

WHEN I HUNG UP MY STOCKING

WHEN I hung up my stocking—The world was different—So long it seems to-day—Since children three—And with blue—Left off their merry play—

And, pining to the mantelpiece their stockings in a row, Each laughing sprite in robe of white away to bed did go.

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AN INCURABLE CHRISTMAS

THEY were dressing dolls; the whole lot, and they were talking—or chattering—like magpies, when the door opened and Rev. Edward Dayton walked into the room. Now Rev. Edward was tall, he was young, he had a pair of well opened, honest blue eyes, his fair hair showed decided symptoms of curling, when it was allowed to grow beyond the orthodox clerical length, his features were distinctly Greek in their outline, and his figure would have done credit to any young athlete; his clerical garb was well cut, and of the finest cloth, and when to these attractions were added a particularly frank and charming manner, and a most fascinating laugh, it can readily be understood why the new rector of St. Boniface, Chicago, was so popular with his congregation, and so adored by the feminine portion thereof.

Consequently when he entered the rectory drawing-room on the afternoon in question, where 16 pretty girls were employed in dressing dolls for the Christmas bazaar, and, in an incidental manner, enjoying the excellent tea and cake dispensed by his maiden aunt, it was not to be wondered at that his appearance caused a little thrill of excitement to pass through the circle of fair workers.

The rector had only been at St. Boniface nine months, but already he was on fairly intimate terms with the ladies of his congregation, especially the young girls, so without any preliminary the stated his errand.

"I am in a fearful fix," he announced, in a very boyish and unclerical manner. "And I want one of you young ladies to help me out of it."

The offers of assistance were many and prompt, but the rector still looked worried and anxious.

"You see it is just this way," he began, balancing his spoon across the edge of his cup, and gazing at it intently. "I have suddenly been called away on some errand for the bishop and it will be impossible for me to get back to Chicago for Christmas day."

He paused here, and a storm of exclamation and regrets was poured forth, in the midst of which a saucy young voice was heard to exclaim:

"And you want us to write your Christmas sermon for you? How perfectly charming. I have always fancied it must be most delightful to stand up in a pulpit and deliver nicely pointed little moral axioms—always, of course, carefully pointed at some one else."

And the speaker, a slight, graceful little blonde, with a piquant expression, and a pair of mischievous blue eyes, shot a half-laughing, half-defiant look at the handsome young rector, who answered slightly as he replied in rather constrained tones: "Many thanks, Miss Evelyn, but I won't trouble you to that extent. I have arranged to have one of Mr. Brooke's curates take the services for me, but he leaves directly after the morning service, to go to one of the mission churches, and you see I had promised to devote Christmas afternoon to the patients of the 'Home for Incurables' and they have counted on having some one read to

them and make the afternoon a little bright; and I can't find anyone to take my place: everyone wants to be at home on Christmas day, so I must tell the poor things that I cannot keep my promise—unless—"

He broke off hesitatingly, and looked entreatingly at the bevy of fair damsels before him.

But they all began with one accord to make excuse.

One was "so sorry, but she had promised months ago to go to a matinee on Christmas afternoon, and couldn't break the engagement," another "felt just awfully to refuse Mr. Dayton anything," the last, with a melting glance from a pair of big brown eyes, "but grandma was coming to spend the day, and it would seem so disrespectful to leave her."

A third "was taking part in a concert their guild was to give on New Year's eve, and she had promised Mr. Trevor faithfully to practice his accompaniment with him on Christmas afternoon; he was so anxious to be well up in his part of the trio."

A fourth girl "wished dear Mr. Dayton would ask her something else, for she would just love to help him, but really it made her so dismal, seeing those poor souls suffer, that mamma had positively forbidden her to go again."

They were all so sorry, and so regretted that they could not help him, that the young rector felt sure that it was not the will that was wanting, and thanked them for their ready sympathy as warmly as though it had been practical help.

But in the midst of the volley of excuses a bright thought struck one of the fair defaulters, and she exclaimed:

"Why don't you ask Evelyn to take your place, Mr. Dayton? You would, wouldn't you, Eve, dear?"

The rector hesitated, then said, in formal tones, and without meeting Eve's eye:

"I am afraid that it would not be much in Miss Gwynn's line."

Evelyn drew herself up proudly and seemed about to reply, then a half amused, half hurt expression crossed her face, as she turned carelessly away, and sauntered over to a table where two girls sat chatting busily as they arrayed a round faced, dimpled, waxen beauty in the royal robes of Queen Elizabeth.

"Evelyn, why did Mr. Dayton say that visiting the sick was not in your line?" queried May Lindsay, as she adjusted the crown on the head of the doll queen. "I am sure there is not a girl in the guild who has done as much visiting at the hospital and 'Home for Incurables' as you have. I don't see why he should seem to regard you as so frivolous lately, he never used to

felt sore and hurt at his opinion of her, and mentally resolved that for once she would desert her invalids rather than have Mr. Dayton imagine she was influenced by his wishes, but better counsel came with the morning, and she consoled herself with the thought that Mr. Dayton was out of the city and would probably never discover that she had taken his place.

It was Christmas afternoon and Eve was descending the staircase of the "Home for Incurables" on her way to the small ante-room where she had left her coat and hat.

When she entered the house it had been a bright, clear day, and as she had passed from room to room she had seemed to the poor sufferers to have brought something of the vivid outside brightness with her; now the situation was reversed, the frosty sunshine had given way to the sudden winter twilight, and, in sympathy with the change, her heart was heavy with vicarious sorrow. Like many seemingly volatile natures hers was a quickly sympathetic one, and she was sad with the sight of so many who were doomed to spend the last years of their life in suffering.

The little ante room was dark when she entered—so dark that she started, when a tall, shadowy figure loomed up before her, and a voice said: "Good evening, Miss Gwynn." I think he must have been waiting for her for some time, for his eyes were evidently to some extent used to the dim light; however that may be he could not see well enough, however hard he tried, to discern whether she looked pleased or otherwise, as she said, naturally enough: "Why, Mr. Dayton, how you startled me! I thought you were miles away."

"I got back as early as I could!" he replied, "and came around to see how the 'home' had fared for its Christmas. Let me help you into your jacket."

Well, it always is a terrible business getting a jacket to go snugly over one of our present enormous sleeved dresses, but these two seemed to make a worse job of it than usual. At length, when it was satisfactorily adjusted and Eve was fastening a monstrously elongated fur animal of some sort around her throat, Rev. Edward broke the awkward silence with a rush.

"Miss Gwynn, I want to beg your pardon."

"Why, Mr. Dayton?"

"Because I have misjudged you."

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Dayton."

"But I must. I have been sitting in judgment on you—as you know—I know you know it, and to-day I came here, and going from room to room found that you had been there before

loved you, I think, ever since I met you, and like a self-righteous Pharisee I have endeavored to put my love aside. I had not wit enough to see the best in you, and have tortured myself by imagining I was in love with a thoroughly worldly woman. Eve, dear, I deserve nothing at your hands, but, darling, if you will only establish a home of your own for 'incurables' I will try with all the love that is in me to make you happy. Will you marry me, dear?"

The figure at the window turned around, but it said nothing. Perhaps it did not need to. Attitudes tell a great deal sometimes, and then I think there was a shadowy outline of a little outstretched hand. At any rate, Rev. Edward took three long strides across the room, and the next attitude that showed against the dim window was a very confused one. But it did not matter; no one was there to see.

Was it dark? Well! Perhaps an ordinary benighted mortal, loveless and unloving, might have thought so, but to these two the room was full of radiance, for if one is supremely happy, one carries one's atmosphere about with one, and what the rest of the world moves in matters very little.—Ethel Longley, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

At Christmas Time.

Who would not be merry at Christmas time,
And banish all worry at Christmas time,
A well-spring of cheer
From the heart of the year,
When earth lieth bere,
Is the Christmas time!

'Tis wise to be merry at Christmas time,
All malice to bury at Christmas time;
All envy and strife
To put out of each life,
That joy may be rife at the Christmas time!

'Tis well to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hearts at the Christmas time;
That love and good will
Every corner may fill,
And vanish all ill at the Christmas time!

'Tis good to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hands at the Christmas time;
That some who are sad
May by us be made glad,
And glorify God at the Christmas time!

'Tis meet to be merry at Christmas time,
In a Christian land at the Christmas time;
When gladness and mirth,
Since that wonderful birth,
Have ruled o'er the hearth at the Christmas time!

And while we rejoice at the Christmas time,
Let this with the peal of our glad bells
Chime:
"All glory to God
For the love that He showed,
In the gift He bestowed at the Christmas time!"

—M. A. Maitland, in Outlook.

Meant for the Minister.

A popular minister in Fifeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer; but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner, the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passer-by, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said: "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent.

The provident wife sent it again to the market, and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it, and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last: "It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family, it formed part of the Christmas dinner.—Youth's Companion.

COLLEGE-BRED PRESIDENTS.

McKinley Not One of Them—He Was Born Seventeen When He Enlisted.

McKinley, like his predecessor in the presidential office, is not a college graduate. Mr. Cleveland was prepared for Hamilton college, but never entered. McKinley entered Allegheny college, at Meadville, Pa., at the age of 16, and was there initiated into a Greek letter fraternity. He left college before a year had elapsed, on account of his health, and did not return, but taught a country school at Poland, his birthplace, until the war broke out, when at 17, he enlisted as a private. McKinley's university was the tented field. His campus was the Campus Martius. His diploma was a major's commission, signed by the hand that wrote the emancipation proclamation. He will soon receive from another institution, the electoral college, a degree such as has been conferred upon only 23 other citizens of this great republic. After his return from the war McKinley took the full course at the Albany law school, which is one of the graduate departments of Union college.

A large majority of our presidents have been college-bred men. Washington, while not strictly a college man, yet had received from William and Mary college, in 1749, an appointment as surveyor, which was the equivalent of a modern degree in civil engineering, it being then the law in Virginia that no one could practice surveying until he had been examined by the faculty of William and Mary, and had received a certificate of proficiency. Later in life he received the honorary degree of LL. D., from Harvard, in 1776; from Yale in 1781; from the University of Pennsylvania and Brown university in 1790. A still greater scholastic distinction was conferred on Dr. Washington, in 1788, when he was elected chancellor of the College of William and Mary, his quasi alma mater, an office which he held with pride until the day of his death.

Washington's five immediate successors were college graduates. John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, were Harvard men. Jefferson and Monroe were graduates of William and Mary, while Madison hailed from Princeton. Jackson had little education of any sort, and Van Buren, his successor, only a good academic education. William Henry Harrison graduated at Hampden-Sidney college; Tyler at William and Mary, and Polk at the University of North Carolina. Taylor had only the merest rudiments of an education, and Fillmore, his successor, had an academic education only. Franklin Pierce was a graduate of Bowdoin, and Buchanan of Dickinson. Lincoln and Johnson were both self-educated, neither having had even a high school education. Grant was a West Pointer; Hayes an alumnus of Kenyon; Garfield of Williams, and Arthur of Union. From Washington to McKinley, therefore, including Washington and Grant, 15 of the 25 may be called college-bred men.

