

THE IRON PORT

WEEKLY
HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXVII.

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NEWS NOTES ABOUT TOWN

General Pickups of the Week by Iron Port Reporters.

FEW OF THE MANY HAPPENINGS

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

Congressman Stephenson notifies the producers of iron ore that the 9th of January is the day set for hearing on the iron ore schedule of a tariff bill now in course of preparation by the committee of ways and means. The lumber schedule will be considered on the 31st instant.

Rev. W. W. Wilson seems to have "played dirt" on the A. O. U. W. He has long been a prominent and well-paid officer of that order, now, because his ideas as to its management are not adopted, leaves it and starts an opposition to it.

A Chicago concern offers to teach law, "at home," for \$15 a term. Don't waste your money, boys. If you cannot study at the university, or some other good school, read with some lawyer at home and get your education the old way.

A Boyne City concern undertook to supplant Uncle Sam's currency by "scrip" of his own. It went, all right, for a while, but was counterfeited and the concern lost \$1,400, having to redeem the whole issue—genuine and bogus.

Jackson, Ionia and Marquette will ask the legislature to provide for sending convicts back to the localities whence they came when their terms of imprisonment expire. They now stop in these cities and are not desirable citizens.

Anti-saloon Sunday was generally observed and the pulpits declared that "the saloon must go." It may, and then again it may not; we shall hardly live long enough to see which. Judge Grant is one of the leaders of the crusade.

From now on the days grow longer. On the 21st the wind was nor-west which is said to indicate "snug weather" for the next 90 days. Nobody will regret it if the sign "comes true."

The Cleveland and Lake Angelina companies have gone to law about the division of the land lately covered by Lake Angelina and the iron ore that underlies it.

The strike is on at the Aragon mine and promises to be a long and bitterly contested one. The probability is that the mine will be closed for the present.

A company numbering forty, commanded by Lt. Juttner, is ready to go to Cuba if the Cuban junta can arrange for transportation from Menominee.

The delivery wagon of the department store was captured at Gladstone last Monday and run off into the woods, the horses being turned loose.

The Mirror stigmatizes Manistique as "a one-man town;" in what does this city differ? Does not one man now govern it?

The new revenue cutter Gresham is good for twenty miles an hour and can be made a fighting ship at short notice.

The National bank of Illinois has gone to the wall. Depositors will get their money but shareholders will not.

Mrs. Kronberg says that she was shot by accident and Anderson, who shot her, has been released from custody.

Charlie Lightfoot wants "a change of air and scene" and so offers his Gladstone property for sale.

Spain is on the brink of a revolution at home. War with the U. S. would bring it about, sure.

The proprietors of the Mining Journal will sell out to the republicans if they can get their price.

The convicts in the Marquette prison are to be put at work upon clothing for a Chicago firm.

The court threw out Fitzsimmons' contest for the purse and Sharkey will get the stuff.

The state school at Coldwater will now receive children as young as six months.

A party of men expert in the use of dynamite is said to have left the Soo for Cuba.

John Sherman don't want a place in the cabinet, prefers to remain in the senate.

The Mansfield mine has begun to ship ore again. It goes by rail to Chicago.

The body of Robert Hastie was taken to Tiffin, Ill., for burial.

Frank Birk's baby, a year old, died Monday.

Skilled in the Woods. Peter Thornberg was killed Saturday last while at work for Gustave Carlson, a cedar jobber, east of Daggett, Mich. He was cutting down a large cedar tree which fell before he expected it. The tree

crushed down upon him and crushed his head terribly. Despite this awful injury he remained in Thornberg's body until he was taken to Stephenson, Mich., where he died the same night. He was a middle-aged man who had no relatives in this country.

An Oratorical Contest.

Prof. Hardy, of the Ishpeming high school, has arranged for an oratorical contest between undergraduates of the high schools of Ironwood, Crystal Falls, Escanaba, Calumet, Newberry, Champion, Marquette, Bessemer, Republic, Michigamme, Gladstone, Lake Linden, Negaunee and Menominee. It is to be held at Ishpeming on the 12th of February and it is proposed that there be such a contest each year hereafter under the following rules:

Contestants shall be bona fide members of high schools and must not be post-graduates. Each school shall be represented by one contestant, either a boy or girl. Preliminary contests shall be held in each high school desiring to compete. Orations shall not run over fifteen minutes or less than ten. Orations must be original, but may be criticised by the superintendent or one teacher. Orators shall be judged upon thought, delivery and literary construction. A prize of \$25 will be awarded to the person giving the best oration in the best manner and \$15 to the second best.

Give Your Address.

There are various reasons why, in writing a letter, the writer's address should always be given; if from a city, street and number. If a business letter, or one requiring an immediate reply, it is of great importance; if a friendly missive, the one to whom it is sent may have forgotten the address, not having taken the precaution of making a note of it. Again, the writer may have changed his place of residence since writing to a friend, and so long a time elapsed since the event that he had forgotten that the friend was not aware of the change; in a case of this kind, the person answering must send to the old address and run the risk of its being correct. The letter will most likely be advertised, and if it finally reaches the one for whom it is intended, it is only after a delay, which might have been avoided, as well as the uncertainty and anxiety, had the present address been given.

As To "The Curfew."

Just now the proper thing for towns like ours is to enact a "curfew" ordinance, commanding the boys and girls to be at home by nine p. m. under penalty of being run in by the police and fined by the police magistrate. It is unfortunate (because home is the best place for the youngsters, at that hour) that all such ordinances are void and of no effect if anybody chooses to defy them. The city (no city) has a right to prescribe hours for the use of the streets, nor the right to arrest and punish, because the clock has struck a certain hour, one who may be upon the street behaving in an orderly manner. The fact has not struck Escanaba yet, but it may at any time, and the foregoing suggestions are submitted for the consideration of the city fathers when the question comes up, if that occurs. There are dead letter ordinances enough already.

Gone Into Hiding.

Gov.-elect Pignee has been compelled to go into hiding to escape the office hunters and get a chance to draw up his inaugural. Asked by a newspaper man where he was going he replied, "I would not tell you for \$1,000, for I would be bothered to death. All I have been able to do since I was elected has been to shake hands and listen to what people want for themselves or someone else. There are some important matters that must be attended to, and I am going to stay away for a week, at least, so as to be able to do something."

Compromise to be Proposed.

In order not to run an opposition to the Tracy hospital or detract from its usefulness, Drs. Booth and Youngquist will ask the board of supervisors, at its next meeting, to direct that their patients be received at the Tracy hospital at \$7.00 per week, a reduction of \$3.00 a week from the rate now demanded. Should the board consider the proposal favorably, and make the order, the private hospital will be discontinued. It is to be hoped that the arrangement will be made.

Passed Out of Existence.

During the navigation season of 1895, 32 vessels, of 21,425 net tons capacity, passed out of existence. The boats were valued at \$386,500. In 1896 the total losses were 63, and the vessels were valued at \$1,290,100, and capable of carrying 48,975 net tons.

Accidentally Shot.

Mrs. Kronberg, cook in a lumber camp six miles from Negaunee was accidentally shot last Saturday. Man was "examining" a loaded rifle. She may live.

Will Sue for Libel.

Counselor Clancy will, it is said, bring action against the Soo News for libel.

CAPT. STRATTON'S IDEAS

Concerning the Agricultural Society and Farmers.

PROTECTION AND RECIPROcity

He Will Do What He Can to Build Up the Society and Wants City People to Do the Same—A Strong Letter—Read It Carefully.

The secretary of the Agricultural Society, immediately upon assuming the duties of his office addresses a number of the best known farmers of the county soliciting their co-operation in an endeavor to place the society upon a paying basis by making it, in fact as well as in name, an agricultural body and its annual fair a rendezvous for the farmers and an exposition of the agricultural resources of the county. The first to reply was Capt. Stratton, of Bay de Noc, whose letter is given below. Other replies are expected and will be given as received.

TOWNSHIP OF BAY DE NOC, Dec. 14th, 1896. To the Secretary of the Delta Co. Agricultural Society. Dear Sir:—Your favor of recent date was received and its contents deliberately considered. In reply, in stating my views as to making the fair a success and a benefit to the residents of the county it is very necessary that the agriculturists themselves should take a lively interest in its management and proceedings and to accomplish this it is very necessary that the business men of Escanaba should not only support the society but also support the agriculturists for whose benefit it is supposed to be organized. I often notice remarks in the local papers in the interests of the business men of the city as to the bad policy and disloyalty to our home community of persons having employment and residing here instead of trading with and reciprocally supporting their neighbors and keeping the money and its benefits here at home preferring to send their money away to make their purchases in some distant city. Now this same rule must apply to the business men themselves if they wish the trade of the agricultural community. If an agriculturist visits any store in Escanaba to make a purchase they do not bring forth their invoices and shipping bills and say here this cost me so much and I will let you have it with freight and insurance added, but they add a big round profit to the price of the goods. But if it is his object to sell them something out comes their price list and they say here, I can get this at Green Bay or elsewhere at this price and I will give you the same with the freights added, and it is not every mossback that can discern the difference or has the means of learning whether it is genuine or cooked for the occasion. Even if they will deign to buy in the cheapest market and buy at the rates prevailing in the dearest and then take it out in trade; the cash is only for the outside trader.

The result of the late election proves that a large majority were in favor of protection to home industries and reciprocity; that is all goods not produced at home admitted free but a heavy duty on all articles which we produce ourselves. And next those that treated us fairly and not charged us a heavy duty or free the introduction of our products free we would do the same by them and thus reciprocally encourage trade. That policy if inaugurated here would eventually result in the benefit and growth of the business of both the farmers and business men. If it is to be otherwise then it will be the survival of the fittest—we will all have to throw away our pride, peddle all our products from door to door at the lowest price for cash, make our purchases in the cheapest markets and consult price-lists, invoices and shipping bills of our own. The limit of the cedar and pine year by year is retreating farther north as the snow before the sun in the spring and in a few years more will disappear here altogether. The immense capital invested in mines at the head of Lake Superior will prevent the increase if not decrease the production of ore to be shipped at this port. Then all that will be left is to develop the agricultural resources of the county and eventually that will be the dominant and prevailing resource and the farmers here to-day owe a duty to the county and themselves. Did they never hear the motto "United we stand, divided we fall"? We live isolated lives; we complain but never seek a remedy; we have no opportunity to meet together to consult and exchange views. Here is the opportunity to make it in fact what it is in name, an Agricultural Society. There is a market right here for our products but it is flooded with the products from other

states; cannot we organize and make arrangements that we also will be a factor in this market? If you wish anything well done you must do it yourselves; then why not take an interest in this society; bring some of the products of garden and farm to the fair; bring your family along; let the feminine portion bring along the products of the dairy and their fancy work; make it a market as well as a fair. A fair proper is a place to make trades, to trade horses and cattle, to make arrangements to dispose of your crop of grain, hay or other products of the soil, where those meet who wish to buy and those who have products to sell, not altogether a place of pleasure but a place of business. It will be what you choose to make it, then why not take an interest in it and have a voice in its management. On one day have a business meeting of the society where all concerned meet and exchange views not only how to raise crops but as to better advantages in disposing of them and if possible find ways and means to better our condition. Mr. Secretary I understood you to say that you had sent letters to forty-seven farmers in this county; I only hope that you will receive replies from all stating their views, as it has been said that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, and safety from debt is the only hope of many farmers at the price of his products prevailing to-day.

There is always two sides to a story. I should like some grocery man to give his views and experience on this point. Perhaps some of the farmers do not always act fairly in this matter.

Yours truly, CHARLES J. STRATTON.

A New County Proposed.

A dispatch from Ewen is to the effect that a strong effort will be made to provide for a new county this winter by the legislature, from portions of Ontonagon and Gogebic counties. The towns of Ewen, Matchwood, Pori, Trout Creek and Choate are desirous of being set off from Ontonagon county, and if possible, securing the townships of Marenisco and Watersmeet from Gogebic county and Laird and Duncan from Houghton county, the latter township including the important towns of Kenton, Kitchi and Sidnaw.

These communities are all interested in the same pursuits, but the lumbering towns of Duncan and Laird are tied to Houghton county which is interested in copper mining, and are 100 miles away from the county seat. The same situation is found with the lumbering towns of Gogebic county, which is interested principally in iron mining. The towns which desire setting off from Ontonagon county are all a long distance from the county seat, and do not care to be called upon to help rebuild the burned county buildings at Ontonagon, desiring to put their taxes, if possible, into buildings of their own much closer at hand. There will be strong opposition to the fruition of this plan. Houghton county, however, is so enormously rich that it would never miss the million dollars or so of taxable property which the new deal would take from it.

