

THE IRON PORT

HOME FIRST. THE WORLD AFTERWARD.

VOL. XXX.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1899.

NUMBER 2.

GOODHUE TALKS CANAL

He Explored Two Routes in 1873, With the Idea of Building.

He Does Not Consider the Little Bay de Noc Route Feasible for Several Reasons—A New Route Proposed. Some Facts Concerning It.

Someone in the Northern country has been making a report on the feasibility of a canal to connect the waters of Lake Michigan with those of Superior, and evidently has been making statements not based upon actual surveys, are taken to account in the Sentinel by W. F. Goodhue, of Milwaukee.

Mr. Goodhue explored both the east and west route in 1873 and found that the east route, i. e., running south via the valley of the Fish Dam river, to Big Bay de Noc, preferably the best. The distance by either route is thirty-six miles. The west route, from Bay au Train south, via the valley of Whitefish river to Little Bay de Noc, he does not think feasible for several reasons. In the first place the Bay au Train bay is very much exposed and would require an expensive harbor protection. There is more rock excavation on the west route, the northern end of Little Bay de Noc is quite shallow and would require much dredging.

On the other hand Munising harbor is deep and spacious and is thoroughly landlocked. It can float easily all the shipping of all the Great Lakes. There is less excavation of all kinds by the east route and but little dredging to make a steady for ships at the north end of Big Bay de Noc. It is a route more accessible than the other to all the shipping of Lake Michigan. The distance saved between Lake Michigan ports and Superior ports is 271 miles.

He does not see how any one can say what the depth of excavation will be on either of the routes in the absence of continuous line levels, which to his knowledge have never been taken. The opinion that there is 300 feet depth of cutting on the west route, as stated in a late Sentinel, might be true for that route, but it certainly does not apply to the east route.

The canal if dug, should be dug to conform to the mean level of both lakes, with one lock of twenty and one-half feet lift from Lake Michigan to Lake Superior level. So a high level feeder to the canal is not necessary. Yet there are a great many small lakes in that region which a canal will drain when dug. Mr. Goodhue does not say that either route is entirely practicable, but it looked favorable to him when he traversed the east route in 1873. Actual surveys will quickly dispose of all snap judgments regarding the practicability of so important a waterway—important to all Lake Michigan ports.

There is another route, still farther east of the east or Fish Dam river route, which is apparently as feasible as either of the other two and this is a route from Manistique northwest to Munising harbor. The distance is a trifle more than by the others.

Some years ago Mr. Goodhue, it will be remembered, was quite active in his endeavors to have the government make an appropriation for a survey of a route to determine the best one, but lower lake interests knocked out the clause in the River and Harbor bill, and the scheme has since lain dormant.

SUSPENDS PUBLICATION.

The Thorney Path of a Newspaper Comes to an Abrupt Termination.

The Rapid River Review, after a heroic effort to cling to life, winged its way to eternity last week, leaving an aching void in that unpretentious rural realm. Its life was short; its career full of trouble. Following are its last gasping words:

"The publisher of The Review has determined to suspend The Review during the month of January and to supply its subscribers with The Powers Opinion during that time. The first of next month we will either resume its publication or make a satisfactory settlement with our paid subscribers and suspend the paper indefinitely. As less than ten dollars has been paid on subscriptions to The Rapid River Review it will not be a difficult matter to square up with subscribers should we finally decide to do so."

A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

Thirteen Persons Die in a Railway Passenger Train Wreck in New Jersey.

By a head on collision between two passenger trains of the Lehigh Valley railroad at West Dunellen, N. J., on Monday, thirteen persons were killed and over twenty-five were injured.

Money Comes Easy.

The work of collecting the city taxes is going along finely. The money is coming in at a very satisfactory rate and the ease of this year's collections seems to indicate a decided revival in business.

They Hold Southern Pine.

There are seven or eight millionaires living in Menominee and Marinette.

They made their money lumbering, and although they will, within a few years, have cut their last white pine log, they still have large holdings of southern pine, which will be converted into lumber in the near future.

WANTS A LARGER BOUNTY.

A Correspondent Insists that the Beasts of the Forest Kill the Deer.

Mr. H. E. Kuss, until recently a resident of Escanaba, writes The Iron Port from Faunus in regard to an article recently published in these columns on the probability of the legislature passing a law prohibiting the killing of deer for a period of five years. He says:

"Let the hunters continue to kill deer; there would be plenty for all if they were hunted continually were they not destroyed by wild cats and lynx. I have killed five wild cats and one lynx all of which showed beyond doubt that they had feasted upon venison. The second cat killed was a monster. After taking the pelt I made a thorough investigation and found in the stomach chunks of venison weighing from one to two pounds. The cat does not remove the hide, but tears it from the carcass with the meat. The lynx the same way. I have run across places in the woods where wolves had devoured deer, and there was nothing left but the hoofs and small pieces of skin peeled off the back. There are altogether too many of these beasts around Faunus, but if the bounty was higher they would speedily be exterminated and the deer preserved. The hunters do not kill one deer to every ten that are killed by the wild cats, lynx and wolves."

On this same subject we take the following from the Manistique Tribune: "Mr. M. J. Wood says the wolves are now more numerous than at any time in the past thirteen years, and is attempting to interest sportsmen in securing the enactment of a law by the coming legislature, giving bounties for wolf scalps. He says it is not sportsmen who are exterminating the deer, but wolves, and if let alone the wolves increase so rapidly they will exterminate all the deer."

DAY HAVE NO DAILY.

The Menominee Newspaper Men Propose to Discontinue for Lack of Patronage.

The proprietors of the Menominee dailies, the Herald and Leader, propose to discontinue their respective publications on February 1st unless their advertising patronage is increased. The merchants of Menominee pursue the same plan as those of Escanaba; they discontinue their advertisements during the dull season, when instead they should put forth an extra effort to get trade. The Escanaba newspapers do not now carry a sufficient number of advertisements to pay for coal to keep the compositors warm while setting the type. For this reason The Iron Port is published weekly instead of semi-weekly as heretofore. The newspaper publisher's expenses must be kept within the limits of his receipts and the only way he can do it is by curtailing when business lops off. The Menominee gentlemen are wise in their conclusion.

EARLY BREAKUP.

Lumbermen Fear One and Are Pushing Their Work Forward.

With the experience of last winter fresh in their memories lumbermen are fearing another early breakup and are pushing their work forward as rapidly as possible, so if it does come it will not catch them where they must leave a large part of their cut in the woods.

Though last winter ended with a late snapper there were four or five weeks in February and March when it seemed as if the snow had gone for a good and there was never a time after it when it was possible to build good roads for hauling.

The result was that many of the operators, particularly the smaller jobbers, found themselves worse off at the end of the season than when they began. They are making every effort to get their work finished as early as possible this year to save themselves from a similar fate.

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Its Third Annual Meeting Will Be Held at Ishpeming January 27th.

The preliminary announcement for the third annual meeting of the Upper Peninsula Educational Association, to be held at Ishpeming January 27th and 28th, has been issued by the secretary. The Northwestern will sell tickets at one and one-half fare for the round trip, and the hotels offer a reduced rate. Among those from other parts of the state who will be in attendance are: President C. K. Adams, Wisconsin University; Professor B. A. Hinsdale, Michigan University; President Chas. McKinney, Mt. Pleasant Normal School.

ANNUAL CONVENTION.

National Creamery Buttermakers' Association, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Jan. 23-29.

On account of the above, excursion tickets to Sioux Falls, via the Northwestern Line, will be sold January 21-24, good until January 31, 1899, at greatly reduced rates, to agents for full particulars.

WEATHER BUREAU WORK

Mr. Wurtz, of the Local Stations, Talks to The Iron Port.

There Are One Hundred and Seventy-Five Stations Maintained by Our Uncle Sam—The Manner in Which the Forecast Is Made.

"Did you ever notice how those Weather Bureau fellows hit the weather every day?" remarked a business man to a representative of The Iron Port a day or two since. Yes, we have noticed it, and the accuracy of the forecasting lead us to call upon Mr. Wurtz, the official in charge of the local office. He invited our scribe to an inspection of the office, and as he carefully explained the instruments and the system employed by the bureau, we were surprised at the pains that Uncle Sam is taking to forecast the atmospheric changes every day and to forewarn the public of every change.

The Bureau consists of a corps of several hundred men stationed throughout the country, the West Indies, and one station as far south as Caracas, in South America. These men are of all ranks from some of the most accomplished meteorologists and scientists of the country to messengers for the distribution of the reports and warnings issued at regular and special times through the day. Every station of the about one hundred and seventy-five which the government maintains, is in charge of an officer trained in the work and of a number of years experience. At precisely 8 o'clock, Washington time, both morning and night, an observation is taken of all the weather conditions at every one of these stations. In a few minutes the report is made out in cipher, so ingeniously made up as to insure the greatest brevity, and the highest degree of accuracy in their transmission. The reports are delivered to the telegraph office and immediately transmitted over the wires. They take precedence over all other matter, and by a system of circuits by which numbers of stations get a report at the same instant, these reports are made to cover the wires of the entire country in about an hour.

As soon as they are received at forecast centres, they are placed in brief manner on a map of the United States, and this map, showing the location of the storms, the direction and force of the wind, temperatures, precipitation, and condition of the sky are duplicated for the information of the public and given the greatest possible distribution by means of messenger and mail. From the conditions shown on this map, the forecaster is enabled to form a comprehensive idea of the conditions that will prevail in each section of the country during the ensuing thirty-six to seventy-two hours. This forecast is based upon scientific principles, and is in no means a guess like one sees in almanacs. The phenomena witnessed daily are carefully recorded and classified. Their causes are sought out, and in the light of this knowledge coupled with years of experience in applying it, the Bureau's officials predict, and the agricultural, commercial, and transportation world are learning to give these warnings more than passing heed. Aye, they are proving beneficial to every class, and contributing to the welfare and comfort of every home.

SOME RAILROAD CHANGES.

Messrs. Kelly and Haines Likely to Go With Mr. Underwood.

When Mr. Underwood goes to the Baltimore & Ohio road the first of February he will probably take two of Gladstone's prominent citizens with him. It is intimated that Mr. Kelly the agent at that place, and Mr. Haines, master mechanic, will go to Cincinnati. Both have been closely identified with the general manager of the Soo in the work of the road, and intimate personal friends. Of course there is nothing definite about the change, but such is the general expectation among railroad men at Gladstone.

MOVING PICTURES.

Stirring Events in the American-Spanish War at The Peterson.

The New York Biograph company will reproduce the stirring events occurring in the American-Spanish war at The Peterson this evening. There will be shown the wreck of the Maine, funeral of the victims, Havana harbor and bay, the landing of Shafter's troops at Santiago, review of the 33d and 34th Michigan regiments, and many other interesting scenes.

The Fast Mail Contract.

The Chicago & Rock Island road has entered the "Oriental Mail" contest between Chicago and Omaha. The train sent out will be a regular train and will make the fastest time ever made between the two cities, being nearly two hours faster than the Burlington.

May Return to U. P. Tent.

Some years ago a handful of Macca's were withdrawn from the U. P. Tent and formed G. M. Dice Tent, but it never prospered, and now there is a...

to get back into the parent body. For months past Dice Tent has held no regular meetings.

THE W. C. T. U. MEET.

An Interesting Program for the Semi-Monthly Meeting Held on Thursday.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held at the home of Mrs. Stegath on Elm St., Thursday afternoon. The topics for study and discussion were as follows:

What is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? Of what historic event was it the outcome? Paper—The Crusade? Why was the character of the war against the saloons changed? When and where was the meeting held from which the call for permanent organization went forth? When and where was the N. W. C. T. U. of the U. S. organized? Who was its first officer? When was it incorporated? What is the National Motto? What is the badge? Give history. What is the trying hour? Reading—The International Baby.

There will also be several musical selections and all interested are cordially invited to attend and if they so desire to unite with the class for the study of the work of the W. C. T. U., as before stated, there is no admission fee in connection with this study.

NO EXTRA PAY.

Former Co. L Had Furloughs and Is Not Entitled to Any Bonus.

The passage of a bill in the house of representatives allowing extra pay to soldiers in the late war does not apply to Co. L or any of the four companies of the Thirty-fourth which saw service in Cuba. Representative Marsh's bill grants officers and men of the volunteer army upon their muster out two months' extra pay if they have served beyond the limits of the United States, and one month's extra pay if they have served within its limits.

The proviso in the bill which prevents this from applying to our soldiers is that it is granted in lieu of furloughs or leaves of absence. It has been the practice to grant furloughs or leaves of absence, so the bill seeks only to directly do what has heretofore been done indirectly. This bill, if it becomes a law, will not act to increase the pay of the members of the Thirty-fourth for the time they were on furlough over sixty days from the time they left Montauk Point till they were mustered out last November.—Mining Journal.

THE ONLY SAFE WAY.

The Delta Says There is a Growing Disinclination to Venture Upon the Bay.

The Iron Port notices that there is no travel on the ice between here and the county seat, though the ice is good. There is, from year to year, a growing disinclination to venture upon the bay; and it has become less necessary since we now have an excellent road to Escanaba by way of the iron bridge. This, though longer, is perfectly safe and in bad weather is a much more comfortable drive. Accidents sometimes happen upon the bay, even to the most careful and experienced; and the novice would much better take the land road, even at the expense of half an hour's time. Years ago there was no road between Masonville and Green Bay, but over the ice; and many are the tales of fatal accidents while making the long journey to civilization. Now and then a sleigh was carried, with its passengers, out into the lake by the sudden breaking up of the ice field, and the lives lost on the bay are numberless.—The Delta.

'SWIFT WILL BUILD HERE.

The Big Packing Concern Will Hustle for the Trade in this City.

Mr. Herman Bittner informs The Iron Port that the Swift Packing company will soon commence the erection of a large refrigerator in this city, the business to be under his management. A representative of the company will be here within a day or two to complete arrangements. It is evident that Swift will take a hand in the meat war now waging.

ORGANIZE A CLUB.

Eight Escanabans Form a Club to Attend the Paris Exposition.

Eight gentlemen of this city have formed an organization for the purpose of erecting a fund with which to visit the Paris exposition. The plan is this: The members contribute one dollar each week from now until the start is made, and this goes into a common fund, to be handled on the trip by a financier elected for that purpose. The club has been in existence several weeks.

A Special Meeting.

St. Joseph Court, C. O. F., will hold a special meeting tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The Deputy High Chief Rawger will be there to install the newly elected officers. The meeting will be interesting and instructive and a large attendance is expected.

Another Summer Hotel.

A company has been organized for the erection of a summer hotel at Michigamme lake, which place will be booming next season. The company will run a number of pleasure launches on the lake.

PILES OF HUMAN BONES

Exhumed From their Burial Place and Thrown Behind a Great Wall.

Such Was the Spanish Way in Cuba Before the War—An Interesting Letter From a Soldier Boy Known to Many in Escanaba.

W. P. Fisher, Co. M., First Mont. Vol. Inf., a brother of John A. Fisher, of this city, writes from Manila under recent date regarding army life in Cuba. He is known to many in Escanaba. He says: "I lost thirty pounds since enlisting. Our food was very poor for the first three months, but at present we are living well. We get fresh meat seven times a week. It comes from Australia. Hard tack is a thing of the past. The most of our work is police and outpost duty; we keep in front of the insurgent lines. Uncle Sam has full control here and the city is becoming more and more Americanized. The Spanish prisoners have the freedom of the city, and are well treated. I visited the penitentiary here a few days ago; there are 500 natives confined for petty offenses. They are all in ball and chains and are treated worse than dogs. Prisoners are shot down for almost nothing. Gen. Otis has investigated the matter, placing the warden under arrest for embezzling \$15,000 and liberating most of the prisoners. The prison is now in charge of Americans. I visited a cemetery, behind the stone wall of which a native showed me human skeletons piled up fifteen feet high. The Spanish tax the natives a certain amount each month for burial places and if they are not able to make each monthly payment or time the bodies are exhumed and thrown behind this wall. The boys are all anxious to get back to America, but will grin and bear it as long as Uncle Sam needs us. We get good cigars for two cents and Milwaukee beer for 40 cents per bottle. I wish I could spend as good a Christmas as the last one in Escanaba, but I think it will be very dry."

RUNNING REGULAR TRAINS.

The Escanaba & Lake Superior Railway Commenced Service on Monday.

On Monday last the Escanaba & Lake Superior railroad commenced running regular trains between Wells and Watson, a distance of thirty-one miles. The train is of the accommodation kind, and gives good service. The time card, which went into effect on that date, is as follows:

No. 1	Mile	Stations	No. 2
a. m.			a. m.
7:30	0	Wells	11:30
8:10	5	Escanaba	11:45
8:20	6	North Escanaba	11:50
8:35	14	Chandler	12:05
8:40	15	Sinclair	12:10
8:55	23	Kingsley	12:15
9:50	31	Watson	12:50

Daily except Sunday. Nos. 1 and 2 connect with Chicago & Northwestern at Escanaba, and the Soo Line at North Escanaba.

The train leaves Wells, follows the shore of Little Bay de Noc past the United States Woodware company factory, to a point within 500 feet of the Northwestern passenger depot and thence to its destination.

There is considerable business on the new line. Mashek & Arnold have a store at Chandler, Chas. Smith having the management of it. This firm is operating quite extensively in cedar at this point, their shipments commencing over the new road the first of the week. There is also a shingle mill of large capacity here. At other points new industries are springing into existence.

A SHAVE FOR A DIME.

Most of the Escanaba Tonsorial Artists Have Reduced the Price of Shaving.

A ten cent shave was practically unknown to the average Escanaban until the past week when the price was reduced from fifteen cents to the dime basis. One knight of the razor, evidently with the intention of increasing his business, cut the price, which was promptly met by the majority of the barbers, and it is intimated that ere many days a still further reduction will be made. A war is on, and if continued we may "get a scrape" for a nickel.

