lawsuit on hand about a fine horse. How did it end?"

"I won it. I completely got away with Tom. You see the justice was a perfectly honest man, so I wrote him a note inclosing a ten-dollar bill, asking him to accept it."

"I should think the judge would have ruled against you for trying to bribe him."

"That's just what he would have done, if I hadn't been careful to sign Tom Smith's name to it. I tell you there are other ways of killing a dog than choking him to death with butter."—Texas Sifter.

Her Level Head. "Madam, can I sell you this valuable book, 'What to Do Before the Physician Comes?'"

"No, sir; you don't catch me doing the work and then letting the doctor draw the pay."—Chicago Record.

He Was Too Precise. "Flee!" cried she.

"You mean fly, don't you?" he asked.

"Never mind what insect I mean; just get Pa's coming."—Bay City Chat.

ROUGHING IT OUT WEST.

Why One Broker Hates That Section of the Country.

"It happened so long ago that I'd just as lief tell you fellows now," said Yippy, the broker, as a party of them were taking on liquid coolness at the club.

"The doctors had told me to get out and rough it if I wanted to regain my health. I was bound to give the prescription a fair trial, so I bought a horse at Omaha and struck out into the country. About the third night I put up with a frontier settler, and in the morning my horse was gone. The old fellow hustled around as though the rest of his family had been murdered, notifying the deputy sheriff to take the trail with a posse and agreeing to keep the horse for me, if recaptured, till my return. I went right for a train and pushed on further west."

"After we had gone about 30 miles our engine broke her piston rod and while we were waiting a wild-looking yahoo came flying down the road astride of my horse. I didn't care to be detained in that section and when I suggested that he take a walk he thought so well of it that he left on the run."

"I took to the saddle again, but hadn't gone far until I was overhauled by half a dozen rough riders with sawed-off shotguns that induced me to throw up my hands at the first notice. Explanations were no go with those fellows. The horse was stolen. I had him and that settled it. The posse stood three to three for hanging me then and there, but the deputy talked one of the men over. They hustled me to a squire who carried two six-shooters in his belt and a pint of whisky under it as he held court in the rear end of a barber-shop."

"The squire couldn't sentence me as a horse-thief, but the old fox gave me three months for stealing a saddle and bridle. Of course I was not an agreeable prisoner, and when I called the jailer a liar for pointing me out as a horse-thief he cut me down to bread and water for a week. When I repeated the offense he had a menu from the best hotel in Omaha tacked up in my cell to aggravate the punishment. By the end of 20 days my innocence was so completely established that the squire was glad to order my release. But the infernal jailer detained me when I went to leave on a claim that he must communicate with the authorities. His opinion was that if I had no business there I ought to pay my board. I settled rather than wait and he charged Delmonico rates at that. I'll make you fellows a present of the west."—N. Y. World.

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A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

THE SCRUB. If I should die to-night— Then would you look upon my quiet face And wish me back again within my stall? Would all the years of eating I have spent Devouring all your hard-earned grain and hay...

ONLY ONE GIRL.

HEY were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing and the hot, crowded ball-room? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hands clasped in his, her brown head resting on his shoulder, lost in a happy dream.

"You won't forget me, darling," he whispered, "when I am thousands of miles away at the other side of the world, and letters are long in coming? You'll remember that I am coming back in two years at the latest to claim my little wife."

"Oh, it can't really be true, Geoffrey, that you are going to-morrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget; I shall think of you night and day till you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl—all American women are lovely, you know—and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysisie Trafford, who is waiting for you in England."

"When I am out on the great lonely prairies," he said, dreamily, "I shall just shut my eyes and think myself back to this night. I shall hear the band in the distance, I shall feel you once more in my arms and I shall smell the faint smell of that heliotrope you are wearing."

For answer she took a piece of the heliotrope from the bosom of her dress. "Here's a little bit of it," she said. "And when you meet that lovely American and you wish that you were free and that this evening had never been, then you put that little flower in an envelope and you needn't write a word to put with it, but just address it to me; and when I get it I shall know what it means, and you will be free."

"What nonsense, Mysisie!" he said, angrily. "Why do you talk like that? You know—"

"Oh, here you are!" cried a shrill voice. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Castleford is as cross as ever he can be, Mysisie. He says you promised him the last two dances and then you had disappeared, and no one could find you, while as for you, Mr. Hamilton, I think you had better keep out of the way altogether after disappointing Lady May, and goodness knows who besides."

And Gertrude, Mysisie's sister, chatted on, totally unconscious that she was a most unwelcome intruder.

She and Mysisie had always been taught that it was their duty to make a good match; and Geoffrey Hamilton, with no money and just off to America, was so entirely ineligible that she suspected nothing, and ruthlessly insisted on their immediate return to the ball-room.

And she looked often at the little hoop of pearls—the pledge of her betrothal—but never put it on except in her own room for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed a harder matter to speak of that evening to her mother, the more so that her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort; and so a month passed.

Then one evening Mysisie returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. A glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York"—and she snatched up the letter, wondering if anyone had noticed it; then ran upstairs to her own room and locked the door to enjoy it in peace.