Bogus Masonry.

A number of Masons who have allowed their names to be used in connection with the order instituted by Calvin C. Burt, which he calls the Rite of Memphis, 96th degree, are to be investigated by the respective lodges to which they belong. Burt is in bad odor with the Masonic order and was expelled. Since then he placed himself at the head of a new rite and in connection with it issued a circular in which he makes affidavit as a notary public that George Greene, of Ashlar Lodge No. 91; Robert Bell, of Zion Lodge No. 1; Henry M. Dubois, of Palestine Lodge No. 357, and John Campbell of Detroit Lodge No. 2, appeared before him and testified to their membership in the order. He also names Greene as having received the 95th degree. The circular was referred to the grand chief of the grand lodge, who ordered the matter investigated and proceedings instituted against the members if deemed proper. Dubois and Campbell both denied that they have ever received any degree in Burt's order.—Free Press.

Big Deal in Pine Lands.

A dispatch from Ashland dated last Tuesday was this: "The Weierhauser lumber syndicate closed a deal to-day purchasing large tracts of pine lands situated in six or seven counties in northern Wisconsin. The purchase involves \$700,000 and is one of the largest and most important known in lumber circles and involves the fee title to nearly 30,000 acres of land."

The Iron Port to Its Friends.

That each may have had, yesterday, a merry Christmas and may have, a week hence, a happy and prosperous New Year is the hope and prayer of The Iron Port and its proprietors.

Meeting of the Road Commissioners.

The road commissioners will meet at the courthouse next Monday to formulate a plan for a system of county roads.

FOR A NORMAL SCHOOL

Rep. Chamberlain Will Introduce a Bill.

ITS PROVISIONS GIVEN BELOW

A Commission to be Appointed to Locate the School, Build, Equip and Manage It.—\$25,000 for Building and \$10,000 for Expenses.

Representative Chamberlain, of Gogebic, has in preparation a bill to establish a normal school in this peninsula which he will introduce upon the assembling of the legislature. The Iron-wood Times gives the following abstract of the provisions of the bill: It will provide for the appointment by the governor of a board of commissioners, to consist of five members, all of whom must be residents of the upper peninsula, and no two from the same county. It shall be the duty of this board to locate and secure a site for the proposed school, said site to be in or adjacent to some town or city which can furnish accommodations at reasonable rates to not less than 250 pupils. The building shall be of such size and dimensions as are approved by the state board of education, and the total cost of both site and building shall be not to exceed \$25,000. The board of education shall also properly equip the school, hire the principal, officers and teachers thereof and fix their compensation. It shall also fix the tuition fees and the conditions on which pupils appointed by members of the legislature may enter the school. Each member of the legislature may appoint not to exceed two pupils in attendance at any term who may attend the school without payment of tuition fees or other charges.

The board of education may also cause a summer session of the normal school to be held for the purpose of training and preparing teachers for work. The bill also provides for an appropriation of \$10,000 to pay the expenses of the school for the years 1897-8 and 1898-9.

It Will Not Be Done.

The state board of corrections and charities proposes that the office of sheriff in the several counties of this state shall be made an appointive one, the appointing power to be vested in the judge of the judicial circuit to which the county belongs in each case; also that the sheriff shall be paid a fixed salary, and shall not have an interest in any contract for the care and maintenance of prisoners, this rule to apply equally to all his subordinates. In counties having a population of 20,000 or more the proposed tenure of office would be during good behavior and in counties of less population the appointment would be for a fixed term. If the recommendations of the board should be enacted into law it would also be made the duty of circuit judges to make at least one annual inspection of the county jails in their respective circuits. This might result in giving us better service in the office but it is hardly likely that, with the people clamoring for the choice of president and senators by the popular vote, so radical a departure from the established method will be favorably considered by the legislature.

Literary Notes.

Herbert D. Ward, the novelist and husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, has written a new novel, which will be the fiction feature of The Ladies' Home Journal during 1897. It is a humorous story and has the unique title of "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise." It is a sequel to Mrs. Ward's "An Old Maid's Paradise," the husband taking up the pen where Miss Phelps had naturally put it down when she became Mrs. Ward.

The Cases to Be Dropped.

The prosecution of A. A. Ellis, John W. Jochim, Joseph F. Hambitzer, John G. Berry and William May, George H. Bussey, George Warren, Frank Potter and James G. Clark for complicity in the election frauds of 1891-3 will be dropped. The trials of Ellis and Jochim showed that convictions could not be had, and Ingham county don't want to waste any more money trying.

The Correct Pronunciation.

Whether Macco is dead or alive everybody who wants to pronounce the name according to the Cuban method will say "Mah-say-o," with the accent on the second syllable, and if he prefers the way it is pronounced in Madrid he will say "Mah-tha-yo"

His Head Is Level.

Tom Hanna thus contradicts the story that he is a candidate for deputy collector of internal revenue: "Thanks, fellows, for your kind words, but the editor hereof is not a candidate for any office—never held one and has no desire to hold one. Our attempt to be sarcastic at the expense of our good friend McKenna, of Escanaba, proved to be a boomerang, and we are now being advertised all over the state as a candidate for deputy internal revenue collector. Honestly, we want no office, but we are very grateful for the kind expressions of our friends nevertheless."

Two Workmen.

Two men once stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose: each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last.

One used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune.

The other man, what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult task of teaching a little dog to stand on its hind feet and dance a jig. To be sure he succeeded, but what then? At last accounts he was working 10 hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, blaming his luck for the hard fate that kept him poor, while his fellow-workman had become rich.

The Iron Market Stronger.

A stronger tone has come to the western iron market this week. Conservatism has taken the place of demoralizing tendencies. There were even advances in view of the progress made in the settlement of the steel billet pool. Later advice, however, are that a future agreement is still very uncertain. Manufacturers of steel products have been withholding quotations or marking up prices. Billets are \$2 stronger than the low quotations of a week ago, but the range of prices for crude steel will probably be about \$3 below the former association prices during the past year. Retailers have found the new level and are quoted at \$26, Chicago, in place of \$29. Nails appear to have struck bottom at \$1.55, Chicago, and some manufacturers have advanced to \$1.60. The pig iron market is quiet and firm. No. 2 local foundry being quoted at \$11.25.—Industrial World.

Keep to the Right.

Once when George D. Prentice of the Louisville Journal was coming out of a public building in Louisville he was about to pass through a double door which opened both ways. He started to push at the door on his right. A young man coming from the opposite direction was pushing at the same door, being his own left. Prentice lost patience, and throwing himself against the door it flew open, and the young man went sprawling on the floor. Assisting the youth to arise, Prentice remarked: "Take my advice, my son, keep to the right in your way through life and you'll never run against anybody but a blamed fool and you needn't apologize to him."

It Does Not Satisfy.

The "blanket" law under which the city is now organized does not satisfy. From dozens of cities organized under it appeals for its amendment will come before the legislature, no two of them asking for the same changes, and one well posted upon the subject gives it as his opinion that the act will be repealed and the old plan of special charters reverted to as "the easiest way out." It will be practically impossible to amend the "blanket" so as to satisfy the petitioners. Three u. p. cities only are organized under it—Escanaba, Ironwood and the Soo.

Congress Doing Business.

The president has signed the pension appropriation bill and the urgent deficiency appropriation bill. The latter carries mainly naval appropriations and the chiefs of the bureaus of construction and steam engineering have been notified that they may continue the work of repairing the ships which threatened to be interrupted by lack of funds.

Redstone Wins Out.

After a bitter fight the u. p. redstone has been selected as the material for the new city building at Detroit. The contract will give employment to two hundred men for two years in the quarries at Portage lake and, we hope, a profit to the operators thereof.

The Giving Out of Places.

The story goes that Russell, of the Mining Journal, is to dictate the disposition of state officers in this peninsula. If it is true Kelsey has the "mining statistics" contrived, sure.

The Jennie R. Said.

The little steamer Jennie R. has been sold by the Gladstone Co. to an Oconto party. Consideration \$400.

They Buy More Pine.

Greenhoot Brothers have bought of J. A. Van Cleave a quantity of pine lands on the Whitfish river.

The Old And The New

OLL TOLL, TOLL! 'Tis the knell of the Spring year. Trembling, weak and old.

His fingers beside me here. Like the wall of a dying hope. And mystic shadows come and go across his face, white, hushed and still.

Toll, toll, toll! How the mournful sounds ring out. Like the wall of a dying hope. That despair has put to rout!

Toll, toll, toll! And the night creeps on apace! While the candle flickers low in her haggard, ghastly face.

But hark! once again! In the distance A tremulous rhythm of sound. Floats in from afar on the keen, frosty air.

He is crowned with bright hopes for the future. And graciousness sits on his brow. He holds in his hand the bright scepter of faith.

With the next cry: "Long live the king!" -Mary Morrison, in Housekeeper.

A CHILDLESS EDEN

FOR RENT—a spacious drawing-room floor, handsomely furnished, near the British museum.

Just two short hours after reading this advertisement in the London Times, I, George Harland, itinerant of the goodly city of Boston.

It was near the British museum, and I had come 3,000 miles to collate material from the archives of that ancient and very useful institution.

"Mother" had come to take care of me, and Ruth had come to take care of "mother," and I in the end had to take care of both of them.

The lodgings were all right, but there was one awful insurmountable drawback. The children!

The whole neighborhood swarmed with them. Pretty little well-dressed boys and girls, I confess, but to me utter and abominable nuisances.

"Why, I vow, you two are as blue as moonstones," he declared, as he tossed his hat on a sofa and coolly seated himself on mother's work table.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she wailed, "what must we do?" And Jack oracularly answered, as though he had been pondering for hours over the question:

"Pull up sticks and go to Melcomb Regis!" "What and where is Melcomb Regis?" I gasped.

body infant in all that blessed parish. Fact, I assure you."

"Oh, Jack, how can you jest at our misfortune?" "Just, indeed! I'm just as serious as Mumbo Jumbo.

"What a wretch!—I mean what a public benefactor!" I moaned, gashed.

"And that's the place for you to steer to," Jack declared. "You can run up to London twice a week to crib your stuff from the old national curiosity-shop, and grind it out down there as retired as if you were enjoying the seclusion of a penitentiary.

"It sounds too good to be true," I mused. "And," Jack added, in a burst of magnanimity, "if you'll please just tile your head in a hurry, I'll take you down there, and show you the place yourself."

"No, thank you," I declined, fervently. "Sir Hugh's nerves shall never be shocked by such a cyclone as you, Jack. I'll go at once, and I'll have no detrimentals."

I went to Melcomb Regis. I interviewed the baronet, and all Jack's assertions were verified to the letter. The place was lovely—literally a childless Eden.

The baronet was a gaunt, old fellow of 70 with puffed cheeks, and a white, bristling beard—rather greish in aspect, but decidedly highbred—while my Lady McGregor was a sweet-faced, sleek gentlewoman, with a bisque neck and fleecy white hair, who had no individuality, but in gentle birdlike notes played echo to her husband's sentiments.

As for the cottage, it was a dream—a thatched relic of the last century,

adopts for the bewilderment of its subjects.

"Ellen Willis, Rhoreditch Station, to George Harland Melcomb Regis.

Nell, inconsequent Nell, always getting me into petty troubles, was my dear daughter, married to a young engineer in Chicago, named David Willis, but now sojourning in Paris, attending to big business contracts.

"What is to be done?" I gasped. "It is too late to stop her, for she is already on her way."

Then "mother's" fury burst forth. I have been her husband for more than 30 years and I never suspected that such a volcano could rage beneath that placid surface.

"So you forget my agreement with Sir Hugh?" I thundered. "That for your agreement!"—a snap of the fingers—"Nell's coming! R-r-r-uth!"

The train stops at a junction three miles away for 40 minutes. That gives me a clear hour of reprieve. I can walk there in time, hire a "fly" and smuggle them into the house without a soul being the wiser.

The plan worked admirably. The flyman hesitated to carry contraband into Melcomb Regis, but a half-sovereign modified his scruples, and a fortunate downpour of rain kept the gaping villagers from their usual points of observation.

But Nell! The impulsive girl was furious at the whole transaction.

she was in her dressing-robe, came into the room.