The barbers held a meeting Wednesday evening at John Vassaw's shop and decided to go back to the former price, fifteen cents. There was a large representation. Another meeting will be held tomorrow afternoon, at which time a union will be formed.

The Stage Went Down.

The stage which runs from Marinette to Sturgeon Bay, went through the ice on Green Bay Monday. There were no passengers in the rig at the time. Both horses were drowned and the driver had a narrow escape.

Formed a Union.

The musicians of Escanaba have organized a union, and there will be no more cutting of prices for orchestra or other music.

Will Move About March First.

I. Kratzke has commenced fitting up the interior of the new Kratzke block preparatory to occupying the same with his dry goods and clothing stock. It will

have handsome fixtures. Mr. Kratzke will move into his new quarters about March 1st.

GENERAL CITY NEWS.

Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to the Community.

Grip continues to be as bad as ever in the camps and ten to twelve men are sick every day. It has become so prevalent that the lumbermen are now fumigating the camps with sulphur while the men are at work and airing the bed clothing every day. The men are stricken suddenly with it and are unable to work for several days.

A private communication from Mr. Fitch says he has not accepted the position of general manager of the Soo Line to succeed F. D. Underwood, and furthermore has no intention of so doing. The letter was received the other day by Judge A. R. Moore.

W. E. Wallace has leased the Hawarden Inn from F. J. Merriam and will take possession January 15. Mr. Wallace is not unknown to our city and is a favorite with the traveling public; he will maintain the reputation of the hotel.—The Delta.

Michael Ettenhofen has a clock representing an ancient cathedral on exhibition at Peter Lemmer's place. It is artistically designed and required thirty-eight feet of lumber in its construction, although its height is only 28 inches. It will be raffled tonight at 10 o'clock.

Lord Roberts says that the total abstinence movement in India is worth \$600,000 to the Indian finances. Lord Roberts further said to Mr. Caine when in Calcutta. "Give me a teetotal army, Mr. Caine and I will take it anywhere."

Prof. S. L. Wrightson, who so successfully trained a boy choir of eighty voices at the congregational church at Appleton is doing the same work for the First Presbyterian church at Marinette.

The American Steel Barge Co., will erect dry docks at Superior this winter. The dock will be 606 feet long and 110 feet wide, and the cost of which will be about \$250,000.

Philip McDonald, a Chicago traveling man, attempted suicide at Iron Mountain Monday by cutting his throat. He will recover.

Extensive arrangements are being made for the entertainment of Modern Woodmen at the Menominee convention on Feb. 8.

Bartley Tent, K. O. T. M., has presented its newly-elected Commander, John Vassaw, with a finger ring.

It is probable that our soldier boys now at Augusta will be mustered out about February 1st.

A young girl named Ranghild Peterson died at her home on Sarah street on Monday.

Marinette and Menominee are having an ice boat regatta this week.

MR. VAN HORNE INTERESTED.

The Big Railroad Magnate Back of the Proposed Road Up the Whitefish.

There has been a mystery surrounding the railroad up the Whitefish Valley, the financial backers being held as a profound secret. Mr. F. J. Merriam has been the conspicuous and apparently the only figure in the transaction, but it has leaked out, as things of this character will, that that big railroad magnate, Mr. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific, and who cuts a wide swathe in the affairs of the Soo Line, is connected with the enterprise. Mr. Sutherland, of the Sutherland-Innis company, which was recently consolidated with the Buckeye company, says Mr. Van Horne and his company are the builders of the proposed new road. The former's connection with the project may mean that eventually it will develop into something more than a logging road.

PERRONVILLE ITEMS.

The Shingle Mill Has Started Up—Other News of Interest.

The Escanaba Woodmen company is loading the balance of the logs left over from last fall, the rain having softened the roads so they could not be hauled then.

The Northern Shingle Co. has started up its mill with a full crew. Although it has a large stock on hand it believes in taking time by the forelock and take advantage of the market should the price of shingles come up a notch or two.

Francois Perron, of Clarence Creek, Canada, and his son, Cleophas, who is keeping hotel at Ottawa, Canada, are here on a visit, the former to his son and the latter to his brother, M. P.

INCREASED ORE SHIPMENTS.

The Official Figures of Gladstone's Iron Ore Shipments for 1898.

It appears that the reported aggregate shipments of iron ore from Gladstone for 1898 are erroneous, and instead of a decrease there is a small increase. The Delta will publish comparative figures in its issue of today, which shows that in '98 410,900 tons were shipped against 341,013 in '97. Gladstone makes little pretension as an iron ore shipping port, but nevertheless she is entitled to proper credit.

The Woman's Club will meet at the home of Mrs. D. A. Oliver on Saturday, Jan. 14.

The Iron Post.

ESCANABA, MICH.

SANTA CRUZ.

Beard, the waves with hollow sound
Against the worn cliffs mean and toss.
Landward, the vine-clad hills surround
The city of the Holy Cross.

O'erhead the skies cerulean bend,
The balmy air each life renews.
And flowers their hues and perfume blend,
To charm each sense at Santa Cruz.

West Santa Cruz! A hundred years
Have passed since first that name was
Given.

'Midst ringing bells, while savage cars
Listened as prayers arose to Heaven
From those, who—counting gain nor loss—
Hailed on thy heights the sacred Cross.

A mouldering stone 'mid tangled vines
Dimly preserves their memory.
A noble pile their work manifests
The fame, the cross, beside the sea.
Point—symbols of a Redeemer's love—
From heaven below to Heaven above.
—F. L. Clarke, in Overland.

Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

By E. E. Young.

"TWO HUNDRED POUNDS reward! Now, here's your chance, Jimmy," rapped out my chief one morning. "Camden Town—your own neighborhood. The police up there are making a confounded mystery of it; it ought to be as simple as clock-work. Ha, ha! Twenty bales of rare silk, worth thousands, consigned all the way from Lyons to Jowetts, the big West end drapers. Jowetts' agent rushes off to the station to meet it—and finds that some smart rogues have got there one hour before him, presented forged credentials and driven off with the stuff in a van in broad daylight. Now! Soon after midnight a constable noted just such a van as described suspiciously rounding the corner of Windygate street, Camden Town, and at that very minute, mark you, some one ran up and led him off with a bogus tale of murder going on at the other end of his beat. When he got back—van gone and all beautifully quiet.

"Here are two days gone and no developments. Jowetts, half mad because the kind of silk spoils in no time unless kept very dry, have been here and offered £200 for immediate recovery. There you are! Windygate street is a cul de sac, with about 50 or 60 houses in it. The silk may be stored in any one of them, and all the local police have done is to put an extra man on watch at the open end, on the chance that there will be an attempt to remove the bales. Off you go! I give you 24 hours!"

I hurried out with a confident smile. In less than an hour I had got to Windygate street—a quiet double row of houses of a featureless three-story type—and was in time to see the "special" man exchanging chaff with a servant girl at the opposite corner. He said something, and she tripped off. Another stare, and then he passed me with a confidential whisper.

"Thought I knew you, Mr. Girdlestone. It's all right—a bit of business. That's the girl at a house half way down—knows nearly everyone in the street, and ready to talk all day. Oh, I'm careful, sir; we don't want 'em to take fright and destroy the silk. No, not a ghost of a clew so far, sir, except the van business. There's the rut by the curb where it turned, and then a smug lighter one where it was turned back, unloaded, no doubt; there's been no rain since. Saucy! But, bless you, sir, it might be done every night—there's not a soul stirring here after 11."

"Humph! Shift your point a dozen yards higher up, out of sight; and let me know anything that happens. There'll be a rag-and-bottle man along here presently—do you understand?"

I hurried home—it was barely a ten-minute walk. Half an hour later I was leaving again by the back entrance, so dirty and disreputable that my own wife had given a start. To hire a barrow and stack some rubbish on it was simply itself; within the hour I was wheeling it into Windygate street, shouting hoarsely a record price for rags and old bottles. At every area door I had the impudence to knock and reiterate the statement; and at one likely-looking house even contrived to trip over the step, bring down some glass with an unerring crash and sham a giddiness. No use; it merely provoked the remark: "Served him right!" At the end of my arduous round I was only richer by a barrow-load of unconsidered trifles. Until nearly dusk I hung about the place, and then, with a few whispered instructions to the constable on watch, trudged back home to think out a more definite plan of action.

It must have been about eight o'clock when, as I sat studying the Camden Town directory, the most curious, undreamed-of coincidence occurred. The bell rang hesitatingly; a pause, and then my wife tapped to say that a young person, apparently in trouble, wished to see me upon private business. Next moment a young lady in widow's weeds had floated impressively into the room and was raising her veil from a white, worried face.

"Mr. Girdlestone—the police inspector?" she queried, quickly, in a voice as singularly sweet as her expression, and I bowed—her description was near enough for the nonce. "Then I hope you won't think me silly, but, really, I don't know what to do. My dear husband was only here!" A touching pence, broken by half a sob, then: "My name is Varney. I live at No. 9 Windygate street—if you know it, sir. It may sound strange,

but I go in fear of something happening—almost in fear of my life! You know, when dear Harold died, I had to let the ground and first floor—to a man named Winston and his wife.

"They seemed strange from the first, and kept all their doors locked; then they began to have mysterious visitors long after dark, and my servant kept waking me at night to say she could not sleep for the queer noises. I'm positive there's something wrong, and yet I daren't say anything, for there are firearms about—the man deliberately shot my cat one day because it looked at his canary. But that's not all; these last two days there has been a continual digging sound down in the basement, especially at night. I lie and quake; it sounds just as if they are burrowing under the street—they might, for all I know, be mixed up with those—those dreadful nihilist people! There, I know there is a mystery behind!"

That was it, poured out in agitated breaths. I think it was fully a minute before I could turn my face and say, steadily:

"Indeed? And what made you come to me, madam?"

"To you? Oh, of course! Why, I gave them notice to go six weeks back, and they simply laughed. Since then they have not offered a farthing rent. I dread an upset of any kind; several times I have thought of going to the police for advice, and always hesitated. But this evening my girl said there was a homely constable at the corner; the Winstons happened to have gone out, so I slipped on my things, ran up and asked him if he would mind coming in to see what was going on, and how I could get an ejection notice. He wrote this address on a piece of paper and told me to come straight to you, the inspector, as you would see to it immediately. He said something about a search warrant, but how could I—"

"He did quite right—and so did you!" I was at the door in two strides. This queer accident, brought about so simply, showed the way as clear as daylight. I had stumbled upon the nest and should have the silk within a few hours. I would wait for no search warrant nor to ask further details. "This way, madam! You say they have gone out—then I'll come back with you. In any case, you can admit me as a friend."

"Ye-es," She had a hand to her forehead. "But—but I'm sure they are desperate people! Anything rather than a disturbance, or that neighbors should talk!"

"Leave that to me. Er—Katie!" I called over the banisters. "Don't sit up in case I'm late."

We went out. A moment later we were hurrying towards Windygate street and—what?

I looked round for our constable. He stepped out from the shadow opposite No. 9.

"Haven't seen anyone go in, sir," he whispered. "The lady asked me to wait near, in case of anything. I think we've got 'em easily—I tumbled at once. No, I'm not relieved for two hours yet, sir."

"Come inside with us, then." Up the steps we went. The servant girl, very pale, was standing in the hall. Together we all stood listening—not a sound from below. Nothing more lucky could have happened! "Now, keep cool, madam," I said, "and we'll have a look round downstairs. The girl can watch here. * * * By Jove, yes, every door is locked!"

I pulled out my bunch of keys to try them. We were standing in the passage below, the candlestick shaking in Mrs. Varney's hand. It was rather an exciting moment.

"None of mine fit, I know," she breathed, nervously. "But do make haste, sir—couldn't they imprison us for doing this? . . . There, that key looks exactly like the breakfast parlor one—this door; let me try it, sir. No, it doesn't quite turn. Oh, and there's the door of the big cellar, where we keep hearing the digging and knocking noises!"

I had forgotten that! Flinging open the door, I peered down into the blackness. "Hand me that lamp—we'll soon know," I said, and the constable followed me down the wooden steps. At the foot of the ceiling was so low we had to stoop. "Quick! we might find the bales here," I whispered to him.

"Mind the coals!" came madam's shaky voice down. "Oh, be quick! The cellar runs out under the street. It sounded as if they . . . Mercy, it's the Winstons, come back! Out with the light, sir—don't move, for heaven's sake!"

We were half way across the damp, black space; her voice merged into a half scream so thrillingly that on the spur of the moment I blew the candle out and gripped the constable's arm. A mere nothing became tragedy of a sudden. There was the sound of a door slammed to, and then heavy footsteps and deep voices in the passage overhead. It had happened so swiftly and unexpectedly that we stood holding our breath down there most foolishly. More banging and bumping and talk overhead—then a comparative silence, broken by the constable's uncomfortable laugh.

"Well, I never! What's our next move, sir? They've caught her spying, and there's more than one to tackle. Awkward!"

"Pooh!" I stopped there, because it suddenly struck me that his word was unpleasantly apt. We had no search warrant—and there might be a mistake, after all. Besides, to disclose ourselves might mean a bad half hour for Mrs. Varney—if not for us. We stood listening. The cellar door had evidently been closed, as no light came down, and the sounds were muffled. Finally I concluded that the best thing in the circumstances would be to find some incriminating evidence if possible, and get away without being seen—if possible, again. I felt for my match box, and relit the candle.

"Find out something while we're about it," I said, and we completed our circuit of the damp wall. There were no signs of any excavations whatever, that we could discover. "Queer! What about the door?" I went cautiously back to the steps, and pushed. It gave me quite a little thrill to find the door immovable; either some one held it, or a heavy weight had been placed against it. I flipped back. The constable looked rather pale in the candle light.

"Queer the word, sir!" he whispered. "I don't half like it. I just thought of the coal shoot, and there's something on it—the plate won't shift. They know we're down here, mark my word—'sh! that's a cart stopping outside Mr. Girdlestone, they're clearing off!"

Beyond a doubt! Heavy footsteps were passing along the passage, and out on the pavement. For a time we stood, in a sort of stupefaction; then, in a spasm of rage, I made a dash at that door, determined to chance anything. Useless—it resisted our united strains; clearly, we were pushing against some weighty object. We pounded and shouted, but to no purpose; we were caught in a maddening trap, and had only ourselves to blame. But—the mortification of it!

"Let them go!" I panted, at last. "We must have them sooner or later—they'll come down and let us out the moment they turn their backs."

"Unless they're done for her!" he whispered. "It took something to frighten that woman, sir!"

And almost simultaneously—shall I ever forget it?—there came a lull in the scurrying overhead, and then a voice, thick with nervous laughter, just outside that door:

"Er—mind the coals!"

It was Mrs. Varney's voice. The hall door banged, there was the sound of a cart rumbling away, and then—utter, significant silence.

"Great heavens!" I could just gasp out. For how long we stood staring at each other, taking in the full realization. I should not like to say. Trap? Yes, indeed! . . . That sweet young "widow" was one of the gang—perhaps Mrs. Winston herself. Possibly by accident, more probably through the servant's cunning chatter with the constable, he had discovered that Detective Girdlestone was on their heels, and had concocted this grotesque simple trick to inveigle the pair of us into the house while they removed the plunder to a place of safety. It was their one chance—and we had played clean into their hands. Maddening? Not the word! That it should have succeeded so merited a far stronger expression—and doubtless would get it. . . . I flew to the coal shoot. Still immovable.

"Your truncheon!" I gasped. "You haven't one? Up with some of this coal; aim high, and splinter that door. I'll have them yet!"

Bang! crash! sounded through the house. The top hinge gave—a panel shattered; in two minutes we were clambering across a heavy wringing machine that had been wedged between the door and a projection of the wall. A pause for breath, and then a hasty search of the house. Five minutes sufficed to prove how incredibly we had been fooled. The place was, save for one or two rooms, practically destitute of furniture—clearly enough, it had been rented more for nefarious than for domestic purposes. Signs of the silk there were none. Now we were out at the door, all but coming to grief again over a stone slab placed across the coal shoot. Ten minutes later we panted into the police station, and had sent all the available men, with descriptions of the young "widow," flying over Camden Town. Then I started back for home. I would get rid of the grime and coal dust, and then take a cab straight to Scotland Yard.

I got to the door and pulled out my keys. My keys! They were not mine—with a gasp I stood and realized that that clever creature, asking to try them, had handed me back her own bunch in exchange. Why, what—? Twice I knocked loudly before the door opened and showed me my wife's face as white as a sheet.

"You, Jimmy? Oh, thank heaven! We haven't dared to move!"

"What do you mean?"—in the merest whisper.

"Oh, we've had such a scare, Jane and I! We were sitting in the kitchen, not half an hour ago, and we thought we heard some one moving about up here—creeping up and down the stairs. I screamed out something, and Jane says she heard this door creak. We couldn't stir hand or foot till I heard you knock! I knew it couldn't be you."

"You knew!" With a groan, I strode into the parlor. I knew what I should find; my handsome bronze timepiece, my choice vases, and a score of other small valuables—all gone. Upstairs I sprang like a madman. On the bedroom table had lain my presentation gold watch and chain, that I would not have lost for a fortune. One look—and I staggered back, fairly crushed. . . . Gone! A daring double stroke of villainy; they had walked in with my own key while I was fooling at the station.

And as if this second humiliating blow was not enough to permanently kill any man's good opinion of himself, on the looking glass frame was pinned a scrap of paper, bearing this master-stroke of irony:

"Mind the coals!"

That was a year ago, and Messrs. Jowetts, the big drapers, still mourn the loss of their rich consignment of silk. They seem likely to go on mourning. And I—well, my deepest ambition is to come face to face for just one moment with that sweet young woman who went by the name of Varney. I may not—and I may.—Tit-Bits.

The Company's Bill.
This notice was posted in a pleasure boat belonging to a certain steamship company: "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them until the ladies are seated."—Keystones.

WINTER SHIRT WAISTS.

They Are Modishly Fashioned of Flannel, Silk and Colored Velvets.