The fire burned brightly and looked inviting, and she drew up a low easy chair, and seated herself comfortably as she broke the seal of the envelope. What was the faint perfume as she did so? She drew out a piece of blank newspaper from the folds of which a little bit of dead heliotrope slipped, and fell to the ground.

"Mysisie, you must come down," said Gertrude. "Mr. Castleford is downstairs, and mother says you are to come"—as Mysisie looked rebellious.

"But you must change your dress; you can't come down in that. Has anything happened? You look very queer."

"No," said Mysisie, with a strange little laugh; "at least, nothing of importance. I will come down in a few minutes."

And in a very short time she was in the drawing-room, and Herbert Castleford, as he looked at her, thought he had never seen her so beautiful. He had loved her for years, but had received so little encouragement from Mysisie that he had never spoken; but to-night he had determined to put his fate to the test, while Mysisie, with a pain in her heart that seemed almost physical in its intensity, was saying to herself that if Geoffrey could forget so easily, why so could she.

And so it came about that a few hours later she returned to her own room, having pledged herself to Herbert Castleford. Instead of the little hoop of pearls she had never worn, she possessed a handsome diamond ring; and the dead flower and the pearl were put far away out of sight; to be forgotten—if possible.

Six months had passed and Herbert Castleford was pressing for an early marriage. Mysisie and her mother had gone away from home immediately after her becoming engaged. Mysisie complained of the cold and looked so delicate that her mother took her away to the south of France, where, soon after, Herbert followed them.

Mysisie seemed willing for the wedding to take place whenever they liked to arrange it. So matters were being hurried on to suit the impatient lover, when, one day, Gertrude ran into the room where Mysisie and Herbert were sitting.

"Look, Mysisie!" she cried. "Here's a lovely bunch of flowers from that dear count! Isn't he silly? And they are such beauties. Only smell them. Oh, I am so pleased! Look! here is a bit of heliotrope and some maiden-hair that will just do for you."

To her surprise Mysisie turned as pale as death, and auburn cheek, looking almost appealingly at her lover, who was watching.

As their eyes met there was something in his—an expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysisie did not know, but a great trembling came over her.

A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment; but of one thing she was certain—Herbert Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.

Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to one another:

"How did you send it from New York?"

"I—that is—what do you mean, Mysisie?—I never sent it!"

Seeing that Mysisie's clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but caught her hands in his, and implored her to forgive him.

"I came out to look for you that night," he said, "and I heard what you were saying just as Gertrude came upon you from the other side; and it was such a temptation, for I loved you dearly—much better than he did. It was all done for love of you, Mysisie!"

And she tried to wave him away, but instead fell fainting to the ground.

When she recovered Herbert Castleford had gone. A few hasty lines from him besought her forgiveness, and told her that Geoffrey was now on his way back to England to find out why she had not written to him, and that he hoped they would have been married before Geoffrey could arrive, but that now he would go away and never trouble her again.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you?" she said, "for doubting you like that? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here is the envelope and flower."

"And here is the flower you gave me," said Geoffrey. "There's not much difference, certainly, between them, but as for the envelope—well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again, so that you may not be taken in so easily."

"But I shall never let you go away again," said Mysisie.

And that was how they arranged it.—Forget-Me-Not.

A Great Joker. Mrs. N. Peck—Papa always was a great joker.

Mr. N. Peck—That's so. When I asked him for you he said: "Take her, young man, and be happy."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theory Worth Notice. "Don't you know that the wages of sin is death?"

"Yes, and that is probably why the world is so wicked—nobody is drawing full pay these hard times."—Chicago Record.

—Miss Abce E. Ireland, of New York, was the first woman dentist.

IN A FINANCIAL DILEMMA. A Rich Man Talks of His Very Many Troubles.

"Do you know," said a rich man, seriously, to a Star representative, "that there is a good deal of discomfort on that score in the possession of great wealth? I presume I am worth a couple of millions, which, of course, in a general way, is supposed to be twenty or more, and it is at that figure the I pose in the minds of those cranks who make men sign big checks at pistol points, or make them wince up the cash on pain of dynamite. Five years ago, when I made a million on a lucky rise, it occurred to me that I might be made a victim, and as one precaution I instructed my bankers to pay no checks of mine that called for more than \$100, and to arrest the party presenting it. I did my business in three banks and carried blank checks on them all."

"Well, one day it came, and sitting in my private office two men popped down on me, and before I could make any outcry, or even get out of my chair, they had me covered with their revolvers. My office force consisted only of a typewriter and stenographer, and he was out for an hour, so the thieves had it all to themselves. Indeed, they had been waiting for the chance, because my stenographer took an hour off every day at the same time, and they had efficiently acquainted themselves with the fact. In any event, there I was and there they were, and with the door locked and two guns staring at me I had little chance to do otherwise than as I was bidden. I tried to parley, but they would not permit my monkeying, so they informed me, neither would they give me 90 days, as it was strictly for cash transaction, and I'd better hurry. They ran through my desk and safe and found no money, and at once demanded a check, putting the amount of their own free will at \$11,432.53, so that they would not overdraw my account nor excite suspicion by making an amount in round numbers. I had \$20,000 or more to my credit and told them so, but they were afraid I was putting up a job on them, and said that they weren't hogs, and would be satisfied with the amount they had selected."