"He has gone to sleep all right," she said, cheerily, "and the fever has left him. I don't think it is menues—merely a little mild rash, after all, which a few days' rest will cure, so go to by-by and forget us all."

"But Sir Hugh McGregor?" "Oh, I'll settle him. Mother and I have arranged all that. He is a gentleman, if he is a maniac, and he won't want to evict us at a moment's notice, as they do the poor Irish peasants. I'll tell him that our coming was accidental, and that while we stay we will have a board nailed on the garden gate marked: BEWARE! CHILDREN HERE!

New Year's day. We were a miserable party as we trudged through the howly lanes to Melcomb Regis hall.

"How you can talk about anything but that awful old man I cannot understand. My heart has been in a flutter ever since we left the cottage," she murmured.

"Putting off the moment of his confessed ignominy," Nell laughed. "Oh, dad, thank Providence for those degenerate days. If Sir Hugh's feudal privileges had demanded you might have found yourself swinging from a bough of that grand old elm."

"You come up the shrubbery, an' that's 'ow you missed 'em."

"You don't think he'll do anything to the children, if he finds them? You tell me, is he more or less mad, and—"

Nell was standing peeping in at the parlor window. She put her finger to her lips to motion silence.

I shall never forget the sight. There sat the old baronet, with Charlie on his knee, riding cock-horse, while on a low rocker Lady McGregor reclined, clapping Flossie in her arms.

Nell's eyes danced with mischief. "Led to grace by the innocents," she laughed. "Let us surprise them before they can lapse into their primitive barbarism."

Very humbly I told my story. An ominous silence. Lady McGregor looked at her husband with wistful, hungry eyes.

"Yes, my dear, not so. I have not had a child in my arms for ten years and I—did not think—that I could ever be so foolish, but I—"

And that day's dinner at the hall! Contrary to all ideas of English domestic etiquette, Charlie and Flossie sat in state in high chairs, with the resplendent flunkey to wait upon them.

"It was all very well for a time," declared the baronet, "but my heart had grown very weary for the pater of a child's footprint in the house and the music of a child's voice. I have seen nearly 70 New Year's days, but this day of emancipation from a foolish vow is the happiest of them all."

"And how about the other philosophers—your disciples in Melcomb Regis?" I could not help mischievously asking.

"Oh," laughed Nell, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "We'll just turn the babies loose in the parish and bowl them over like nine-pins."

Dealer—A diary for '97? Perhaps this new style will suit you. Customer—Rather small, isn't it? Why, it stops with January 15!

Dealer—Yes, it is very compact—does away with the unnecessary bulk of paper that you find in the old-fashioned diaries.—Truth.

SHOOTING A RUNAWAY.

He Stopped the Horse, But It Was an Expensive Procedure. As the Star reporter was walking along Fourteenth street with a man the other evening a runaway horse lashed up street and disappeared around the circle as Thomas.

"I never see a thing like that," commented the man, "that I don't think of my own experience, and at once thank the Lord that I live in a land of street cars. Let me tell you about it. I haven't owned a horse for 15 years, and I'll never own another one.

"It takes those Kentuckians to get the earth for a horse," interrupted the reporter.

"I wouldn't be surprised," laughed the man. "In any event that's what I had in view in the one I bought, and he was an amateur as far as the city was concerned and needed at least six months' driving about the streets before he was worth anything as far as his safety went.

"But this wasn't enough, and at the turn of a road leading along a slight grade and out on a circle looking over a precipice at least 100 feet high into the beautiful Ohio valley he jumped, caught the bit in his teeth, and off he went. I saved and pulled, but it did no good, and when we struck the straight road of about 200 yards that meant sure destruction unless I stopped him before he reached the bluff at the end. I put forth all my endeavor. So absorbed was I in trying to save him that we were nearly to the bluff before I noticed that I couldn't jump out, as I had foolishly tied the lines around my wrists when I first started, a custom not entirely out of date yet. It meant dragging if I jumped, the most dreadful kind of death, and I preferred to take my chances in the buggy. Just then a policeman appeared at the circle, and I began to yell at him to shoot the horse. It seemed to me it took him a half hour to catch on to what I wanted, but it wasn't so long as that, and bang went the pistol, and bang again, and the third time bang—all so quick as scarcely to be counted, and my horse went down in a heap not 50 feet from the edge of the cliff and headed directly for it. Two jumps more and the beautiful landscape, sleeping so peacefully below, would have been streaked with my mortal remains, and \$700 wasn't too high a price to pay."

"Once, anyhow," ventured the reporter.

"Yes, once, anyhow; but I didn't want to try it again, and," concluded the narrator, "I gave the buggy and stuff and the dead horse to the policeman for saving me and took the street car for home, which the same is good enough riding for me."—Washington Star.

AT A SLANG SOIREE.

Society as It Is Likely to Be in the Days to Come. The age of slang had come. The vocabulary of the nation was made only from the words of music hall songs and the language of the slum.

"When is a hen?" said Miss De Style, graciously.

"Just tell them that you saw me," replied Mr. Coldsaw, smiling with evident cordiality.

"Grandma's pocket handkerchief is wet with tears," murmured the radiant maiden, with a smile.

"There are others," purred the young woman.

"Spell 'em backward," he said, for he was so quick, so very sudden in repartee.

"Keep the change," he exclaimed. "Not necessarily," laughed the girl.

"You make me tired," he said, speaking, as it were, "right off the bat."

"Really," said the genial hostess, "two such perfectly clever persons should spend their time entertaining others less brilliantly endowed. Come with me, Mr. Coldsaw, I wish to present you to Miss Saphead, who is just dying to meet you."

Dealer—A diary for '97? Perhaps this new style will suit you. Customer—Rather small, isn't it? Why, it stops with January 15!

A DOG AND A FOX.

The Two Went Deed Hunting Together and Hoopoo Fast Friends. A tall, ungainly sort of beast, with as handsome brown eyes as animal ever had, came on the run swinging down the old Parly clearing up in Herkimer county, N. Y.

Every six or eight rods the tramp fox stopped and looked back over his shoulder with his ears cocked up. Before he got across the clearing the yip-yip of Phil Perry's fighting dog was heard over the ridge, and that showed why the fox was running and stopped to look back at that time of the day.

Occasionally the dog would lick his chops as if he wanted to bite something. When he got opposite the place where the fox had left the back trail, the dog did something that surprised the fox mightily.

The fox faced about and started at the dog full speed, and running low down, as if it were keeping its knees bended. It looked like a head-on collision, but it wasn't. Just as the two were about to elow noses the fox jumped sideways, and turned in time to nip the dog on the flank as he went tearing past in a way that drew blood.

Phil Perry's fighting dog is uncommonly smart, besides being a fighter, and he knew when he was on the losing side of the trouble. Although the dog was about as strong as ever, and not at all winded, he knew that in the end he was bound to be whipped.

An hour later Albert Jones saw a deer crossing the Dix swamp chopping on the run. He waited and in a few minutes heard the dog's yip. When the dog came in sight on the trail the fox was along a deer. The fox had made up and routed a deer. Phil's dog had been in the woods more than ever, and it is believed he runs with the fox he couldn't lick.—N. Y. Sun.

Unlucky to Find Gold.

In the gold mining districts of this country there is a superstition that the discoverers of great mines always come to violent ends. It is said the belief is founded on the fact that the finders of 40 of the richest mines in the world have died in this way, 12 being shot, three engulfed in their mines and the rest unaccountably disappearing.

Col. Storey was killed by an avalanche; Col. Storey was killed by the Indians; William Fairweather, of the Alder Guleh mines came to his death through riotous living. The owner of the Ilomestake mine turned highwayman. He was shot dead. John Horner, of the Horner mine, finding himself penniless, shot himself. "Doughnut Hill," "Old Eureka" and "Ninemile Clarke" were killed in barroom rows, and Montana Plummer, who found one of the richest mines in the world, died on the gallows. "Dutch William," the discoverer of gold in Cariboo, B. C., after whom the famous William creek was named, died of a polder, and Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, was a pensioner on the state some time before his death.—San Francisco Chronicle.

His Saving Grace.

"I am not without my good y.," said the tramp.

"What are they, I should like to know?" asked the gruff citizen.

"Well, for instance," replied Meandering Mikey, "I am the original piece of labor-saving machinery."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



THERE SAT THE OLD BARONET.

with diamond-paned bow windows, and curious gables—the rent a nice bagatelle. So of course I jumped at Sir Hugh's offer of it.

Beyond the village folk, who were to the manor born, there were few resident gentry—just one or two old maids and a couple of retired army officers and their wives.

Child hate had begun with them as a whim, but had ended as a creed. They held periodical discussions and encouraged each other in these Malthusian sentiments, at which sometimes mother's indignation threatened to burst its bounds or end in a fit of apoplexy.

Nevertheless one day the blow fell—fell more heavily because it came from the least expected quarter.

It was the last day of the dying year—that day of the awful catastrophe. The roses were all dead and gone, the singing birds were silent, but the laurel, the ivy and the holly tinted the landscape with color, and the sparrows and some other hardy birds twittered merrily on the leafless boughs of the big elms.

Yes, we were going to celebrate all by ourselves in true New England style, and on the morrow we purposed to show the baronet and his tenantry how to keep New Year's day.

ma's own precious precious out in the rain all night?" she asked the radiant Flossie of three years, perched on her shoulders, while five-year-old Charlie clung to her dress.

"No, Nell," I groaned, ruefully. "I signed no contract. Sir Hugh trusted the unwritten word of an American gentleman. He rented the cottage to me at one-third of its value under certain conditions implied and understood."

"Then pay what is right and be master of your own house," she hotly flashed.

"Oh, child, you do not understand. Sir Hugh has certain scruples—"

"Besides," she interrupted, with withering scorn, "lunatics cannot even make verbal contracts."

"Woman," I yelled, "do you know that it is utterly and absolutely impossible to keep those children here 48 hours?" At this juncture Nell, looking very

EPISODE OF OLD TEXAS.

The Government Set Up by Count St. Denis in 1714.

A Romantic Fragment of Southwestern History—The Count's Meeting with the Man He Thought He Had Slain.

There is much well-authenticated material for the historian in the minds of the old veterans of the border that will soon pass beyond the reach of all writers. Few people know anything of the very first settlements in Texas, and, doubtless, many will be astonished to learn that the business of creating republics in that country commenced nearly 200 years ago.

Spain and France both claimed the country. France based her claims on the discoveries of La Salle. This great explorer, in searching for the mouth of the Mississippi, sailed too far west, and finally landed on the shores of Matagorda bay. Here he built a fort, and called it Fort St. Louis, in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

The bare cold facts of the story of this young man's adventures read so much like the dreams of a romancer that they would be rejected by all historians if they were not supported by indubitable records. Count St. Denis and a young Frenchman of equal rank of the name of Belisle were both violently in love with the same young lady. Their rivalry ended in a quarrel which led to a duel.

It was a curious kind of a government. St. Denis was at the head of it under the modest title of governor, and by the provisions of the constitution, which he drafted himself, he possessed in his limited realm just about as much power as the autocrat of all the Russias.

over to Spain and get himself appointed governor of the territory. When he arrived at the Presido San Juan, near the Rio Grande, the governor received and entertained him in a most hospitable manner. The polished address and courtly military bearing of the bold young adventurer almost instantly won the head of the old governor, and at the same time the heart of his beautiful daughter.

There was another suitor for the hand of this young lady, and this was no less a personage than Gov. Anaya, of Coahuila. This official no sooner heard of St. Denis and his attentions to Donna Maria than he ordered his arrest. St. Denis was loaded with chains and thrown into the fortress of Monocava.

"Tyrant, you may load me with chains, but so long as Donna Maria honors me with her love and confidence, so long shall that love and confidence be guarded as my most sacred treasures. You may take from me my life, senator, but you cannot take from me my honor."

It is not known as to what kind of authority was granted to him by the Spanish officials in Mexico. He built a fort at Nacogdoches and laid off a city. He ordered the lands surveyed, and granted titles to the settlers. He established trading posts at various points in the interior and rapidly accumulated a large fortune.

St. Denis was slain in a battle with the Indians on the frontier of his country, and after his death the affairs of the colony fell into disorder. At the time of St. Denis' death there were about 300 white people who claimed the protection of his government, and they were nearly all in prosperous circumstances. Many of them had accumulated fortunes trading with the Indians, and St. Denis himself was said to have had in his possession more than \$100,000 in gold.