A fine French flannel is perhaps the smartest material just for shirt waists, writes a New York fashion correspondent. The red and green flannel shirt waists are popular for golf and are worn with a golf cape by women who do not care for the little red or green jackets. Purple flannel waists are much worn during second mourning and are much more comfortable to look at and much better in their effect than black flannel or black China silk or taffeta. Just at present dark red or dark blue, or even bright blue, flannel waists are being made, with a black stripe which bars them and gives them the effect of a plaid. These are in very good taste and very bright on cold winter days. Corduroy is still used, and velveteen is seen in all combinations. Velveteens in large plaids are very bright and rich looking and seem more formal than flannel, hence may be even more worn to excuse the absence of the boned and fitted waist aforesaid which is reposing in the wardrobe. Since the polka dot craze has become so pronounced one hesitates to mention the popularity of the polka-dotted velvet and velveteen shirt waists. It hardly seems possible that they cannot survive the oblivion into which polka-dotted materials will surely sink if they do not stop thrusting themselves so glaringly upon the retina of the eye that the sight of them will become unendurable. Just now, however, there is nothing much prettier than these selfsame polka-dotted shirt waists in brown, blue and even gray and green velveteens. The polka dots, it is needless to say, are white.

Silk shirt waists are always worn, but to speak of silk shirt waists takes us out of the region of the severely tailor-made article into fancy waists, where tucks and other frivolous and becoming frurbelows begin. Most of the silk shirt waists, in fact, one might say all of them, are tucked in some manner. The very latest tucks are more than tucks.

They are box plaits less than half an inch wide with about the same distance between them. To make a waist of this sort it is necessary to first box plait the silk to be used and then cut out the waist. This waist cannot yet be had in even the smartest shops, so it is well to have one made by a modiste or at home if one has a very good pattern, for the lines are the same as that of the ordinary waist, only there is all this elaborate box plaiting to be done before the silk is cut at all.

There is a determined effort to make the white linen collar less prominent and the tie more obtrusive. The consequence is that one sees shirt waists with a narrow turnover band of white showing about the neck, and below that a wide tie, going around the neck twice, tied with two small bows and wide ends, which reach nearly to the waist. The ever-present polka dot has invaded the ribbon used for these ties, and orange or lemon-colored ties with black polka dots are, to be seen on all sides. The orange and lemon seem to be about the most popular, but there are ties of every color with polka dots on them. Then there are beautiful striped ties of gorgeous-hued silks, which cost a pretty penny if one indulges in the luxury of buying them at men's furnishing shops, but which can be had for about a quarter of the asking price. If one looks carefully at the design, buys good silk and copies it at home.

Then there are ties with square, formal-looking ends, making the butterfly bow or the bat wing. But whatever tie is worn it is customary to cover the collar as much as possible. Many of the collars are only narrow turnover bands, which fasten to the ties before they are put around the neck.

Many of the ready-made shirt waists come with a collar or stock of the material of which they are made. This gives an opportunity to wear all sorts of fancy stocks, but is not quite as much in keeping with a tailor-made effect as a narrow band of white about the neck. Silk waists invariably have fancy stocks, and if they do show a white band above them it is of the finest hemstitched or embroidered lawn and has none of the stiffness of linen about it. —St. Louis Republic.

CONVENTIONAL DRESS.

In the Social Season Comfort Is Sacrificed on the Altar of Fashion.

It is a singular development of these latter days that discomfort is somehow believed to be an adjunct of high civilization. To be comfortable in wide shoes, low collars, loose gowns and durable colors and materials is allowable in periods of relaxation, as in summer vacations, but when the work time begins, and the so-called "social season" is inaugurated, the raiment must be girded and tightened. Thus the poor, protesting but sternly repressed body passes its most strenuous periods in an armor which not only lessens its efficiency, but positively hastens its decay and dissolution. The extraordinary fallacy that in some ineradicable way bodily comfort and a stiff and girded conventionality are necessary to the preservation of high social and moral standards, ought to be sloughed off from our modern code.

Daily work can be far better done when the body is perfectly comfortable. Not a single hard, stiff, binding feature should attach to our every-day costume. Why cannot men and women be reasonable and independent, and learn to admire realities instead of artificial follies?—Kate Upson Clark, in Woman's Home Companion.

Good Landlord.

Mrs. Benham—John, dear, the landlord has raised the rent.

Mr. Benham—I'm glad of that. I can't.—N. Y. Journal.

YUKON INDIANS.

The Poor Creatures Are Good-Natured and Patient in Their Sad Environment.

The Indians in the Yukon are good-natured and harmless. In many ways they remind one of the southern negro. They sing "My Girl's a High Born Lady" and all the latest Bowery airs. It is said that the British drumbeat sounds around the world, but nowadays popular songs do the same thing, and in a much more thorough way. At Guam, our new possession in the Ladrones, the newspapers tell us the natives sing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-aye," and this air is often heard along the Yukon. No doubt it has penetrated to Timbuctoo and the sacred city of Thebes. Judging from the Yukon, native music seems to be dying out. The catchy airs of the music hall are supplying a world music.

The Indians have keen ears, though their voices can hardly be called melodious. Some of them will catch an air after hearing it once, and reproduce it correctly by humming or on the mouth organ. I never heard an Indian whistle or sing at the full extent of his lungs, though likely they do both.

Give an Indian a mouth organ, "juice harp," as Huckleberry Finn's negro had it, or an accordion, and you will insure his happiness, no matter if he is cold or starving. The Indian is as yet ignorant of the banjo, but when he is once introduced to it I think it will be his favorite instrument, as it is with his sable brother. It must be borne in mind that I am speaking of the interior Indians. The coast Indians are a different breed. They are fighters and quarrelsome, robbing the white man by exorbitant packing charges now that they have learned that it isn't wise to do the thing by force of arms. It was these Indians who, by right of their possession of the passes, made the interior an unknown country for so long to the white man. Up to a recent date they effectually monopolized the trade of the Yukon. They even checkmated the Hudson Bay company when it attempted to gain an entrance into the country from the east, capturing and burning the post established at Fort Selkirk in 1832. These Indians are powerfully built, and a 12-year-old girl will trudge along with as heavy a pack as the average white man can carry, while their skookum packers carry as much as a horse.

Indians are not particular about the condition of their food, and will dispose of some pretty rank messes, but one thing they will not eat is wolf. More surprising still, if true, is the reported fact that Indian dogs will not eat wolf. These dogs rob white men's caches, tearing open sacks and gorging on raw flour and oatmeal, and nothing from soap to sulphur matches is safe from their depredations. Wanting to dispose of the carcasses of the wolves we killed below Selkirk, I asked the Indians if they could use them. They said no. I suggested feeding to the dogs, and they shook their heads again. "Dog no muck muck wolf," they said. "Todder way, wolf muck muck dog."

When the time comes for starving, the Indian takes it as a matter of fact, and contentedly. Only once in awhile is there a weak-livered one who cries and says: "Muck muck all gone. 'Fraid poor Indian will die." They peel the bark from pine and even popple trees and eat the softer inner portion. The pine bark is full of resin and nasty stuff, and there is certainly no nutrient in it. It serves, however, to fill the stomach and lessen the gnawing at the inwards. One can travel for miles along the Yukon and never be out of sight of peeled trees, marked with the characteristic arrow-shaped blaze. The fact signifies the frequency of periods of starvation, for there are only a few hundred Indians in all on the whole length of the upper river.—Forest and Stream.

Title of "Sir" for Frenchmen.

The decoration of French officers with the Royal Victorian Order, in return for the various grades of the Legion of Honor conferred on the duke of Connaught and his staff at the French maneuvers, has revived the question of whether Frenchmen who are English knights should call themselves "Sir." Before the institution of the new order there had been no British knighthoods conferred on Frenchmen since the Crimean war, the last survivors having been Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert, who were G. C. B.'s, and Gen. De Mellin, who was K. C. B. It would be quite in accordance with tradition for French subjects in the service of the republic to use foreign titles. Due de Bisaccia, when ambassador in London, sported a ney Neapolitan title, though he was heir to an old French dukedom; and princes of the Holy Roman empire, Papal counts and Austrian barons abound in French official lists. The difficulty that Gen. de Negrier, G. C. V. O., and M. Crozier, K. C. V. O., have in calling themselves Sir Louis de Negrier and Sir Philippe Crozier is that the title "Sir" does not exist in French, and Chevalier does not correspond to it.—London World.

Mental Phenomena.

"I suppose," said the visitor at the insane asylum, "that you have frequent occasions to note that people under your charge are entirely sensible on some particular topics."

"Yes," answered the superintendent. "The good sense they show on general subjects is amazing. For instance, never since I have been here have I heard of a movement among the inmates to get up a six-day bicycle race."—Washington Star.

No Wonder.

Willis—Henpecke is all smiles since he returned from the war.

Wallace—Of course. It's the only time he was ever on the winning side.—Life.

The Good

It will do you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla beyond estimation. It will give you warm, rich, nourishing blood, strengthen your nerves, tone your stomach, create an appetite, and make you feel better in every way. It is a wonderful invigorator of the system and wards off colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip. The best winter medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price 25c.
Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Beware of Quinines for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

How It Happened.

The police magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly. "You were arrested," he said, "for assaulting the player of a street piano. What is your defense?"

"Well, your honor, I was just getting home after having been out all night with a sick friend. My wife was waiting for me in no friendly frame of mind. The dog came along and started playing. There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, so I took it as a personal matter and proceeded to put a dent in his features. The cops hurried up and pinched the dago and his piano, and I—"

"Well, you," urged his honor.

"I was carried away with the music," said the prisoner, sadly.—Baltimore American.

Give the Children a Drink.

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 25c as much as coffee. 15c and 25c.

Perfectly Harmless.

Did you know a young man who smoked 50 cigarettes daily without any particular harm resulting therefrom?

His—Is it possible?

Yes; and the only noticeable effect was the death of the smoker.—Chicago Evening News.

Truly Loved.

Mrs. Adley—My husband is very good to me. He always accompanies me to church on Sundays.

Mrs. Darling—That's nothing. My husband looks under the bed at my request every night.—Chicago Evening News.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25c and 50c. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

View of a Layman.

Bill—What do you reckon that doctor lumps me all over de chest fer?

Jack—Tryin' to see how much dough you had in your inside pocket, of course.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Why They Quarreled.—The Onion Eater.

"My, but he just took my breath away!" The Brute—"Dear me! You'd never take him for a strong man!"—N. Y. Journal.

It is an evidence of greatness to listen to the advice and experience of others. A fool is always bull-headed.—Acheson Globe.

I have found Pico's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

The average man prides himself on the possessions his neighbor can't afford.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

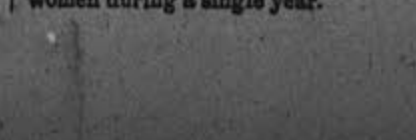
A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. FLORENCE E. HOFFMAN, 513 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.



FANCIES OF FASHION.

Lace Is the Most Popular Trimming of the Season.

It is Used for Dresses, Blouses, Hats and Bonnets—Some New Features in Dainty Teagowns.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

ONE of the most charming and delightful features of the present fashions is the wearing of much lace. It is seen everywhere and on everything. No gown is complete without the softening touch of many yards of lace among its other fine trimmings, while the hat that does not boast of a bit of lace somewhere upon it is not in it in any sense of the word. The wonderful popularity of lace should be a matter of much rejoicing among woman-kind, for nothing is so generally becoming, or in better taste. Only the fortunate few can be the proud possessors of much real lace, but luckily for the majority many of the choicest patterns are so beautifully imitated these days that it is only on the closest inspection by the expert that the deception can be detected; and so when buying laces, if discretion is used in selecting the patterns, there is no reason why even your dearest friend should imagine it to be anything other than the real article, while we alone know it is only a very good imitation, bought at a very modest price. Many of the handsomest afternoon gowns are quite simply trimmed with a many-pointed yoke of lace, made over bright colored velvet or satin, while others again have the bodice almost entirely covered with applique designs of lace, but the prettiest and most attractive of all, I think, are those in which the trimming takes the form of a little lace coat, ending just below the waist in small pointed basques. A very few gowns show a novel feature in a short elbow sleeve of lace, made over a contrasting color from that used in the bodice. Those high in authority claim that the contrasting

time, and whether they take the guise of the printed flannel shirt for morning wear, or whether they appear in the form of the dainty evening waist made of chiffon, satin or velvet, trimmed with a bit of real lace and smartened up by a touch of jeweled embroidery, too much cannot be said in their praise.

Blouses made of black lace, laid over bright-colored satin, are considered quite the proper caper, and one that I remember as being particularly charming was of black chintilly over rose-pink satin. The transparent yoke was outlined by twists of black gauze ribbon and velvet, while the long sleeves were of net elaborately spangled with jet sequins. Another pretty one had



AN 1899 BLOUSE.

the sleeves made in the new elbow length, finished with a full frill of lace that fell almost to the wrist. While on the interesting subject of sleeves, I might mention that from the fashionable sleeve the last trace of fullness has departed, and nothing in the way of drapery is now permissible. As this new sleeve follows very closely the outline of the arm, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination as regards size and shape, the woman who does not possess a shapely, plump arm will have little to rejoice over in the latest whim of Dame Fashion.

For home wear during the dull, cold days of winter, nothing quite takes the place of the glorified teagown, and while the newest models for the season are not quite as fanciful in design as formerly, yet they embody all that is comfortable and pretty, and are quite dressy and dainty enough to please the most critical. While seeming to be perfectly tight-fitting, they are in reality, quite loose and comfortable in every respect, and as this happy state of affairs is brought about entirely by the cutting it will readily be seen that only the master hand can obtain good results. Fine casmere in all the pretty shades of blue, deep pink, pale yellow, light green and new gray is the favorite material for making the new teagown, although foulard and china silk are not at all passe for this purpose. In outline it closely follows the princess form of dress, being cut with a full sweeping train. Some have finely plaited fronts of chiffon or soft silk in the same or else a contrasting color, but the most exquisite of all are those made all of one color and material, the upper portion finished with a tiny lace bolero, opening over a full jabot of ivory white lace, or else trimmed solely by a Marie Antoinette fleche of the finest and softest white mousseline de soie, edged with cream lace, daintily draped about the shoulders and then carelessly knotted in front, the long, flowing ends reaching quite to the hem of the gown. Less elaborate than those I have described, but very neat and pretty in every way, are the teagowns made of delicately printed broad ribbon, caught in at the waist by a broad ribbon sash and finished at the neck and waist by full frills of wide lace.

Some of the new winter hats are wonderfully stylish and picturesque, particularly those that are so profusely



HANDSOME MORNING GOWN.

trimmed with handsome ostrich feathers. In black velvet the hats which are made with round crowns and wide brims are exceedingly becoming even when the brims are turned down so deeply in front as almost to meet the level of the eyebrow. These demure-looking hats are in sharp contrast to those we have been accustomed to seeing worn so far back from the face. On more than one of the new hats seen with in the week peacock feathers were used as the sole trimming, but although there is much real beauty in their bright blue and green so many are superstitious about peacock feathers that the popularity of this trimming is somewhat doubtful. KATE GARDNER.

Too Noisy.

Bluff—Miss Bellows sings by ear. Gruff—Not by mine, if I can help it. —N. Y. Journal.

GARCIA'S CAMPAIGN.

A New Account of the Cuban Leader's Rare Generalship.

Never Published Because It Would Have Excited Hard Feeling If Made Public During His Lifetime.

[Special Washington Letter.]

RESTING beneath the one-starred flag, under whose folds for many years he bravely and skillfully fought for liberty and independence, I saw the body of Gen. Calixto Garcia, the Cuban patriot soldier; and on the following day accompanied the procession to Arlington national cemetery, where his mortal remains were placed in the receiving vault.

By command of Maj. Gen. Miles a guard of honor was sent to his room as soon as it became known that Gen. Garcia had passed away. The artillerymen stood guard there until the day of the funeral, when a full battalion formed in procession, marched to the church and then to the cemetery, where a salute was fired as the body was carried into the vault.

Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler was there. He said: "While there is no precedent for thus honoring the commander of the forces of a government which has not received formal recognition in international law, we do right to form this precedent, because we gave Gen. Garcia substantial recognition on the battlefield, where we fought side by side against Spain's armed forces. The stars and stripes floated beside the flag of Cuba Libre when we surrounded Santiago and captured the place. Gen. Garcia was a grand, good soldier, and the people of Cuba would expect us to honor him, living and dead."

It had been the intention of President McKinley to appoint Gen. Garcia governor-general of Cuba soon after the completion of the evacuation of the Spanish troops. That appointment



GEN. CALIXTO GARCIA. (The Cuban Patriot, Who Died at Washington, D. C., December 11, 1896.)

would have done more than all else that could have been done to satisfy the Cuban people of the kindly and fraternal intentions of the government at Washington towards the people of Cuba. It was the purpose of the president to depend largely upon Gen. Garcia for the formulation and development of a stable government, gradually bringing the people to a state of civilization and appreciation of liberty.

Marti, Maceo and Garcia are names that will linger in the grateful memories of the friends of free Cuba throughout generations. They are the great martyrs who were foremost in the conflict and fell before they saw the full fruition of their heroism and sacrifice.

Marti was the leader of the Cuban revolution. He was the youngest of all, but he planned and put into execution the beginning of the war that swept the flag and power of Spain from the lovely isle. He fell in one of the earliest skirmishes of the war, and was the first of the great martyrs whose blood gave Cuba independence.

Maceo was the Stonewall Jackson of the Cuban rebellion. He had won the respect even of Spain by his heroism and skill as a military leader in the Ten Years' war, and he fell by the hand of an assassin just when the battle of Cuban independence became a hopeful one. He will rank in history as one of the few men who have taught the world that the negro can stand abreast with the white man in the line of great warriors.