While President Cleveland is not a college man, Mrs. Cleveland is a college woman, being a graduate of Wells college, at Aurora, in this state, class of '84. His right-hand man in the cabinet, Dan Lamont, secretary of war, is a graduate of Union, as is also Secretary Morton, of the department of agriculture. Olney is a Harvard man. Carlisle and Herbert are not college men. Postmaster General Wilson is not only a college-bred man, but has been president of West Virginia university.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PITH AND POINT.

"She—"I see they have now a 'Woman's Dictionary.' Do you suppose that differs from any other?" He—"Probably has more words in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Bixby" has given up learning to play chess. "Too much for his mental caliber?" "No, he hurt his jaw trying to pronounce the names of the leading players."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I'd like to ask one thing," said the cross boarder. "What in it, please?" asked the landlady. "How do you get this steak cooked so hard without even getting it hot?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I am a plain man," said Bloughly, "and I believe in being practical. I love you, and I want you to be my wife." "Well," replied the fair one, "how much are you worth?"—Philadelphia North American.

"You are over 40; why don't you marry?" "Because I do not care to marry an elderly woman, while a young girl would be foolish to marry me, and I do not care to marry a foolish girl."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"A Martyr to the Cause."—"Your teacher tells me you were not at school yesterday. Now, young man, you know what you are going to get." Bob (firmly)—"I do, pop; and I'm willing to be licked any day for a circus parade like that."—Life.

"Time to Quit."—"Do you think your daughter has good time, Grumpley?" "If she has no better time while she is thumping that old piano than I have, you better present your bill, professor, and quit."—Detroit Free Press.

"Misunderstood Her Meaning."—Algy—"Miss Cutting evidently thinks Cholly and I are fast friends." Horace—"How do you know?" Algy—"Why, last night when she saw us come in the room together she said: 'Two souls with but a single thought.' How full of sentiment she is."—Brooklyn Life.

"Well," said the sarcastic man, as he walked out of the theater between acts, "I'm ever so much obliged to that girl who sits in front of me. I don't know but I'll tell her so." "You mean the one with the frightfully big hat?" "Yes." "I don't see what you're obliged to her for." "For not raising her parasol."—Detroit Tribune.

FEDERATION OF WOMEN.

Benefits of the Sisterhood Movement in the United States.

One of the greatest benefits of the whole system of woman's clubs seems likely to result from the new movement for federation. Already have the various club gatherings drawn women from all sections of the country together in something quite distinct from the old-fashioned temperance and other conventions. In these the women appeared meekly upon the seats prepared for them, at hours prepared for them, and listened to speakers rarely of their own sex, who came all prepared to speak one way. There never was any argument or opening for discussion. No matter how the poor little feminine heart might boil over with question or indignation, it was to no purpose and brought her to no conclusion. But the woman who comes to meet other sisters of state or national federation comes as a representative of a group of earnest women and is expected not always to appear on the list of speakers, else of these there would be no end; but she is expected in the open discussion to say what she has to say modestly, courteously, sincerely and in a parliamentary manner, having no fear that her opinion will not be met in the same spirit. She brings her offering and she takes away greater gifts in return. There is probably no factor which has been more largely instrumental in smoothing away the sectional irritation left from the civil war than this mingling and commingling of the northern and southern women. Said one to me, showing how radically a woman's ideas may change: "I have been brought up to believe that hospitality existed only among my own people in the south. I received an object lesson during my late visit to the north, for in Boston I was entertained, and not only I, but entirely uninterested visitors to the federation, in the same spirit and by the same cordial devices that I had heretofore supposed never crossed into Yankee land.

"I have seen the spirit of understanding, of appreciation and sisterhood increasing day by day. I have heard its ingenious expression of surprise in the first revelation to a woman of her former narrowness. I have been in Tennessee, in the bayou lands, in Florida, in Mississippi and South Carolina, the recipient of its generous fruit. We are all surprised to find that there never has been any real reason why we should 'thank the Lord that we were not born' in some other less favored land; for when brought together intelligently with a common purpose we are all, as a dear old lady expressed it, 'own folks.' And now the southern woman welcomes new ideas from her northern sisters graciously, often, however, molding them with her graceful hand to her own needs until they are almost unrecognizable."—Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Make Bananas Harmless.

The banana yields more food to the acre than any other plant, and yet it disagrees with no end of northern stomachs. This is because we eat it the wrong way. But the wife of a missionary to the tropics tells the glad tidings from heathen shores of how to eat a banana. When you have stripped off the willing rind, just scrape off the stringy and hairy coat that lies beneath the rind and you may eat your banana without tasting it all the rest of the day.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Fit for a Juror.

Lawyer—May it please the court, I object to that man as a juror.

Judge—For what reason?

"I have three witnesses who can swear that it isn't a week since they saw him at a news stand looking over the papers."—N. Y. Weekly.



"WHY, MR. DAYTON, HOW YOU STARTLED ME!"

A Real Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, I hang for you,
By the mantel, stockings two—
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down,
Should you chance to enter there
You would find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try;
And the shoes you'd find are such
As no boy would care for such.
In a broken bed you'd see,
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams, then, Santa Claus
Staff the stocking with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Chicago Record.

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.



The Horse—It's a fine turkey, eh Jimmy?
Jim—Fine? It's a dream!—Bay City Chat.

Christmas Trees in England.

Christmas trees were unknown in England until the reign of Queen Victoria. After the present prince of Wales had become three or four years old, Prince Albert ornamented a Christmas tree for the amusement of the infant prince. The idea pleased the people, and as Christmas trees were every year made a feature of the court celebration, the fashion soon spread among the English.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Reason Why.

Willie—Mamma, why does he give so many more presents to rich children than to the poor ones?
Mother—Because it takes so much more to please a rich child than it does a poor one, my son.—Golden Days.

MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Rivers Which Can Be Traced to Human Origin.

The scare that New Orleans has lately been treated to by the discovery that "a crevasse" or break in the bank of the Mississippi in Pass a Loutre, threatening the stability of the jetties, has caused a general investigation of the lower river, and has brought out the fact that there are half a dozen breaks in it; but the engineers are unable to say whether they are natural streams or artificial, for in the soft soil of Louisiana a ditch can soon grow into a river. The name given to one of the new outlets of the Mississippi, Baptist Collet's canal, would indicate its human origin, but the engineers can discover nothing of its story, for tradition has lost record of it. Whatever it was originally, it is now a river, or part of a river. It is well known that Bayou Plaquemine, formerly a large navigable stream, and the means of communication between New Orleans and southwest Louisiana, was originally a plantation ditch, which the flow of water from the Mississippi increased in time to a bayou, and finally into a river. It then became so dangerous, threatening many parishes with overflow, that it was dammed up by the government 30 years ago. Now the United States is spending some \$600,000 to open it and to construct immense locks at its juncture with the Mississippi, so as to admit the largest steamers going via the Plaquemine, to the Atchafalaya, Teche, and other west Louisiana streams. It is this human origin of many rivers in southern Louisiana which keeps the engineers and the geographers puzzled, for a ditch may become a river in a dozen years, especially if there is a high water.—Harper's Weekly.

Home with Mamma.

"No," she faltered, "he doesn't love me any more! This morning—"

The remembrance well-nigh overcame her.

"He had such a sore throat, and I—I wanted to wrap up his neck in red flannel. And he—he—"

She was sobbing now.

"He said he wasn't going to make any horse show of himself!"—N. Y. Press.

A Gloomy Outlook.

He—It takes brains to get along in the world.
She—I am so sorry you have such poor prospects.—Town Topics.

WAITING.

Here I sit, alone, alone, Ever listening for mine own. For his step, his laugh, his tone Like a flute note softly blown.

"TO LET."

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.



figure outlined against the window from which Dorcas had just been taking down the curtains. "I called, ma'am—" began Mr. Johnson.



"I-I MEANT THE HOUSE"

confining hairpins, her calico wrapper exchanged for a more becoming garment of pale blue cashmere.

"I should think it was!" curtly remarked Mr. Johnson. "I come here to ask permission to pay my addresses to Miss Louisa Powers, and I am told, with no more ceremony than one would expect from a chimney sweep, that she is a moldy old thing, and wants paint, and nobody knows what else!"

"I-I meant the house!" stammered Mrs. Powers, for once losing the self-possession which had always distinguished the descendant of the Brobdignags. "Good gracious me—the idea of Louisa, there, being moldy! Why, just look at her!"

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

Mongolians in New York a Fun-Loving People. The Chinese are fun-loving people, in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers.

They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the dead man when he is gone.

They are subject to vertigo address themselves to St. Avertin, and lunatics (in Italian mazzi) to St. Mathurin. We say that paralytics are "taken" (French pris), and St. Pris, according to superstition, is ready to come to their aid.

Popular imagination attributes to certain saints a peculiar power over the maladies of mankind. These beliefs have nothing to do with religion, for while some churches set up saints as models whose virtues ought to be imitated they do not say they have power to remove sickness, famine or pestilence, and so these curious beliefs are due solely to word play.

THE MOON FLOWER.

A Plant That Will Delight the Senses of a Garden Lover.

The worldly worth of anything is usually measured by the amount of gratification or pleasure it may afford. Reasoning thus, the garden lover will find it worth his while to hunt a place to put a root or two of Ipomoea Bonanox, the well-known moon flower, next spring.

On two vines, 100 of the immense flowers were recently counted, and this amount is not a limit. Its great blooming ability is the more pronounced when we learn the life of a flower is but the one night, and a fresh set of flowers is produced continuously day after day.

HOW TO GET UP A "CENTURY" CLUB.

And Secure the Reading of the Greatest of Four Dollar Magazines for One Dollar. Everybody wants to take The Century during the coming year on account of its serials, "Campaigning with Grant," written by Grant's friend and staff officer, Gen. Horace Porter, and the novel of the American revolution, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," in which Washington is one of the characters.

If you want The Century in 1897 (and who does not?) a little work among your friends will result in finding three others who want it too. Get one dollar from each of them, and send \$4.00 to The Century Company, Union square, New York, for a year's subscription.

ONE MATRON—"Since I have been married I have taught my husband good taste."

Low Rates for Home-seekers. On the first and third Tuesday of each month, tickets will be sold to Home-seekers in the northwest at greatly reduced rates to visit Virginia and the Carolinas.

False Witnesses. There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Doctor—"Now, what did your father and mother die of?" Applicant for Life Insurance—"Well, sir, I can't say as I exactly remember; but it wasn't anything serious."

Don't go with the crowd simply because it is a crowd.—Ram's Horn.

When pain ceases, no sufferer ever regrets the price he paid for St. Jacobs Oil.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT NAMES.

The department of hearing, "ouie," belongs to St. Owen. St. Eutrope, whom the peasants call Strope, will cure dropsy (French hydropsie). This saint also has power to make the peas grow.