He—Just think of it! They say a man descended from a donkey. She—A come down, indeed!—Detroit Tribune.

ODD NAMES IN CONGRESS.

A Washington Newspaper Has Fun with the Representative Names.

From over in Maryland comes Dr. Roose, and while there may be no significance whatever in this close conjunction, the name of the representative in the very next district is Mudd. Maryland also sends a Barber and a Baker to the next house. A Cooke is found in the Illinois delegation, a Gardner in New Jersey, a Plowman in Alabama, a Cowherd in Missouri, a Bishop in Michigan, a brewer in Ohio, two Coopers, one from Texas and the other from Wisconsin; two Taylors, one from Ohio and the other from Alabama; four Smiths, two from Michigan and one each from Illinois and Arizona.

The little New England state of Rhode Island sends a Bull, Virginia a Lamb, North Carolina a Martin, Mississippi a Fox, Missouri a Cooney, and Ohio a Kerr, while a Skinner comes from North Carolina, and a Packer from Pennsylvania. There is a Fischer in the New York delegation, but the only thing for him to catch is Sauerhering, of Wisconsin.

Congress is a large body in itself, but it has only a Foote in New York and a Tongue in Oregon. A whole Mann is in Illinois, however, and there is another Handy in Delaware. There is a Moody in Massachusetts, a Minor in Wisconsin, and a Young in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and, above all, a Bland in Missouri.

The silver moon from the Tennessee mountains looks down peacefully upon a Hill in Connecticut, a Marsh in Illinois, near which is planted a Cannon that has seen much service, a Flood in Virginia, a Beach in Ohio, an Eddy in Minnesota, a Strait in South Carolina, and a Hull of long standing in Iowa, while it sheds a bright ray upon the state of New York.

Color lines are not sharply drawn, for there are only Browns in Ohio and North Carolina, White in the latter state, and both White and Jett in Illinois.

A Bell from Colorado may ring loudly in California and Sweet and Low in New York. Pennsylvania sends two fine-looking Stones, both of whom have been here before, while Vermont, which has such an abundance of fine marble, sends only Groat. Three good Walkers will be in the next house, one from Massachusetts and two from Nebraska. The little man from Arkansas may offset Groat in Pennsylvania.

Messrs. Robb, Steele and Gamble would hardly be a success as a firm in any other business than bank breaking or train wrecking in either Missouri, Indiana, or South Dakota. Should they decide to divide their Gaines in Tennessee they might settle in Kentucky, or possibly in North Carolina, after a sharp contest. Should any of the members of congress desire to indulge in the national game they may use the Hall, which will be sent here by Texas. Illinois will be sure to make a safe hit.—Washington Post.

CHICAGO AS A WATER PEDDLER.

Thousands of Homes, Manufactories and Business Houses Who Pay for the Supply.

For so much as it owns of Lake Michigan, brought in through spacious tunnels and distributed by countless pipes, the city of Chicago itself is the biggest peddler in the vicinity. On an ordinary household basis it sells water by the year to about 200,000 customers. In addition to these it has 5,120 special customers who purchase water by actual measure. These are manufacturers who use water abundantly and persons who own or conduct very large buildings, private or public.

Language Spoken by Christ. It is said that there is one, and only one, work extant written in the language which the Saviour commonly spoke. The authority for this statement is Dr. Meyer, of the University of Bonn, who has made a special study of the question. The work is known as the "Jerusalem Talmud," and it was written in Tiberias in the third century after Christ.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The boys bird of India catches big fire-flies and fastens them to the side of its nest with wet clay. At night the nest looks like a street lamp.

The grandson of Queen Victoria rules Germany, her granddaughter is empress of Russia, and another granddaughter is crown princess of Roumania.

In Lagos, on the western coast of Africa, when a king is about to be placed on the throne, he must first take an oath that during his reign he will not drink intoxicants.

India is a nation of pawnshops, according to Gen. Booth. The people think the cleverest man is he who devises the largest number of ways by which to borrow money. They put in pledge their lands, oxen, jewelry, themselves, their children and their grandchildren.

A Parisian storekeeper wrote thus to one of his patrons: "I am able to offer you cloth like the inclosed sample at nine francs the meter. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only eight francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price."

A curious accusation of German imitation of British goods comes from the Transvaal. Cornish miners are in great demand in the gold fields on account of their skill, and receive higher wages than others. It is asserted that Germans there assume Cornish names and imitate the Cornish accent well enough to pass themselves off for the original article.

An Irish observer estimates that wasps captured between 300 and 400 flies on two of his cows in about 20 minutes. There was a constant stream of wasps carrying away flies, probably to feed the larvae in their nests, and returning to catch more. A white cow appeared to be a favorite with the wasps, as the flies could be seen at once against her skin.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Sentences in Capital Cases Which Have Been Carried Out.

A greswome topic is that which deals with the enforced shuffling off of this mortal coil by those who have by legal edict been adjudged worthy of meeting the full penalty of capital punishment.

The records of the different counties of New York state for the period when county officers meted out to guilty ones the sentence of the courts have not been fully collated, but so far as they cover, it is shown that in the course of a century over 200 persons stretched hemp, and were pronounced dead by legal execution. Since 1890 the rope has no longer been knotted beneath the ear of the victim whose life has been pronounced a forfeit to the state and the commonweal. In its place the condemned have been forced to receive the death-dealing shocks of the electric current as they sat bound in the chair of execution at one of the three state prisons.

The record of executions in this state is now kept by the state prison officials and shows a total of 34 since the employment of electricity as the agent of legal destruction. These are divided among the different counties, according to the scene of the crime for which the extreme penalty was exacted, as follows: Albany, 2; Cayuga, 1; Erie, 2; Kings, 3; Monroe, 1; Montgomery, 1; New York, 14; Onondaga, 1; Orleans, 1; Orange, 1; Queens, 1; Rensselaer, 1; Saratoga, 3; Schenectady, 1; Warren, 1.

The number of executions in capital cases that have taken place in the different counties of the state of New York since its organization, during the supremacy of the rope, the scaffold and the sheriff, and before the advent of the electric chair, are here given: Albany (no report given by county clerk); Allegany, 1; Broome, 2; Cattaraugus, 2; Cayuga, 8; Chautauqua, 3; Chemung, 3; Chenango, 2; Clinton, 8; Columbia, 5; Cortland, 1; Delaware, 2; Dutchess, 4; Erie, 19; Essex (no report); Franklin, 3; Fulton, 1; Genesee, 7; Greene, 4; Hamilton, 1; Herkimer, 1; Jefferson, 2; Kings (no record); Lewis, 1; Livingston, 3; Madison, 5; Monroe, 7; Montgomery, 1; New York, 44; Niagara, 1; Oneida, 6; Onondaga, 4; Ontario, 2; Orange, 6; Orleans, 1; Oswego, 1; Otsego, 2; Putnam, 1; Queens, 5; Rensselaer, 9; Ribmond, 9; Rockland (no executions); St. Lawrence, 4; Saratoga, 2; Schenectady 1; Schoharie, 3; Schuyler (no executions); Seneca, 3; Steuben, 3; Suffolk (no executions); Washington, 3; Wayne, 1; Westchester, 8; Wyoming, 2; Yates, (no executions).—Albany Argus.

Grand Toboggan Slide. St. Moritz, Switzerland, has the champion toboggan slide of the world. It is three-quarters of a mile long, and has been descended in a whizz of 71 seconds.—Chicago Chronicle.

Borne Down with Infirmities.

Age finds its surer solace in the benignant tonic aid afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which combats rheumatism and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Do what you can do well, and you will soon be able to do much better.—Ham'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 Four" and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. Write for descriptive pamphlet and excursion rates. U. L. TRUITT, N. W. F. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

SHOWING our best side to others will cause them to show their best side to us.—Ram's Horn.

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

When love gives, it enriches itself, but what covetousness keeps it takes from itself.—Ham's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 938 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One thing a woman can't do is to drive a horse and use a muff at the same time.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

LAWLESS are they that make their wills their law.—Will iam Shakespeare.

SEE ad. of Hargood Plow Co., Alton, Ill., on this page. It will please you.

KINDNESS is wisdom; there is none in life but needs it, and may learn.—Bailely.

TIME counts, health gains. A quick, sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil for sprains.

THE more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger travels we everywhere find of the wisdom of Him who made it.—Burke.

PEOPLE who say they first find out that they are right and then stick to it, are usually wrong.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

NEARLY everybody has more trouble trying to get out of a present than he has selecting it.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

ALMOST any man would rather win one dollar betting on election than to earn ten dollars by working for it.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

"Why, Emily! your aunt has been dead only a few days, and you are wearing a light dress!" "But you surely don't expect me to wail mourning at home, do you?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Tired of It.—She—"Would you love me just the same, dearie, if I were poor instead of worth a million?" He—"I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss a financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is it a fact," asked he cyclic one day, "that you improve each shining minute?" "Yes," answered the Busy Little Bee, modestly. "How long have you been doing that?" "Always." "Well, you ought to be having a better time than you seem to have, if that is the case."—Detroit Tribune.

EXPLAINED.—Mrs. Twickenham (to Mrs. Sluison):—"Of late we have been having our meals sent in by various caterers." Willie Sluison (to his mother):—"Mamma, is that what you meant when you said that the next meal was coming from?"—Brooklyn Life.

Touche!—"How in the world do you manage to shoot a man when you are too intoxicated to stand up? I don't see how you can preserve your accuracy of aim." Hubbernick Bill—"It is easy enough when you know how. When you get to seeing 'part's double, you just shoot between 'em."—Indiana Journal.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla. That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures.

Look TIRED THIS MORNING. WAS it your own baby or your neighbor's that drove sweet sleep away? It's all unnecessary. Cascaret's Candy Cathartic, sweet to the taste, mild but effective, stop sour stomach and colic in babies, and make papa's liver lively, tone his intestines and purify his blood.

YUGATAN, KING OF GUMS. PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHICH ALL ELSE FAIL. Best Gout Remedy, Rheumatism, Gravel, and Consumption.

Low Rates for Homeowners. On the first and third Tuesday of each month, tickets will be sold to Homeowners in the north west at grossly reduced rates to visit Virginia and the Carolinas. Special low rates both one way and round trip. See that your tickets read O or the Big Four and Chesapeake and O by Ry. Send for free pamphlet descriptive of the farm lands, climate, markets, etc. U. L. TRUITT, Northwestern Pass. Agent, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Suffering Women. Also! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Why have more ESTEY. Organs been sold than any other kind? Because, although higher in price, the Estey gives far better value than any other.

WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE FARMER. Riding Gears, Plows, 225; Baby Plow, 225; Disk Harrow, 210; Steel Lever Harrow, 60; Mowers, 200; Top Buggy, 630; Road Wagon, 250; 12 in. Steel Beam Plow, 87; 16 in., 60.50; Sewing Machine, 215; Fine Cabinet, 225; Walking Cultivator, 210; Riding, 210. Everything guaranteed to give satisfaction. Write a Farmer Agent in every Township.

FOR SALE: 21 ACRES good well-wooded FARMING LANDS, suitable for raising all kinds of Grains, Root Crops and Grasses. J. P. MALICK, Ravenna Point, Wis. OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS AND ALL OTHER VICES. Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEADSBY, N. H. A. N. K.—A 10025

The Iron Port

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

In the December number of the Journal of Political Economy, published by the University of Chicago, Geo. G. Tunell presents a valuable collection of facts regarding lake transportation and the iron industry. Mr. Tunell's article is based on the enormous amount of iron ore that is annually transported on the lakes, and he concludes with the statement that if the ton-mile rate on the lakes, instead of being less than a mill, were three mills, which is regarded as quite exceptionally low on the railroads, the freight charge for transporting ore from Duluth to Cleveland would be \$2.54—a rate higher than the traffic could bear. The writer might have added that it would never have been possible to develop the great ore mines of the Lake Superior region but for the low cost of transportation by lake. One paragraph in Mr. Tunell's article is so arranged as to show the importance of the ore traffic developed by low freight rates. He says: "From a comparatively important position the Lake Superior region has, in the course of a decade and a half, come to contribute almost twice as much ore as all the other parts of the United States combined. In the census year 1880 the total production for the United States was 7,120,362 long tons; to this amount the lake region contributed but 1,677,814 tons, or 23.6 per cent. of the total output. During the year 1895 15,957,614 long tons of ore were mined in the United States and of this amount 10,328,248 tons or 64.7 per cent. were taken from the mines of the lake region. The bare figures without further explanation do not, however, fully reflect the importance of the northern district, for Lake Superior ores are very much richer in iron than the ores of the other regions. If the quality as well as the quantity of the ore be taken into consideration the lake region is entitled to even a more important position than would be assigned to it on a simple tonnage basis of comparison."