Garcia, like Maceo, was one of the great heroes of the Ten Years' rebellion, and he never bowed to Spanish authority. Once, when wounded and unable to make his escape from the Spanish soldiers, he fired his pistol into his own mouth, the bullet emerging from his forehead, leaving a ghastly mark to tell the story of his undying hostility to Spanish rule. Being left on the field as dead, his powerful constitution enabled him to recover. He played a most conspicuous part in the late insurrection and united his forces with the American army at Santiago, but escaped the perils of the field only to bring with him the dregs of disease which ended his great life on the very day that the news of peace between Spain and the United States, including the independence of Cuba, was proclaimed to the world.

Gomez, commander in chief of the Cuban insurgents, has rounded out a great life after having exhibited the highest qualities of a great commander, and now, when beyond the patriarchal

age and the freedom of Cuba is achieved, he will retire to enjoy the blessings he has so largely aided in winning for the oppressed people of Cuba. He will be honored while living and widely lamented when dead, but the names which call out the pathos in the history of Cuban independence are Marti, Maceo and Garcia.

The participation of Gen. Garcia in the siege of Santiago has never been officially promulgated in this country, and none of the metropolitan newspapers has published the facts, because they have not had access to them. The writer has learned from officers at army headquarters, in the war department building, some facts on the subject which are now written for the first time.

While Gen. Miles was endeavoring to embark the Fifth corps, which was to go to Cuba under Shafter's command, he received word from Gen. Garcia asking that instructions be sent to him for cooperation with the American army. Gen. Miles sent instructions in the form of suggestions and requests, but they were heartily accepted as commands, showing the good will and alacrity of a soldier and patriot. So anxious was Garcia to show his readiness to cooperate that his responses were hurried forward through different channels in order that in case one should miscarry another might reach its destination. Gen. Miles said that he would at once concentrate his forces at the points indicated; that he had already sent forces to prevent aid going to Santiago from Holguin; and that he would guard other approaches to Santiago. How earnest was his purpose, and how energetically executed, is evidenced by the fact that on the arrival of Shafter's expedition, Garcia's forces were already in position all around Santiago, practically encompassing that city and the Spanish fleet lying in its harbor.

A glance at the positions seized proves that a superior soldierly instinct had guided him in their selection and seizure, the result obtained being the practical beleaguering of the city, fleet and harbor, and plainly indicates the point where the American forces

CZAR WANTS PEACE.

Still Hammering Away at His Disarmament Proposal.

Editor Stead Is the Autocrat's Chosen Mouthpiece—Why the Proposed Congress Will Not Achieve Anything Tangible.

[Special Correspondence.]

THE beginning of 1899, contrary to all predictions made a year or more ago, sees all the nations of the world at peace. Russia, which once led the aggressive war powers of the European continent, is going around seeking proselytes for the peace policy advocated by the czar, the autocrat himself leaving nothing undone



WILLIAM T. STEAD. (London Editor Authorized to Speak for the Czar.)

to make his proposed international peace conference at least something of a success.

Although Russian officialdom, from the throne down to the rural police office, has always denounced the press as an agency of evil, yet it recognizes its power, and the emperor has not disdained to make a confidant of William T. Stead, the London editor who a few years ago achieved considerable fame, or notoriety, for exposing the vices of high British society.

To Mr. Stead the czar confided that after studying nineteenth century civilization, he has found it not entirely good. He sees nations engaged in seizing, or trying to seize, all territory not yet occupied by European powers, and, looking at the results, discovers them to be unsatisfactory.

"For the native races what does imperial expansion mean?" asks the czar; and then answers his own question as follows: "Too often opium, alcohol and all manner of foul diseases; a great gulf between the governed and those who rule; and crushing taxation upon the natives for the blessings of this civilization. And for the nations who seize it means a continual increase of suspicion, jealousy and rivalry; the keeping up of fleets and armies in order to take part in a scramble with the world, with the result that the army and navy are swallowing up more and more millions that should be used for the welfare of the people and the advancement of the world."

Speaking of the social effects of this state of affairs, the czar is inclined to think that "on top are a few rich and comfortable. Down below, with an ever-increasing pressure of taxes for armaments, is the great mass of poor people whose position is not good. There is an ever-increasing multitude of those below, with their brooding discontent ripening into socialism and developing into all kinds of anarchy. We have at the present time arrived at the stage when our best manhood is in the army. So much is this the case that the whole of the troops in European countries cannot be mobilized without dislocating the whole social fabric. Moreover, war has become so expensive that no state can stand the strain of



"THE FUTURE," BY BELLOC. (Statue Symbolizing the Czar's Ideal of Disarmament.)

protracted war without having to look bankruptcy in the face, and we are so perfecting our modern weapons of destruction that no army can go into the field without losing so large a proportion of its officers that when the war is over, even if that army be victorious, the war will have inflicted irreparable loss on the country. What with disconnection caused by mobilizing; what with an empty exchequer; what with decimated ranks of leading and governing men, I see nothing before any nation but a terrible heritage of revolutionary anarchy."

The sermon which Emperor Nicholas has given to the world through Mr. Stead is an able one, full of truth and worthy of serious consideration.

Probably on account of the dignified wording of the imperial message it has been received well in all the capitals of Europe, but more especially in Paris where the people are, momentarily, "peace mad." A statue symbolizing the czar's ideal of universal disarmament is being displayed in copy all over the French metropolis through photo-

graphs and plaster casts. Its title is "The Future," and it is the creation of Belle, a rising sculptor. The statue represents a robust artisan transforming the weapons of war into the traditional plowshare and pruning hook, the emblems of peace. Thousands of these statuettes have been sold—certainly a reliable indication that France wants peace.

In Great Britain the czar's latest utterance was received with decent attention, but no steps have been taken to put a stop to the military and naval preparations which have been prosecuted with great vigor ever since the Fashoda affair threatened to lead to hostilities. Evidently the British government has but little confidence in the good faith of the Russian emperor; and this lack of trust is justified by the events of the past year in Northern Asia, where Russia has seized point after point without consulting the rights or interests of any other power. England naturally expects that a pathetic appeal for disarmament should be preceded by at least an outward show of respect for the rights of others; and being an able hand at political hypocrisy herself she has learned to distrust others, even though they appear in sheep's clothing.

Germany has nothing but the kindest words for the disarmament idea, and expects to be ably represented at the peace congress. In the interim, however, Emperor William will increase the standing army by the addition of 40,000 men and make most formidable additions to the navy; probably to meet recent additions to the Russian army and to neutralize the vast garrisons made for the building of Russian ships.

The only so-called first-class power which is thoroughly and honestly in sympathy with the peace proposition is Italy. Nothing will rescue this poor country from revolution and anarchy, but a reduction of taxation, and not until army and navy expenses are scaled down can the government hope for a reasonably safe and protracted lease of power. Internal discontent will compel Italy to forsake the triple alliance and to curtail its army expenditures; and unless all other nations conclude to disarm the kingdom is destined, in the near future, to become the leader of second-class powers instead of remaining the weakest of first-class powers.

The only European nation which will not be officially represented at the



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID. (Turkey's Ruler, Who Takes No Stock in the Peace Idea.)

peace congress is Turkey. Abdul-Hamid is not a fool. He knows that Russia has no love for the Ottoman realm, and so declines to put his head in the spring trap. If he is to be strangled, he would prefer a bold fight to being caught with a bit of trifling bait. He probably labors under the impression—and it is not an injudicious one, either—that disarmament in his case would mean annihilation. Nothing, in fact, can prolong Turkish rule except the maintenance of a strong army, and as long as the present administration reigns at Stamboul, beahish peace proposals will be received for what they may be worth.

The people of the United States are earnest advocates of universal disarmament, and our government will add its voice to the czar's appeal for peace. And so will all the small countries of Europe—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Portugal—whose safety depends upon treaties made by and between their more powerful neighbors.

But in spite of this sympathetic feeling the St. Petersburg peace congress is destined to be a failure, simply because not one of the great powers will take the initiative in the disarmament movement. Had the czar been truly honest in his pacific desires he would have reduced his own army instead of increasing it and centralizing it in localities where it must be viewed as a menace by other nations.

Universal disarmament will not be accomplished by a congress of diplomats or doctrinaires. But it is bound to be the logical outcome of the next great war when, to use the czar's words, "even the victor will have learned that it has inflicted irreparable loss on his country."

Truth sometimes has to be pounded into nations as well as individuals, and in the matter of universal disarmament the rod will prove a more effective preacher than imperial platitudes.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

There Are Three Classes.

Dr. Lueger, the mayor of Vienna, recently replied to a proposal of the highway committee to allow cyclists riding on a tramway path by remarking that three sorts of people existed in the world: those who rode on horseback, those who cycled and pedestrians. He had to take care of the latter as well as of the former two classes, but he finally granted the application in a modified form.

Theosophy Not a Religion.

According to the unanimous decision of the Massachusetts supreme court theosophy is not a religion, neither is it a charitable or educational institution, and consequently the New England Theosophical corporation must pay taxes on its real estate.



STYLISH TAILOR GOWN.

sleeve, homely as it is, is the fashion of the immediate future, and lamentable as the fact may be it still remains true that certain good-sized "straws" show the wind to be blowing in this direction.

Lace very naturally plays always a most important part in the trimming of evening gowns, and just now it is being used for this purpose with an altogether lavish hand. The skirt trimming usually takes the form of three deep bounces which extend from waist to hem and are arranged at the back so that they form a short train, while the bodice is ornamented with a little lace bolero opening over a front of spangled chiffon.

As far as street gowns are concerned there is really nothing new to write about. Skirts continue their sheathlike tightness from waist to knee, while at the hem they are still most inconveniently full and abominably long, and it is perhaps for this very reason that many of the newest skirts, when made of cloth, show very little trimming compared to those brought out even two months ago.

In delightful contrast to the elaboration seen in many of the afternoon and evening dresses are the new tailor-made gowns, made, with a charming simplicity all their own, and yet so chic in appearance and so appropriate to their purpose that one naturally wonders how we endured the bridled and over-trimmed monstrosities called tailor gowns of last season. The smartest looking tailored gowns are made of smooth-faced cloth in the new shade of blue, with long lines of strapping carried out in the cloth and ornamented with several rows of stitching, and the fancy of the moment is to have these lines run downward from throat to feet, a style, you will readily see, that is calculated to bring out the good points of the figure, and conceal those that are not so desirable perhaps. Tailors are still making a few frilled coats, but there is a decided tendency toward the one that fits closely to the figure below the waist, and by continuing the long lines of trimming, it is possible even when the heaviest cloth is used to obtain the all-conquering princess effect.

Cutaway coats of black velvet are to be reckoned among the novelties. They are very well-looking affairs, particularly when furnished with broad satin revers, covered with lace, and a full round collar at the back, finished in the same manner. They will be worn with handsome cloth skirts, and when well made and fitted are desirable in the extreme.

Surely blouses were never prettier or more attractive than at the present

The Iron Port

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Editorial Comment.

The matter of determining to what extent Christian Science physicians, or faith healers, are amenable to the law is to be considered by the authorities of Detroit.

Coroner Forth says he will consult with the prosecutor to determine whether Christian Science physicians are authorized to sign a death certificate, his quest for legal information having been inspired by the recent death of a young mother a week following the birth of her child and while under treatment by a faith healer. So long as the members of the Christian Science cult, in the earnest and systematic cultivation of spiritual qualities and physical excellences, keep within the areas of religious freedom and tolerance vouchsafed by the constitution, they are entitled to immunity from interference the same as any other religious body, no matter what the preponderance of opinion may hold as to the efficacy of their beliefs and the genuineness of their works. It is well known that there is a universal assent among Christian people to the proposition that the persistent, studious and trustful seeking for spiritual strength and poise is bound to impart a wholesome and beneficial influence to the physical organism, in the case of nervous, overwrought or depressed temperament amounting often to what appears to be a miraculous transformation.

But popular confidence does not go farther than this, and when the propagandists of the faith-healing school insist upon the efficacy of their system in acute, malignant and contagious maladies, in the restoration of lost faculties and the healing of seriously impaired physical organs, respect for the spiritual activity and earnestness of the cult changes to bitter disapproval of what appears to be pretense and charlatany of the crudest sort.

That a prominent and respected seeker after the promise of restored health held out by Christian Science should take his own life in this city in despair over the ill success of his eager quest for relief, and that a young mother in the critical physical stage following the bringing of a new life into the world should lose her life in the presence of an interposition which the devotee in attendance declared "can never fail," are painful events calculated to deepen popular distrust and condemnation of Christian Science treatment in cases of positive and serious illness.

It is this commercial enlarging of the scope of Christian Science—this putting it upon a professional basis for pecuniary return in competition with pathologists who employ scientific and technical knowledge, skill and experience—that calls for a determination of the legal standing of the new school of practitioners. Are faith healers whose "science" renders a diagnosis unnecessary and objectionable to be exempt from the regulations requiring the prompt reporting of contagion? Are the Christian Scientists, who hold that there is no death—that what seems so is a mere belief—to be authorized to sign a death certificate? Are the precautions and the restrictions imposed for the safeguarding of life and health and the protection of the community to be made applicable to physicians who feel competent through a divine source of power and skill to ignore the prescribed safeguards and the ordinary methods of treatment?

These are questions that must be solved to avoid the confusion and conflict that are bound to result from the entrance into the field of pathology of a school of practitioners whose faith sets aside human instrumentalities and zealously regards scriptural texts rather than the laws and ordinances of the land.—Free Press.

None but a select few, and these the most influential of our public men, have any idea of the embarrassments to which our government was subjected during our war with Spain, from the lack of merchant

ships and seamen. Disaster threatened, many times, just on this account, the details of which cannot be fully disclosed. It is to prevent a recurrence of such a danger that Representative Payne and Senator Hanna have introduced, in their respective branches of congress, identical bills, the purpose of which is to grant to American ships in the foreign trade compensation sufficient for them to cope with the shipping of foreign nations now enjoying governmental aids aggregating much more than twenty millions of dollars each year. This bill ought to pass at this session.

The Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Delta, Menominee and Schoolcraft counties, at its annual meeting held in this city recently, showed a decrease in membership, notwithstanding no losses have been assessed for some time. According to information imparted by one of its prominent members the association's condition would be alarming should it sustain a heavy loss. There is only sufficient cash on hand to meet actual running expenses, no further assessments being made except in case of loss. The limit of insurance is \$4,000, but of course few if any carry this amount. Should there, however, be losses reaching the sum named it would mean an assessment upon each member of \$40, there being only one hundred members or thereabouts at this time. The organization is, of course, all right so long as there are no losses to pay, but the question naturally arises, what would be the result in case of a large assessment? The inevitable result would be that few would, or could, meet the demand made upon them, and for this reason we say the company's condition, with its present small membership is alarming. The only way the Farmers' Mutual may become "absolutely reliable" is by increasing its membership and then creating a fund by levying a small tax at stipulated periods, a certain percentage of this fund to be used in case of loss. If, fortunately, no losses should occur, the fund would augment and then put the company on a solid financial basis. The insurance at present is cheap, but is it "reliable?"

We commend the following from an exchange to the careful consideration of our readers: If there is anything more than another that should be fostered by people in country towns, it is home trade. By it, towns are made to grow, new enterprises are projected, the merchants are enabled to carry a larger and better stock of goods and the town prospers generally. People in country villages never lose anything by patronizing their own home business men. On the contrary they are the gainers thereby. By all means do your trading at home.

Spain tried to play a sharp and dishonorable trick in relinquishing Cuba and Porto Rico, by deeding the public buildings to church organizations and private persons. It will not be allowed to work. All deeds made by Spanish authority after the fall of Santiago will be declared null and invalid by a proper court. If it is afterward shown that injustice has been done to an individual by this action in any given case except the deeding of public buildings, the wrong will be righted; but the deed of a public building is fraudulent on its face.

During the year 1899 there will be five eclipses, two of the moon and three of the sun. The eclipses of the moon, June 22-23 and December 16-17, will be visible in some parts of North America.

We are ourselves to blame for our neglect and indifference of our merchant marine in the foreign trade. Had the nation given proper attention to it, its present plight would have been impossible.

Three standard copper mines, the Wolverine, Mohawk and Allouez, it is said will soon consolidate under the same management.

The authorities are very reticent relative to the state of affairs at Hilo. The situation is admitted to be critical, but not hopeless by any

means. It is believed General Otis is forming a plan of campaign which will result in the control of the island of Panay without actual hostilities. Persuasion will be used before powder.

There is still a shortage of help for the woods, and those employing that kind of labor are finding hard work to get all the men they need, although wages are good. More logs than usual are being put in this winter, which is the principal cause of the shortage, together with the demand for labor in other lines and in other places.

The Michigan war expenditures will be investigated. In placing five regiments in the field, the Military board expended over \$500,000. This amount is deemed to be excessive, and there has been a good deal of scandal connected therewith.

The senate committee on Commerce has reported favorably Senator McMillans bill providing for two new revenue cutters for the lakes.

Germany has instituted a boycott against American bicycles.

Legal Notices.

PROBATE NOTICE FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. Probate Court for said County.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Delta, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight. Present, Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Schils, deceased. On reading and filing report and account of Peter Him administrator of said estate, in and for the county of Delta, ss. Escanaba, Michigan, in said case, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

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The Big Busy Store.

To Our Trade.

With this, the first issue of the year 1899, we wish to thank the public of Escanaba and vicinity for the liberal patronage extended during the past year. At the beginning of the year 1898, with a return of prosperity and a feeling of confidence throughout our country; we felt and hoped that we would be able to increase our sales over those of 1897, which were large. With this object in view we have endeavored at all times during the year now closed to offer to the public of this vicinity such inducements both in quality and in prices that would enable them to give us at least a liberal share of their patronage. With a steady increase during every month of the year over the corresponding month during 1897, we feel that our efforts have been appreciated. For this we feel grateful as it proves to us that our policy of buying in large quantities and selling at lowest possible margin of profit must be correct. We have strived at all times to make all dealings at our store pleasant and agreeable. Our policy for 1899 will remain the same as heretofore. We will continue to sell the best possible merchandise at the lowest possible prices consistent with reliable merchandising. Our terms will remain Strictly Cash. Thanking you for all past favors and hoping to receive a liberal share of your trade the coming year, we remain

Yours anxious to please,

Ed. Erickson's BIG BUSY CASH STORE.