People subject to vertigo address themselves to St. Avertin, and lunatics (in Italian mazzi) to St. Mathurin. We say that paralytics are "taken" (French pris), and St. Pris, according to superstition, is ready to come to their aid.

A merchant who had died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, oppression and dulls the intellect.

Cured by Warner's

Warner's SAFE Cure puts a stop to headaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, nervousness, dizziness, indigestion, flatulency, drowsy, dinky complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Safe Cure

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.

YOUNG Medical Student (to charity patient)—"I think you must have a—a—some kind of a fever, but our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come in a week when we get to fevers."

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.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.—Ram's Horn.

On to Washington! Those who contemplate visiting the capital during the inauguration next March will do well to travel over the popular "Big F. J. and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Rly. Write for descriptive pamphlet and excursion rates. U. L. TRUITT, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

Boil down many a man's religion, and it will be found to have been nothing but froth.—Ram's Horn.

Mickler's Theater, Chicago. Week of Dec. 7- Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Week of Dec. 14—Double bill: "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "Crickets on the Hearth." Saturday matinees only.

Let your mind be full, and you will want little or nothing to fulfill your happiness.—Chicago Standard.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a success in all remedies. M. P. DIERER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

A right state of heart cannot be maintained, without keeping a close watch on the tongue.—Ram's Horn.

How to cure Rheumatism! Use St. Jacobs Oil. It subdues. It cures.

True earnestness is wisdom, warred by love.—Chicago Standard.

Gentle treatment. St. Jacobs Oil soothes Neuralgia and cures it. It fades away.

No man can climb higher than his own ambition.

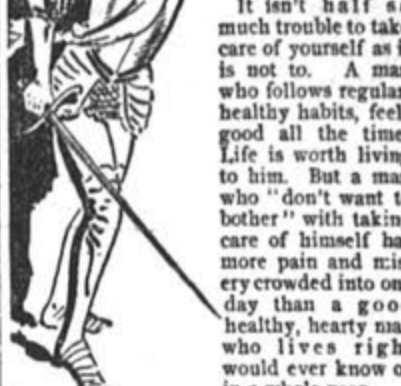
We have received from Warner's Safe Cure Co., of Rochester, N. Y., whose advertisement may be found in another column, their attractive pamphlet for 1897, of which five million copies, it is stated, are being distributed free by mail and through druggists.

Orca lives are the open volume the world reads.

CUTRICES and cruel pains from Scalds.—From St. Jacobs Oil the cure of it.

Eternal Vigilance.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is the price of everything worth having. It is the price of life itself. A man needn't be always looking for danger.



It isn't half so much trouble to take care of yourself as it is not to. A man who follows regular, healthy habits, feels good all the time. Life is worth living to him. But a man who "don't want to bother" with taking care of himself has more pain and misery crowded into one day than a good healthy, hearty man who lives right would ever know of in a whole year.

Advertisement for Estey Organ, featuring the text "If you ever want to sell or exchange your Organ, remember it will be twice as valuable if the name on the front is ESTEY" and an illustration of the organ.

Important Notice!

Advertisement for Baker's Chocolate, featuring the text "The only genuine 'Baker's Chocolate,' celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels." and an illustration of a woman in a long dress.

Advertisement for Milk Pans, featuring the text "Milk Pans, and pails, and cans, and bottles (even baby's)—or anything that you want particularly clean, ought to be washed with Pearline." and illustrations of three faces.

You'll save work in doing it, and it's a great deal more thoroughly done. Dairies and dealers use Pearline extensively. Just try it once, on your milk-ware or butter-ware—and then say if it isn't the most satisfactory way of cleaning. Pearline is the most economical thing you can use, too. You get so much more out of it.

Large advertisement for Warner's Safe Cure for Chronic Constipation, featuring the text "A LIVER STIMULANT THAT WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP WITHOUT A GRIP OR GRIDE" and an illustration of a group of people.

Advertisement for Opium Habit Drenkeness, featuring the text "USE NO OTHER THAN YUCATAN" and "OPIMUM HABIT DRENKENESS CURED" and an illustration of a person.



"IT'S A JUDICIAL COURT OFFENSE, MA'AM."

pertinent stranger over the place," said Mrs. Powers. "You may tell him so, Dorcas." "Please, mum," said Dorcas, "I axed him wouldn't I do as well? And he said no. He wanted to see Mrs. Powers herself."

The Iron Port

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

The News-Tribune pays Gov. Rich the following well-deserved compliment "In all the positions he has held, and especially in his two terms as chief executive of a great state, John T. Rich has exhibited a sturdy independence, a high moral integrity and a devotion to his duty as he saw it, which have kept his name free from scandal and made him respected even by those who differed from him in politics. If his period of service has not been distinguished by great deeds, it has been equally free from great blunders. There are few men who can look back on so long a public career and find in it so little to regret."

The Iron Port has not often been in accord with Roger Q. Mills, but when, one day last week, he asked congress to direct the president to take possession of Cuba with the military and naval forces of the United States "and hold the same until the people of Cuba can organize a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, and arm and equip such military and naval forces as may be necessary to secure them against invasion," he came very near expressing its desire as well as his own.

Bryan wants to keep up the ante-election yawp but a sensible silverite, Charles D. Lane, of California, chairman of the national silver committee, wants it stopped saying that "If it can be demonstrated by actual experiment that the theories advanced by the republican party in the recent election will bring to the people the promised relief, every bimetalist in the United States will be as free to acknowledge his error as he was candid in supporting his principles in the past campaign."

"Weyler must speak" (concerning the death of Maceo) says a contemporary. Oh, he will speak, fast enough; he is capable of swearing that the Cuban committed suicide because of remorse for his opposition to Spain, or of telling any other story that may suit his purpose. The thing he "must" do is to get out of Cuba with a whole skin, if he can. He and his subordinate, Ahumada, are outside the pale of honorable war and should be hunted like wolves.

Senator Call, of Florida, brings the assassination of Maceo to the attention of the senate by a resolution characterizing it as an outrage of base treachery, a murder cowardly and disgraceful, which demands the execration of every government and of all the world, whether civilized or savage, and asks that the committee on foreign relations be directed to make inquiry as to the facts and report to the senate at an early day.

If the movement to reenforce the Cubans shall continue to grow as it has started, nothing on earth can avail to prevent an army of volunteer Americans going to support and succor the distressed patriots. President, congress, navy and standing army are all powerless to stay a movement which appeals so strongly to every instinct of justice and right.

The house has resolved that there shall be no more "cold tea" sold in the national capital but it is not thought that the senate will agree. To forbid the restaurants the privilege would result merely in sending the bottles and glasses to the committee rooms; it has been tried, with that result, before.

Now President Cleveland is in trouble; the Turkish ambassador threatens to go and Liliuokalani has come. The Sultan grows at him and Lil comes begging. He could manage to get through his term in spite of the Turk but the Kanaka has not come so far to be denied.

Mr. Pingree is all right as to Cuba. He wants Uncle Sam to buy the island if that can be done, but to take it Spain will not sell. "If this country can not put a stop to that kind of warfare," says he, "it had better stop contributing to foreign missions."

While all of the great foreign powers are constantly increasing their navies Uncle Sam need offer no apology for strengthening his navy as a coast defence. An apology would do so, and a good licking to boot.

Prover Cleveland had blood in his eyes instead of water he would be blind by the murder of Maceo

to action in favor of the Cuban republic. As it is the Cubans and Hawaiians must wait until a man takes the place of the iceberg in the white house.

Maceo is dead, sure. He was not killed in fair fight or even ambushed. He was invited to meet the Spanish commander and went, under flag of truce, to do so. Then the cowardly Spaniards butchered him.

Gov. Pingree says that, in the event that his suggestions concerning taxation of railroads are not followed, "I shall make trouble." The threat seems hardly good form, but is probably a statement of fact.

With all the late improvements there is no more formidable fighting ship afloat than the Puritan, one of the Ericsson monitors built by John Roach but only now placed in commission.

Gov. Pingree has one idea which suits the people of the u. p. if no other; that is to have the encampment of the militia held at Mackinac island. Best place in the state for the purpose.

It should be stated that the irrigation congress is not an annex to the other congress that recently adopted a resolution to prevent the sale of red liquor in the capitol.

If that waspish little republic of Venezuela is not content with what this government has done for it let her fight out her quarrel with Great Britain as she best can.

The state departments at Lansing will see lots of new faces very soon after New Years.

Legal Notices.

(First Publication, Nov. 25th, 1896.)
MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the second day of November A. D. 1895, executed by Moses LaPlant and Margaret LaPlant his wife, of Escanaba, Michigan, to A. V. Lindquist of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "B" of mortgages on page 327, on the third day of November A. D. 1895; and whereas the amount claimed by the said mortgagee at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred and seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents (\$217.75) of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said bill of sale contained in said mortgage and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in said county of Delta (that being the place where the circuit court for Delta county is holden), on the 23rd day of February A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day. Which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan, to-wit: Lot number twenty-seven (27) of block number three (3) of the Hessel and Henschel addition to the city of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated at Escanaba, Michigan, November 25, 1896.
A. R. NORTBURG,
Attorney for Mortgagee. A. V. Lindquist,
Mortgagee.

(First Publication Dec. 12, 1896.)
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta,
vs.
Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Delta, made on the 7th day of Dec. A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Matthew W. Naylor late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 8th day of June, A. D. 1897, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 1st day of March A. D. 1897, and on Tuesday the 8th day of June A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, Escanaba, Michigan, Dec 7th, A. D., 1896.
EMIL GLASSER,
Judge of Probate

(First Publication Dec. 12, 1896.)
CHANCEY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Delta, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made and entered on the twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1897, in a certain cause therein pending wherein the Security Savings and Loan Association, a corporation in complainant and Alphonse Waxmer and Minnie Waxmer are defendants, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house, in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Tuesday the 26th day of January, A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all those certain premises described as follows, to-wit: All that tract or parcel of land lying and being in the county of Delta and state of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: Lot eleven (11) of Block thirty-eight (38) of Campbell's Addition Number two (2) to the city of Escanaba, according to the plat thereof on file or of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Delta and state of Michigan.

Dated Escanaba, Mich., December 12th, A. D. 1896.
THOMAS B. WHITE,
Spec. Ad. Commissioner, appointed by the court to make said sale.


SMITH AND ERIKSON,
Solicitors for Complainant.

(First Publication, Dec. 12th, 1896.)
MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage made by John Magnuson and Emilia Magnuson, his wife, to Frank Busell, dated the third day of December A. D. 1895 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, on the 12th day of December A. D. 1895, in Liber L of Mortgages, on page 356, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars (\$650.00) principal and interest, the sum of forty-four dollars and twenty cents (\$44.20) for taxes paid by said mortgagee as provided for in said mortgage, and an attorney fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage, making the total amount due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, the sum of six hundred and seventy-five dollars and twenty cents (\$675.20), and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage) with interest at seven per cent per annum, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars; at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, that being the place where the circuit court for Delta County is holden. Which said premises are described in said mortgage as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the city of Escanaba and county of Delta and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number nine (9) of block number seventy-six (76) of the original plat of the village (now city) of Escanaba, Michigan.