Cuban reports, unusual closeness of money in Germany, and the decision that there will be no action on the tariff at this session, have not really changed the situation, but have been talked about as if they might change it. A sudden demand for gold from Germany, just before the close of the year, is not unusual, nor does it count for much. No facts, but only desires or fears, have led some to look for a change of tariff before March, and considerable speculation based on that idea has been arrested, but other business waits for the gradual improvement of the consuming demand. The holiday trade is generally large, though at some points more confined to cheap goods than usual, and the influence of an increase in the working force is felt in other ways. But until the new year the only material changes expected are such as prepare for a large business next year. In the iron and steel industry these appear of the utmost importance.—Dun's Review.

Cobden said in 1844 that one had no right to doubt that in ten years after the adoption of free-trade by England "every country in the civilized world would be free-trade to the backbone." Let us see. Didn't we have an election a few weeks ago? We have an idea that such was the case and that the man known to all the world as "the Apostle of Protection" was elected to the presidency of the United States. And, by the way, while we think of it, the new prime minister of France is the great protectionist leader of that country, and, even more significant, the prime minister of England itself, the home of Cobden, is a protectionist and an ardent advocate for the return of England to the protective system. Cobden was evidently as far off the truth in his prophecies as in his theories of economics. And his descendants in this country are just as big blunders.—Am. Economist.

At Conneaut, O., the terminus of the Pittsburgh, Shenango & Lake Erie Railroad, which gives the new Carnegie line, the Butler and Pittsburgh, its outlet to the lake, a number of important dock and harbor improvements are contemplated. An inspecting party looked over the ground recently and a contract for designing the new slip at Conneaut, which extends 3,200 feet inland,

was let to Hinson & Woods, of Buffalo. The contract for the coal dock has not been given out as yet. Twenty new hoists will be put up. The entire line of the Pittsburgh, Shenango & Lake Erie will be double-tracked and laid with 100-lb. steel. Three thousand new 30-ton coal cars will be ordered and arrangements will be made to equip the road and docks for the handling capacity of 4,000,000 tons of freight yearly.—Iron Trade Review.

An idea of the vast extent of the electrical industries can be formed when it is stated that careful investigation reveals the fact that capital invested in the various electrical arts is not less than \$1,500,000,000. The very magnitude of this vast capital indicates the enormous extent to which electricity now lends its aid to the other natural forces previously brought under human control. Not only are electric motors to be seen everywhere, but the electric current is made to regulate the operation of steam throttle valves, clocks and many other appliances to machinery. No doubt electricity will continue to invade fields wherein mechanical construction has heretofore been wholly relied upon, and other mechanical improvements will in their turn, be supplanted.

Moody, the evangelist, is conducting a crusade against the Sunday newspaper. He mistakes his aim. It is the Monday paper that he should denounce and not the Sunday issue. There is far more Sunday labor goes to the preparation of the Monday paper than of the Sunday paper. In point of fact there is very little Sunday work on the Sunday paper except its sale and distribution while the Monday paper must be wholly made on Sunday. But he will fail, altogether; the public wants its daily paper every day and will have it despite Mr. Moody.

Roswell G. Horr is dead. His death is a distinct loss to Michigan, which was his home; to the republican party and the nation. His influence has been felt in every state. On the stump and lecture platform he has instructed and entertained enthusiastic audiences east and west, and as a political writer of great power he has done as much as any other man for the advancement of sound political doctrines. Socially Mr. Horr was one of the most agreeable and entertaining of men. Those who knew him best are the most sorrowful mourners.

In the contest between guns and armor the guns seem to have the best of it. A fifteen-inch steel plate, such as is used on the turrets of the battleship Massachusetts, was lately tested and was shot through and through by a ten-inch gun, the destruction being such that had it been done in action the guns behind the plate would have been silenced and the gun crews killed or wounded, every man. It would be safer to fight in the open than behind armor which offers no better protection.

President Cleveland has always held himself greater than his party; now he seems to hold himself greater than congress and the people behind it. Secretary Olney makes it known that the matter of the recognition of the Cuban republic is a matter for the president, alone, to consider and that resolutions by congress are of no weight. Fortunately the term of the fat autocrat draws to a close and the new president will be the servant—not the schoolmaster of the people.

The silliest thing in a coon's age is the threat that the u. p. will boycott Detroit unless the redstone is used in Detroit's new city building. The threat does not come from the u. p. but from Detroit and its silliness is apparent when the fact that this region does not trade with Detroit now is considered.

Grover had good sport among the ducks in the South Carolina marshes and comes back to the capital in good humor. He may, possibly, turn down Mr. Olney, or he may sit down on congress; there's no counting on him unless he's ugly; then he fights everybody.

Americans "have money to burn," surely; the Scotch novelist, Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), has just gone home with \$110,000 of it, paid him for a dozen or so "lectures," so called.





The railroads have a "black-list" of preschers and editors who sell their "transportation" to scaplers. There are over a thousand names on the list.


The Indian team beat the Wisconsin; that's what the score shows;

Wisconsin men, however, insist that the job required the energies of the Indians, the rooters and the umpire.

The Iron Port hopes that the legislature of New York will have the good sense to choose Jos. H. Choate to succeed Dave Hill in the senate. It could not do better—it may do worse.

It cost almost a thousand millions of dollars to govern the United States in '93 and it was not very well done then.

Flour and Feed.
ED. DONOVAN,
DEALER IN
Flour, 
Feed, 
Hay, 
and Grain, 
Wholesale and Retail.
We make a Specialty of High-Grade Family Flour...
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W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe.
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 Calf., Russia Calf., French Patent Calf., French Enamel, Viet Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.
If dealer cannot supply you, write Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
SOLD BY
E. HOFFMAN, 708 LUDINGTON ST.

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

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HAY, FLOUR and FEED
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Best Quality at Reasonable Prices

Dry Goods and Carpets.

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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 conceded by the leading business men to do the best work.

Cloaks and Jackets.

DON'T READ THIS

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\$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.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

C. F. Smith Post, G. A. R., has chosen the following list of officers for 1897: N. A. Eddy commander, H. P. Young senior vice-commander, Charles F. Bouton junior-vice commander, Emil Glaser surgeon, A. H. Rolph quarter-master, J. W. Dean officer of the day, A. Stoner, chaplain, A. S. Warn adjutant, Maurice Boyle officer of the guard, L. Heminger quartermaster-sergeant, J. G. Walters sergeant-major, J. W. Dean delegate to grand encampment and Joseph Beecher alternate. After January 1st the post will meet on the second and fourth Friday of each month.

Mr. P. Roach, who has sold "wet groceries" in this region for more than thirty years, is very ill at his home in Springfield, Ills.

The ladies of the Philharmonic club will give a farewell leap-year party at North Star Hall next Tuesday evening.

Rumor says that the mayor and the city attorney are "at outs" and that the attorney has tendered his resignation.

Mrs. Ann Ferrin and her daughter, Mrs. Dady, departed for Chicago last Saturday for an extended visit there.

The first of the Eastern Star parties will be given on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 30, at Masonic hall.

Mr. Spafford, who has been here for some weeks, departed for his home in Illinois last Wednesday.

Counselor Clancy went to Manistique Monday and commenced action against Chase Osborn for libel.

O. F. Houlard, of Chicago, and Anna L. Gustafson, of this city, were married last Saturday.

Mrs. Phil Kelly has this week entertained Misses Haggerson and O'Connor, of Spalding.

Mrs. Chappel and her daughter Lou are at home again from their visit at Chicago.

John A. McGuire and wife are visiting in Illinois, having departed Tuesday evening.

Geo. Young proposes to remove to Chicago and offers his business here for sale.

Misses Maggie and Emma Vassaw are spending the holidays at Green Bay.

Miss Consuelo Oliver came home, from Ypsilanti, to spend the holidays.

Mike Green departed Wednesday morning for a trip to the northwest.

Richard H. Mertz will leave Gladstone Monday for Butte, Montana.

T. J. Tracy was called to Garden by official business last Monday.

W. H. H. Wellsted, of Brampton, was in town Tuesday.

Fred Baker, of Menominee, was in town Monday.

George McKana was at home for Christmas.

Mayor Gallup visited Gladstone Tuesday.

E. G. Dixon camp, S. O. V. chose officers for the coming year last Tuesday. They are, Captain, Wallace Van Dyke; First Lieut., Henry L. Glaser; Second Lieut., Lyman Beggs; Camp Council, August Nehls, George Rafferty and Jesse Wright. Captain W. Van Dyke has also been appointed Sergeant-Major of the Division Commander's staff of Michigan. He will leave next week to inspect and instruct the Manistique camp in the work for the coming year.

Charles R. and Miss Ida R. Collins, of Gladstone, visited their brother, Sam, at the office of The Iron Port, last Saturday afternoon.

next week and have a place on the program.

Misses Jessie and Glory Rogers tied up their schools and came home for Christmas. They will go to Racine to-night for the remainder of the holiday season.

J. A. Fuller, an old time associate of the editor of this paper in Dixie, who now sells coffee and spices for a Milwaukee house, was in town Thursday.

The thanks of the editor of The Iron Port are due to G. T. Burns for something wherewith to make Christmas merry.

Miss M. Stegath, who has a place in the Ishpeming schools, is at home for the holidays.

Dan Carroll's family was all at home on Christmas and the day was jolly.

The North Star society will dance, en masque, at its hall to-night.

Nick Riley took in a dance at Gladstone Monday evening.

F. C. Bates spent Christmas with his parents at Negaunee.

Will, Stoik was laid up Thursday with an attack of sickness.

Chas. Sherman, of Foster City, was in town Tuesday.

Capt. Alfred Taylor is at home for the holidays.

GENERAL CITY NEWS.

Seventy-five years ago the U. S. recognized the independence of the South American "provinces of Spain." Spain protested but submitted, and so she would do if the independence of Cuba was recognized; she could do nothing else. If the voice of Uncle Sam was potent in 1822 how much more now; if Spain was impotent then, what could her protest now avail?

The Iron Port would be pleased should President McKinley call Gen. Alger to a place in his cabinet but does not feel called upon to urge it. The selection of his cabinet is the president's own business and with that selection it, and the party, will be content.

A "sick benefit association" has been organized at Menominee. The stockholders are: Jos. Fleishem, J. H. Walton, Wm. Holmes, M. S. Harmon, C. I. Cook, Peter Sibenaler, A. B. Stryker, Frank Erdlitz, J. Hens, B. J. Brown, J. W. Wells and Dr. B. T. Phillips.

The editor of The Iron Port ate (his share of) a Christmas turkey which cost him nothing. If it was intended as a present he hereby tenders thanks to the donor. If it was delivered by mistake he will pay on demand.

How Fifeid knows is a question, but he says that when "she" stops at the gate and seems to want "him" to say good night and go, it is because the door key is hung to her garter. Take the hint, boys.

Another great electric plant is to be built. The power is to be derived from the St. Lawrence river at Massena, N. Y., where a head of fifty feet and a full supply of water can be had.

"Mamie got a diamond ring for her Christmas." "How did she get it?" "Hung up her stocking." "Jack, of course? But how did Jack get it?" "Hung up his watch."

Three youngsters arrested for disorderly conduct got off unpunished because the ordinance was not lawfully passed in the first place and was not operative after its second passage.

Insanity in Michigan increases faster than population. The ratio is now 16 cases in each 10,000 of population against 14 ten years ago, and the asylums are crowded.

The Tamarack Jr. copper mine is taking out rock that carries twenty per cent copper and is therefore "in bonanza."

No "fat graveyard" this winter; Christmas was white with new-fallen snow—just enough for "good going."

Gomez is said to be wild with rage over the deaths of his son and Maceo and determined to wipe out Weyer.

Corrigan, McKinney & Co. have bought the Blue mine, near Negaunee, and will work it for all it can produce.

The second trial of Frank Ashley resulted in his conviction and he was sentenced to state prison for life.

Mayor Pingree has obtained an injunction against the redstone contract, and "the fat" is in the fire" again.

Gen. Miles says Custer's plan of battle was all right. All the same, he was wiped out, utterly.