"I drew up the check and signed it as they suggested, and then one of them took it and said he would go to the bank and see about it, while the other would remain and see to me. I hadn't quite expected this, and didn't know what might happen, but I braced myself and waited. The man with the check locked the door and as the bank was only half a block away he said he would be back in ten minutes. It wasn't that long, but it seemed to me like a month, and when I heard the key rattling in the door I could hardly sit in my chair. When the door opened, however, I was easy in a minute, for, instead of the thief there were two bank detectives and before the gentleman waiting with me could offer an objection they had him collared."

"But how did they get on?" inquired the reporter, whose wits were slightly dulled by the novelty of the story.

"Easy," responded the millionaire. "The bank clerk knew something was crooked when he saw that big check, and without any disturbance at all he gave the tip to the men on the watch, and they had the fellow at the window before he knew he was even suspected. The rest of it was easy, for my office key, with its number, was in his pocket, and they had had experience enough to know what the layout was and how to finish the game to win."—Washington Star.

FOR GOOD RATINGS SAKE.

The Unique System Adopted by a Railroad Company to Have Its Dining Car Service Up to the Best.

The following is an extract from the Locomotive Engineer of New York City, a paper of recognized authority in technical railroad matters:

"In connection with the through train service between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston, the Nickel Plate Railroad runs their own dining cars, and they have adopted a rather unique manner of keeping the men in charge of the cars up to the mark. There is a grievance committee consisting of two superintendents, the superintendents of motive power, the regular traveling representatives, and the general car inspector, who have authority to take meals in the cars at any time and report on anything they find wrong. These officers make life a burden to the superintendent of the dining cars. There is a good deal of pleasure about the criticism, but those patronizing the cars find that they never have reason to complain of the victuals being cold or out of season."

"The dining car service on the trains of the Nickel Plate Railroad is something that strikes the traveler as approaching perfection. With the system in force referred to, there is not much room for a 'kick' from anybody."

In conjunction with the above article we feel justified in adding our compliments to the painstaking management of the Nickel Plate Road. It has been our good fortune to have occasion to use this line in our recent trips from Chicago to New York city and Boston.

While traveling in one of the day coaches on a little jaunt from a local station into Buffalo, I was impressed by the cleanliness of the car. The secret was soon divulged. Along came a colored porter in uniform, dust cloth and brush in hand, and with a polish here and wipe there, the seats, window sills and floor were kept scrupulously clean.

The schedules of their fast trains are convenient and the sleeping cars placed in the regular daily service are of the most luxurious type of modern car construction. Solid trains are run between Chicago, Buffalo and Boston.

A fact worthy of note yet remains to be pointed out to the readers of this journal, which, perhaps, has not come to the notice of many. Rates are offered between that station and the Nickel Plate Road and from their experience their passenger facilities are excelled by none.

"Why is it called the honey-moon?" "Because it accompanies the tide."—Up-to-Date.

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 11:50 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 4:37 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, 228 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Norris—"Children! children! Can't you get along without making such a terrible racket!" Nellie Noyes—"No, mamma, we can't. Willie's playing his papa coming home late at night."—Yonkers Statesman.

"It wasn't a very long performance," said one actor who was standing on Pennsylvania avenue; "but it was impressive while it lasted." "Yes," was the answer; "I don't know when I ever saw anything like the way it brought down the house."—Washington Star.

"I don't see how you had the courage to engage single handed with the train robbers and finally drive them off!" said one of the trembling passengers, after the affair was over. "I was mad clear through!" replied the conductor, still quivering with wrath. "I thought they were taking a straw vote!"—Chicago Tribune.

UNHAPPILY PUT.—Bills—"Say, old man, lend me five dollars, will you?" Wills—"I just loaned my last five to Strikers for the sole purpose of getting rid of him. I'm really sorry. If you had come 15 minutes sooner I could have done as much for you."—Indianapolis Journal.

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HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

To Virginia and North Carolina. In the months of November and December Demorest's excursion tickets will be sold from all points west and northwest to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. For excursion rates and dates address U. L. TERRY, N. W. P. A., Big Four, C. & O. Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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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 50,000 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.

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Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious. The Breakfast Cocoa MADE BY WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED DORCHESTER, MASS. COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP. NO CHEMICALS. ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE ON EVERY CAN. AVOID IMITATIONS.

ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. Sent in all countries.

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The papers are full of deaths from Heart Failure

Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

Warranted Safe Cure A Medicine with 20 Years of Success behind it.

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven "absolutely best." "Support outside, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOGANSBURG, N. Y., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1,000 SALESMEN WANTED EMPIRE NURSERY CO., Chicago, Ill.

BENEFIT TO MANKIND; YUCATAN. A. N. K.—A 1028

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so?

READ THIS.—Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the sure actions of several English magazines.—London Times.

"We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to rattle with great earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvellous abiding work."—London Budget.

The American Booklet says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fairly presented as in

BUILDING AND SCIENCE. THE SEWAGE PROBLEM.

Plans Concerning the Disposal of Liquid Waste for Isolated Houses. (Continued from 1896.)