Groceries James S. Doherty, THE I. STEPHENSON CO. GEO. T. BURNS, Manager. CROCKERY AND CANNED GOODS. A Specialty. Lowest Market Price on All Goods. 642 Fannie St., Escanaba

Lumber THE I. STEPHENSON CO. GEO. T. BURNS, Manager. LUMBER Lath and Shingles. DRESSED FLOORING, WAINSCOTING, ETC. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Railroads SOO PACIFIC THE SCENIC ROUTE TO VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE, TACOMA, PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO. IS THE DIRECT ROUTE TO Canadian Provinces, NEW ENGLAND, AND POINTS EAST NEW YORK. Solid Vestibled Trains to Montreal. Only Through Sleepers to Boston.

Flour and Feed ED. DONOVAN FLOUR, HAY, FEED AND GRAIN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. We make a speciality of High Grade Family Flour. 922 Ludington Street. ED. DONOVAN. Flour - Feed

THE AMERICAN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK. 322 Genesee Avenue. SAGINAW, MICH. A. P. BREWER, Pres. J. F. WINKLER, Vice-Pres. W. G. ERMICK, Cashier.

Flour and Feed, HAY, GRAIN SEEDS, Etc. The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a speciality of choice brands of family flour and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods are fresh. G. MALONEY & CO.

PINGREE MEN DEFEATED

A Test of Their Strength Made on the Atkinson Bill.

Pingree Men Claim that They Have Been Unfairly Treated, and Will Make Adams' Official Life Burden, Some, if Possible.

The Pingree men in the legislature lost no time in forcing the issue of the Atkinson bill for the taxation of railroad property. The bill was introduced by Representative Cheever of Detroit, who has been selected as the governor's personal representative on the floor of the house. The introduction of the bill was followed by a resolution to refer the measure to a special committee which the Pingree men assumed to name, and then the impending battle opened. An amendment was made to refer to the Committee on Railroads, quickly followed by a substitute to refer to the Committee on Judiciary, General Taxation and Railroads, jointly. The committees named were all strongly anti-Pingree in their make-up.

The friends of the governor fought for the reference of the bill to the special committee composed largely of his friends, and the opposition was reminded of the pledges of the Republican party to pass the bill, the statement being made that no matter who would vote to refer the bill to a committee antagonistic to it would dare face his constituents.

The Pingree men had determined to test their strength on the question and their biggest guns were fired.

The discussion, which was warm at times, ran along until afternoon, when a vote was taken to refer the bill to the Committee on Railroads. This was defeated by a vote of 42 to 40 and was apparently a test of the Pingree strength.

What was apparently a compromise was then fixed up and the house consented to have the bill referred to a special committee to be appointed by the speaker. The make-up of this committee is very unsatisfactory to the Pingree men who assert that Speaker Adams has shown too strongly his sympathy for the railroad interest. Five members of the committee are members of the regular Railroad committee and three others are counted among the governor's strongest opponents.

The Pingree men assert that they have not been treated fair and they threaten to make the official career of the new speaker burdensome, as they claim to have a majority of the house members with them in their fight for the passage of the bill.

BAY DE NOC TOWNSHIP.

Death of Mrs. Olaf Hansen—General News Notes From Across Little Bay.

Skaug Bros. are doing a big business this winter in the woods. They are running four camps themselves, besides which they have some men jobbing for them. They also run what might be called a lumberman's supply house and do a fair business.

Our township clerk made a flying trip, last week, to Marten Bay and transacted some business for Skaug Bros. who bought twenty-four fortyes of land from Mr. Nick Appledean.

Mr. George Bouefeld and wife made a flying trip to town on the 10th.

Mr. George Kay is supplying some of Escanaba's people with wood nowadays.

Point Peninsula Light Keeper, J. D. Armstrong, closed his Light for the season on Dec. 26, 1898, and has been kept busy since cutting stove wood, which is no small job as he is not furnished with a very comfortable dwelling.

Dr. G. O. Roseueus is kept quite busy nowadays caring for the sick.

Mrs. Mary Peterson is very sick with erysipelas. Mrs. Thomas Erickson and Mr. Charley Johnson are also on the sick list.

Mrs. Olaf Hansen died on January 5th, after a short illness at the age of 30 years. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn her loss. Rev. Dr. G. O. Roseueus preached the funeral sermon on the 7th.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

On The Streets of Escanaba As Well As Elsewhere.

Some things you cannot tell too often. Repetition gives them added strength. The same old story is pleasant to hear. When it brings happiness to home. Brings joy to the afflicted. Tells how burdens can be raised. All the pains and aches removed. Proves how easily its done. Escanaba people tell this story. Friends and neighbors talk of it. They tell about their kidney ills. How they suffered-how the cures came. What they think of Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is what a citizen says: Mrs. E. Arnold, of 717 S. Charlotte St., says: "Backache, headache, dizziness and stomach trouble for a year indicated some derangement of my kidneys, and when diagnosed by a physician, he pronounced the symptoms kidney complaint. Exertion of any kind brought on attacks of backache, weariness and languor was ever present; and my general health was far from the best. Reading one night in a local paper about Doan's Kidney Pills it struck me if they only performed half what they promised in the advertisement they might help me. Procuring a box at Mead's drug store I used it and obtained good results. I followed it up with a second and the improvement continued. Now, I don't want my acquaintances in Escanaba to think I am radically cured, for kidney

complaint is apt to return, but I can conscientiously say that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a world of good, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone annoyed with over excited or weakened kidneys."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents per box, for sale by all dealers; sent by mail on receipt of price by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

FORD RIVER NEWS.

General Social and Personal Notes From Tom Ward's Town.

Miss Florence Huggard has returned home after a visit at Newhall.

Mr. John Lovenderville drove to Escanaba Tuesday.

Mr. John McGuire has returned to the woods after spending a few days at home.

Mrs. Chas. Scott of Cedar River spent Saturday with Mrs. T. S. Campbell.

Miss Evelyn Campbell spent Sunday with Escanaba friends.

Mr. Fred Patred of Escanaba is the guest of John Lovenderville.

Miss May McGuire is ill.

Mr. James Ryan and daughter Annie are visiting at Eau Claire.

Messrs Blair and Olton were up from Chicago.

Miss Della Thompson and Fred Jensen were united in marriage last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. McNaughtan drove into town on Tuesday.

Mr. M. Lynch is ill with the grip.

Mrs. O. B. Fuller drove to town Tuesday.

Mrs. Charlie Bergeon is visiting friends in Rhineland.

Miss Mable Russell of Rhineland is visiting relatives here.

PARADISE PICKINGS.

Interesting Paragraphs from the Extreme Northern Part of Delta County.

Charles Baker went to Marquette this week to prove up his homestead. Robert McMillan and Ed. Buckley went as Baker's witnesses.

Jas. McChesney is logging on the Indian this winter. Jim got on the wrong side of the dray a week ago but is about all right again.

We were visited by a camp inspector last week. He took his ax as far as the woods and then vanished.

Archie Johnson is here on his down trip from Stiger's camp. Archie knows how to haul chuk.

Conductors Lucia and Labeff are making ice roads. They are not afraid of wolves.

Mr. Roberts is down from Stiger's where he has been looking over the timber.

John O'Brien has been sick since Christmas. Too much turkey was the cause.

Omar Dickson will chore at camp 6 while Bob is away.

Foreman Remington went to Nahma this week to visit his family.

Our bird, in its cage, the other day, was hopping about and feeling gay; When Kitty got terribly stuck on her, And gave her a handsome coat of fur.

Moral—Don't get too canary or you won't get milk in your coffee.

NOT GUILTY.

By Alvin Eddy, Co. B., 25th Mich., Augusta, Ga.

On the sandy plains of Georgia, Held down as if in nets, Dwell the 35th Michigan Formally known as Pingree's Pets.

They left their farms and houses, To strengthen their Country's Back, And like a last year's issue Are now hanging on the rack.

Now that the war is over, And the cannon's boom is dead, The boys think strong of home And mother's well baked bread.

Some are sick with fever, And more are sick at heart And swear that if ever they get home From it again they ne'er will part.

Some are thinking of their sweethearts As they left them at the gate, And, of the last fond promise, "For you alone I am going to wait."

None have ever thought of battle, For such they never expect to see, But are longing, just once more To spend their money and be free.

And, if Uncle Sam don't need us To protect his nation's pride, Why don't he give us a furlough And send us back to our friendside?

Of course it's a bold and noble life, And there is nothing any bolder; But I would as soon be a Willie Boy As a useless confounded Tin Soldier.

Four passenger coaches, a sleeper and two baggage cars left the yards here this morning at 9 o'clock for Hermansville, there to take on board soldiers from Fort Brady enroute to Ft. Sheridan.

Baking Powder.

ROYAL Baking Powder. Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL Baking Powder advertisement with logo and text.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Coming and Going of People We All Know.

A Weekly Grist of Personal Mention as Picked Up Here, There and Everywhere Throughout This Section of the Country

At St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning occurred the marriage of Mr. August (Gaborie) and Miss Amelia Sheedlo, both of this city. A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's brother, Frank Sheedlo. The newly wedded couple left on the evening train for Chicago.

Colman Joyce, John Lundine and Neil Rosen departed for Ashland Monday morning, where they have accepted positions as brakemen on the Ashland division of the C. & N. W.

Mr. James Mutter, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. W. W. Cavin, for the past two weeks, took his departure last Sunday evening for his home at Union Grove, Wisconsin.

Ed. McMartin who has been at home from Marinette with an attack of grippe has returned to his work at that place.

Mrs. Ed. Donovan has been confined to her home by illness this week. Ed. himself has just been able to be about.

Miss Mamie Buchanan has entered the Commercial department at Ann Arbor university.

Mr. James Christie was called to Green Bay on Monday by the serious illness of his mother.

Miss Helen Linsley went to Cleveland on Sunday last, there to attend school.

Mrs. M. H. Egan of Marquette attended the funeral of Capt. Byron Winegar.

Guy Golden of Menominee visited in the family of Tim Killian this week.

Miss Freda Silverman of Marinette is visiting her sister Mrs. H. Salinsky.

Toby Winegar returned to his college duties at Ann Arbor on Saturday.

A. P. Linn has been seriously ill with the grippe the past week.

Sam Collins visited Chicago the fore part of the week.

Will Stoik is employed at the city drug store.

M. C. Hitchcock is suffering with the grip.

Miss Snyder was in Chicago this week. George Finnegan has gone to Dakota.

Jerry Madden, of the Jerry Madden Shingle company of Rapid River, was an Escanaba visitor on Thursday. He reports work in the woods progressing very satisfactorily. There is plenty of snow in the woods in that vicinity.

The Y. P. S. C. C. of the Presbyterian church gave a "Mysterious Social" at the home of Mrs. Ole Erickson last evening. A musical and literary program was given and refreshments served.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Eaton, of Gladstone, were in Escanaba on Tuesday, as were also Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Main of the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Mathias are at Saginaw visiting friends. They will go to Iowa before they return to Escanaba.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Robertson attended the Madden-McGillan nuptials at Appleton on Wednesday.

Dr. Harry Banks of Chicago has been the guest of his brother, Dr. F. A. Banks, a portion of the week.

The Catholic Literary Circle has postponed its meeting for the present on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Young are confined to their home by the prevailing disease.

G. F. Ross of Manistique transacted business in Escanaba on Wednesday.

Mrs. Leo Roland is recovering from a severe attack of the grip.

G. M. West will be at home from Florida the last of January.

J. N. Mead downed the grip by taking his own medicine.

Harry Stillie of Oshkosh is a guest of his brother Sam.

Edward Norris is visiting southern Wisconsin friends.

Peter McRae was at Marquette the first of the week.

Mrs. Stoik is visiting at Baraboo and Waupun.

Geo. Brickley is housed up with the grip.

UNDERWOOD'S SUCCESSOR. In Name Gen. Supt. Pennington, in Fact Thomas Lowry, President.

The question of the management of Soo road seems practically settled. E. Pennington, the present general superintendent, will become general manager to succeed F. D. Underwood, who goes to the Baltimore & Ohio. His authority, however, will not be so great as that of his predecessor. Thomas Lowry, president of the road and street car maguate, is to give more of his time and attention to the management and policy of the road.

RACES TOMORROW. A Mid-Winter Day's Sport on the Ice at Gladstone Tomorrow Afternoon. The horsemen of Gladstone have cleared an ice track near the Tenth street dock and arranged for races tomorrow afternoon. The principal feature will be a contest between Mr. Noble's horse Rome, and Mr. Snyder's spirited pacer, for which a purse is offered. Races will be called at 2 o'clock.

One Hundred Years Old. Today the Providence Washington Insurance company, of Providence, R. I., represented in this city by O. V. Linden, is celebrating its one hundred anniversary by writing policies printed in gold. This forenoon Mr. Linden filled out

seven of the handsome dogmats, which are well worth preserving by the insured. The Providence Washington is the third company in America to reach the one hundred mile post.

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE. An Airquake in an Italian Town Which Caused a Great Deal of Damage.

The earthquake that took place in the Umbrian town of Rieti, on the Velino, in Italy, the other day was accompanied by a phenomenon of which the first meager account of the shock gave no mention. According to a correspondent of the Osservatorio Romano it was not an earthquake, but an "airquake." The air shook or vibrated like a violently agitated liquid; great rents were made in tall buildings and towers, and walls were thrown to the ground. The earth, however, seemed to be undisturbed, and no shifting of the street pavement was noticed. From the bishop down to the beggar, all seemed frightened. It is said that many felt the air vibrations and were thrown to the ground, while others were almost suffocated. A dense black cloud hung over the town while the phenomenon was passing. The church steeples, the savings bank, the theater, and no fewer than six palaces were more or less wrecked, as well as eighty or a hundred dwellings. Five hundred tents have been sent to the place by the government. The people, in the meantime, are living in hastily-built huts and in the half-ruined post office and the churches. Soldiers have been sent from Rome to the scene of the disaster, and they, with the students, are busy polling the ruins and trying to save some of the household goods. King Humbert has sent 35,000 francs from his private purse to relieve the first necessities of the people. At the time of the catastrophe a slight earthquake, like a shudder, was felt in Rome. Even there, too, people say they noticed a peculiar convulsion of the air.

KIND WORDS. Is Indeed Gratifying to Know that The Gladstone Tribune Likes Us After All.

Last Saturday's edition (Dec. 31) brought The Iron Port of Escanaba to the completion of the 29th year of its existence. It looks back with pride upon its devotion to the interests of Escanaba and Delta county during that period of ceaseless activity. Whatever we may say in our wrath about The Iron Port, we congratulate it most warmly on its 29th anniversary, and hope that its existence may yet be measured in centuries as it is now in years. Its long association with the county and its avowal of news make its work of news-gathering easy, and extensive and reliable. Mr. Cates, its genial editor, is a tower of strength in himself by reason of his affable disposition and sympathetic nature. Every struggling industry, and every man with a hobby finds in him one who fully appreciates the merits of the machine or the enterprise. Delta County owes much to The Iron Port, and an increase of its business and its subscription list is but a fair tribute to its usefulness. In the same issue we find the delinquent tax list which appears to be as large as ever, but of course, prosperity has its freaks as well as adversity.—Gladstone Tribune.

THE HYDRANT WAS FROZEN. The Journal's "Protective" Policy Works Only in Few Cases.

The Journal, with its customary "protective" policy, attempts to defund the water works' company against the statements that the hydrants were frozen when the Winegar fire occurred last week. It says, on the authority of S. B. Rathfon, that the hydrants were not frozen, and sneeringly alludes to The Iron Port and Mirror for making the assertion. The Iron Port says the hydrants were frozen, or rather the valves of the hydrants, which is practically the same thing, as no water could be had. Fire Chief Tolan says the valves were frozen, and C. A. Cram who acted as the head of the hot water brigade in attempting to thaw the hydrants, says they were frozen, and so do a dozen others. It was the valve that was frozen, but of course if the valve isn't a part of the hydrant the manager should dispense with such unnecessary apparatus and cut water rates in accordance with the reduced investment.

THE WEATHER BULLETIN. A Forecast of the Weather as Furnished by Local Observer Wurtz.

Lake Michigan: Brisk westerly wind; generally fair weather tonight and Sunday.

A storm in the south is taking a course northeastward to the lower lakes.

Upper Michigan: Generally fair tonight and Sunday, brisk westerly winds.

Change of Ownership. Mr. J. A. Maynard, who has been connected with M. Perron's cedar business at Perronville for some time, is in the city today negotiating for the purchase of the stock of furniture of Gilmette & Pearce. It is likely that the deal will be made. Mr. Gilmette came up from Green Bay yesterday to close negotiations.

GENERAL CITY NEWS. Items of Interest Gathered Here and There Around the Town.

A fresh young man was fined \$10 and costs in Judge Glaser's court yesterday, for using slanderous and insulting language.

The common council will meet next Tuesday evening.

Chas. Haulk, of Duubar, was instantly killed on Monday by a falling tree.

MANY MINOR MATTERS

General City News Presented in Condensed Form.

The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Grist of Interesting Information, Gathered Here, There and Elsewhere, For Easy Reading.

Mr. George Deiter, one of the oldest residents of Escanaba, died on Sunday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. K. Owen at 1203 Wells avenue. Mr. Deiter had overreached the average limit of life, being at the time of his death about eighty-seven years of age. He was greatly respected by all who knew him. His remains were taken to Minnesota Junction, Wis., for burial.

Mrs. E. Perkins, the aged wife of Mr. Eliab Perkins, who died last week, followed her husband to the better land on Saturday. Mrs. Perkins was the mother of Mrs. H. A. Barr of this city, and the shock of her husband's death no doubt hastened her end. Her remains were taken to Fond du Lac for burial beside those of her husband.