Municipal Gossip.

Senor Quesada, Cuban representative at Washington, says that volunteers are not wanted by the Cubans, that they have twice as many men, now, as they can arm. What they need is munitions of war—arms and ammunition.

Major C. T. Picton 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 Picton 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.

Spain "recognized" the rebels within twenty days after the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter. The Cubans have been holding their own two years.

Several of our contemporaries speak of the sun "crossing the line" Monday. It reached its southern limit that day—the "line," that is the equator, is crossed at the equinoxes, in March and September.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenk, 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.

Badour, editor of the Menominee Enterprise has been arrested, charged with violation of the game law. He says the prosecution is a bit of spite work by the state game warden, Osborn.

The Manistique Democrat has been sold to McNaughton, formerly of the Pioneer, who changes its name to the "Courier" and its politics to "independent republican."

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. Alwad.

The Iron Port is printing a handsome price list for Cleary Brothers, wholesale liquor dealers. It will be ready for distribution among their customers early in the new year.

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

Jas. Russell, of the Mining Journal, contradicts the rumor that he is to "refer" for Gov. Pingree in this district.

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

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.

The Soo line freight house at the Soo was burned on the night of the 18th and seven loaded freight cars with it. Loss about \$30,000.

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.

Harry Henderson and C. C. Peterson have bought and will operate the City Ice Rink. Emanuel Hogan is retained as manager.

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

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

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. Robinson 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.

Coffee Pills. Take a pill from your pocket, drop it into a cup of hot water, and in the twinkling of an eye you have coffee as black as your hat, and as strong as you can drink it. That sounds like a fairy tale, but it is true. This new preparation of caffeine, which is to do away with all the boiling and clarifying and fuss which make the coffee barely worth while making, has just been discovered by two chemists. If their expectations are realized, the making of coffee will be simply the matter of a compound pellet, containing the coffee ingredients, along with the milk and sugar.

Card of Thanks. The undersigned desire to extend their heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who so tenderly sympathized with and assisted them during the illness and after the death of the beloved husband and father. Such friendship and kindness is always sweet and welcome to those in trouble and it cannot fail to excite appreciation and gratitude. Again thanking our friends for all they have done for us, we are,

Very gratefully, Mrs. ROBERT HASTIE and FAMILY. They WILL Fight. The settlers on the Wisconsin Central lands indemnity have declared war on

the loggers who have started to log on the land. The settlers lost their lands through the decision of the United States Supreme court, but have not yet been evicted. They claim that the company should pay for the improvements they have made during the past five years. Serious trouble is feared as the settlers are determined that the pine on their lands shall not be cut until they have been legally evicted and their improvements paid for.

The Lad Got It. The Prince of Wales was one day in an elementary school on his Sandringham estate, and, in his usual genial way held up a 5-shilling piece, saying: "I will give this to the scholar who can tell me the difference between him or her and myself."

After a pause, a bright-looking little lad stood up, and said: "I think I can, sir!"

"Well," was the prince's reply, "what is it, my boy?"

"I am waiting for your crown, sir, and you are waiting for your mother's." Needless to add, he got the money, and amused the prince immensely.

Stove Wood for Sale. The L. 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.

Legal Notices. (First Publication, Nov. 18th, 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 "1" of mortgages on page 377, on the third day of November A. D. 1895; and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred and seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents (\$177.75) 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 there-in 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 three (3) of the Hessel and Hentschel addition to the city of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof.

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

(First Publication Dec. 12, 1896.) STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. 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 Jan., 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 these days.

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

(First Publication Dec. 12, 1896.) CHANCERY 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 dated on the twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending wherein the Detroit Savings and Loan Association, a corporation is complainant and Alphonse Wasmor and Minnie Wasmor are defendants, notice is hereby given that a sale 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, as 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 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, Special Commissioner, appointed by the court to make said sale. SMITH AND EMERSON, Solicitors for Complainant.

(First Publication, Dec. 12th, 1896.) MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage made by John Magnum and Emma Magnum, his wife, to Frank Bar II, 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 17th day of December A. D. 1895, in Liber of Mortgages, on page 395, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of six hundred five and 95-100 dollars (\$605.95) principal and interest, the sum of forty-four and 17-100 dollars (\$44.17) 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 eighty-two and 12-100 dollars (\$682.12), and no suit or proceedings 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 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 26th 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 and state of Michigan, (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 9th, 1896. FRANK BUELL, Mortgagee. IRA C. JENNINGS, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Us that our Printing is of a high order, equal to printing done any where. Others tell us this, you know. You try us and see if it's true.

The Iron Port Co

Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts

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—we'll we are positively accurate and that's all there is to it. Come and see. J. H. Mead, Druggist.

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

"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.

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.

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.

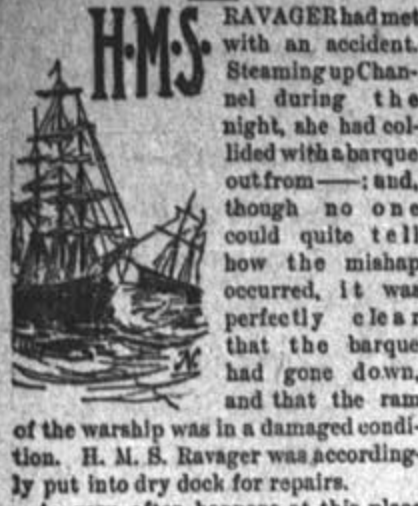
Staple and Fancy Groceries A Large and Complete Line Always in Stock. E. M. St. JACQUES. Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts

NEWSPAPER LAWS

Any person who takes the paper from the door, or who directs to his name, or who is a subscriber, is responsible for the payment of the same.

AN UNEXPECTED REVENGE.

BY PHILIP STRANGE.



RAVAGER had met with an accident. Steaming up Channel during the night, she had collided with a barque out from— and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the barque had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working-guests of the nation.



Private Smith passed on this commonplace request almost caused him to burst into a loud, hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into a state of such serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was "a bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?"

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavor to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind.

row escape from conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was no staid member of her majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine, and for an instant traveled icily through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music-hall ditty.

The man's back was turned towards Private Smith. To all appearance, he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great, startled bound and set all his nerves in a most painful quiver than ever.

"Say, old chap?" But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back towards the convict, his heart beating so fast that he came near to suffocation.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

But Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing. "Well, what's the matter?" demanded the warder, sharply.

"I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all," Private Smith answered. "My great coat is there."

"And in the pockets—?" "Two pieces of tobacco and a half-crown."

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

seen Louis Vaudois, this fear cleared away, leaving only black hate within his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece of tobacco would satisfy his once friend and enemy.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation.

Swiftly he made his preparations; and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced, Vaudois' face was turned towards him with a ferocious threatening expression.



"HANDS UP, OR I'LL FIRE!"

"Box—great coat—get the lot—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half turned towards the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudois creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement, make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

"Halt, there!" he shouted. "Hands up, or I'll fire!"

And Vaudois, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A warder came rushing forward, and a number of blue jackets and marines hurried from the Ravager. In an instant the warder had Vaudois handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation.

Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

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"And in the pockets—?" "Two pieces of tobacco and a half-crown."

NEW YORK RARE BEAUTIES.

Nothing in the Old World to Match the Charm of the City.

I do not think that, as a class, New Yorkers have taken a just pride in their city in the past, and I am sure they have thereby lost something well worth having. Perhaps, in a measure, this failure can be laid at the door of the official corruption that has disgraced it; perhaps in even a larger sense the failure is to be blamed for the corruption. Let that pass. I have seen some of the world's great cities, some of them famed for their beauty, and this I know, that I have come back each time more impressed with the conviction that there is none of them that can compare with New York in point of natural advantages and real attractiveness.

When, two or three years ago, I had returned from a summer spent in northern Europe I used to go every day for a month from my office in Mulberry street over to the corner of Broadway and Houston street, on purpose to look up and down Broadway, and get the view of that royal thoroughfare, to Grace church on the north, with every detail of its beautiful gray spire standing forth clear and distinct in the sparkling October air, and south two full miles to the tall buildings about Rowling Green. I did not tire of admiring the brilliancy of the atmosphere, which seemed little less than a revelation after the heavy sultriness of London's streets, or Hamburg's, or Copenhagen's.

I have never seen such sunsets on sea or land as are to be had any fine summer evening from the rear end of an East river ferry boat, with the towers and roofs of the city, clear in outline and color, without the smudge of Chicago or London or Cincinnati, against a background of orange and pink and purple, blending in warm and changing tints as the sun sinks deeper behind the Palisades. And where is there a view like that of our matchless harbor, sailing up through the Narrows on a bright morning? The vaunted waterways of foreign ports become tame beside this majestic stream, in which the masts of the world might lie at anchor, with elbow room and to spare. The picture is not without its reverse, of course—where is one that has none?—and it may be that in our new eagerness to render it tolerable we have not given ourselves time sufficiently to admire that which is really admirable. If so, we have at least the knowledge to comfort us that the effort has borne fruit. The Better New York is already a creditable and gratifying fact.—Jacob A. Riis, in Century.

SET FIRE TO A BEAR.

Tom Clark Was Freed and His Only Weapon Was Kerosene.

Tom Clark, a well-known northern Pennsylvania hunter, tells the following experience that befell him recently when hunting near Williamsport: "My horse was well loaded with flour, bacon and other stuff for my hunting cabin, and I had my rifle lying across the flour sack in front of me. Out of the brush into our path walked a great, big bear.

"My horse gave a snort and wheeled, and tried to throw me into the brush as he departed from the trail. I had no revolver, and my rifle was traveling down the mountain.

"My knowledge of bears was limited, and at that particular time I was not anxious for new acquisition in that line. The bear seemed to regard me with a friendly eye, for he boldly advanced, while I made for a tree. The bear wanted to keep me company, for he got to the foot of the tree by the time I had gained a limb about six feet from the ground. The tree was just about small enough for him to climb, and he tried his claws on the bark as high as he could reach. I was in a bad fix, and no way to help myself.

"I had no knife, but luck and a happy thought helped me. I had a canteen of kerosene suspended around my neck, which I thought would make his eyes smart. The oil had no effect, for the brute continued to look at me, and seemed to grin.

"Then another idea occurred to me. I had a fresh box of matches, and if I could set fire to the oil that I poured over the bear's head the battle was won. I made several attempts to drop burning matches on the oily head of the bear, but the lucifers either went out or missed the mark.

"I had no paper, but I managed to tear a piece of lining out of my vest, and, getting a limb almost three feet long, fastened the rag to it, set fire to the rag, and with more satisfaction than I ever did anything else lowered the burning rag at the end of the stick, until within about three feet of the bear's oil-soaked head, and let it drop. "The oil instantly took fire. The animal was surprised beyond the limit of any bear's imagination. One howl of pain, then up went the paws to rub the burning head, to get burned for their trouble, followed by another howl; then down with the nose into the dirt, but no relief, when, with a terrific howl, the bear made a rush through the brush, up the mountain, out of sight."—Special Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Wasp's Sense of Humor.

"Hallo, what are you smiling about—win anything?" "Not a cent. That isn't it. I was out to my country house to-day and going up in the attic to see if the windows were all closed, I noticed my wife's bicycle bloomers hanging on a nail. And what do you think? A colony of wasps had made a nest in them! That's right. And when I laughed they chased me downstairs. Say, what kind of a low-spirited creature is a wasp, anyhow?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not All Singers.

Ho—How many voices are there in that choir at your church? She—About seven. "Why, I had an impression that it had 40 or 50 members." "So it has, but you asked me how many voices."—Tit-Bits.

BOOKS AND PAPERS.

It is said that Sir Edwin Arnold has contributed nearly 10,000 leading articles to the London Daily Telegraph.

W. H. Mallock is to edit a new London weekly modeled after the Spectator and to be sold at about half the Spectator's price.

Barling-Gould has finished a personal life of Napoleon Bonaparte, upon which he has spent the leisure moments of several years.

Li Hung Chang, it is announced, will write a book on America. Perhaps that is the reason for his never-ceasing questions while here.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Gossip seldom injures a man who is not a little guilty.

Loud conversation is hardly necessary and frequently annoying to others.

A woman is about as sure to lose her spectacles as she is to lose her pocket-book.

A tear in your trousers will never worry you as long as you are in ignorance of it.

Almost every woman cherishes a sample of the first dress her husband ever bought her.