Dated December 12th, 1896.
IRA C. JENNINGS, FRANK BUSSELL,
Attorney for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

Flour and Feed.
ED. DONOVAN,
DEALER IN
Flour, Feed, Hay, and Grain,
Wholesale and Retail.
We make a Specialty of High-Grade Family Flour.
ED. DONOVAN.

Shoes.

W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoec.
Stylish, durable, perfect fitting. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible at these prices. Also \$2.50 and \$2 Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.75 Boys.
We use only the best Cal. Russia Cal. French Patent Cal. French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes. If dealer cannot supply you, write Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
E. HOFFMAN, 708 LUDINGTON ST.
Erie Medical Company.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!
Happy and Fruitful Marriage.
Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for our wonderful little book, called "Complete Manhood and How to Attain It." To all our earliest man we will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., 66 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

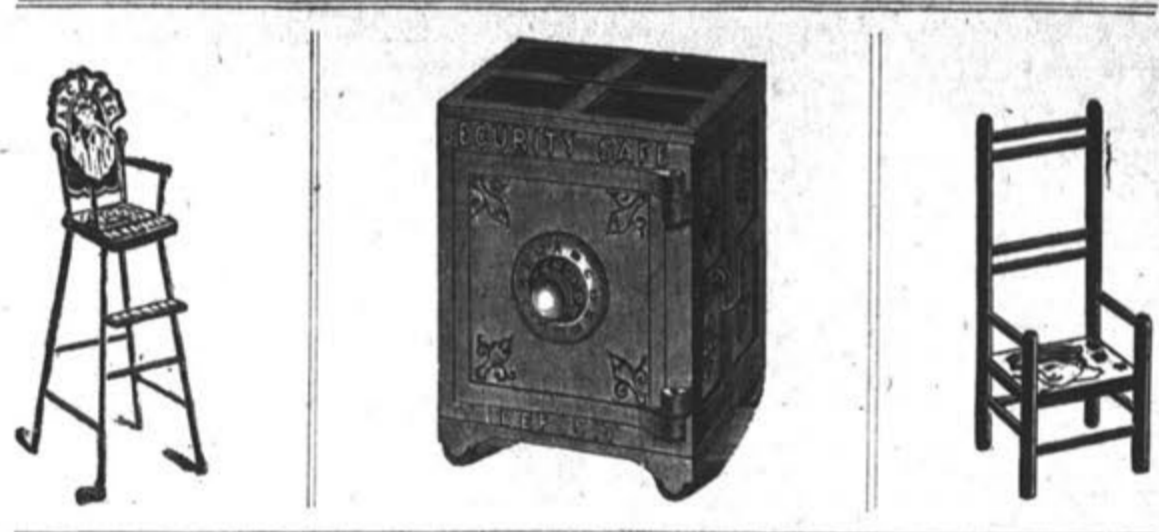
Lumber Yard.
The I. Stephenson Co.
GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

LUMBER
LATH AND SHINGLES.

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.
ESCANABA, MICH.

Flour - Feed
Flour and Feed
Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.

The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of family flour, and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods fresh.
C. MALONEY & CO.
Flour and Feed
Fogarty HAY, FLOUR and FEED
600 Ludington St.
Best Quality at Reasonable Prices


Dry Goods and Carpets.
TOYS TOYS TOYS
Of Every Description at
ED. ERICKSON'S

We have just received a large and complete assortment of goods for the HOLIDAY TRADE which we offer for sale at popular prices. Call and inspect our stock before buying your Christmas presents.
ED. ERICKSON.

Printing.
The sure way to get good printing is to take it to THE IRON PORT office, which is conduced by the leading business men to do the best work.

Cloaks and Jackets.
DON'T READ THIS UNLESS YOU WANT

\$5.00 Cloak for \$2.50
\$7.50 " " \$3.75
\$10.00 " " \$5.00
\$15.00 " " \$7.50
\$22.00 " " \$11.00
\$30.00 " " \$15.00

The Deepest Cut That Has Ever Been Made
On Swell, Up-to-Date Jackets and Cloaks.
Just One-Half Price Until Xmas.
M. A. BURNS.

Crockery.

There's a Pleased Expression
on the face of everybody who sees what we are now offering in the crockery department. Many bits of daintiness—often rare daintiness from over the sea—are now on sale at prices that are unusual even for the common sorts, because we want to make stock-adjustments and have everything ready for the new arrivals for the Holiday business. These prices ought to induce buying for future needs.
Frank H. Atkins & Co.,
402-404 Ludington St.

Personal Pointers

The C. M. R. C. meet at the home of Mrs. Elliot on Tuesday evening, at which meeting the following program was rendered. Roll call answered by quotations; Reading of the minutes; Bible Reading, Mrs. Wickert; Ancient History Greece; Miscellaneous, Pleading of a Soul, Mrs. Wall; Paper, Alexander The Great, Mrs. Wickert; Greek Literature and Philosophy, Mrs. Rooney; Questions answered and distributed.

Donations for the poor (consisting of groceries, dry goods, fruit, etc.) will be received in the basement of St. Joseph's church on next Thursday (Dec. 24). The same will be distributed by the Ladies Aid Society. Persons donating are earnestly requested to have their donations in the basement by 1 o'clock, as the ladies want to deliver them before dark.

Holy Family court of the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters held its first anniversary last Monday evening. A gold cross was presented to Mrs. Geo. Hughes, chief officer of the court during the preceding year, and the evening was pleasantly spent. The court is prosperous.

Irvin Despins has a verdict against the St. Paul Railway Co. for \$11,000 for the loss of a leg but the case will go to the supreme court of Wisconsin. He can't touch the stuff yet.

H. B. Horton, for the Chamberlain Medicine Co., called on The Iron Port Wednesday. He transferred the agency of the Chamberlain medicines to Groos & Son.

Adam Reis, of Rapid River, had a fast ride down Ludington street Wednesday, his horse having become ungovernable, and a spill at the end, but not much hurt.

W. H. Hill, of Manistique, will remove to Menominee on the 1st proximo to take the general management of a couple of lumber concerns there.

Owen Curran was in town Tuesday. He has dropped 150 pounds of superfluous flesh and looks as tough as whipcord.

Henry Armstrong, conductor on the Northwestern, is down with an attack of pneumonia at his home in Green Bay.

Louis Jerome, of Rapid River, and Wm. Bonetas, of Garden, visited the county seat Wednesday.

Mrs. C. J. Carlson has this week visited her parents in this city. Her residence is Munising.

Dr. Minahan, of Green Bay, was called hither Wednesday as counsel in the case of John Cotterill.

J. F. Redfield, of Green Bay, and C. J. Byrnes, of Hermansville, were in town Tuesday.

H. H. Winde and A. Beeson, of Baldwin, were in town on business Wednesday.

Mrs. J. F. Carey has been quite ill during the past ten days but is convalescent. Clayton Voorhis, of Gladstone, was in town on business last Tuesday.

P. C. McGowen's family has joined him, at Munising, this week.

Mrs. McRae is very low again and her condition critical.

Postmaster Hartnett was in Detroit Wednesday.

The exercises of the Methodist Sunday School will be held in the church Thursday evening. There will be a Christmas tree and a program rendered by the school. No admission fee will be charged but a collection will be taken.

The next lecture of the course managed by the M. E. people will be given by Prof. Goodrich, the subject to be "On Horseback through Palestine." Further announcement in due season.

Fr. Barth, of Stephenson, visited Fr. Meenard, of Ste. Anne's, last Monday. Fr. Barth will preach in Ste. Anne's Christmas eve.

Geo. J. Farnsworth has resigned the supervision of Nahma township and M. J. McGee has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

G. M. West and his family departed for their winter home, St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, Wednesday evening.

Peter Baker, of Ford River, was in town on Tuesday last in apparent good health and spirits.

R. L. Hull departed last Sunday evening to winter at his old home in Connecticut.

Frank Atkins is down with typhoid fever and is a very sick man, but is doing well.

"Monty" Chamberlain wants the position now occupied by Hon. John Power. Rev. Mr. Fraser, presiding elder, occupied the Methodist pulpit last Sunday.

Miss Kate Fogarty has returned from an extended visit in Minnesota.

John Ward and wife departed Monday to visit at Chicago.

Dr. Todd lectured at Manistique last Monday evening.

Ole Gunderson made a trip with his boat Thursday.

Miss May Miller, of Ashland, is visiting in this city.

The M. E. church was packed to the doors Monday night and every one present enjoyed a treat. Hon. Washington Gardner told the story of "the struggle for Chattanooga" in his inimitable style. Fred Olmsted having vacated the supervision of Garden by removal from the township, Wm. Kauffman has been appointed to succeed him.

O. T. Holland left this forenoon for Escanaba where he will soon take unto himself a wife and shortly after New Year remove to Chicago to live.—North Star.

B. A. Hall, of Milwaukee, representative of the Racine Wagon and Carriage

Co., visited his customers here Monday and Tuesday and "stocked them up." Rev. C. O. Glauder, who went from here to Marinette, now goes to a church at South Stillwater, Minn.

Mrs. Schram has returned from a visit at Munising and her daughter, Mrs. Marcus, accompanied her.

Counselor Donovan, of Gladstone, and his daughter were Escanaba visitors on Thursday.

Hon. O. B. Fuller reached home, from a visit at Lansing and Detroit, last Tuesday.

Dan McCarthy is at home again, having been employed some months at Chicago.

Misses McDonald and Botsier, of Gladstone, "shopped" in this city Tuesday.

Michael Olive and Miss Mary Cote were married by Justice Brown last Monday. A. H. Fuller, of Oshkosh, and A. Sant, of Menominee, were in town Tuesday.

Ben. Douglass and Mary Lagrange, of Barkville are licensed to marry.

Mrs. Geo. Douglass, of Barkville, visited here Tuesday.

John Christie was at Green Bay Wednesday.

P. C. McGowen, of Escanaba, has been in town for the past week. He is in Munising with a view of getting an electric light franchise.—Munising Republican.

The officers of the A. O. H. for the ensuing year are J. S. Doherty president, J. E. Patton, vice-president, N. C. Gallagher, treasurer and John Colbert secretary.

The ladies of the order of the Eastern Star propose to give a series of parties. If you are bidden regard it as a compliment and attend.

Mrs. Egan, of Marquette, has this week visited her sister, Mrs. B. D. Winegar.

G. W. Le Faver and wife, of Gladstone, visited at Green Bay Wednesday.

Erick Olson has sold his business at Barkville to A. Beeson, Sr.

Congressman Stephenson will be at home on Christmas.

Harry Thompson has returned from a visit at Green Bay.

Ben Cholette, of Shafter, was in town Thursday.

Allen Tyrrell has gone home for the holidays.

Robert Hastie is dangerously ill.