Kid McCoy isn't the man he thought he was. Sharkey's pugilistic abilities exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his most ardent admirers, who were so gratified at his success that they fell upon his neck and almost smothered him with congratulations. It is said some of them really Hobsonized him in their joy.

Mrs. Ida Brotherton Williams, is desirous of obtaining music scholars, on either piano or organ. She will teach at the houses of her pupils or at her residence, No. 716 Bay street, between First and Second. Orders may be left at Hugh Brotherton's music store or at her residence.

"Between the ages of twenty and thirty, where ten total abstainers die, thirty-one moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of thirty and forty where ten total abstainers die, forty moderate drinkers die."

The Menasha Press and the Oshkosh Enterprise have consolidated and will be conducted under the name of the Enterprise Publishing company at Oshkosh.

The Hawarden Inn at Gladstone has been leased by W. E. Wallace and will be conducted by him after Jan. 15th.

The January term of the Circuit Court opens on Monday. The calendar is a large one.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ross died on Tuesday.

WANT COLUMN. GIRL WANTED—To do general housework. Apply at 627 Georgia street at once.

FOR SALE—\$700 buys a house and lot on north Mary street. Lot 50x140; house has 5 rooms; good location; \$300 cash, balance on long time. A snap, pick it up at once. Apply at The Iron Port office.

FOR SALE—\$1,000 buys a business lot and store thereon on Ludington street; \$500 cash, balance to suit purchaser. Apply at The Iron Port office.

FOR SALE—A business lot on Ludington street, 50x140, with building, goes at \$2,500 if taken at once; centrally located; part cash. Apply at The Iron Port office.

FOR SALE—Fifty acres of land, 30 acres cleared, 10 acres of hardwood, located in Delta County, 7 miles from Escanaba. House, out-buildings and small orchard. Part cash, balance to suit purchaser. Enquire at The Iron Port office. Nov. 25/98.

WANTED!—Reliable man in this vicinity to open a small office and handle my goods. Position permanent and good pay. If your record is O. K. here is an opening for you. Kindly mention this paper when writing. A. T. Monks, Cincinnati, O.

LOST—Between Gladstone and Escanaba, on Dec. 28th, a lady's silver watch. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same with Mrs. M. O. Campbell, Hawarden Inn, Gladstone. 35/98.

Professional Cards. DR. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles. Office and residence No. 602 Wells Avenue. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office 110 South Georgia Street. Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

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

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

FRED. E. HARRIS, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. Work of all kinds promptly executed. Plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds. Office at residence on Ogden avenue. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOHN CUMMISKEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Practices in all the courts. MARION BLOCK, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Contractors and Builders. KEMP & WILLIAMS, DOORS, WINDOWS, STORE FRONTS, BAR FIXTURES, Etc.

Balustrade Work, Turning, Band Sawing, etc. Plans furnished and contracts taken.

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Greer's. BUY YOUR

Groceries

Where you can select from the freshest and most extensive stock in the city.

Teas, Coffees, Spices and Canned Goods of all descriptions.

We offer the best and cheapest flours. A full line of staple and fancy groceries. Special holiday bargains in crockery and glassware. Prompt and courteous treatment to all. Free delivery to any part of the city.

FRANK H. ATKINS & CO., 402-404 LUDINGTON ST.

DRS. K. & K.

DRS. K. & K. The Leading Specialists of America 20 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

WE CURE STRICTURE. Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emaciation, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bilis of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET. Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of their symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Falling Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunk Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicose Spermatorrhea, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One-dollar-a-week cure for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

CURES GUARANTEED. WE TREAT AND CURE: EMISSIONS, VARICOSE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, DRAIN, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN & Co. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

Groceries and Provisions. E. M. St. Jacques DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Groceries.

A large and complete line always in stock. Cor. Hale and George Street.

FREED FROM PRISON.

What Mother Love Did in the Great City of New York.

How John Wallace, an Innocent Man Condemned to Ten Years' Imprisonment at Sing Sing, Secured His Freedom.

Mother love has just stayed the ten years' sentence to Sing Sing of John Wallace, of New York. A mother's efforts restored him to freedom after one day's incarceration at Sing Sing.

A judicial blunder was about to be made. In December, 1897, Wallace, who lived at No. 111 Clinton place, was arrested and accused of beating one William Loomis, following up the assault with robbery of a five-dollar bill and clothing in a saloon in Clinton place. Other men were said to have aided him in the nefarious business. Judge Cowling, in general sessions, convicted him and sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment in Sing Sing.

From the first and to the last Wallace protested his innocence. "Nobody believed him but his faithful mother, Wayward he might have been, but not a criminal. To her he was the little child again that toddled by her side; whose little hands she folded in prayer at night when she tucked him away in his crib; whose first steps she directed with gentle outstretched arms, that he might fall softly in the struggle. To her, she felt confident, he would confess were he guilty. Had he not always been sure of her forgiveness? Had she not always loved him for his weaknesses even more than for his strength?"

His counsel applied for and obtained a stay of proceedings and a new trial. Pending that time the prisoner was held in the Toms until last October, when the case came up for a final hearing in the appellate division of the supreme court.

By this time the prisoner's money was exhausted. The court assumed



"MY BABY! MY BABY!"

that the defense was abandoned, and confirmed the decision of the lower court.

It was a bitter day for Wallace, when the district attorney found no other way out of the difficulty than to direct that he be sent to Sing Sing, to begin the term of his imprisonment. Protest after protest fell from his lips in answer to the unjust sentence, the dastardly accusation, but the law is blind quite often. It knows no mercy—only justice.

In all the long months of her son's incarceration in the Toms his faithful mother worked ardently in his behalf. She walked for days, gathering evidence that would establish his innocence, of which she never had the slightest doubt. But the days slipped by, and the horrible one came at last, that would see her darling in the stripes of a criminal behind the dreaded prison walls.

In the very hour in which he crossed the threshold of Sing Sing, sullenly bewailing his bitter fate, his mother was closeted with District Attorney Gardiner relating facts that almost proved a miscarriage of justice. The simple pleadings of the mother, the directness of her statements, the overwhelming proof, such as no one could have gathered but the person most deeply interested, made a great impression on the astute lawyer and administrator of justice.

District Attorney Gardiner lost no time in submitting the newly-discovered evidence to Judge Cowling. The latter agreed that evidently a mistake had been made, and he issued an order to bring the prisoner back to the Toms.

And now comes the paradoxical proceeding—a pardon for an innocent man! With the circumstances before him, the district attorney drew up a report and a petition, which was sent to Gov. Black.

The sweetest, yet saddest, moment in a mother's life drew near. Immediately on the receipt of the governor's pardon, Attorney Gardiner telegraphed to Mrs. Wallace to come to his office.

In the shadow of the room stood the trembling mother. Moments grew into hours, now that she was so near the goal. The flush of expectation was on her aged cheek, fondness was in her eyes, dimmed by many tears, as she murmured: "My baby! My baby!"

Then mother and son passed out into the corridor and the street. It would have been difficult to tell which arm was twined tightest about the form of the other—the little mother's or the stalwart son's.

Baby Crocodiles Are Active.
The moment a young crocodile breaks its shell it is to all intents and purposes as active as it is at any time during its life. It will make straight for the water, even if it be out of sight and a good distance off, and it will pursue its prey with eagerness and agility during the first hour of its free existence.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

An Equine Pet Protects His Young Master from the Tusk of a Savage Hog.

George Howard, 19 years of age, who has been employed on the farm of George Lent, about a mile outside the city on the Buffalo road, says the Rochester Union and Advertiser, is at the Homeopathic hospital suffering from injuries inflicted on him by a hog. That young Howard is not a subject for the coroner instead of the hospital surgeon is due to the fact that a horse, which has been a great favorite of Howard and is greatly attached to the



GAVE THE HOG A KICK.

boy, kicked the enraged hog away as the brute was about to fasten his teeth in the boy's throat. The horse has always been looked upon by Farmer Lent as a remarkably intelligent member of the equine family, but now he is considered a wonder, and had the farmer not himself witnessed the act of the horse he would never have believed that an animal could display such intelligence.

The hog which made the attack on Howard was a large and particularly ugly brute. He broke out of his pen yesterday afternoon and made a rush for the barn. The door was open and a young Howard, who had just placed his favorite horse back into his stall after a careful grooming, was just starting to go out of the door when the enraged hog entered with a rush. The brute made a savage attack on the boy, and, fastening his teeth into the calf of the leg, tore and lacerated the flesh. Howard fell back into the stall and close to the feet of the horse he had just groomed.

The hog was springing at the throat of his prostrate victim when the horse raised his hind feet and gave the hog a kick which sent him ten feet and caused him to squeal with pain. Mr. Lent, who had been attracted by the screams of the boy, was just entering the barn door as he saw the horse kick the hog off the prostrate body of the boy.

It was found that Howard had a bad wound in the leg, and, as the attendance of a physician was necessary, Mr. Lent hitched up the faithful horse and took the injured boy to the hospital.

ONE SULPHUR MATCH.

Against It Were Balanced the Lives of Nine Famishing, Shipwrecked Sailors.

Nine sailors' reason, perhaps their lives, depended upon the blazing of a solitary sulphur match. Would it burn? The crew of the Johanna Swan, an American schooner, crowded about Capt. Wallace Shackford with tense lines on every one of the eight faces. In his hand was a bit of wood and sulphur.

For nearly five days they had drifted on a dismantled, waterlogged hulk, with



THEIR LAST MATCH.

never a drop to drink, and—driven to it by desperate necessity—they had improvised a condenser to extract the brine from the ocean.

The match that was to light the fire under the condenser was the only one they had. If it blew out without performing its mission certain insanity would confront the hapless crew.

The captain drew the match across a bit of dry board. It flickered a moment. The men held their breath. Then the match burned brightly. This was on December 1, and the wrecked Swan was then 170 miles south-south-east of New York. The German bark Anna plucked off the crew the next day and brought the men to New York the other day.

Through a Telescope.

An English defaulting bank manager, who had eluded the police for three years by staying in a seaside village near Plymouth, has been discovered by a strange accident. While strolling on the beach with a young woman watching the warships a sailor on board a cruiser, who happened to come from the town, whence the defaulter had absconded, looked through a telescope, recognized him and informed the police.

CLEVER MR. MURPHY.

He's Only an Orang-Outang, But Has Lots of Sense.

Some Enthusiastic Admirers Go So Far as to Call Him the Missing Link—How He Displays His Intelligence.

Man's alleged monkey ancestry is plainly suggested by the case of an orang-outang in the possession of J. L. Buck, of Philadelphia, says the New York world. The ugly beast is named Wat Murphy, and his resemblance to a human being is so startling that one almost forgets that he is a representative of the simian tribe while watching his antics.

Mr. Murphy shows remarkable intelligence, and his owner expects to make him talk before his education is completed. At present, although but 16 months old, he appears to understand everything said to him, and takes more interest in his surroundings than would an ordinary four-year-old child. As an orang-outang does not attain his majority before the age of 21, it appears not unlikely that Mr. Buck will carry out his intentions.

Mr. Murphy has been in this country a year. Before coming he was six months on board ship, but the northern climate was too cold for him, and the captain turned him over to Mr. Buck, who made him a member of his family.

Mr. Murphy is a well-behaved and obedient young man. He appears to know everything said to him, and cries bitterly when he is "crossed." His companion is a little four-year-old daughter of his owner. In the hands of this child he is tractable, and obeys her slightest wish. He watches her every move with interest, and tries to imitate her actions. When meals are announced he draws his little chair up to the table, and seats himself without instructions or assistance. When his playmate asks him to kiss her he



MR. MURPHY AT PLAY.

throws his arms around her and buries his thick lips in her neck, unless she should invite him to impress the kiss upon her lips, when he complies in the daintiest manner possible and with no little grace.

Mr. Murphy's comfort has not been neglected. He has his own little bed, and sleeps between white linen sheets. He wears a neat-fitting nightdress, with a coquettish white cap. Unlike boys, he is careful with his belongings. His toys consist of a baby coach, rocking-chair and china and tin plates and dishes, none of which he has been known to destroy. He shows evidence of careful training.

When his master calls he will answer immediately, and, perching himself on Mr. Buck's knee, will listen to everything said to him. That he understands at least much that is said to him is shown by the expression of his features, which plainly denote pain or pleasure.

Besides instruction, much attention is paid to Murphy's physical condition. Like all his race, he is abnormally developed from the waist up. His arms are so powerful that Mr. Buck, though a strong man, cannot tear them away from a stationary object when he grips it. His legs are the weakest part of his body. Mr. Buck is devoting much time to the development of the legs, and expects to strengthen them so that, when Pat is five years old he will walk like an ordinary boy.

When Mr. Murphy's anger is roused Mr. Buck or his daughter takes a big turtle snake from a glass case and he becomes submissive. The orang, like all the monkey tribe, instinctively fears a snake, and the family play on his feelings when Mr. Murphy is sulky.

Mr. Buck predicts great possibilities for his pet, and declares that if Mr. Murphy lives he will become a good citizen. Pat's wardrobe is extensive, consisting of a policeman's uniform, sailor suit, young lady's dress and a costermonger suit. He prefers male attire, and takes a deal of care with his clothes when dressed up.

He enjoys a romp with Mr. Buck or his little playmate, with whom he plays cards and enjoys games usually indulged in by boys. When a picture book is given him he will sit for hours looking at the pictures. He will sit up to the table, resting his chin on his hands, having copied this attitude from Mr. Buck, and study every picture, seemingly never growing tired of the amusement. He laughs when amused and cries when his feelings are hurt, and is scrupulously cleanly in his habits.

Well Supplied with Relatives.
The death occurred at Coventry of a lady named Lynes, aged 84 years. The funeral was attended by 51 of the deceased's relatives. There were 12 sons and daughters, six sons-in-law, six daughters-in-law, 52 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. There were five granddaughters and two great-grandchildren unavoidably absent.

FAITHFUL WATCHDOG.

He Guards the Tomb of Edgar Allan Poe in Westminster Church Yard, Baltimore, Md.

For over half a century Uncle Daniel Spence has been the sexton of Westminster church, one of the oldest in Baltimore. Around it is a graveyard which contains a simple shaft of marble with the words "Edgar Allan Poe" cut in its base, while a medallion cut in the shaft is an excellent likeness of the dead poet.

Many years after Poe's body was placed in this tomb there came a dumb brute who now watches over his resting



WATCHING POE'S GRAVE.

place. Believers in the supernatural think that he was sent there for that purpose.

About five years ago Uncle Daniel was presented with a dog by the master of a Russian vessel which entered Baltimore harbor. The dog, on account of his ferocity, was dreaded by the sailors, and the captain determined to leave him ashore. Sailor was taken to the little office which is in a cellar of the church. Beaten paths along the sward between the graves were made by his daily footsteps, and by day and night he is on the alert.

The especial object of his solicitude is the poet's grave. Here for hours at a time the dog will remain, and even Uncle Daniel cannot persuade him to leave. One of his favorite attitudes is to stand over the stone coping. He seldom lies down, but will remain with his eyes fastened on the people who eye him, as if he were looking for some intruder. At times he leaves his doghouse, at the back of one of the largest tombs, and goes to the grave for an hour or more at a time, at night.

Daily visitors come to Poe's resting place. When the gate is opened by the sexton to admit visitors, Sailor guides the party to the place. They are allowed to come within a few feet, but if they attempt to touch the tomb the dog's teeth appear, and a growl warns them to keep their distance. After the visit they return to the entrance alone; the dog will not follow them away.

Sailor is a cross between a bloodhound and a bulldog. He has done much to drive away rats, and, according to Uncle Daniel, he has caught over 100 cats within the last three years.

The accompanying photograph from the New York World shows the dog at the grave, accompanied by his master.

ODD MALFORMATION.

Texas Has a Cow with Hoofs Fourteen Inches Long and of Remarkable Shape.

Through the courtesy of Mr. W. O. McCurdy, publisher of the Beeville Bee, of Beeville, Tex., says the Scientific American, we are enabled to present our readers with one of the most remarkable curiosities in the way of animal malformation that we have seen for years. The cow shown in our engraving is five years old and is the prop-



WEARS DUTCH SHOES.

erty of W. J. Miller, a ranchman of Bee county, Tex. Since its first year its hoofs have been growing until they are now about 14 inches in length and shaped as shown in the photograph. As may be supposed in cattle-growing countries, the ranchmen have been very much interested in this strange-looking animal, and they are unanimous in stating that this is the first instance on record of such a malformation. The cow has given birth to one calf, which has in no way inherited the peculiarity of its mother.

Revenge of a Maharajah.

The maharajah of Nepal recently committed suicide in horror of the disfigurement which an attack of smallpox had caused in his features. The maharajah, who was passionately attached to her, first wreaked his vengeance on the physicians who had attended her in her illness. Then he flew at higher game. Out of the great temple he brought the idols, placed loaded cannon before them and bade gunners fire. In terror at the proposed blasphemy they refused. Thereupon the maharajah hanged several of them. The survivors then submitted and the guns were fired and the idols blown to pieces.

LARGEST OF HIS AGE.

Indiana Has a Six-Year-Old Who Is Indeed a Wonder.

If He Continues to Grow at His Present Clip, He Will Be Close Onto Half a Ton When He Reaches Man's Estate.