People in love do lots of making up without quarrelling, and lots of quarrelling after marriage without making up.

An Atechian man eats the raw oysters himself and gives his wife the juice with which to make herself a stew.

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

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

W. & T. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We often hear people say they will contribute to the support of the church even if they have to wear their old clothes to do it. We notice they never wear the old clothes. —Washington (La.) Democrat.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a handsome page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, by C. F. ARMOUR, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Send 10-cents excursions South. Write for particulars.

THE SAFEST WAY.—BORAX (reflexively)—"I wish I knew how to tell a woman's age." Samjones—"The best way is to tell it in a soft and gentle whisper." Truth.

THE MODERN MOTHER Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

"TOMMY," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?" "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Household Words.

I USE PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 8, 1894.

EVERYONE has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—Jeremy Collier.

SUDDEN weather changes bring rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil makes prompt cure.

THE WISE FORM RIGHT JUDGMENT of the present from the past.

BLACKER the spot, surer the cure. Use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

SENSE shines with a double luster when set in humility.—Penn.

Hope Hood's Sarsaparilla

Returns to the heart of the victim bound in the chains of rheumatism, dropsy, scrofula, catarrh, with the blood is enriched and purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

A Superbly Appointed Train. Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 8:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y.). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. F. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

JOHNIE FRISCHARD—I tell you frankly that I shall not be able to pay for this suit until next year. "Tailor—"All right, s'r. "When will you have it ready?" "Next year."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be wise, well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

THERE are people who think that if a fellow doesn't like olives, it is a sign that he hasn't been moving in the best society.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

NOT ANSWERED YET.—Tommy—"O, paw!" "M' Fig—"Well!" "How can a solid fact look out?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Put a pin in sleep! St. Jacob's Oil does this with certainty. Torment cure.

AS SOON as thought finds a body, it begins trying to move the world.—Ham's Horn.

Don't snap in two. Limber up. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lumbago sure.



Love in the Scale.

"How much does the baby weigh?" is only another way of asking, "Is he healthy and strong?" When a baby is welcomed into the world with loving care and forethought, his chances of health and strength are increased a hundred-fold.

A prospective mother cannot begin too early to look after her own health and physical condition. This is sure to be reflected in the baby. Any weakness or nervous depression, or lack of vigor on the mother's part should be overcome early during the expectant time by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which promotes the perfect health and strength of the organism specially concerned in motherhood.

It makes the coming of baby absolutely safe and comparatively free from pain; renders the mother strong and cheerful, and transmits healthy constitutional vigor to the child.

No other medicine in the world has been such an unqualified blessing to mothers and their children. It is the one positive specific for all weak and diseased conditions of the feminine organism. It is the only medicine of its kind devised for this one purpose by a trained and educated specialist in this particular field.

Mrs. F. B. Casagrand, of No. 420 Humphrey St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am now a happy mother of a fine, healthy baby girl. Recd that your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Lactogen' have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using your medicine. I took three bottles of the 'Prescription.' Consequently were I only in labor fifty-five minutes. With my first baby I suffered 18 hours, then had to lose him. He was very delicate and only lived a hour or two. My second baby I suffered untold agony, and had two miscarriages. 'Favorite Prescription' saved both my child and myself. My baby is not yet three weeks old and I do not think I ever felt better in my life."



MADAME JULIAN NORRIS, who has written a practical article, "How to Train the Voice," for The Companion for 1897.

For the Whole family.

THE COMPANION also announces for 1897, Four Absorbing Serials, Adventure Stories on Land and Sea, Stories for Boys, Stories for Girls, Reporters' Stories, Doctors' Stories, Lawyers' Stories, Stories for Everybody—all profusely illustrated by popular artists. Six Double Holiday Numbers. More than two thousand Articles of Miscellany—Anecdote, Humor, Travel, Timely Editorials, "Current Events," "Current Topics" and "Nature and Science" Departments every week, etc.

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than One Dollar.

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In addition to the 25 staff writers THE COMPANION Contributors number fully 200 of the most famous men and women of both continents, including the most popular writers of fiction and some of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, travellers and musicians.

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IN MINETTA LANE.

Stephen Crane Describes a Notorious New York Thoroughfare.

Its Worst Days Have Now Passed Away. But Its Inhabitants Still Include Many Whose Deeds Are Evil.

(Copyright, 1894.)

Minetta lane is a small and cobbled valley between hills of dingy brick. At night the street lamps, burning dimly, cause the shadows to be important, and in the gloom one sees groups of quietly conversant negroes, with occasionally the gleam of a passing growler. Everything is vaguely outlined and of uncertain identity, unless, indeed, it be the flashing buttons and shield of the policeman on post. The Sixth avenue horse cars jingle past one end of the lane, and a block eastward the little thoroughfare ends in the darkness of MacDougal street.

One wonders how such an insignificant alley could get such an absurdly large reputation, but, as a matter of fact, Minetta lane, and Minetta street, which leads from it southward to Bleecker street, were, until a few years ago, two of the most enthusiastically murderous thoroughfares in New York. Bleecker street, MacDougal street and nearly all the streets thereabouts were most unmistakably bad, but when the Minettas started out the other streets went away and hid. To gain a reputation in Minetta lane in those days a man was obliged to commit a number of furious crimes, and no celebrity was more important than the man who had a good, honest killing to his credit. The inhabitants, for the most part, were negroes, and they represented the very worst elements of their race. The razor habit clung to them with the tenacity of an epidemic, and every night the uneven cobbles felt blood. Minetta lane was not a public thoroughfare at this period. It was a street set apart, a refuge for criminals. Thieves came here preferably with their gains, and almost any day peculiar sentences passed among the inhabitants. "Big Jim turned a thousand last night." "No-toe's made another haul." And the worshipful citizens would make haste to be present at the consequent revel.

As has been said, Minetta lane was then no thoroughfare. A peaceable citizen chose to make a circuit rather than venture through the place, that swarmed with the most dangerous people in the city. Indeed, the thieves of the district used to say: "Once get in the lane and you're all right." Even a policeman in chase of a criminal would probably shy away instead of pursuing him into the lane. The odds were too great against a lone officer.

Sailors and any men who might appear to have money about them were

the time of day from the single-minded and ingenious Bloodthirsty.

After Bloodthirsty's combative importance came No-Toe Charley, singularly enough, Charley was called No-Toe solely because he did not have a toe to his feet. Charley was a small negro and his manner of amusement was not Bloodthirsty's simple way. As befitting a smaller man, Charley was more wise, more sly, more round-about than the other man. The path of his crimes was like a corkscrew, in architecture, and his method led him to make many tunnels. With all his cleverness, however, No-Toe was finally induced to pay a visit to the gentlemen in the grim gray building up the river.

Black-Cat was another famous bandit who made the lane his home. Black-Cat is dead. It is within some months that Jube Tyler has been sent to prison, and after mentioning the recent disappearance of Old Man Spriggs, it may be said that the lane is now destitute of the men who once crowned it with a glory of crime. It is hardly essential to mention Guinea Johnson. Guinea is not a great figure. Guinea is just an ordinary little crook. Sometimes Guinea pays a visit to his friends, the other little crooks who make homes in the lane, but he himself does not live there, and with him out of it, there is now no one whose industry in unlawfulness has yet earned him the dignity of a nickname. Indeed, it is difficult to find people now who remember the old gorgeous days, although it is but two years since the lane shone with sin like a new headlight. But after a search the reporter found three.

Mammy Ross is one of the last relics of the days of slaughter still living there. Her weird history also reaches back to the blossoming of the first members of the Whyo gang in the old Sixth ward, and her mind is stored with bloody memories. She at one time kept a sailor's boarding-house, near the Tomba prison, and accounts of all the festive crimes of that neighborhood in ancient years roll easily from her tongue. They killed a sailor man every day, and pedestrians went about the streets wearing stoves for fear of the handy knives. At the present day, the route of Mammy's home is up a flight of grimy stairs that is pasted on the outside of an old and tottering frame house. Then there is a hall blacker than a wolf's throat and this hall leads to a little kitchen where Mammy usually sits groaning by the fire. She is of course, very old, and she is also very fat. She seems always to be in great pain. She says she is suffering from "do very las' dregs of de yaller fever."

During the first part of a reporter's recent visit, old Mammy seemed most dolefully oppressed by her various diseases. Her great body shook and her teeth clicked spasmodically during her long and painful respirations. From

Finally she explained her celebrated retort to one of the most illustrious thugs that had blessed the city in bygone days. "Ah says to 'im, Ah says: 'You—you'll die in yer boots like Gallop'n' Thompson—dat's what you'll do. You des min' dat, honey! Ah got on'y one chille an' he ain't nuthin' but er cripple, but le'me tel' you, man, dat boy 'll live 't pick de feathers 'f'm de goose dat'll eat de grass dat grows over your grave, man! Dat's what I tol' 'im. But—lah' snke—how I know dat in less'n three day, dat man he lyin' in de gutter wit' a knife stickin' out'n his back. Lawd, no, I sholy never 'pected nothin' like dat."

These reminiscences, at once maimed and reconstructed, have been treasured by old Mammy as carefully, as tenderly, as if they were the various little tokens of an early love. She applies the same back-handed sentiment to them, and, as she sits groaning by the

hood know their guiding bescon. Moreover, Hank holds an annual ball in Forty-fourth street. Also he gives a picnic each year to the Montezuma club, when he again appears as a guiding beacon. This picnic is usually held on a barge and the occasion is a very joyous one. Some years ago it required the entire reserve squad of an up-town police precinct to properly control the enthusiasm of the gay picnickers, but that was an exceptional exuberance and no measure of Hank's ability for management.

He is really a great manager. He was Boss Tweed's body servant in the days when Tweed was a political prince, and anyone who saw Bill Tweed through a spyglass learned the science of leading, pulling, driving and hauling men a way to keep the men ignorant of it. Hank imbibed from this fount of knowledge and he applied his information in Thompson street. Thompson street



MAMMY ROSS.

fire, it is plainly to be seen that there is only one food for her ancient brain, and that is the recollection of the beautiful fights and murders of the past.

On the other side of the lane, but near Mammy's house, Pop Babcock keeps a restaurant. Pop says it is a restaurant, and so it must be one, but you could pass there 90 times each day and never know that you were passing a restaurant. There is one obscure little window in the basement, and if you went close and peered in, you might, after a time, be able to make out a small, dusty sign, lying amid jars on a shelf. This sign reads: "Oysters in every style." If you are of a gambling turn of mind, you will probably stand out in the street and bet yourself black in the face that there isn't an oyster within 100 yards. But Pop Babcock made that sign and Pop Babcock could not tell an untruth. Pop is a model of all the virtues which an inventive fate has made for us. He says so.

As far as goes the management of Pop's restaurant, it differs from Sherry's. In the first place, the door is always kept locked. "The warden of the Fifteenth precinct have a way of prowling through the restaurant almost every night, and Pop keeps the door locked in order to keep out the objectionable people that cause the warden's visits. He says so. The cooking stove is located in the main room of the restaurant, and it is placed in such a strategic manner that it occupies about all the space that is not already occupied by a table, a bench and two chairs. The table will, on a pinch, furnish room for the plates of two people if they are willing to crowd. Pop says he is the best cook in the world.

When questioned concerning the present condition of the lane, Pop said: "Quiet? Quiet? Lo'd save us, maybe it ain't? Quiet? Quiet?" His emphasis was arranged crescendo, until the last word was really a vocal explosion. "Why, disher' lane ain't nohow like what it useter be—no, indeed, it ain't. No, sir! 'Deed it ain't! Why, I kin remember when dey des was a-cuttin' an' a-slashin' long yere all night. 'Deed dey was! My—my, dem times was different! Dat dar Kent, he kep' de place at Green Gate cou't—down yer ol' Mammy's—an' he was a hard baby—'deed he was—an' ol' Black-Cat an' ol' Bloodthirsty, dey was a-roamin' round, yere a-cuttin' an' a-slashin', an' a-cuttin' an' a-slashin'. Didn't dar' ray boo to a goose in dose days, dat you didn't, less'n you lookin' fer a scrap. No, sir! Then he gaves information concerning his own prowess at that time. Pop is about as tall as a picket on an under-sized fence. "But dey didn't have nothin' ter say to me! No, sir! 'Deed, dey didn't! I wouldn't lay down fer none of 'em. No, sir! Dey knew my gait, 'deed dey did! Man, man, many's de time I buck up agin' 'em. Yes, sir!"