St. Joseph's court, C. O. F. has chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: Chief ranger, J. M. Hartnett; vice chief ranger, F. J. Defnit; recording secretary, Ed. F. Bolger; financial secretary, M. Donovan; treasurer, Q. R. Hessel; trustees, John Ryan, J. Delorier and E. M. StJacques.

A. S. Warn and wife entertained a few of their friends Thursday evening, the occasion being the 40th anniversary of their marriage.

W. W. McQueen is now a benedict, having been married to Miss Jennie Chester, of Portage, Wis.

Edmund Heath and Ethel L. Fritz, of Gladstone, were married, in this city, Thursday evening.

Hugh Robertson went to Chicago last week to undergo a second operation upon his eye.

T. Killian visited in Escanaba township, with the family of Dan Carroll, this week.

T. B. White was called to Milwaukee this week on professional business.

Eddie Boddy has a broken arm and a scalp wound but is doing nicely.

Miss Matie Marston, who has been quite ill, is now convalescent.

David McGirr has moved into town, from Escanaba township.

Gus Nelson's little daughter has bronchitis—a sharp attack.

Henry Bartman, of Sack Bay, visited here this week.

Mel. Young is at home again after a visit outside.

Casper Bartley is down with la grippe.

City Short-Notes.

The lover can send his sweetheart no more acceptable present at Christmas than a "box" of laces, and he can find them at Greenhoo's.

"A good wagon road up the Escanaba river for fifteen or twenty miles" is suggested for the consideration of the county road commissioners.

Save money by buying Jewelry and Silverware for the holidays of H. M. Abenstein, corner of Ludington and Charlotte streets.

Herrmann, the magician, is dead. He was 52 years old.

Escanaba Township Treasurer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of Escanaba township that the rolls are now in my hands and their taxes due and payable. I will be at my residence in said township every Friday during the month of December to receive payment. JOHN LAWRENCE, Treas.

First Nat. Bank of Escanaba, Mich.

The annual meeting of the stock holders of this bank for the election of directors will be held at the banking house on Tuesday, January 12th, 1897, between the hours of ten a. m. and two p. m. R. LYMAN, Cashier.

Wells Township Treasurer's Notice.

The tax-rolls for Wells township are now in my hands for collection and I will be at the office of the I. Stephenson Co. every week day during the month of December to receive payment of taxes. R. E. McLEAN, Treasurer.

Stove Wood for Sale.

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

Call and Settle At Once.

All persons indebted to F. Sheedlo & Son are requested to call and settle their accounts at once. F. SHEEDLO & SON.

Municipal Gossip.

Major C. T. Pieton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Pieton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Groos & Son, Druggists.

The "saloon-question"—that is whether or not the law regulating the sale of liquor shall be enforced—is now agitating the Gladstonians.

The husband will find at Greenhoo Brothers' just the article to please his wife on Christmas morning and it won't cost him a fortune to buy it, either.

The only really swell perfumes, in endless variety, at Sourwine & Hartnett's two stores.

The twelfth annual issue of the Columbia Pad Calendar has made its appearance in more pleasing form than ever before, having scattered through its daily leaves many charming illustrations, with an appropriate thought or verse for each day in the year. Among the topics are bicycling, outdoor life, and good roads. The cycling fraternity, to say nothing of the general public, has acquired a decidedly friendly feeling for the Columbia Calendar, and its annual advent is always looked forward to with interest and pleasure.

Latest: Books that are talked about at Sourwine & Hartnett's two stores.

Hankchiefs and Mufflers are always acceptable holiday gifts and Greenhoo Brothers' have a splendid line to choose from.

We make the Mat Surface Photos and at ruinous Prices. All work first class and at half Prices. Come early and save your money. Wixson & Son.

Over 7,000,000,000 feet of logs have been floated down the Menominee river during the past 20 years. There are at least 4,000,000,000 feet of all kinds of timber standing in the pineries to-day that is tributary to this river. A goodly part of this amount will probably be cut along the railroads penetrating the forests, but Menominee mills will saw lumber many years yet.—Herald.

Call at Greenhoo Brothers' for Christmas presents—useful as well as ornamental.

F. Sheedlo & Son are offering everything in harnesses, robes, whips, blankets, bells, driving mittens, etc., at special prices until Jan. 1st.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robin-

son says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Groos & Son, Druggists.

The Soo sets a good example: An ordinance prohibiting the throwing of snow balls on the streets of the city has been passed, and will take effect Dec. 30. The penalty for a violation of the ordinance is \$20, or ninety days in jail, or both, in the discretion of the justice.

A heavy double harness for \$30 at F. Sheedlo & Son's, former price \$40. A \$20 single harness for \$14. A \$12 harness for \$9.00. All guaranteed the best on the market. F. Sheedlo & Son.

Silver novelties never before seen in Escanaba at Sourwine and Hartnett's.

The Soo News, telling the story of the persecution of C. W. Danton, at Manistique, thus characterizes one of our "limbs of the law": "a young whipper-snapper, jackanape of a pettyfogger, named Cancy, of Escanaba, who had been sent for by the mobbers," which is not polite language.

The old dry-goods emporium, Greenhoo's, is loaded with goods suitable for holiday presents to which the attention of all is invited.

Educate the people, old and young, with good books and cameras. Buy them at Mead's.

Books that have made their authors famous at Sourwine & Hartnett's two stores.

The Upper Peninsula Medical Society will meet in this city on the 12th day of February, 1897.

For the relief of the poor of the city only \$192 was expended in November. Not a bad showing by any means.

The city council met on Tuesday evening last, audited bills, re-enacted an ordinance which was not binding by reason of an irregularity in its original passage, heard Director Warn's report and adjourned.

Why not be sensible and buy a book for Xmas. Any book in the market furnished by Mead at Chicago prices.

Peter Rule was accidentally killed at the Pewabic mine Wednesday afternoon.

Don't fool away your money on toys, but buy a camera for \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 or more and you will be happy. Mead.

If you want to be able to discuss the latest books, see Sourwine & Hartnett's two stores.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind., Ter., Banner, when his little girl, two years of age was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for a doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Groos & Son, Druggists.

Ladies' Initial Watches, latest thing out at Sourwine & Hartnett's.

Drugs and Medicines.

To Those Who Want the Best.

In the line of Drugs we are headquarters for everything, and wish to impress upon the minds of all that we retire to no rear seat in the rush for business. Our goods are warranted to be *Pure, Fresh, Crisp and Sparkling* While for accuracy—well we are positively accurate and that's all there is to it. Come and see.

J. N. Mead, Druggist.

Groceries and Provisions.

GROCERIES

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

PURE IN QUALITY

CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

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

509 Ludington St.

A. H. Rolph

Groceries.



"SUGAR AND SPICE

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

Frank H. Atkins & Co.,

402-404 Ludington St.

Bottled Beer.

The Escanaba Brewing Company's

BOTTLED BEER

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

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT.

Contractors and Builders.

KEMP & WILLIAMS

Window and Doors, Store Fronts, Bar Fixtures, Etc.

Balustrade work, Turning, Band Sawing, Etc. Plans furnished and contracts taken Shop and office corner Charlotte and Hale. Escanaba, Mich.

Groceries and Provisions.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

A Large and Complete Line Always in Stock.

Cor. Hale and George Sts

E. M. ST. JACQUES.

Now is the time : :

to buy

Perfumery

ELLSWORTH

Will sell at reduced prices until Christmas.

Our regular lines, comprising all the best makes, usually sold at 50c per ounce, will go at 38c. Our package goods in proportion. Remember we lead in this line.

Our stock of Fancy Packages for the Holiday

Trade is the largest in the city.

ELLSWORTH'S DRUG STORE

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the carrier, whether directed to do so or whether it is a copy or not, is responsible for the paper. The courts have decided that when the carrier is directed to deliver the paper to the subscriber, the carrier is responsible for the paper, and the subscriber is not.

"ATWEEN THE LIGHTS."

When twilight stealing softly down
The far-off eastern hills
Lingers in shadows cool and brown
Beside the woodland rills,
Before the evening lamp is lit,
In the pleasant gleaming hour,
A witching spell—I love it well—
Ensnarers me with its power.
I gaze with yearning heart afar,
Through the deep and tender blue,
And the first pure lily even star
Seems a lamp to light me through,
Beyond the curtain which hath hid
Long from my eager eyes
The peaty streams with silver gleams,
And the hills of Paradise.
And I catch a glimpse of the shining feet
That walk the heavenly way,
Is it fancy alone that the golden street
I can plainly see to-day?
And my loved ones, clad in snowy robes,
On the Master's errands sent,
Who to and fro with glad steps go?
To my heart it brings content.
Thank God for life with its busy hours
Of earnest hopeful toil;
Thank Him who gives these varied pow-
ers—
This world with fruitful soil,
But oh, how sweet the even song
At the close of the weary day,
When in peaceful prayer each cumbering
care
May be thankfully laid away.
Thank God for the hopes that gird our
hearts
With courage and love and faith;
Courage to meet earth's keenest darts
And to conquer the grim foe, Death—
Faith, in patience and love, to wait
Till, after this earthly night,
In Paradise for our longing eyes,
Our "Faith shall be lost in sight."
—Meta E. B. Thorne, in Banner of Gold.

TWO MEN AND A MAID.

I.
"Why don't you tell Louis of his cousin's persistent attention to you?" asked Mme. Dupuis of her daughter Hortense, as they stood opposite each other before their easels, copying two of the old paintings in the Louvre gallery.
"Why should I annoy Louis, who is quite jealous enough without any provocation?" said Hortense.
"Louis is a lazy, incompetent, unworthy fellow," remarked the mother, "and will not earn all his life as much as Louis makes in a year."
"Poor Jules. He cannot sell his pictures," said Hortense.
"Louis had no such ambitions!" exclaimed Mme. Dupuis. "His mother placed him in an office when he was 15, now he is only 26 and he is the confidential manager of Henri Constant & Company, with an income of 20,000 francs, the chance of making as much more with his own commerce, and the prospect of becoming a partner. On the other hand, his rascal of a cousin never thinks of beginning a picture while he has a napoleon left from the sale of his previous one."
Hortense merely said: "Poor Jules," and went on with her painting.
Mme. Dupuis was a widow with a moderate amount of rents, which she and Hortense augmented by painting copies of the old masters in the Louvre for English and American tourists, who were more inclined to buy such under the empire than they seem to be now that France has a republican form of government, though why the constitutional changes should act upon the independent rule of art is difficult to say.
A few months from that morning when Hortense and her mother were talking over their work, the world was to see the beginning of that great crisis from which France has not yet recovered. The terrors of conscription are only too truly emphasized when the hazard of the drawing is really a game of life and death, when the augmentation of a country's soldiers is rendered needful by the imminence of war. Such was the case in France on the eve of the Franco-German struggle. All the reserves were called out, and the empire prepared for the mighty combat with its redoubtable antagonist.
Jules Lemoine walked into the office of his cousin Louis. His visits had been rarer enough at the bureau of his prosperous relative, whose success embittered the feelings of his needy and irregular cousin, but Louis had never quite broken off association with the painter.
"Good morning, M. Louis," said Jules, somewhat flippantly, "I have dared to intrude upon your valuable moments to bid you good-by."
"Good-by?" echoed Louis, inquiringly, as he looked up from his correspondence. "Have you some commission abroad?"
"I have a commission to paint the fields of Germany blood-red," answered Jules, boastfully; "at least," he added, "I have no commission, being only of the rank and file, but that is the work I am going to execute."
"Oh, yes," said Louis, "you were drawn two years ago."
"Our corps is now called out, and I join to-morrow," explained Jules. "I think you paid for a substitute."
"Yes," answered the other; "it was not such an expensive proceeding then as it would be now; I am surprised that you did not study your conveniences in the same way."
"I had no money to spare," said Jules; "besides, what did it matter to me whether I was handling a brush or wielding a rifle? A poor beggar with nothing to live for may console himself that he has a country to die for."
"A country gains by a citizen's life, not by his death. A man who extends the commerce of his fellow-countrymen into foreign markets is more of a patriot than he who writes his country's name in blood upon the stranger's soil."
"As any rate, his life is more comfortable and remunerative," said Jules. "As for myself, M. Dupuis has made life valueless for me."