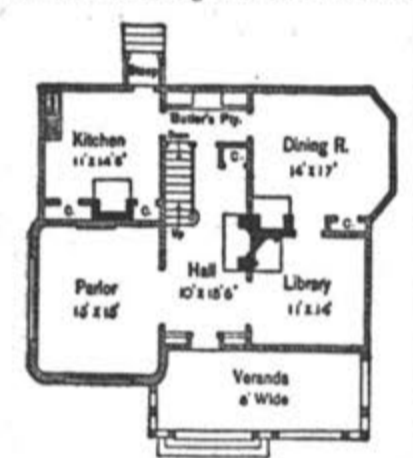
In building a city house or a house in a suburban town that is provided with sewers, the question of plumbing is comparatively simple. It mainly resolves itself into a question of the amount of money one is willing to expend for methods and systems that are well tried and proved.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

A running stream into which sewage may be discharged does not afford relief. Those who dwell lower down on the stream are likely to make complaint of the contaminations, and they may ask relief from the law.

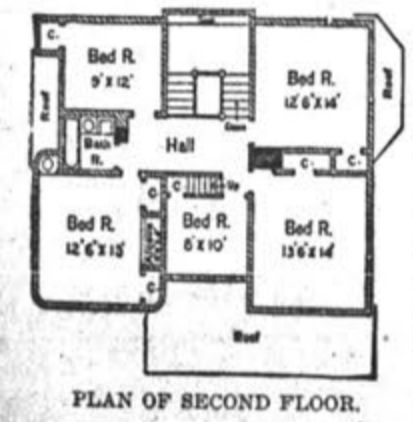
At the present time the main reliance is upon cesspools, but they are always filthy contrivances, and serve as a constant menace to health.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

dangerous form. It may seem from this that the whole question of sewage disposal in country houses is absolutely hopeless of solution, but this is far from the case.

According to the Massachusetts standard it consists of 998 parts of water,



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

ter, one part of mineral matter and only one part in a thousand of the organic matter. It furnishes no menace to health when delivered on the surface, but merely enriches the ground and makes it more productive.

There are certain modifications of the system that make it more widely applicable. It may be that in a country estate there is no available section of land that can be used for sewage drainage without becoming too conspicuous.

We illustrate this article with a design of a house attractive in appearance and suitable for erection in a territory where the sewers have not been laid, and where a system of "surface disposal" could be adopted to better advantage than the use of a cesspool.

General dimensions: Width, including dining-room, bay and tower projection, 44 feet 4 inches; depth, including veranda, 35 feet 2 inches.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 feet 8 inches; first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet 6 inches; attic, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundation, stone; first and second story walls, gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior Finish: Three coat plaster, hard white finish. Plaster centers in hall and principal rooms of first story.

Colors: Shingling on walls, gables and roofs, dipped in and brush-coated with moss-green stain. Trim, including cornices, veranda posts, rail, outside casings for doors and windows, conductors, etc., dark green.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown on the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrance and concrete floor.

Cost: \$3,500, not including mantels, range and heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor.

Feasible Modifications: General dimensions, materials and colors may be changed. Cellar may be reduced in size or wholly omitted.

VALUABLE INVENTION. A Device That Disinfects Vessels and Kills All Vermin.

It is well known to all ship owners that much time and money is lost when ships are detained under the laws of quarantine. Within the last few years, however, many countries have made concessions as to time, and even abolished the detention if the ship has a medical officer and an efficient disinfectant on board.

Frequency of Boiler Explosions. Statistics cited at the recent meeting in Buffalo of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, in support of the proposition that such engineers be licensed, showed that the boiler explosions in the country for the last five years averaged 26 a month, or one for each working day.

Where Candles Will Not Burn. In the polar regions Mr. Moss found that at a temperature of 35 degrees centigrade a candle would not burn regularly, for the wax would not melt, being cooled at once by the surrounding air.

Wrapping Paper for Food. The city of Montpellier, in France, is said to be the first to regulate the kind of wrapping paper in which articles of food shall be delivered.

Flying Occupations. "Digby says he has made a fortune just by minding his own business."

HOME LIFE AT ROYAL COURTS.

Maid of Honor Find Much in Their Position to Bore Them.

High life above stairs is shown up in a light that may dispel many illusions in a conversation I have just had with a maid of honor to a northern queen. The maid of honor is wealthy in her own right, has a time-out-of-mind pedigree, and is daughter of an eminent statesman.

The sub-jects of conversation are limited, because so many subjects would be unsafe if repeated. Thus that kind of scandal which goes in at one ear and out at the other is taboed. But serious fault may be found if leading questions are asked.

CARDS AND CALLS. An Item of Etiquette for Society People.

Some other card and calling rules that the present code of etiquette ordains are as follows: When calling on a person who is a visitor in a private house the caller must always ask and leave a card for the hostess also.

It is proper to call on a young woman when her engagement is announced, and on people after their return from a long foreign trip; on a mother after her daughter's wedding, and on a stranger who is visiting a friend.

French Tomato Soup. One quart of soup stock, half a canful of tomatoes. Take a small onion, cut in pieces and fry slightly. Let the tomatoes and soup stock and onion be put on the fire together.

Securing a Pleasant Expression. "Yes, sir, I'm ready, but I know I can never look into that camera and have a pleasant expression on my face."

A NATURAL GIRL.

Why Will Young Women Try to Improve Upon Nature?

I cannot understand why it is that so many girls make the mistake of trying to adopt the manners of their most admired friend instead of studying their own style and behaving as will best set off that style.