At this time Pop had three customers in his place, one asleep on the bench, one asleep on the two chairs, and one asleep on the floor behind the stove.

But there is one man who lends dignity, of the real-level-edged type, to Minetta lane, and that man is Hank Anderson. Hank, of course, does not live in the lane, but the shadow of his social perfections falls upon it as refreshingly as a morning dew. Hank gives a dance twice 'n each week, at a hall, hard by in MacDougal street, and the dusky aristocrat of the neighbor-

hood presently bore a proud title: "The Mayor of Thompson street." Dignities from the principal political organization of the city adorned his brow and he speedily became illustrious.

Hank knew the lane well in its direful days. As for the inhabitants, he kept clear of them and yet in touch with them according to a method that he might have learned in the Sixth ward. The Sixth ward was a good place in which to learn that trick. Anderson can tell many strange tales and good of the lane and he tells them in the graphic way of his class. "Why they could steal your shirt without moving a wrinkle on it."

The killing of Joe Carey was the last murder that happened in the Minettas. Carey had what might be called a mixed-ale difference with a man named Kenny. They went out to the middle of Minetta street to affably fight it out and determine the justice of the question. In the scrimmage Kenny drew a knife, thrust quickly, and Carey fell. Kenny had not gone a hundred feet before he ran into the arms of a policeman.

There is probably no street in New York where the police keep closer watch than they do in Minetta lane. There was a time when the inhabitants had a profound and reasonable contempt for the public guardians, but they have it no longer, apparently. Any citizen can walk through there at any time in perfect safety unless, perhaps, he should happen to get too frivolous. To be strictly accurate, the change began under the reign of Police Capt. Chapman. Under Capt. Groo, the present commander of the Fifteenth precinct, the lane has donned a complete new garb. Its denizens brag now of its peace, precisely as they once bragged of its war. It is no more a bloody lane. The song of the razor is seldom heard. There are still toughs and semi-toughs galore in it, but they can't get a chance with the copper looking the other way. Groo has got the poor old lane by the throat. If a man should insist on becoming a victim of the badger game, he could probably succeed.

In the meantime, the Italians have begun to dispute the possession of the lane with the negroes. Green Gate court is filled with them now, and a row of houses near the MacDougal street corner is occupied entirely by Italian families. None of them seem to be overfond of the old Mulberry Bend fashions of life, and there are no cutting affrays among them worth mentioning. It is the original negro element that makes the trouble when there is trouble.

But they are happy in this condition, are these people. The most extraordinary quality of the negro is his enormous capacity for happiness under most adverse circumstances. Minetta lane is a place of poverty and sin, but these influences cannot destroy the broad smile of the negro, a vain and simple child, but happy. They all smile here, the most evil as well as the poorest. Knowing the negro, one always expects laughter from him, be he ever so poor, but it was a new experience to see a broad grin on the face of the devil. Even old Pop Babcock had a laugh as fine and mellow as would be the sound of falling glass, broken saucers from high windows, in the silence of some great cathedral's hollow.

STEPHEN CRANE.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Suggestions for Costumes for the Holiday Fancy Ball.

Vests Are Now Aggressive—How to Make Some Handsome Jeweled Bands Without Great Expense—Some New Vests.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Among the plans for Christmas festivities there is sure to be a character party of some kind. The idea of "dressing up" is always hailed with delight by the young folks, while the old are usually equally willing to participate.

The up-to-date spirit which pervades everything American has introduced the custom of impersonating men and women who are brought into prominence by current events. Thus, McKinley will appear at many Christmas character parties, accompanied by the first lady-of-the-land-to-be; the bicycle girl, dressed in a white gown (which is pretty, of percoline) with yellow wheels applied upon it, will also be there. Li Hung Chang is a good character, if used where it has not become too hackneyed. The doll recently dressed by Mrs. McKinley would make a good subject, and so would one of the Geisha girls. The dress of any of these characters may be copied from newspaper pictures and done up in cheap materials.

Historical characters also are always welcome. Many of them, unfortunately, cannot be copied in any but expensive materials, and are, therefore, debarred from parties where fun, and not extravagance, reigns.

A pretty costume suitable for a brunette which may be secured for a very small outlay represents a costume from Algiers. Full Turkish trousers are worn, made of yellow flannelette; over them a short skirt, made by piecing together three-inch wide stripes of white and blue paper muslin. The bodice, cut decollete, is tight-fitting, and is made of stripes to match the skirt. It has no darts in front nor seams in the back, all the fitting being done under the arm. The corset belt of the flannelette ends on the left side in a rosette from which hang two stiff, fringed ends. Square capulettes over the shoulders are of flannelette, braided with a black scroll. For the head blue and white stripes are sewed together, and twisted into an immense turban.

The first figure in the cut represents a Normandy peasant of the time of Louis XV. The dress may be made of ordinary cotton goods, yellow striped with red, and fichu, hat and apron of lawn or other thin white material.

The second figure is a shepherdess of the same period, and shows a very desirable costume for a slim blond.

The dress is of light purple material—cotton crepon would do nicely. What makes it particularly attractive are the sprays of holly which outline the skirt, bodice and hat.

The last is called "Fantasie" and shows a costume recently worn at a

white lace heading between the rows. In fact, there are many ways by which an ingenious girl can reduce the cost of a veil from two dollars to about 50 cents.

Embroidered bands for evening dresses are particularly gorgeous. Extravagance runs riot among them, and many jeweled bands are worn in New York that cannot be bought for less than five or ten dollars a yard. Yet, when one examines them, they furnish ideas that are of assistance to common folk.

I have in mind a pretty gown made for one of New York's debutantes. It is of simple white mull, laid over white rustling percoline because she couldn't afford satin. The bodice is cut very low and has on each side, both front and back, an embroidered band which is wonderfully made. Plain gold ribbon was secured of a cheap quality; it was covered with mull; then an edge of the very narrowest valenciennes lace (not the genuine) was sewed on each side, and the mull embroidered with silver spangles and yellow glass beads. This



THE EMBROIDERED BANDS.

was all done by the debutante herself. Naturally it took most of her spare time for some weeks, but her hands look as well as many of the expensive variety in the stores.

Besides the straps on the bodice, loops of the embroidery fall over the arm to form what represents sleeves, and two bands perpendicularly adorn the skirt front, ending on the hem in stiff bows.

Heavy dresses may be adorned with bands of velvet, edged and embroidered, at home, with jet beads. Or plain net, preferably white, may have some pretty scroll design worked on it with jet beads and an occasional palette.

The best way to do this is to have the scroll marked on a piece of paper. Then baste the net over the paper and sew the beads on, through paper and all.



FOR A CHRISTMAS CHARACTER PARTY.

fancy ball in the French capital. The gown is of Japanese crepe, brocaded with figures in gold leaf. The bands on bodice and skirt are of turquoise blue ribbon. The cap well deserves the name given to the entire figure. It is designed of blue velvet for the close-fitting cap, with outstanding fans of the crepe.

Veils are very much in evidence. Not that they are worn in greater numbers than formerly, but because the net used is so aggressive. It is black and very coarse, with large chenille dots at a distance of about an inch from one another. White chiffon is also much used, and has a large black dot.

By conservative folks the veil is pulled under the chin and gathered up on the hat in the good old way. The chic girls, however, allow the lower corners to hang loose, and fasten the upper at the back of their hats. To make the front sit nicely they put a small knot directly on the front of the upper edge.

Necessarily a veil which hangs loose must have a finished edge, and many, handsomely embroidered, are offered at the stores. They are, unfortunately, very expensive, and the ordinary maid is thrown upon her own resources in properly providing veils for herself.

A white chiffon veil may be prettily trimmed with a knife plaiting of plain chiffon, edged top and bottom with black satin baby ribbon. The plaiting is caught in the center to the edge of the veil, and makes a very attractive ruche.

A black veil may be finished in several ways. Lace braid, which is so fashionable just now, may be sewed on in a fancy scroll caught together with a lace stitch, even by a girl who is totally ignorant of embroidery.

Another pretty idea is to finish the edge with three rows of black velvet baby ribbon, stitching them down by machine with white silk. Or the baby ribbon may be sewed on by hand, with

When finished the paper may be torn away from the stitches.

Glass beads suitable for this sort of embroidery may be bought at any toy store, and are very inexpensive. In fact, the great cost of embroidered bands lies in the time expended. Therefore a girl may find herself the owner of these luxuries if she will use them as pick-up work when she is entertaining callers, or whenever she has an unoccupied moment.

The great idea running through gowning seems to be the attainment of as peculiar a vest as possible. One design that is very popular has the effect of a blouse accidentally opened, revealing the garment beneath, of some particularly stunning material.

With a gown of this kind the skirt is plain. The bodice is tight-fitting—the back of the dress material, the fronts of some delicate satin or silk. Over these fall two additional fronts, bloused, and of the dress material. They are not intended to close, but stand slightly apart, that the gorgeousness beneath may show.

Another effect is secured by the use of two velvet bands. They are two inches wide at one end, four at the other. The narrow ends are fastened to the lower part of the shoulders, cross in front at end under the arms, giving the effect a surprise.

A gown of glorious color introduced rather unique vest. Soft fawn cloth is used for the skirt and very purple velvet for the bodice. The vest is tight-fitting, with low neck, a short yoke and a high collar, the elongated circle—the vest is gold. Both yoke and vest are edged with braid, and, beyond that, purple embroidery.

While neither color nor material would be suitable for merely graceful, in cut this gown is readily made, and will adapt to cheaper materials.



MINETTA LANE.

welcomed with all proper ceremony at the terrible dens of the lane. At departure they were fortunate if they still retained their teeth. It was the custom to leave very little else to them. There was every facility for the capture of coin, from trapdoors to plain, ordinary knockout drops.

And yet Minetta lane is built on the grave of Minetta Brook, where, in olden times, lovers walked under the willows of the bank, and Minetta lane, in later times, was the home of many of the best families of the town.

A negro named Bloodthirsty was perhaps the most luminous figure of Minetta lane's aggregation of desperadoes. Bloodthirsty, supposedly, is alive now but he has vanished from the lane. The police want him for murder. Bloodthirsty is a large negro and very hideous. He has a rolling eye that shows white at the wrong time and his neck, under the jaw, is dreadfully scarred and pitted.

Bloodthirsty was particularly eloquent when drunk, and in the wildness of a spree he would rave so graphically about gore that even the habituated wolf of old timers would stand straight. Bloodthirsty meant most of it, too. That is why his orations were impressive. His remarks were usually followed by the wide lightning sweep of his razor. None cared to exchange epithets with Bloodthirsty. A man in a boiler iron suit would walk down to city hall and look at the clock before he

time to time she reached her trembling hand and drew a shawl closer about her shoulders. She presented as true a picture of a person undergoing steady, unchangeable, chronic pain as a patent medicine firm could wish to discover for miraculous purposes. She breathed like a fish thrown out on the bank, and her old head continually quivered in the nervous tremors of the extremely aged and debilitated person. Meanwhile her daughter hung over the stove and placidly cooked sausages.

Appeals were made to the old woman's memory. Various personages who had been sublime figures of crime in the long-gone days were mentioned to her, and presently her eyes began to brighten. Her head no longer quivered. She seemed to lose for a period her sense of pain in the gentle excitement caused by the invocation of the spirits of her memory.

It appears that she had had a historic quarrel with Apple Mag. She first recited the prowess of Apple Mag; how this emphatic lady used to argue with paving stones, carving knives and bricks. Then she told of the quarrel; what Mag said; what she said; what Mag said; what she said. It seems that they cited each other as spectacles of sin and corruption in more fully explanatory terms than are commonly known to be possible. But it was one of Mammy's most gorgeous recollections, and, as she told it, a smile widened over her face.

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Notice.
The annual meeting of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Schoolcraft Delta and Menominee counties, will be held at the Sherman House in the city of Escanaba, on Tuesday, January 5th, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. All members are requested to be present in person or by proxy, as officers will be elected for the ensuing year and other business of great importance will be transacted.
D. W. THOMPSON,
Manistique, Mich., Dec. 16, 1896. Secy.

Holiday Excursion Rates.
On December 24, 25, 31, 1896, and January 1, 1897, the Chicago & North-Western R'y will sell excursion tickets at low rates to points on the North-Western Line and Union Pacific System within 200 miles of selling station, good for return passage until January 4, 1897, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago and North-Western R'y.

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.
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