Louis' eyes flashed for a second, then the lids fell, and he replied quietly: "I do not see how Mme. Dupuis can have affected your life."
"Do you wish to see, Louis Lemoine?" asked the other. "In the same way that you have done; you have blighted my life by thwarting my love."
"Please do not talk nonsense," said Louis. "Do you think that your love was hindered in its fulfillment by either Mme. Dupuis or myself? Do you think that a young lady like Hortense, whose existence has never been in discord with the refinements of her social surroundings, could ally herself with—" he was about to say "a vagabond," but he corrected himself and added—"a Bohemian like you?"
"She may not have the same contempt for me that you have for your father's nephew," said Jules. "Well, it does not matter much now, at any rate for the present. We shall see if I return with my shield or upon it. Meanwhile, do not think that you know all the secrets of Hortense's heart."
Then he strode out of the office, leaving his cousin with another sudden accession of passion, which only cooled down into suspicion and discontent.
What secrets did Hortense confide to Jules which she did not tell her lover? Thus she has enabled this man to boast of an intimacy which she ought not to have accorded to him.
He would have questioned Hortense on the subject that very day, but she and her mother had gone to England on a visit to a relative who had made that country his home. He did not care to write to her on such an indefinite statement as that suggested by Jules, who, after all, might be only bragging and lying. Then Lemoine applied himself to the details of commerce once more, and tried to forget his previous annoyance.
The next morning Jules, decked in his regimentals, entered his cousin's office again. He was flushed and excited, and had evidently been pledging his friends of the studio in bidding them good-by.
"I have brought that letter from Hortense," he said, as he flung a paper on Louis' table.
For a moment Louis was about to return it to Jules unread, but his jealousy checked his good impulse, and he opened and read the note which his cousin had brought. As Louis grasped the meaning of the words he turned pale, but, controlling his feelings as he handed the paper back to his cousin, he merely said:
"Such a confidence, I think, should hardly have been placed in a man who can so readily violate it."
Then he turned his back upon Jules, who strutted out with a tipsy defiance, and prepared himself for his departure to join his corps by a few more farewell glances with his friends.
This, then, was the secret of Hortense which he had that day learned. Her love was for Jules, but her mother had compelled her to accept the rich cousin and repulse the poor one. Should he write to Hortense and upbraid her for her insincerity? How could he do so when he had hardly respected himself in reading the letter unaddressed to him?
Each moment the thought of the faithlessness of Hortense augmented his anger and roused a desperate craving for action. The next morning he informed Constant & Co. that he must retire from his office, as it was his intention to join the ranks of the French army as a private soldier.
"My dear Lemoine," said Henri Constant, "this is simply Quixotic. The war is not one of self-defense, but one of ambition."
Louis was resolute, however, in his plan of action.
"Well," sighed Henri Constant, "if you are decided, there's an end. We must give you a year's leave, though goodness knows how we shall conduct the business without you."
Louis smiled bitterly.
II.
In the last year of the empire, as in the final days of the previous one, haste and precipitation took the place of care and caution; the soldiers were rushed through their drills with as little attention as was applied to their kits, the one object in view being that of having a large army to take the field as soon as war should have been declared; the provisions indispensable for the campaign were considered as duly supplied, on the strength of those official returns which were accepted as unimpeachable, the supplies of the ammunition itself being almost taken as a matter of course.
All this was too soon realized before the fatal month of August had but little more than half run its course, each day bringing the outnumbered Frenchmen nearer to their doom in the disastrous year of 1870.
The defeats of Gravelotte and Metz had compelled the retreat of the forces into Metz, leaving many of the wounded to the promiscuous attention of the victors. Without asserting that they were worse cared for than were those wounded on the conquering side, it is certain that the French soldiers who were left on the field had a very bad time of it. In the crowded shelters which were improvised as hospitals, the dangers that were not the least terrible arose from gangrene and pyæmia, and the symptoms of these fatal developments quickly doomed their sufferers to the inferno o'er which might have been written the dread warning: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here."
Among the crowd of the doomed victims of the lust of empire and the pride of power, were two French soldiers hurried in with the rest. One had suffered amputation of both his legs, the other had been the victim of a breast contusion, caused from the fragment of an exploding shell, and was in peril from the shock, rather than from the gravity of the effects of the wound, which could not be considered serious.
In any case he had been brought to

that pest house hastily and improperly, for there was no sign of gangrene of blood poisoning in his symptoms.
As the former rolled his head from side to side upon the straw spread over the earth of the shed where he lay, his eyes fell upon the form of his neighbor. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "am I mad? Louis Lemoine, for you must be, how do I find you a comrade of this accursed place?"
For a moment the other was struck silent in his astonishment.
"Jules," he at last gasped, "do we meet under such a cloud of misery? What you revealed to me made life unendurable, and the day after you left me I volunteered into the service in which I had already supplied a substitute. I wanted to die."
The heaving chest of Jules, who was past all physical suffering, betrayed a mental torture.
"Louis," he stammered, "forgive me; I shall soon have to plead for pardon elsewhere. I was envious of all your good fortune. I felt that but for you Hortense might be mine. When I saw you so safe and prosperous and happy the devil got possession of my heart. I went away and wrote the letter which I showed you. It was not written by Hortense. I used one of her notes to me to copy her writing. It was a forgery!"
As if suddenly electrified, Louis sprang from the straw with the impulse of vengeance in his soul. But as he looked at the poor dying wretch who was of the same blood as his, compassion conquered anger, and, stooping down, he kissed him and whispered: "I forgive."
It was only in time. The excitement had exhausted the little strength of the moribund soldier, who sank down in his wretched bed, closing his life with penitence and confession. Like a dreaming man, Louis left this Walhalla of misery, where the heroes changed their shouts for groans and shrieks of agony. No one took much account of those helpless men, and thus Louis emerged from the place unnoticed, and mixed with others who were prisoners like himself, wounded and hors de combat, awaiting the outcome of events which they could no longer influence. If all had such heavy grief at heart as he had, Heaven help them!
More than a year had passed when Mme. Dupuis and her daughter returned to Paris to find their home wrecked during the rule of the commune, and at last to put themselves in communication with their own countrymen. They had heard from Henri Constant, in reply to their inquiry, that Louis had joined the army, but the disorders of the year had prevented any further communication with him.
"I regret, ladies," said Henri Constant, "that we have no news of Lemoine. He was missing after Gravelotte, and I fear that he must have been left upon the field of battle."
As Hortense heard the words that doomed her life, the color left her cheek and she would have swooned to the floor, had she not been caught in the arms of Louis, who entered that moment.
"Ah, Louis," she said, "where have you been and why is it that you have kept silent so long a time?"
"Dearest," he whispered, "it is a secret of the dead. M. Constant," he went on, "I have been a double prisoner, held by illness and the enemy. I have exceeded my leave, I am afraid, but I won't ask for another until I am married."—Spare Moments.
The Importance of Care.
Here are three stories, all vouched for as true, which emphasize the importance of care in writing: A Cincinnati grocer's house found that cranberries had risen to six dollars per bushel. The purchasing clerk immediately sent this note by the firm's teamster: "One hundred bushels per Simons." (Simons was the driver's name). The well-meaning correspondent thought the scrawl read, "One hundred bushels per simmons," and boys were straightway set to work, for persimmons were plentiful. The wagon made its appearance next day loaded down with 80 bushels. The remaining 20 bushels were to follow the next day, and when the correspondent found out his mistake he angrily demanded why the order did not read by Simons? An English gentleman, in writing to a Lincolnshire friend, mentioned the latter's kindness to him, and said he should soon send him a suitable "equivalent." The friend read the word "elephant," and immediately built a handsome barn for the reception of his elephantine majesty. But much to his surprise a barrel of oysters was the "equivalent."—Harper's Round Table.
More Valuable Dead Than Alive.
Sir Wymas Reid tells a story redolent of a grim shrewdness characteristic of many Novocastrians: "There was a worthy, long since forgotten, in my time, who was a prototype of Rogue Riderhood in 'Our Mutual Friend.' He was known as Cuckoo Jack, and he lived upon the Tyne in a well-patched old boat, picking up any trifle that came his way from a derelict corpse. One day an elderly and most estimable Quaker of Newcastle, in stepping from a river steambot to the quay, slipped and fell into the stream. Cuckoo Jack was at hand with his boat and quickly rescued the luckless friend and landed him dripping on the quay. The good man drew half a crown from his pocket and solemnly handed it to his preserver. Jack eyed the coin for a moment with lack-luster gaze, spat upon it solemnly 'for luck,' and, having placed it safely in his pocket, said, in a matter-of-fact tone of the soaked Quaker: 'Man, Ah'd her gotten five shillin' for iakin' ye to the deadhouse.'"—London Telegraph.
A Risk.
"My dear," expostulated his wife, "why will you eat such a hearty breakfast on Sunday morning? You know you are almost sure to have a nightmare in church?"—Detroit Tribune.

