

# THE IRON PORT

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

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## OUR SCHOOLS GOOD.

This is the Gratifying Verdict of Ex-Supt. H. R. Pattengill.

He Wishes the Lower Peninsula Could Take a Few Lessons From Us.—Where the Difference Comes In, According to This Authority.

Some of the best public schools in Michigan are located in the Upper Peninsula, according to Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction H. R. Pattengill, who is thoroughly conversant with the educational institutions of the state, and who therefore speaks with authority on the subject. In a late issue of the Lansing State Republican Ex-Supt. Pattengill gives an account of a recent visit to the upper peninsula. Among other things he says:

"I wish that some of the school boards in southern Michigan would take a few lessons from the boards in the Upper Peninsula. These men are business men. They deal with large enterprises. They know that they cannot assume to keep pace with the advancing requirements and technique. They hire a competent superintendent, entrust him with power, and hold him responsible for results. They don't pretend to dictate about teachers and the details of school matters. They have no time, and it's contrary to their methods of business. The superintendent of their other enterprises and branches of business is given power, and held responsible for results. There are school boards in certain quarters of Michigan that will hire a superintendent of schools, whose business it is to supervise the work, who gives his whole time and attention to the work, whose training has fitted him as an expert in such matters, and yet these boards—full of other business, or supposed to be, never having visited a school, not studying school matters for 20 minutes a month,—will ride rough shod over the superintendent's recommendations as to teachers or policy, and yet seek to hold the superintendent responsible. Such boards would do well to take lessons from the busy, brainy boards of the Upper Peninsula. There is no doubt about it. The schools of the cities of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan average much better than do those of the cities of the Lower Peninsula. Why? Because their management is put in the hands of those who know the difference between school-keeping and school teaching."

## SELLING BEER WITHOUT LICENSE.

The Deputy Revenue Collector Touches Up Three Women For This Offense.

Deputy Revenue Collector George P. McCallum was in Escanaba the first of the week in the discharge of his official duties. While here he received quite a donation from three women who were selling bottled beer without first procuring a license. The government license for retailing malt liquors is \$20, but May Davis paid the revenue officer \$45; Mrs. Rawson gave up \$90, and Kittie Belmont \$94, which included fines for allowing the time in which the license should have been taken out to run by, and in one case for false returns. Last week, in Mackinac county, Mr. McCallum had three butterine cases, the fines from which aggregated \$1,308. He is hard after offenders against Uncle Sam. He recently reported two dealers in liquors at Perkins and one at Trombley, while a man at Fayette paid for irregularities. There is now a case pending at Ford River against a man named Simons for disposing of beer by the barrel.

## A Narrow Escape.

While going north a few days ago Engineer Thos. Greene had a very narrow escape from being killed. The locomotive had a hot box and at Trombley he was hanging out of the cab window watching it, when his head came in contact with a mail-catcher, cutting an ugly gash. When Ishpeming was reached a surgeon sewed up the wound. Had Mr. Greene's head protruded an inch further from the cab he certainly would have been instantly killed.

## Ewing An All Round Man.

Speaking of the Escanaba-Ishpeming football game in this city a fortnight ago Iron Ore of Ishpeming has this to say of our superintendent: "Prof. Ewing knows how to train a team and how to coach them. He has helped condition Ishpeming men, and we know all about him, and here

we wish to say to the people of Escanaba that in Mr. Ewing they have a prize they should not readily part with. He is just as good an instructor in the school as upon the athletic field. He will keep the boys in school and make it worth their while to stay. He knows the boys and the kind of medicine they want."

## PUPILS MAY BE REPORTERS.

Superintendent Ewing Looks Favorably Upon a Plan Suggested by The Iron Port.