This spectacle is sad enough, but not so dismal as that of the Juno creature who refuses to be a Juno and attempts the happy soubrette. She is the one who cuddles, is chic, and skips about.

Then there is the big girl, who must cultivate a touch of hauteur—not the indifference serenity of the classic girl, but the hauteur of the perfectly poised mondaine.

Then the snub-nosed little girl who freckles, whose figure is stumpy, who has a head of hair that will make itself into a shock, whose muscles are easily hardened, and whose health is perfect.

It needed the revolution of simplicity brought about by the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau before children could be comfortably clothed—girls in muslin slips and heelless shoes, boys in short jackets borrowed from English styles.

But I am anticipating; we are still at the swaddled infant's long cloak. In every Catholic family infants are consecrated to wear white; that is to say, placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin by a vow which does not permit the child to wear any colors but blue and white.

A highly interesting paper on "The Function of Hair" has been read by Prof. Exner at a meeting of the Medical society. He said that writers have hitherto occupied themselves mainly with speculations on the circumstances which have led to man becoming denuded of his hairy covering.

Health Foods. Hobbs—Hello, old man! What makes you look so thin? Cobbs—Been living on health foods for six months.—Washington Times.

SWADDLING CLOTHES.

They Are Still Retained in Many of the Provinces of France.

In France every mother, to whatever class she belongs, may say, in speaking of her baby's outfit: And by the weight of all the skeins I wrought.

I kept the measure of my loving thought; Among the broken threads serene it ran. And, interrupted oft, anew began.

I know nothing more perfectly French than this little piece of humble and exquisite poetry, showing the stitches that keep a dream imprisoned so purely in snowy linen; nothing more motherly than the last wish of the careful embroiderer, who bids a bird building its nest pick up bits fallen from the finished work, and mix them with its own materials, so as to keep and protect the impatient wing that is growing.

Paris has made many concessions, and the swaddling is less rigid; but the provinces have not followed suit, while in the country everywhere new-born infants are tied up as hard and fast as ever.

It is quite remarkable that swaddling-cases, bands and various other fetters are the only essentially French contributions that have ever been made to a baby's equipment. Although fashions in general have for centuries been promulgated in France, clothing everyone a la Francaise, yet the fertile imagination which could do this stopped short at children's clothes.

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ROUGHING IT OUT WEST.

Why One Broker Hates That Section of the Country.

"It happened so long ago that I'd just as lief tell you fellows now," said Yippy, the broker, as a party of them were taking on liquid coolness at the club.

"The doctors had told me to get out and rough it if I wanted to regain my health. I was bound to give the prescription a fair trial, so I bought a horse at Omaha and struck out into the country. About the third night I put up with a frontier settler, and in the morning my horse was gone.

"After we had gone about 30 miles our engine broke her piston rod and while we were waiting a wild-looking yahoo came flying down the road astride of my horse. I didn't care to be detained in that section and when I suggested that he take a walk he thought so well of it that he left on the run.

"I took to the saddle again, but hadn't gone far until I was overhauled by half a dozen rough riders with saved-off shotguns that induced me to throw up my hands at the first notice. Explanations were no go with those fellows. The horse was stolen. I had him and that settled it. The posse stood three to three for hanging me then and there, but the deputy talked one of the men over. They hustled me to a squire who carried two six-shooters in his belt and a pint of whisky under it as he held court in the rear end of a barber-shop.

"The squire couldn't sentence me as a horse-thief, but the old fox gave me three months for stealing a saddle and bridle. Of course I was not an agreeable prisoner, and when I called the jailer a liar for pointing me out as a horse-thief he cut me down to bread and water for a week. When I repeated the offense he had a menu from the best hotel in Omaha tacked up in my cell to aggravate the punishment. By the end of 20 days my innocence was so completely established that the squire was glad to order my release. But the infernal jailer detained me when I went to leave on a claim that the must communicate with the authorities. His opinion was that if I had no business there I ought to pay my board. I settled rather than wait and he charged Delmonico rates at that. I'll make you fellows a present of the west."—N. Y. World.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Compliment Didn't Flatter the Mathematically Inclined Girl.

"You are worth your weight in gold," he ventured to remark to the girl he wanted to marry.

"Am I, indeed," she returned, "and how much is that?"

"I don't know the exact amount," he replied, "but it's a good deal."

"Well, I am just going to find out how much you value me at. I have been studying the money question lately and I have some books that will tell me."

And she went to her library and returned with a report of the United States treasury department.

"Here it is. Pure gold is worth \$20.86 an ounce. That is troy weight, with 7,000 grains to the pound. Have you a penny and some paper, Mr. Chapleigh?"

"Oh, Lord," he groaned. "What's that?" sharply.

"I only said, yes, certainly."

"Well, figure out the value of a pound avoirdupois; you know people are weighed by avoirdupois. Only precious metals and precious stones are measured."

"You're a jewel!"

"No nonsense. Figure it up."

For five minutes he wrestled with the problem, until he felt his collar climbing up the back of his neck.

At length she inquired: "Well, what is it?"

"I can't do it."

"Give me the paper. Yet they say men are so much better than women at figures."

In half a minute she read the result.