Grover Allen, Indiana's largest baby boy—and the largest boy of his age in the United States, if the assertion of museum freak agents is true—is laid up at his home four miles east of Anderson, Ind., with a broken leg. He was rolling on the porch one day last week, when he fell off. His right leg got caught under him, and his infantile bone being too light to support the 168 pounds, snapped like straw. Because of the large proportions of his leg it will be very difficult to reduce the fracture successfully, and it is feared, owing to his very great weight, that he will not be able to bear his weight upon it for many weeks, and may possibly become a permanent cripple. Grover was just getting ready to celebrate his sixth birthday. When a baby he was "just ordinary," as his parents explain it, but after his first birthday he began to flesh remarkably fast, and when he was three years old it became evident he was to be a monster. When he was four he weighed 115 pounds, or as much as his mother, when he was five he weighed 146, or more than his father, and when last weighed he tipped the beam at 168, and no doubt weighs 175 at present. It is feared his confinement will increase his weight materially. So remarkable are his proportions that the agents for the Barnum-Bailey attraction, who happened to run across him, made the statement credited above, and wanted to take him to Europe with them, making his parents a very flattering offer, but they declined it. The Barnum-Bailey men state that he will be by far the heaviest man this country has ever known if he keeps up his present clip, and they put his future at close onto half a ton.

He is not only a wonder in weight, but also in other proportions. He is



LARGEST BOY IN THE WORLD.

almost five feet tall, and he wears a seven hat. His shoes have to be made for him, and are five on an extra width. No horse in the market is large enough to cover his calves. His breast measurement is 46 inches, his hip measurement, 32. Though his other points of development are extreme he retains in his face all of the youth of his years, and his impulses are those of the average boy of six years. It is rather a mystery as to where he gets his avoirdupois. All of his relatives are small, and his parents are below the average in size.

Grover has some very peculiar playmates. One of them, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, is a boy living not far from his home, who is almost as much of a freak as Grover. He is 16 years of age, and is six feet five inches tall, and has the proportions of a classic bean pole. Another one of the boys is 18 years old, is but four feet tall and weighs but 50 pounds. A mile from the Allen home are the famous Palmer children, under the care of a man named Heagy. They are possibly the greatest medical problems in the country. They are aged nine and eleven years, well developed, but have no power of controlling their muscles, have no desires—for even food—and are absolutely helpless. When they are left in a position they remain that way until an external physical force changes it for them. Their loss of desire includes food, and they have to be fed by others regularly, as they would die if left to their own sense of knowing when it was time to eat. While they can possibly be classed as intelligent beings, they really know nothing, can do nothing, and, but for their physical bodies, are really nothing.

Succumbed to His Fate.

A marriage in Australia took place under peculiar circumstances. A young man used to receive nice letters from his young sister, which he sometimes showed to his friend, a chaplain; he also showed him her photograph. The chaplain became captivated, and asked if the sister could not be persuaded to come out, and he wrote and proposed to her. In the course of time an acceptance arrived, and when the vessel was expected by which the sister was to arrive the brother and the chaplain got leave to go and meet her, but when the brother saw who had come he exclaimed, in despair: "It's Maria!" Not the pretty young sister, but one 20 years older. But as she had come so far the chaplain did not like to ship her back again, and so succumbed to his fate.

Church in a Bad Way.

At a conference of southern churches, says the Congregationalist, one of the preachers rendered his report thus: "The church at — started with ten members. There have been several adages and some quiltings, so that we have now 'bout as many as we had before."

WENT TO HIS OFFICE.

But It Was Simply Because She Thought a Pretty Minneapolis Girl Would Call.

Young Mrs. Smith, who lives down on Prairie avenue, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, is very fond of her husband, and also very jealous of him. Mr. Smith knows this, and enjoys it immensely. Before the Smiths were married he used to know a Minneapolis girl who visited his sister in Chicago. Mrs. Smith knew her very well, too. The Minneapolis girl came down not long ago, and Mrs. Smith called on her. A few days before the Minneapolis girl went back she called on Mrs.



SQUARED HIMSELF WITH A NEW HAT.

Smith, and they had an enjoyable quarter of an hour thinking things about one another and talking about Mansfield.

When the Minneapolis girl rose to go, she said, sweetly: "Oh, by the way, I want to see Charlie before I go back, and I think I may just drop into the office this afternoon."

"Oh, do; Charlie will be delighted," returned Mrs. Smith. The door had hardly closed on the guest before Mrs. Smith executed a sort of waltz. She dressed as fast as she could, put on her bonnet, and announced her intention of going down to Mr. Smith's office. Her grandmother remonstrated in vain. Mrs. Smith is only 18, and she is jealous.

"I thought I'd spend the afternoon with you," she announced to the astonished Charlie as she swept into the office.

"But, my dear—" he began, when Mrs. Smith ensconced herself at the side of his desk and intimated that the most violent arguments would not move her. She sat there all the afternoon. The Minneapolis girl enjoyed herself shopping, and forgot to call in to tell Charlie good-by. Mrs. Smith broke down and confessed as soon as she got home, and her foolish young husband told her to go down town next day and buy herself the prettiest hat she could find.

CAT KILLS A TURTLE.

But the Big Reptile Gave Scrapper a Mighty Good Fight for Quite a Long Time.

From Storuck, N. Y., a correspondent of the New York Sun reports that Farmer Egerton has a large cat named Scrapper, which has long been the terror of all the dogs and cats of the neighborhood. Last Saturday he met his match in a large turtle. Discovering the queer creature taking a leisurely promenade in the meadow, Scrapper leaped on its back and clawed away at a lively rate. The turtle seemed to rather enjoy the performance, so Scrapper changed his tactics. He soon saw where the turtle's head came out, and he sat down to watch the spot.

Presently the turtle peeped out to see if his enemy was gone. Scrapper



THE SCRAPPERS.

made a grab and missed. This was repeated three times, and then the turtle, keeping his head safely inside the shell, put out his feet and attempted to crawl away. Then Scrapper caught a foot of the turtle with his teeth, and the fight began in earnest. The turtle pulled and struggled, but, finding itself being pulled away, put out its head and with a quick snap caught one of the cat's hind legs in its vise-like jaws. Scrapper pulled, bit and scratched, and doubtless would have called the fight off, but the turtle held on in triumph.

Finally Scrapper secured a good hold of the turtle's head, and the turtle would have withdrawn if he could. But the victorious Scrapper was in a short time limping home with the turtle's head in his mouth as a trophy of his hard-fought battle.

Whisky and Red Pepper.

Distillers have learned a trick from Pike county drinkers, whose pleasing custom is to mix red pepper with Jersey lightning to give it a more satisfactory bite. Adulterators of the red stuff now make use of an alcoholic extract of "paprika," or red Hungarian pepper. Physicians say this pepper extract is rather harder on the stomach than alcohol itself.

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At first it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

SWEARING OFF STORIES.

Promises Are Seldom Kept by Either of the Parties to the Compact.

"Speaking of swearing off," said a narrow-chested, dark-complexioned young fellow to a group of his cronies at the Liars' club the other day. "I once swore off smoking. That was when I was young and did not know myself. I swore off with a friend, and the penalty was a suit of clothes to cost \$30. The condition was that we were not to smoke in town. When traveling or hunting or fishing—out of town, in fact—we would be allowed to smoke. The scheme worked well for some time; and then I began to want to smoke. I battled with desire for several weeks, each day of the period becoming a harder trial than the preceding. At last, when the longing became too great, I went to see my partner in misery to tell him that we had better call the contract off, as I could not stand it. He was not at home. He had gone out of town a week before and would be absent another week. Then I broke down. The thought of the party of the second part smoking himself blue in the face while I suffered was unbearable. So, with the fine of \$30 staring me in the face, I bought a cigar and smoked it. It was worth \$30, I thought. But I did not die for a lamb only; I smoked a vast quantity of cigars before he came home. Then I went to him and told him to go order the suit, that I had broken the contract. He smiled quietly, as if to himself, and then said: 'All right, old fellow, but do not be disturbed about the suit. I kept the contract just three days.'

Another man said: "There were two men in this town who swore off, the breaker of the contract to pay the other a ten dollar hat. Finally one of them weakened, saying to himself he did not mind giving ten dollars for a smoke. While he meditated over the matter, however, he thought out a scheme to save himself on the hat. He went to the hatter's and bought a ten dollar hat and had it charged to the other fellow. Then he called on the other fellow, and, pointing to the hat, said: 'See that hat, old boy? It is one I have just had charged to you on that swear-off contract.' The other fellow cried out: 'How in the dickens did you find out I had been smoking?' 'Never mind,' said the other. 'A little bird told me.'

—Pittsburgh Times.

DIRECTORIES FOR HEIRESSSES.

The Curious Volume That Has Been Compiled for the Use of Eligible French Bachelors.

Nowadays when a young French bachelor grows tired of single blessedness and decides to become a benedict he goes about selecting a wife in the most business like manner. In the abstract monsieur is gallant himself, but marriage is with him a serious affair. Therefore as soon as he concludes to take unto himself a wife he consults the heiress directory, a book which has just been published in Paris. He argues thus: "Does not a banker, before lending money, make due inquiry as to the would-be borrower's standing? How much more should I be careful before investing my future happiness?" In the useful and important volume mentioned above is to be found a full list of the girls of all classes in France who have money in their own "expectations," and there are added the amounts supposed to be commanded by them, their age and a short description of their personal looks, figures and other characteristics. Doubtless this directory has been found useful and requisite, because in France marriages are arranged in most cases upon strictly business lines and are a matter for the relations of the "happy couple" rather than for those "unlucky" people themselves. At any rate the book is having a good sale, so its publishers are well satisfied. Speaking of this directory recalls that it is not quite a novel idea, since in some parts of Italy, especially Genoa, there have been for some years men and women called "marriage brokers" who make a specialty (and a good living) of bringing young people together with a view to their finding life partners. In this way they are very successful and publish regularly a list of the "eligibles" of both sexes in order to facilitate matters for their clients. Very large commissions are often paid by those who are thus introduced to each other if a marriage follows, as it frequently does.

In England such directories of heiresses are not entirely unknown, though not published for general sale as in the instances above quoted. Only while giving the amount of the income of each heiress—more or less correct, generally the latter—these lists have not descended to the minute particulars which are to be found in the French directory. On receipt of a stipulated sum, however, the person sending the list promises to forward more details.

—Chicago Chronicle.

CALENDAR FOR 1899.

JANUARY							JULY						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				
FEBRUARY							AUGUST						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29							29	30	31				
MARCH							SEPTEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				
APRIL							OCTOBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30	31				
MAY							NOVEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				
JUNE							DECEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30	31				

May Bring Leprosy to This Country.

It is pointed out that the United States soldiers in Hawaii may contract leprosy there, and bring it to this country when they return. While leprosy is much to be dreaded, there are a thousand times as many victims to stomach disorders and blood diseases, but there is a cure for them in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Other common ailments that the Bitters are a specific for are malaria, fever and ague. Sold at all drug stores.

Lane's Family Medicines.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

His call had lasted something like two hours when he suggested that he believed he could read her thoughts. "Then why don't you go?" she asked.—Town and Country Journal.

Healthy, Happy Girls

often, from no apparent cause, become languid and despondent in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise so that merely to walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. They are anemic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood? More anemic people have been made strong, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means. They are the best tonic in the world.

Miss Lulu Stevens, of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., had been a very healthy girl until about a year ago, when she grew weak and pale. She lost her appetite, was as tired in the morning as in the evening, and lost flesh until she became so emaciated that her friends hardly knew her. The doctor declared the disease anemic, and gave her up to die. A physician who was visiting in Gasport prevailed upon her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She did so, and was benefited at once. It is now well and strong—the very picture of health.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

The genuine are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. For sale by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, fifty cents per box. Book of cures free on request.

Question of Values.

He knew that she was a clever business woman, and therefore he thought his scheme a good one. But he did not realize that she was such a good judge of values. "I have made a bet that I will marry you," he said. "Money up?" she asked. "Yes," he answered, pleased at the businesslike way she took hold of the proposition. "How much?" "Five hundred dollars." She looked him over critically. "Too low," she said at last. "You'll have to get it raised to \$5,000 or you'll lose." And at that, as she afterward explained, she was giving him a bargain-day price.—Chicago Post.

Very Low Rates Via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

Semi-monthly excursions to the southwest. The greatest opportunity to visit Texas, the Empire state of the Union, unparalleled as to resources and products and with an area exceeding all the Eastern and Middle States. The statistical reports of products, as compiled by the commissioners of Texas, indicate this section as having the greatest possible advantages in its mild and equable climate and in the variety and productivity of its soil. For further information, descriptive pamphlets and dates of excursions, apply to H. A. Cherrier, N. P. A., Room 216, Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or T. B. Cookerly, Dist. P. A., Des Moines, Ia.

A Disenter.

The Speaker—Wealth is not to be attained by short cuts. The Butcher—Oh, I don't know!—Indianapolis Journal.

He Knew Not All.

He—You think you know it all, don't you? Him—No; I have never been able to figure out any reason for your being alive.—Indianapolis Journal.

Labor organizations object to having convict-made goods placed on the market. They are opposed to prison sells.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THEY SAW THE GAME.

One of the Four Young Rooters Got Excited and the Other One Got Mad.

It was on the free grand-stand at the big intercollegiate football match. They were young, pretty and vivacious, wearing huge yellow chrysanthemums. They chattered incessantly between plays, but left no doubt as to their fealty, for they screamed their applause for the varsity boys of Michigan, no matter which side was gaining a temporary advantage. But just as a particularly brilliant end play was being made there was an unexpected outbreak. "Floss," exclaimed one of them, "why didn't you tell me that that hat was on one ear?" and she screamed the inquiry, because her voice was pitched in that key. "Never mind your hat! Who cares for a hat? Tear 'em up! Tear 'em up! Hurrah! Wheel See 'im go! Michigan Michi—O, there, he's down. They had no business to slap him down in the mud like that. They can't play anyhow," and only the broad shoulders of a man in front prevented her toppling over as she tried to wave the yellow and blue streamers on the end of her umbrella. "Do behave, Floss. You mustn't get so excited. Now tell me before you do another thing, is my hat on straight?" "I'll fix it. Lean on this—Rah! Rah! Rah! W-h-e-e-e! Wasn't that a beautiful kick? And that Illinois fellow didn't carry it back three feet; not two feet. Hlp, hlp, tear 'em up!" During this brief moment of ecstasy the hat was made to look as though it had been in the rush line, for the fair enthusiast had been yanking away at it to vent her excitement. It was now over one eye instead of one ear, and was woefully disheveled. A laughing matron at hand made the best of the wrecked millinery, but the owner couldn't see any sport in football from that time on.—Detroit Free Press.

Oyster Omelet.

Stew one dozen oysters in their own liquor, if possible; if not, use a very little water; roll two or three lumps of butter, size of butternuts, in flour, put in and let come to a boil, season well with pepper and salt. Take out the oysters and chop them, and if necessary to thicken, add a little flour to the sauce. Put back the oysters and set on the back part of the stove. Beat four eggs very light, and add two tablespoonsful of milk or cream. Fry in a well-buttered frying pan. When done remove to a hot platter or deep plate, and pour the oyster sauce over them. Serve hot.—Detroit Free Press.

Paranips.

Slice them after scraping and put them on to cook in boiling water, salting when half done. When tender add butter and a little pepper. The secret of good, sweet paranips is long, slow cooking and so gauging the water that it will be quite evaporated when they are ready for the butter dressing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Velvet Cream.

Take a large teaspoonful of white wine, the juice of a lemon, half an ounce of gelatine and sugar to taste. Let them simmer together until the gelatine is dissolved; strain the mixture; add one pint of cream and stir the whole until quite cold. Pour into a mold and let it stand until set.—Philadelphia Press.

THE FLAGS OF TRUCE.

They Amused and Exasperated Our Men in the Trenches Before Santiago.

The days that followed July 3 were filled with innumerable visits to the Spanish lines under flags of truce. To the men in the pits, who knew nothing of the exigencies of diplomacy, these virgin flags were as offensive as those of red are to the bull. The men had placed their own flags along the entire line of trenches; and, though they afforded the enemy a perfect target and fixed our position as clearly as buoys mark out a race course, the men wanted the flags there, and felt better at seeing them there, and so there they remained. The trenches formed a horse-shoe curve five miles in length, and the entire line was defiantly decorated with our flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in these pits with these flags rustling above them, and felt well repaid for their service; but, when they saw crawling across the valley below the long white flag of truce, their watchfulness seemed wasted, their vigilance became a farce, and they mocked and scoffed at the white flag bitterly. These flags were sent in so frequently that the men compared them to the different war extras of a daily paper, and would ask: "Has that ten o'clock edition gone in yet?" and, "is this the baseball edition coming out now, or is it an extra?" One of the regulars said to me in great perplexity: "I can't make out this flag of truce flag. It reminds me of two kids in a street fight, stopping at every punch to ask the other fellow if he's had enough. Why don't we keep at it until somebody gets hurt?" One of the cowboys of the rough riders expressed the same idea in professional phraseology: "Now that we got those Mexicans corralled," he said, "why don't we brand them?"—Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

The Spider's Appetite.

The spider has a tremendous appetite and his gourmandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours, concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator; by seven a. m., a lamb; by nine a. m., a young camelopard; by one o'clock, a sheep, and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite, a spider has wonderful power of refraining from food, and one has been known to live for ten months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Natural Effect.

"How many of these sheep got out of here?" asked the angry farmer. "I don't know," replied the new hired man, rubbing his eyes. "After I'd watched five or six of 'em jump over the fence I seemed to lose the count. That always puts me to sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

Wont Own Up to It.

The cowardice of some men prevents them from posing as cowards.—Chicago Daily News.

MANITOBA'S CAPACITY.

Can Raise Enough Wheat to Supply Britain All She Requires from Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 10th.—The World comments on the report of the United Empire trade league on the capacity of Canada as a granary for Britain. The report refers to Manitoba as follows: Manitoba has an area of 47 millions acres. Deducting ten million for lakes, rivers, townsites, and waste land, 37,000,000 acres are left for farm cultivation or homes for 116,000 families on 320 acres each and as up to now there are only 27,000 farmers there altogether, that leaves room in one province for 89,000 more wheat growers. Supposing, then, we got them there and each one of them out of his 320 acres grows on an average 100 acres at 20 bushels to the acre, if you figure it up you will find it is quite possible for Manitoba alone to supply us with all the wheat we require from abroad. It is only a question of money, and, comparatively speaking, not money either. The cost of one first-class battleship (about \$750,000) would put 5,000 families on to farms in the North West, allowing \$150 to each to find them in implements, seeds, horses, &c. Would keep them until their first crop was harvested. Five thousand farmers, averaging 100 acres of wheat each at 20 bushels to the acre, means an extra 10,000,000 bushels, for if that scheme is not liked Britain would put a duty on foreign wheat. In addition to the wheat lands of Manitoba there are the millions of acres in Assinibola, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The bad language of the eyes is the same the world over.—Town Topics.