THE MOON'S WANDERINGS.
Some Astronomical Information for the Uninitiated.
To explain the remarkable variations in the place of the moon during different months we must consider the effect of the inclination of the ecliptic to the earth's equator. The ecliptic is the path in which the sun appears to circle the heavens once every year.
The ecliptic crosses the plane of the equator at two opposite points, called the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. The sun arrives at the vernal equinox about the 21st of March, and at the autumnal equinox about the 21st of September. During the interval the sun is north of the equator, and consequently its path lies high in the heavens as seen from our hemisphere. But during the other half of the year, while it is passing from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, the sun is south of the equator, and its path consequently runs low in our heavens.
Now the moon travels around the earth in a plane not very much inclined (only five degrees and eight minutes) to the path of the sun. But the sun takes 12 months to circle the heavens while the moon takes less than one month. Accordingly at one time we find the moon near the sun, and about two weeks later just opposite the sun.
It is clear that when the moon is near the sun, as at new moon, it will be north of the equator if the sun is north, and south if the sun is south. But when the moon is opposite the sun, as at full moon, it will be north of the equator if the sun is south, and south if the sun is north.
We have just seen that from autumn until spring the sun is south of the equator. It follows that in winter the full moon will be north of the equator, and will run high in the sky. On the other hand, during the summer, when the sun is north of the equator, the full moon will be south of it and will run low in the sky. Some variation is produced by the inclination of the ecliptic, but this inclination, being small, may be neglected in a general explanation.
In consequence of its eastward motion around the earth the moon rises, on the average, about 41 minutes later every day. This interval is called the daily retardation. It is shortened or lengthened according to what part of the ecliptic the moon is near. In the latitude of New York the interval may vary in length between twenty-three minutes and one hour and seventeen minutes.
The retardation is greatest when the moon's path is steepest to the horizon, and least when the path has the smallest inclination.
The latter condition occurs, with respect to the full moon, about the time of the autumnal equinox. At that season the full moon travels in a path very little inclined to the horizon, and so, for several evenings in succession, will rise at nearly the hour of sunset. This is called the harvest moon. The next following full moon in October also has its path but little inclined and its retardation shortened, and is called the hunter's moon.
Some persons suppose that the crescent of the new moon promises wet or dry weather according as its horns are so inclined that the hollow between them looks as though it could or could not hold water. Of course there is no relation between the weather and the position of the new moon's horns. The inclination of the new moon can readily be accounted for, at any time, when we bear in mind the fact that a line drawn from tip to tip of the horns must always be at right angles to the direction of the sun.—Youth's Companion.

LUXURIES FOR THE INSANE.
If They Have Money Their Expensive Tastes Are Indulged.
Although as a rule patients in an asylum for the insane differ little in their habits from the ordinary run of rational persons, some have queer fads, especially in the matter of diet. One male patient in the Bloomingdale asylum at White Plains, N. Y., insists upon having an omelet every morning for breakfast and refuses to eat anything until he is given one.
A female patient declines to eat food which is not brought to her in the original package, so she may open it herself. After it is opened, she insists upon keeping the contents constantly under her supervision. She will eat none but raw eggs, breaking the shell herself. She eats oranges and bananas only when allowed to peel them herself. She imagines that her food will be poisoned unless she protects herself in this way.
In a large asylum like Bloomingdale there is always a number of patients that imagine that their food will be poisoned, and consequently flatly refuse to eat. All the food such patients get has to be passed through a tube into their stomachs. One woman at Bloomingdale imagines that on account of some great sin which she has committed all her food is cursed and she has to be artificially fed.
There is no restriction on a patient's diet if he can afford to satisfy his whims, except to keep him within the bounds of hygienic law. Many of the inmates, reared in luxury, have champagne appetites, and they do not go unsatisfied if they have money enough to pay for wine. A small supply of champagne is always kept at the asylum. Not infrequently the friends of the wealthy patients visit them and bring lunch and champagne, which are often served in the patient's private apartment, but always under the supervision of an asylum attendant.
Many patients demand rare game in season and often out of season, and they get it if they can afford it. Some also have extravagant tastes in cigars, and while a 15-cent cigar is the best kept in stock at the asylum, the authorities place no restriction on friends sending in cigars of any grade. Cigars and smoking tobacco are scheduled as luxuries and are charged to the patients who use them.—N. Y. World.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents

LABOR NOTES.

Shiploads of wheat are leaving California for Sydney.

Small merchants of Toronto have combined to fight department stores.

The label of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union is now used by 19 factories.

A young woman in St. Louis has opened a cooperative dining-room for members of her sex.

Associated retail liquor dealers of Duluth agreed to handle only union label cigars.

Miners in the Monogahela valley threaten to strike unless their wages are advanced.

More than 600,000 cotton spindles have been added to the cotton facilities of Japan in less than a year.

Textile workers throughout the south are being unionized by American Federation of Labor organizers.

Nailmaking machines now produce as many nails in a given time as were formerly made by 1,000 men.

Six thousand African Kaffirs working in the Transvaal mines have struck work against a reduction of wages.

Of the 14,000 persons employed directly in the sugar industry in Queensland, 8,000 are composed of Japs, Kanakas and Chinese.

A project of the managers of the St. Louis house of refuge to start a weekly paper and teach inmates the printing trade is being bitterly opposed by organized labor.

Texas.

In the Agricultural line, Texas leads all other states in the variety of its products. Cotton, corn and the cereals grow and are raised in every section of the state and in the central and southern portions sugar cane and sorghum are profitably cultivated. On the Gulf Coast two and three crops of vegetables are raised each year. Berries are shipped six weeks in advance of the home crop in the north. Peas, peaches, plums, oranges, figs, olives and nuts are sold daily and can be marketed from two to three weeks in advance of the California crops. Large quantities of rice are now grown.

If the land seeker, the home seeker and the settler desires to secure a farm larger than he can occupy, on vastly more reasonable terms, if he wants more land to cultivate, a greater variety of crops to harvest, with proportionately increased remuneration, as a less outlay for cost of production; if he wants an earlier season with correspondingly higher prices; if he wants milder winters, all the year pastured on his stock, improved health, increased bodily comforts and wealth and prosperity, he should go to Texas.

Send for pamphlet descriptive of the resources of this great state (mailed free). Low rate Homeseekers excursions via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway on Nov. 23rd and 17th, Dec. 1st and 15th, 1896. H. A. CHURCHMAN, Northern Passenger Agent, 316 Marquette Building, Chicago.

No METAPHYSICIAN ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.—Colton.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.

On December 1 and 13, 1896, the North Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNOTCHEN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R'y., Chicago, Ill.


The devil can meet eloquence without trouble, but he has never been able to stand before love.—Rams' Horn.

WHILE man is growing life is in decrease, and cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.—Young.

BETTER times come to all cured of aches and pains by St. Jacobs Oil.

It is brave to overcome; it is saintly to endure.

Good times. Happy state. St. Jacobs Oil cures pain right up to date.



Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere extolled so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TRAVELS OF A DIME.

How It Returned to Its Original Owner After Five Years.

Curious Facts About Coins—What They See in Their Perpetual Wanderings—Hither Lately That They Can't Speak.

(COPYRIGHT, 1896.)

There is a ten-cent piece in the pocket of Edward Koppie, of Nunda, N. Y., that has had as odd an experience as ever befell a coin.

More than five years passed away, and Mr. Koppie had forgotten all about the little ten-cent piece.

It is estimated by persons who claim to have made a study of the subject that a silver coin, circulating under ordinary circumstances, must pass through the hands of a thousand persons before it shows the slightest signs

and theft—all the good and evil which human flesh is heir to. The chances are that it has itself entered into all of them.

JUST A BOY.

Lawrence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Boyhood Life in New York.

He was not a very good boy, or a very bad boy, or a very bright boy, or an unusual boy in any way.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else; always doing for others.

She found plenty "to do with it," before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterwards; and The Boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift.

The Boy was red-headed and long-nosed even from the beginning; a shy, dreaming, self-conscious little boy,



Christmas Voices

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

The Many

Th' o'er-mastered voice of nature speaks. Th' o'er-burthened earth her ransom seeks.

All my songs are tuned to pleasure, To the dancing Lydian measure— Not of me is born the soul-commanding chief.

Strophe Second

Mother Isis, with the lotus blossom crowned, Shall earth's rescue in thy child beloved be found?

Anti-Strophe Second

Ye unhappy ones, no succor seek from me, I am pledged to death's unfruitful majesty.

The One

Then uprose the tender wailing of a child Which a maiden mother, merciful and mild,

The Three

From Orient's spicy groves we come; Beyond the desert lies our home

We journey far, and not of choice, In answer to a warning voice:

Strophe First

Give us comfort, Aphrodite, thou art fair, Lo! the sunbeams light the meshes of thy hair;

Anti-Strophe First

Nay—the joys I bring are ravishing, but brief, And my servants shun the lonely house of grief.



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THE GENIUS OF WOMAN.

A Tribute from a Man, and His Experience Speaks for His Feelings.

This is a tribute from a meek and lowly man to the genius of woman. He wishes to answer those men who sneer at women and their shopping.

In a shamefaced way he went to his cousin. He hated to do it. She is a little woman in a big house, with servants limited, children unlimited and a husband to govern.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, when her good-for-nothing cousin appeared with a long face.

He named his modest sum. "And who is there?"

"Well, there's Ella and Jen and Len, Tom—"and he gave her all the names which promptly went down on a slip of paper.

And on the second day following, that cousin, who had both transferred his responsibility and gained a good dinner, returned.

"Now, come in here," said that little woman, leading him to a room where arrayed in an order to make a fascinating display were a dozen and more Christmas gifts.

"And here," she said, putting something in his hand. It was seven dollars of change.

Europe's "Electric" Village. The most "electric" village in Europe is Boroboko, in Belgium, where a plant has been put in operation according to plans drawn by Prof. Schoentges, of Ghent.

Toughness of Spider Webs. A thread of spider web is tougher than a thread of silk of the same size.

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Meeting of the Waves of Travel by the Lion Rock of Old Gibraltar.

On the Way to the Riviera—Brilliant Costuming Displayed Against the Most Picturesque Kaleidoscope Background in the World.

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Gibraltar, Dec. 1.—"You were never in Morocco? You have never gambled? Here! Take this and play it for me! This is my address."

And the little old man with the bald head and bright, glittering eyes thrust a golden 20-franc piece into the hand of the Chicago lady.

The eager little man, whom many defeats have not taught disbelief in the proverbial good luck of beginners, was leaving the boat for a week in Spain before going on to woo the goddess once again.

In one way or another, by routes direct or roundabout it is to the Riviera we all are bound; and through the pent-up strait over which the Lion Rock of Gibraltar crouches in watch, we pour like the sand through the narrow neck of an hourglass.

It is the fashion to clip the body of a horse quite bare of hair, leaving the legs clothed, so that the animal seems standing in golf stockings.

Bare-kneed Highlanders, bare-shanked Moors, barefooted boys and

her costume breathes of London, though it never saw the British capital. It is a Paris frock, but Paris adapts herself to the tastes of her customers, and English women are nowhere so English as when they overlook the watch towers of Spain.

Among her guests is a young woman just from England and going on to India to marry a Calcutta colonel. She opens a budget of gossip from London, and wears one of her trousseau dresses, a splendid black satin brocade, figured with Danish red and olive, and worn with a Russian blouse of olive silk brightened by a draped belt of red velvet and yoke outlined with the same material.

A young girl with the exquisitely bright English complexion belongs to a trim yacht anchored in the harbor after a Mediterranean cruise. She is in gala dress of shot silk, glancing blue and black, and barred with lines of gray thrown together in clustered stripes.



"THERE ARE ALWAYS PRETTY GIRLS WHERE THERE ARE SOLDIERS."

bareheaded runners mingle in confusion; and against a background of these picturesque elements, two figures stand outlined.

There is the oriental woman, with her shuffling gait and her veil drawn over her face, as in the Biblical days. There is the clear-eyed English girl, whose face is toward the future, as her sister is toward the past.