"A grain of gold is worth \$0.043666, so a pound avoirdupois is worth \$301.462. I weigh 110 pounds. I am therefore worth, in your estimation, \$33,150.82—my weight in gold. In that case, Mr. Chapleigh, I think you had better marry Miss Greenwood; she is worth \$50,000. She inherited it from her father. Good day, Mr. Chapleigh."

He feebly protested, but she was implacable, and he left.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Texas Strategist.

A Texas man met a friend from the country on Main street, Dallas:

"How are you coming on?" exclaimed the farmer. "When I last heard of you you had a lawsuit on hand about a fine horse. How did it end?"

"I won it. I completely got away with Tom. You see the justice was a perfectly honest man, so I wrote him a note inclosing a ten-dollar bill, asking him to accept it."

"I should think the judge would have ruled against you for trying to bribe him."

"That's just what he would have done, if I hadn't been careful to sign Tom Smith's name to it. I tell you there are other ways of killing a dog than choking him to death with butter."—Texas Sifter.

Her Level Head.

"Madam, can I sell you this valuable book, 'What to Do Before the Physician Comes?'"

"No, sir; you don't catch me doing the work and then letting the doctor draw the pay."—Chicago Record.

He Was Too Freeloan.

"Flee!" cried she.

"You mean fly, don't you?" he asked.

"Never mind what insect I mean; just get Pa's coming."—Bay City Chat.

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

THE SCRUB. If I should die to-night— Then would you look upon my quiet face And wish me back again within my stall? Would all the years of eating I have spent Devouring all your hard-earned grain and hay...

ONLY ONE GIRL.

HEY were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing and the hot, crowded ball-room? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hands clasped in his, her brown head resting on his shoulder, lost in a happy dream.

Gertrude. "Mr. Castleford is downstairs, and mother says you are to come"—as Mysie looked rebellious. "But you must change your dress; you can't come down in that. Has anything happened? You look very queer."

"Oh, it can't really be true, Geoffrey, that you are going to-morrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget; I shall think of you night and day till you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl—all American women are lovely, you know—and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysie Trafford, who is waiting for you in England."

"When I am out on the great lonely prairies," he said, dreamily, "I shall just shut my eyes and think myself back to this night. I shall hear the band in the distance, I shall feel you once more in my arms and I shall smell the faint smell of that heliotrope you are wearing."

"Here's a little bit of it," she said. "And when you meet that lovely American and you wish that you were free and that this evening had never been, then you put that little flower in an envelope and you needn't write a word to put with it, but just address it to me; and when I get it I shall know what it means, and you will be free."

"What nonsense, Mysie!" he said, angrily. "Why do you talk like that? You know—" "Oh, here you are!" cried a shrill voice. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Castleford is as cross as ever he can be, Mysie. He says you promised him the last two dances and then you had disappeared, and no one could find you, while as for you, Mr. Hamilton, I think you had better keep out of the way altogether after disappointing Lady May, and goodness knows who besides."

And Gertrude, Mysie's sister, chatted on, totally unconscious that she was a most unwelcome intruder. She and Mysie had always been taught that it was their duty to make a good match; and Geoffrey Hamilton, with no money and just off to America, was so entirely ineligible that she suspected nothing, and ruthlessly insisted on their immediate return to the ball-room.

Then one evening Mysie returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. A glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York"—and she snatched up the letter, wondering if anyone had noticed it; then ran upstairs to her own room and locked the door to enjoy it in peace.

IN A FINANCIAL DILEMMA.

A Rich Man Talks of His Very Many Troubles. "Do you know," said a rich man, seriously, to a Star representative, "that there is a good deal of discomfort on that score in the possession of great wealth? I presume I am worth a couple of millions, which, of course, in a general way, is supposed to be twenty or more, and it is at that figure the I pose in the minds of those cranks who make men sign big checks at pistol points, or make them whack up the cash on pain of dynamite. Five years ago, when I made a million on a lucky rise, it occurred to me that I might be made a victim, and as one precaution I instructed my bankers to pay no checks of mine that called for more than \$100, and to arrest the party presenting it. I did my business in three banks and carried blank checks on them all."

"Well, one day it came, and sitting in my private office two men popped down on me, and before I could make any outcry, or even get out of my chair, they had me covered with their revolvers. My office force consisted only of a typewriter and stenographer, and he was out for an hour, so the thieves had it all to themselves. Indeed, they had been waiting for the chance, because my stenographer took an hour off every day at the same time, and they had evidently acquainted themselves with the fact. In any event, there I was and there they were, and with the door locked and two guns staring at me I had little chance to do otherwise than as I was bidden. I tried to parley, but they would not permit my monkeying, so they informed me, neither would they give me 90 days, as it was strictly cash transaction, and I'd better hurry. They ran through my desk and safe and found no money, and at once demanded a check, putting the amount of their own free will at \$11,432.53, so that they would not overdraw my account nor excite suspicion by making an amount in round numbers. I had \$20,000 or more to my credit and told them so, but they were afraid I was putting up a job on them, and said that they weren't hogs, and would be satisfied with the amount they had selected."