CONCERNING SABLE FURS.

Sable is the fur most approved by fashion, yet, on account of its beauty and scarcity, this lovely fur would be valuable whether it were fashionable or not, and always commands a high price. There are several varieties of sable—Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable and "Alaskan sable," which last is not sable at all, but skunk skin skillfully dyed and "tipped." The finest furs in all Russia are laid aside as tribute and become the property of the crown. So highly are these rich furs esteemed that no person below a certain rank is allowed to wear them. A single fine Russian sable skin is worth from \$100 to \$250. It is a tiny thing, about 14 inches long by eight or nine inches around. A bale of dressed sable skins as it hangs in the furrier's shop, resembles a bundle of long suede gloves; they are hung up wrong side out, and are all numbered and price-marked in indelible ink. The most perfect skins are tipped with silvery hairs, which greatly increase their beauty. The pelt, when dressed, is soft and fine, while the fur is a lovely dark-brown, which shows a bluish tint like that of a ripe Concord grape, when the fur is blown apart by the breath. The skins are entire, being taken from the animal without cutting except for a tiny incision at the throat and on the inner side of each delicate little foot, thus leaving the head and claws intact. The first fire insurance company in America was established in Philadelphia in 1752.

"THOUGHTLESS FOLKS HAVE THE HARDEST WORK, BUT QUICK WITTED PEOPLE USE SAPOLIO"

STAR PLUG L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG CLIPPER PLUG CORNER STONE PLUG SLEDGE PLUG SCALPING KNIFE PLUG SLEDGE MIXTURE SMOKING

Not Made by a TRUST or COMBINE!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY, Manufacturers.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."—JOS. KRELLING, 1211 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Soleing Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Ill.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them; and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't Rent

ESTABLISH A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

You can do it. The finest agricultural land in the world lies West of the Mississippi River. Prices are low and farmers are prosperous. You can get valuable information by reading "THE CORN BELT," which is the handsomest farm paper ever published. It is beautifully illustrated and contains exact and strictly truthful information about the West. Issued monthly. Send 25c. for a year's subscription to "THE CORN BELT," 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ills.

SPRAINS

BAD WORSE WORST

Can be promptly cured without delay or trudging by the GOOD BETTER BEST remedy for pain, ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the only safe cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Gangrene, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. It cures all poison, saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent, but not for a Abscesses, Piles, Burns, Cuts, and all Break Wounds. Try it, and you will know. Book free. J. F. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

Wheat! Wheat! Wheat!

Nothing but wheat! I was your right call a sea of wheat was what a lecturer said while speaking of Western Canada. For particular as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to Superintendent of Immigration, DEPARTAMENTO DE INMIGRACION, OTTAWA, CANADA, or to C. J. BROADBENT, 1225 Broadway Block, Chicago, Ill.; F. O. GURLEY, Stevens Point, Wis.; M. V. McINNIS, No. 1 Merrill Block, Detroit, D. L. CAVEN, Mad. Ave. and JAMES GRIEVE, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; and J. ARTHUR MANN, 5th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

This beats Wind, Steam, or Horse Power. We offer the WEBSTER 20 actual horse power GAS ENGINE for \$150.00, less 10 p. c. discount for cash. Built on interchangeable plan. Built of best material. Made in lots of 50 therefore we can make the price low for shipment, weight 80 pounds. Made for Gas or Gasoline. Also Horse Power. Engines 4 to 10 horse power. Write for Special Catalogue. WEBSTER 210 Co., 1008 West 11th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Largest Assortment in the World! All kinds of books for Home Amusements, including 100 New Plays Just Issued. Charades, Reisters, Children's Plays, Yarns, Plays, Dialogues, Mrs. Jastrey's Wax Works, Fairy Plays, Paper Reisters, Plays for Male Characters only, Tablets, Vivants, Make-Up Material, Amateur's Guide to the Stage, Guide to Selecting Plays, "How to Make Up," SAM'L FRENCH, 26 West 23d Street, New York City.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GLENN'S 3033, Chicago, Ill.

1000 Farms for Sale, \$2 per acre cash, half crop until paid. A. N. K. & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN THE GOLDEN RULE SHOULD INSIST UPON GETTING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

A. N. K.—A 1742

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

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gout Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Allen's Ulcerine Salve

In the only safe cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Gangrene, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. It cures all poison, saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent, but not for a Abscesses, Piles, Burns, Cuts, and all Break Wounds. Try it, and you will know. Book free. J. F. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

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RAPID RIVER RIPPLES.

J. M. Shady, postmaster at Winters, Mich., was in town Wednesday of last week. He returned home Thursday with a load of supplies for his store. Rapid River merchants are always glad to see Mr. Shady come to town, he always has a good word for all of them. Among the goods he purchased was the graphophone of Pfeifer. It is something that will please the little folks and, as well, make the old folks laugh. It will please any one to hear it.

The Nepokoilskyneghfusslers—whatever that is—will give a dancing party at K. O. T. M. hall on the evening of Feb. 4th, invitations for which are being sent out. The invitation is a new and handsome design, being of military gray, and nicely executed. The boys have engaged Cleary's orchestra of Escanaba, one of the best in the peninsula, to furnish music for the occasion, and a grand good time is expected.

The Menominee Herald of Tuesday contains this item: "A. B. Freeman, a former fireman in engine house No. 1, but later engaged in teaming, returned from Rapid River yesterday where he has been employed by Jerry Madden in the cedar woods, and left in the evening for Chicago, where his family has been residing for some time."

H. W. Cole killed fourteen hogs last Saturday. It looked like a miniature Armour packing house thereabouts. He raised them all himself and still has a lot left. It will pay the farmers to buy their pigs of Mr. Cole, as his is a good breed, in fact the best that ever came to Rapid River.

In explaining an allusion to Christ walking on the water, one day, the teacher asked the class who tried to walk and failed. None knew, but one fellow, brighter than the rest, promptly answered, "McGinty." The teacher admitted there was room for Sunday-school work.

Delta county's weather prognosticator, Mr. H. Durocher, of this township, makes the following predictions for January: We will have fine weather the rest of the month; the last week will be very cold. If we have snowfalls they will be accompanied by blizzards.

Geo. Stickney, of Stickney & Johnston, who spent the holidays with his family at Chippewa Falls, Wis., returned Saturday morning with a car load of horses for the woods, being 48 hours on the road. Geo. says: "Dam good horses that will stand the trip."

Several friends and parishoners accompanied Rev. Johns of Gladstone on his regular trip to the Masonville church Monday evening and favored the congregation with some very nice anthems.

Pfeifer has a new phonograph, which he proposes to give away to some one of his patrons on the coupon system. It is on exhibition at his store, and attracts considerable attention.

A letter received from Fred Pfeifer of Sturgeon Bay, formerly of Garth, reports that he is doing a good business in his meat market. We wish you well, Fred.

Stove wood is in good demand this cold weather. Dry stove wood is selling at \$1.75 per cord; green at \$1.50, at which price the farmers make a nice profit.

Chas. Chase went to his home at Menominee Thursday and returned Wednesday. Chas. gets homesick quite often now; don't blame him. And still they came. More subscribers. The people are beginning to see that they can not keep house without The Iron Port.

Mrs. A. Lapine, of Gladstone, visited her daughters, Mrs. Geo. Grandchamp and Mrs. J. A. Johnston, Friday.

John A. Johnston came down from camp Sunday. He reports good sleighing and good hauling.

Peter Gabourie, of the City Livery, has an advertisement in The Iron Port today. Read it.

Mrs. P. Cole has just sold a new Adam Schauf organ to Joseph Flint. Peter Schultz returned to Bow-

dah's camp on Sunday after being down over a week on account of the illness of his sister, Mrs. Olson of Escanaba.

The praise for the well trimmed tree should be given to the Misses Myrtle Young, Nellie Murchie, Gertrude Darrow, Elsie Cole, Elva Baker, and Lily Smith and Mrs. Alpha Cole members of the Congregational Sunday school, instead of three of the above mentioned in a certain paper.

Miss Katherine Dineen, teacher of the primary department, has not yet returned since the holidays on account of sickness. Miss Julia Grandchamp of the high school substituted last week and Miss Bessie Pfeifer this week.

A basket social given by the children of Mary and the Altar society was held at Ed. Rabideau's on Tuesday night for the benefit of the Catholic church. All report a good time.

The men that were working on the cistern for the new fire engine, back of the township hall, laid off Tuesday and Wednesday because they were out of dynamite.

The township of Masonville, is now building the foundation for a tank, 30 feet in diameter, and 20 feet high, to hold 3000 barrels of water for the new fire engine.

Louis Jerome, who has been engaged in drilling a well on his farm for some time past, has quit for the winter. He has reached a depth of 325 feet.

The pupils of the sixth grade arithmetic wrote solutions Tuesday, passed them out to patrons that evening, and took them in Thursday morning.

Fred McDonald of Bay City was seen on our street Wednesday. He went to work for the Buckeye at Gladstone as setter.

Miss Flemming, teacher of the third grade department, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Escanaba.

Miss Edna Miller returned to school Tuesday after a week's visit with Miss Sarah Bassford of Manistique.

George W. Ambrust spent a few days attending to business matters in Sturgeon Bay, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Anton Schultz has been nursing her sick daughter Mrs. O. Olson of Escanaba for the past week.

Miss Martha Friend who has been working at the Central house went home to Sturgeon Bay Wednesday.

Thomas Carmody came down from Kelliher's camp on Tuesday to have a little chat with the boys.

Joseph Schultz is getting out elm on his brother Peter's place for the Masonville Hoop company.

C. W. Lightfoot and wife of Gladstone were in town Tuesday and returned the same day.

W. P. Hibbard was in Escanaba from Thursday to Saturday and at Gladstone on Sunday.

Charles Dillabough came back from the woods on Monday, where he was looking cedar.

Ed Rabideau will tend bar for Joseph Fish until he returns from Green Bay.

Mrs. Mary Brown and Anna Callaghan drove from Gladstone Wednesday.

Jimie Cavanaugh went up in the woods Monday to work for Levi Baraboo.

Stephen Rabideau left school Tuesday to go in the woods near Perkins.

Joseph Fish left Wednesday morning for Green Bay for medical treatment.

Zephie Labumbard came down from Kniskern's camp Wednesday.

Mrs. May Kent went to Gladstone Tuesday and returned Wednesday.

Wm. Firth of Escanaba was in town Wednesday and Thursday.

Louis Jerome sold a team to the Buckeye company on Thursday.

George Keeln of Chicago visited friends here last week.

John Hocks returned from Munsing on Monday.

Mrs. L. C. Wolf is confined to her bed this week with is gripe.

Mrs. Wakefield and Kate Mc-

Anley of St. Jacques came to Rapid River on business Wednesday evening and returned Thursday morning.

H. E. Pfeifer visited the high school yesterday afternoon, and as a result of that visit the editor of The Iron Port at Escanaba heard the school singing two hours later. The photograph did it.

Mrs. Albert King is visiting with Mrs. Pete Major of Masonville awhile before she starts for Canada to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Loessler of Gladstone visited with Mrs. Dr. Roseborough Wednesday.

Chas. Chaso was at Menominee recently.

Henry W. Cole has been sick with the grip.

Masonville

A party of Gladstonians accompanied Rev. Johns on his weekly trip to our village. Those present were: Rev. and Mrs. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Marshall, the Misses Ely, Naugle, Wright, Ingalls, Edith Eli, and Murney, Messrs. Wolf, Hicks, Kelly and Marble. A number of selections were rendered by the Gladstone choir, which were appreciated very much. After services the party spent a very pleasant hour or two at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

Naugle, Holcomb & Co. are now at work laying in their supply of ice for the coming year.

Mrs. A. Bjorkman came from the woods Tuesday and returned the same day.

Mr. John Decanter came down from Langford's camp Tuesday evening.

Maggie and Eddie Mackin of Gladstone visited at Fred Lapine's Sunday.

Mrs. Chas Hamilton of Rapid River visited Mrs. F. F. Davis Wednesday.

A. F. Boome is on the sick list.

Mr. Dell came home from camp Wednesday morning.

Sam Spencer came down from the woods Tuesday.

A. P. Hopkins and Mr. Fowels came here on business last Sunday.

A LITTLE HASTY.

That's What the Lieutenant Thought About Burying the Dead, But It Didn't Prove So.

One night Chaplain Jones, of the Texas, heard volley firing on the Cuban coast, which was being guarded by the blockading squadron, and was told that marines were being landed from the Marblehead. The next morning, says the Buffalo Express, Capt. McCalla came alongside of the Texas in his launch and announced that four of his men had been killed and that there was still fighting. Chaplain Jones then approached Capt. Philip and said that he would like to go ashore and look after the wounded and read the services for the dead. Capt. Philip gave instant permission, and the chaplain prepared to go ashore with a boatload of marines that was in charge of a young lieutenant. As the worthy chaplain clambered over the side of the Texas the lieutenant looked up from the boat and called out:

"Where are you going?" "Lieutenant," replied the chaplain, "I am going to bury the dead." "For goodness sake give us a chance to get killed first," rejoined the officer.

"Lieutenant, I am going to bury the dead that have already fallen," responded the chaplain, whereupon the lieutenant quickly replied:

"I beg your pardon, chaplain, I was too hasty."

Dickens' Pilgrimage.
One of the latest ideas in London is a Dickens pilgrimage. An admirer of the novelist intends personally conducting a party of all who care to join him in a perambulating pilgrimage to the spots in London hallowed by their association with the writer. The programme makes a start from Devonshire terrace (where Dickens lived from 1839 to 1856), and passing Harley street, Wigmore street, Wimpole street, Welbeck street and Gower street, arrives at Tavistock square. Thence the route continues to Great Ormond street, the Foundling, Dougherty street, Gray's Inn, Kingsgate street, Lincoln Inn Fields and Furnival Inn. Several of the places lived in or referred to by Dickens will be viewed, some for the last time before demolition.

CITY LIVERY STABLE

PETER E. GABOURIE, Prop.



Good Rigs at all times, day or night. Careful drivers if desired.

FUNERAL OUTFITS

given special attention and at the lowest prices.

RAPID RIVER, MICHIGAN.

Draying.

IAY A. BAKER

WILL DO YOUR

DRAYING

AND TRANSFERING

With all possible despatch and with the greatest care, at living rates. Heavy moving of all kinds.

Always on Time,

IS HIS MOTTO.

RAPID RIVER, MICH.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. J. C. BROOKS.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

and Druggists' Sundries.

A Full and Complete Line of Confectionery.

J. H. SINNITT

Hotel and Restaurant

Centrally Located.

Bakery in connection, where fresh baked goods may be had at all times. Confectionery and cigars.

FRED E. DARLING

JEWELERS

Fine Watch Repairing a specialty and all work guaranteed. Don't send your work out of town when it can be done as well at home—and cheaper, too.

JAS. McPHERSON,

General Blacksmithing

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

All work neatly and promptly done at right prices.

JOS. SAVOIE,

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Nothing but Good Goods Kept.

Restaurant in Connection.

Visitors to Rapid River are Cordially Invited to make "The Midway" their headquarters.

RAPID RIVER, MICHIGAN.

THE SOO PACIFIC

IS THE ONLY LINE OFFERING

5 ROUTES TO THE Klondike

W. R. CALLAWAY,

General Passenger Agent,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Merrill's Shoe Store.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

Our Stock is not the largest but the best.

It is Quality not Quantity that you want

We are showing the finest line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's High-Grade Shoes in the village. The stock is simply unapproachable.

MERRILL'S SHOE STORE

The only Exclusive Shoe Store.

The Cash Grocers.

IT TAKES NO PROPHET

to tell who sells the groceries.

A glance at the crowd of buyers in our store will show that our efforts to supply the nicest and choicest goods are fully appreciated. Our goods are carefully selected, sold off quickly and are always fresh. You save money at our store. CASH.

We don't want a cent of you money unless you get value received for it, and for that reason we are always glad to have you look around the store and learn how much better you can do here than elsewhere. Try it and see; we know the result.

DARROW & HILL,

Rapid River's Cash Grocers.

General Merchandise.

READY

and ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU

There is no dodging the fact that since we embarked in the general merchandising trade we have been up to our eyes in business. Prices did it. Look.

Mixed Candy per lb.....	7c	Yeast Cakes per package.....	6c
Peanes, two 2 lb cans.....	25c	Saleratus per package.....	6c
Aprocots, " " " " " " " "	25c	Shelled Pop. Corn per lb.....	4c
Tomatos, 2 lb can.....	9c	5 doz Children's drawers.....	15c
Corn, very fine, per can.....	9c	20 heavy fleeces lined under-	
Pearl Barley per lb.....	2c	shirts.....	35c
Rice per lb.....	3c	Scotch Caps.....	40c
Salmon large can.....	15c	Boys' Caps, choice.....	25c

Remember, we carry everything you want to eat and wear, and sell at lowest prices.

RAPID RIVER. A. PFEIFER.

General Merchandise.

Waldo is Busy

Taking inventory, but after he finds out how he stands with the world he will talk to the people of Masonville Township in unmistakable language.

In the meantime remember that he is selling general merchandise at non-competible prices.

A. P. WALDO.

The Big Moose Saloon.

THE BIG MOOSE SALOON,

J. J. ACKLEY, Proprietor.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Come in boys, and make yourself at home. A nice warm fire at all times.

Get Your Printing at The Iron Port.