There is powder on the face generally; the climate is uncertain and the drinking water is bad. But it is a face good to look upon and the clothing is worth more than a glance.

Bicycle riding there is none; horse-back riding much. The Calpe hunt, over the line in the Spanish hills, has given these fair women sure, firm seats in the saddle. Many of them use reversible saddles to correct any permanent curvature of the spine, so much as they afflict. The long skirt is no longer de rigueur. The skirt is short and fairly scant, clearing the boot tops, the hat is a derby, the collar a standing choker without the turnover points.

I may add that before leaving New York, where the riding season had just begun, I noted with pleasure the growing use of the short-skirted riding habit. I do not think we shall ever see the long-skirted riding suit again.

Good old New York! The name reminds me of the merry crew where-with I sailed a week ago. I do not think I saw on shipboard a novelty in costume save one—a deck rug sewn into the shape of a bag and fastened over with buttons.

It was fashioned out of dark brown and green plaid cloth, and when a brown eyed lady with a brown beef-eater hat aloft crawled into it and buttoned it with big tassel buttons with fringe on the rug, she looked more shipshape than the other damsels with wind blown skirts or dragging blankets. Of course there were girls in fascinators and girls in Capuchin hoods and girls in fuzzy wuzzy gray reefers; but then, there always are.

And there are always pretty girls where there are soldiers. In Gibraltar there are 5,000 of the latter, and the former are garrison pets to an extent impossible elsewhere. Think what any American town would be were one-quarter of its people soldiers.

Society on the rock is exclusively English, but the traveling American who is favored with introductions to the families of one or two of the British officer finds it very pleasant. Afternoon tea in one of the white villas on the Europa road is an experience to be remembered. Tea is served in a high-ceiled, white-walled room, hung with warm-colored Moorish draperies, and looking down through swinging lattices into the patio, or court, about which Gibraltar houses are built, like those of Spain. Gibraltar, it is to be remembered, is not Spain. The court is small, but green with geraniums, though it is December.

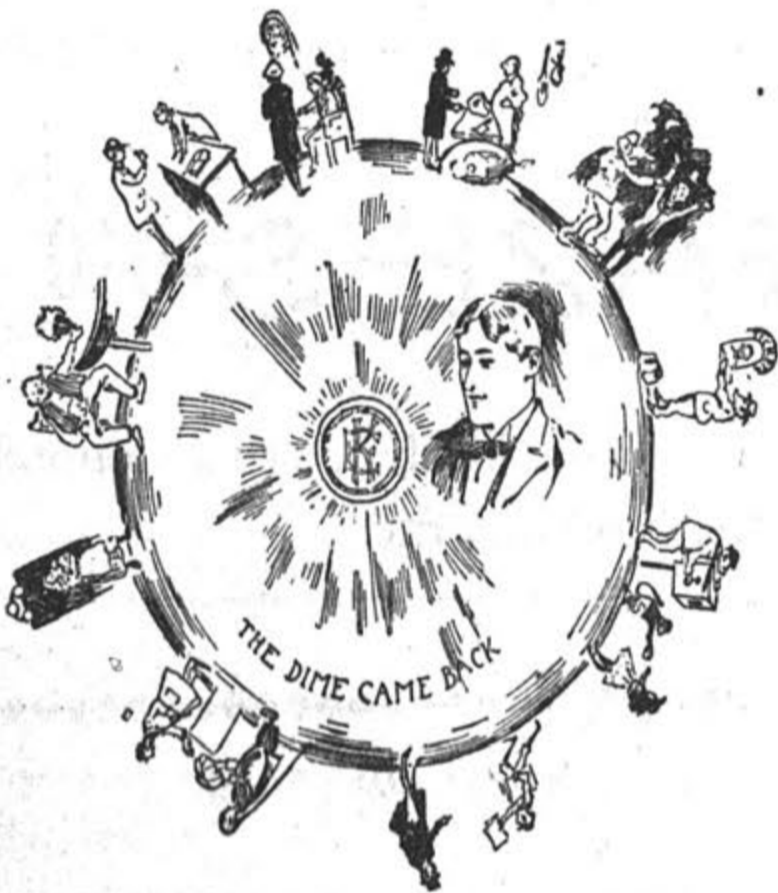
The hostess is an English lady and

cape fashion, give a pretty finish to the tight sleeves. Upon the curly blonde hair is a gray velvet turban with black feathers.

A captain's wife, petite, plump and pleasing, wears a flowered silk, that is, perhaps, better worth attention than any other gown in the room. It is a new weave that a French manufacturer is beginning to exploit, and that has not, so far as I am aware, yet crossed the stormy Atlantic. It is soft, lustrous and ribbed in waves, giving an effect more broken and rippling than the moires. In a warm brown tint it suits the wife of the captain. It is striped with gray, and against the stripes small pink flowers are thrown with dark green foliage. The skirt is cut narrow, according to recent ideas, scarcely four yards round. The bodice is novel and almost unique, with its blouse of gray silk, flowered with pink and green, its bolero of solid brown bordered with chinchilla and its belt of dark green velvet.

Down in the green garden, under the latticed windows, a fountain is playing, and beside the fountain a Barbary ape is tied. The ape is one of the tribe that from time immemorial have dwelt upon the Rock and are petted by the soldiers. After the tea and the biscuit have disappeared the guests go down among the geraniums. The ape chatters and the sun sifts down through the pepper trees, and presently it is time for a drive to the Alameda.

Domestic Life in Bethlehem. I went to Bethlehem several times, returning usually towards dusk. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men," as they are called—mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of labor in the east are from sunrise to sunset; and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed. I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about 15 feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows; and the window-sills were low and broad and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the walls, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a larger recess, perhaps two feet deep, three feet high and six feet long. Here were piled blankets, rugs and quilts, neatly folded. At night the rugs were spread on the floor and the family slept on them, using the blankets and quilts for covering. On great occasions a little circular table, about three feet across and one foot high, was used as a dining table.—McClure's Magazine.



THE DIME CAME BACK

of wear. The dime that Mr. Koppie started on its journey was considerably defaced when it returned to him.

While bank bills seem to generally circulate within prescribed limits, it is a curious fact that silver coin roams everywhere. So it is safe to say that this little piece of money has probably journeyed far more widely than ordinarily falls to the lot of human beings.

Again, taking as a basis of consideration the usual course of a piece of money, it is not at all impossible that the ten-cent piece has been in almost every kind of a store that is found in the ordinary city or village.

Owing to the prejudice against marked coin it is more than likely that this little dime has been the cause of endless subterfuge and trickery. It is quite likely it has often happened that the careless clerk in the drygoods or grocery store who received it for a spool of thread or some yeast cakes, has either had to replace the defaced dime with a good one, or smuggled it into the roll of change that went to the cashier.

Perhaps it may have been given to some poor woman by a clerk who was anxious to rid himself of the "bad" dime. It may have been, too, that it was almost the last dime the woman had, and that when she went to purchase food with it, what she desired was refused her, because the sort of money she offered was not acceptable.

Into the life of a human being enters not one-tenth part of the experience that fell to the lot of this bit of money. The dime has seen vice and virtue, poverty and wealth, charity and avarice, kindness and cruelty, honesty

made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red, and that his nose was long. At school, for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Red-Head," "Carrot-Top," or "Nosey."

His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children; and many of The Boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the eldest that he was likely to be spoiled; and consequently he was never praised, nor petted, nor coddled. He was always falling down, or dropping things, he was always getting into the way; and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except The Boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him, by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks, and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers-by pitied him as he walked in the streets; and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.—Lawrence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

Then Outspoke the Gallery Boy.

Here is a theatrical situation not down in the bills. In the third act of Rhea's new play the climax is based upon the sex of a new-born heir to Napoleon. If the expected arrival be a girl, Josephine will have reason to hope for a restoration of Napoleon's favor; if it be a boy, it means a new emperor for the French and the end of Josephine's hopes. The audience is told by the dialogue that when the event occurs it will be heralded by the booming of cannon; one shot if the heir of a girl and 21 if it be a boy. Suddenly the activity of the play is interrupted by a canon shot. After a moment of anxious silence, Josephine exclaims: "It is a girl! Thank God!" Then follows a second shot, as the cannon continues with the royal salute of 21 guns. At the second report Josephine's attendants, in consternation, exclaim: "A boy!" At the third a boy in the gallery, on the opening night, shouted: "Triplets, by golly!"—Boston Herald.

Bargain Day.

She tore a \$40 gown with many holes and rents. To get a quarter-dollar dish for three and twenty cents.

—Chicago Journal.

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Beef Steak, Chuck.....	7 1/2	Vienna.....	8 1/2
Beef Steak, Round.....	9	Pork Sausage.....	7
Beef Steak Chopped.....	10	Sausage Meat.....	7
Corn Beef Ribs.....	4	Boiled Ham pressed 12 1/2	15
Corn Beef Chuck.....	6	Pickled Pig's Feet.....	5
Pork Steak.....	7	Pig Pork boneless.....	8
Por Roast.....	7	Salt Pork, lean.....	8
Pork Chops.....	8	Boneless Ham.....	10
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Spare Ribs.....	6 1/2	Hams.....	7 1/2
Leaf Lard.....	7	Hams Skinned.....	11 1/2
Pig's Hocks.....	5	Bacon.....	9 1/2
Mutton Stew.....	5	Lard Compound.....	6 1/2
Mutton Chops & Steak.....	9	Vegetable 3lb pails.....	22
Mutton Roast.....	9	" " " " " " " " " "	38
Veal Stew.....	8	" " " " " " " " " "	72
Veal Chops & Steak.....	12 1/2	" " " " " " " " " "	1-38
Veal Roast.....	12 1/2	Lard, Home Made.....	8
Head Cheese.....	7	Oysters, Quart.....	88

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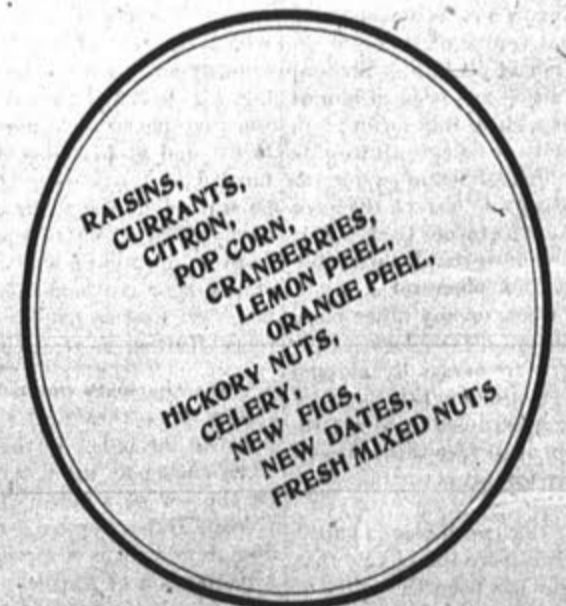
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