"I drew up the check and signed it as they suggested, and then one of them took it and said he would go to the bank and see about it, while the other would remain and see to me. I hadn't quite expected this, and didn't know what might happen, but I braced myself and waited. The man with the check locked the door and as the bank was only half a block away he said he would be back in ten minutes. It wasn't that long, but it seemed to me like a month, and when I heard the key rattling in the door I could hardly sit in my chair. When the door opened, however, I was easy in a minute, for, instead of the thief there were two bank detectives and before the gentleman waiting with me could offer an objection they had him collared."

"But how did they get on?" inquired the reporter, whose wits were slightly dulled by the novelty of the story. "Easy," responded the millionaire. "The bank clerk knew something was crooked when he saw that big check, and without any disturbance at all he gave the tip to the men on the watch, and they had the fellow at the window before he knew he was even suspected. The rest of it was easy, for my office key, with its number, was in his pocket, and they had had experience enough to know what the layout was and how to finish the game to win."—Washington Star.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FANCY.

His Submerged House and Wild Animal Park. An Englishman, who has a lake upon his estate, recently caused it to be temporarily drained, and in the deepest part, had a house built, which contains three rooms—a smoking-room, a dining-room and a servant's waiting-room. The framework of the house is iron, the floor stone, resting upon a foundation of concrete. The sides and roof are composed of thick plate-glass. There is a passage under water from the boathouse to the glasshouse, and air is obtained through large clumps of artificial water lilies, which rest upon the surface of the lake.

It is indescribably pleasant to sit in one of the rooms upon a warm day. The air is cool. There is no sound to be heard, and it is especially interesting to watch the fish swimming around, attracted by the glare of electric lights. The house and passage cost comparatively little to build. The millionaire to whom this belongs contemplates a more ambitious scheme. He has upon his estate two square miles of forest. This tract he intends to inclose; first, by a wide, deep trench; second, by a strong iron railing, and third, by a high stone wall. He will then turn loose into the inclosure every sort of wild animal that he can procure—lions, tigers, elephants, and every other kind of beast—in order to ascertain if they can live at large in this climate and without unduly interfering with each other. There is to be a network of underground passages leading to numerous stone towers in the different places in the forest, and from these he intends to watch the animals and study their habits when in a comparatively wild state.—London Truth.

A Russian electrician named Killis-chewsky has perfected a telephone which practically disregards distance. At a recent test between Moscow and Rostoff, 890 miles, talking, singing and instrumental music at one end of the line were distinctly heard by listeners at the other. An experiment is to be made by land wires and Atlantic cables in talking between London and New York.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR GOOD EATING'S SAKE.

The Unique System Adopted by a Railroad Company to Have Its Dining Car Service Up to the Best. The following is an extract from the Locomotive Engineer of New York city, a paper of recognized authority in technical railroad matters: "In connection with the through train service between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston, the Nickel Plate Railroad run their own eating cars, and they have adopted a rather unique manner of keeping the men in charge of the cars up to the mark. There is a reference committee consisting of two superintendents, the superintendent of motive power, the regular traveling representatives, and the general car inspector, who have authority to take a meal in the cars at any time and report on anything they find wrong. These officers make life a burden to the superintendent of the dining cars. There is a good deal of pleasure about the criticisms, but those patronizing the cars find that they never have reason to complain of the victuals being cold or out of season."

The dining car service on the trains of the Nickel Plate Railroad is something that strikes the traveler as approaching perfection. With the system in force referred to, there is no room for a 'kick' from anybody. In conjunction with the above article we feel justified in adding our compliments to the painstaking management of the Nickel Plate Road. It has been our good fortune to have occasion to use this line in our frequent trips from Chicago to New York city and Boston. While traveling in one of the day coaches on a little jaunt from a local station into Buffalo, I was impressed by the cleanliness of the car. The secret was soon divulged. Along came a colored porter in uniform, a dust cloth and brush in hand, and with a push here and wipe there, the seats, window sills and floor were kept scrupulously clean.

The schedules of their fast trains are convenient and the sleeping cars placed in the regular daily service are of the most luxurious type of modern car construction. Solid trains are run between Chicago, Buffalo and New York city and through sleepers to Boston. A fact worthy of note yet remains to be pointed out to the readers of this journal, which, perhaps, has not come to the notice of many. Rates are offered between the same points lower than those quoted by competitors of the Nickel Plate Road and from my experience their passenger facilities are excelled by none. A. FORSTER.

"Why is it called the honey-moon?" "Because it accompanies the tide."—Up-to-Date. 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 11:50 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 4:37 and Cincinnati at 7 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, 233 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Noyes—"Children! children! Can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?" Nellie Noyes—"No, mamma, we can't. Willie's playing his papa coming home late at night."—Yonkers Statesman. "It wasn't a very long performance," said one actor who was standing on Pennsylvania avenue, "but it was impressive while it lasted." "Yes," was the answer; "I don't know when I ever saw anything like the way it brought down the house."—Washington Star.

"I don't see how you had the courage to engage single handed with the train robbers and finally drive them off!" said one of the trembling passengers, after the affair was over. "I was man clear through!" replied the conductor, quivering with wrath. "I thought they were taking a straw vote!"—Chicago Tribune.

UNHAPPY PUT.—Bills—"Say, old man, lend me five dollars, will you?" Willie—"I just loaned my last five to Strykes for the sole purpose of getting rid of him. I'm awfully sorry. If you had come five minutes sooner I could have done as much for you."—Indianapolis Journal. NOT ALTOGETHER HOPELESS.—"I shall never marry," declared Miss Elderly in a tone meant to be firm. "Don't say that," answered her best friend, Florence. "Women older than you have had proposals."

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

To Virginia and North Carolina. In the months of November and December Homeowner'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. Factory, N. W. P. A., Big Four, C. & O. Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"Miss Yaw isn't at all musical." "How do you know?" "I offered to sing 'Oh, promise me,' last night, and she said she'd promise me anything if I wouldn't."—Pittsburgh Chronicle. Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Awa. 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.

Poon Yocko Max—"Why do you treat me so unkindly?" Fashionable Girl—"Treat you unkindly? Why, what do you mean? I just told you that I wouldn't marry you!"—Somerville Journal. 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.

There came a burst of thunder sound— The boy! Oh, where was he! He grabbed his water-cycle—and Went scorching o'er the sea. —Chicago Record. 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.

KNICKERBOCKER—"Were you knocked speechless when you collided with that stone?" Bloomer—"No; but my wheel was knocked spokeless."—Norristown Herald. KIRSON—"A foolish New York artist has just married an Indian who posed for several of her pictures." Thatcher—"Well, I suppose she was looking for a model husband."—Philadelphia North American.

FORGOTTEN.—"Does Miss Wisely still ride that theology hobby of hers?" "I've really forgotten the name of her wheel."—Detroit Free Press. ALICE—"I heard something about you, to-day." Maud—"Yes; this new lining they are using in dresses makes a frightful noise, doesn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEEY bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Heart Failure. The papers are full of deaths from Heart Failure. Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions. Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

Steady Work. WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men every where to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, absolutely proven. "Absolutely best." Superior quality, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILL. 1,000 SALESMEN WANTED. EMPIRE NURSERY CO., Chicago, Ill. BENEFIT TO MANKIND: YUCATAN. A. N. K.—A 1628. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious. The Breakfast Cocoa MADE BY WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED DORCHESTER, MASS. COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP. NO CHEMICALS. ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALTER BAKER & CO'S BREAKFAST COCOA MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE ON EVERY CAN. AVOID IMITATIONS.

Candy Cathartic Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, and combines the six actions of several English cathartics. —London Times. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 211.

180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine. THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so? READ THIS. Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the kind that has ever been published, and combines the six actions of several English magazines. —London Times. We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to readers with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretensions which can at all compare with this marvelous shining work. —London Budget. The American Booklet says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's." ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU! Upon receipt of a remittance of \$2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburg's exquisite oil painting, "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies—shown above. The picture is 10x36 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printer's art. You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine. This premium offer is only available to subscribers sending their subscriptions at once to us direct, using the Order Blank below, accompanied by a remittance of \$2.



HE HAD LOVED HER FOR YEARS.

on their immediate return to the ball-room. And she looked often at the little hoop of pearls—the pledge of her betrothal—but never put it on except in her own room for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed a harder matter to speak of that evening to her mother, the more so that her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort; and so a month passed.



"I NEVER SENT IT."

am so pleased! Look! here is a bit of heliotrope and some maiden-hair that will just do for you." To her surprise Mysie turned as pale as death, and abrakaback, looking almost appealingly at her lover, who was watching.

As their eyes met there was something in his expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysie did not know, but a great trembling came over her. A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment; but of one thing she was certain—Herbert Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.

Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to one another: "How did you send it from New York?" "I—that is—what do you mean, Mysie?—I never sent it!" Seeing that Mysie's clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but caught her hands in his, and implored her to forgive him.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you," she said, "for doubting you like that? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here is the envelope and flower." "And here is the flower you gave me," said Geoffrey. "There's not much difference, certainly, between them, but as for the envelope—well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again, so that you may not be taken in so easily." "But I shall never let you go away again," said Mysie. "And that was how they arranged it."—Forget-Me-Not.

A Great Joker. Mrs. N. Peck—Papa always was a great joker. Mr. N. Peck—That's so. When I asked him for you he said: "Take her, young man, and be happy."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theory Worth Notice. "Don't you know that the wages of sin is death?" "Yes, and that is probably why the world is so wicked—nobody is drawing full pay these hard times."—Chicago Record.

—Miss Abbe E. Ireland, of New York, was the first woman dentist.

Panic Sale.

The Presidential Question Has Been Decided

There is another question, however, of vital importance to the people of Escanaba and Delta county, and that is your needs in the way of

WINTER SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, CAPES OR JACKETS



- 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



- 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

We could fill this page ten times over with illustrations of most remarkable bargains in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Capes and Jackets, but we believe our simple statement that we have prepared some of the choicest and most attractive bargains ever offered will accomplish the same purpose.

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

Professional Cards.

- DR. C. H. LONG,**
Physician and Surgeon.
Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles.
Office over Young's bakery, 608 Ludington St.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
- DR. D. H. ROWELLS,**
DENTIST.
Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Office in Masonic block.
Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.
- REYNOLDS & COTTON,**
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Homeopaths. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Masonic block, Escanaba.
- O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office 110 South Georgia Street.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.
- JOHN POWER,**
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.
- DR. J. C. BROOKS,**
Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.
RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.
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