Every pupil of the Escanaba schools, both public and parochial, may become a newspaper reporter if he, or she, desires. The Iron Port has suggested a plan to Supt. Ewing, and that gentleman being ever ready to adopt anything which has a tendency to advance his schools, proposes to carry it into execution. The idea is to make reportorial work a part of the language curriculum of the school, and instead of having the pupils write compositions and essays on set subjects to have them taught to write clear and readable accounts of events which come under their personal observation. The superintendent's thought is not to make journalism the end toward which the cause is directed, but to introduce reportorial work for its disciplinary effect. The pupil must gather his facts either from observation himself where possible or from accounts of others and write his story briefly and concisely. There is no model to follow, and he must depend wholly upon his inner consciousness for his arrangement, embellishments and style. The best of the articles will be published in these columns. The work will make the pupil a more independent writer than the work now done in the schools.

## THE COW NUISANCE.

Mayor Hartnett Endeavoring to Abate It—Specials After Bovines.

The mayor is determined to enforce the cow ordinance, and for this determination he is entitled to the hearty thanks of the populace. Numerous complaints have been made of late, and on Tuesday morning the mayor added four men to Poundmaster Boyle's force and started them out in a body to gather in everything of the bovine description running at large in the city between South park and No. 5 ore dock. Cows were picked up everywhere about town, but not without several heated debates, and by night the pound presented the appearance of the Chicago stock yards. A special policeman was detailed to stand watch over the pound at night, and he listened to all sorts of tales of woe, but he gave all comers the marble heart.

Of late many residents have removed the fences about their premises, set out trees, and made lawns, thus improving their general appearance, and it is just and proper that they should have the protection afforded by the ordinance restraining live stock from running at large.

## IMPROVEMENTS AT WELLS.

The Offices of the Consolidated Company Soon to Be Moved—Building.

The improvements at Wells still continue. A store and office building 50x60 feet, with an addition 22x66 feet, has just been completed, and the store and office will be moved from the old mill to Wells, at the mouth of the river, sometime during the present month. There is also in course of construction a boiler house 50x60, of brick with an iron truss roof. A planing mill and dry kilns will also be erected yet this season. The machinery for the mill is on the ground, and the work will be pushed as fast as possible.

## A \$25,000 FIRE.

Ferguson & Company's Big Dry Goods Store at the Soo Completely Destroyed.

A small boy, a match, and a ten-cent piece were responsible for a \$25,000 blaze in the store of W. F. Ferguson & Company, a dry goods firm at the Soo. One of the errand boys dropped the piece of money and lighted a match to find it. A piece of cotton batting was ignited and in an incredible short time the blaze spread through the store. A stock of \$30,000 was carried, covered by insurance amounting to \$22,000. The building was uninjured.

## Many Prisoners Taken.

It is officially announced that a cable dispatch from Cape Town, dated Nov. 5, reports the British victorious in engagements at and near Ladysmith and that the Boer loss was very heavy, including two thousand prisoners.

## EXPENDED \$50,000.

The Improvements of the Street Railway Company Nearly Finished.

There Are Now Eight Miles of Track, a Power-House and Street Car Barn—The Improvements Have Cost This Season \$50,000.

The Soo Line depot at North Escanaba has been moved east one thousand feet, and the track of the street railway is being extended thereto. As soon as the new power-house is completed, which will be within ten days, the interurban cars on the Flatrock line will make connections with all passenger trains on that road. The grading of the track extension is finished and the ties are laid, but the company is somewhat delayed on account of the non-arrival of steel. However, this material is on the way, and when it gets here only a few days will elapse before it will be in place.

The Escanaba Electric Street Railway company has made notable improvements this season, expending \$50,000 in the extension of its line to North Escanaba, and in the erection of a car shed and a power house. The company now has eight miles of track, all of which will be in active operation shortly. The car shed, built this season, is 50x100 feet and has accommodations for the five cars of the company. The power-house, which is now being pushed to completion with all possible speed, is 50x76 feet, and has machinery of the very latest and best. There are two engines, one of 300 horse-power and another of 100 horse power, which will supply ample power, with some to spare.

## LET US GIVE THANKS.

Governor Pingree Issues a Proclamation in Accordance With the Usual Custom.

The following is the proclamation by the governor appointing a day of thanksgiving:

"To the People of the State of Michigan. Greeting: In accordance with the proclamation of the president of the United States, and in compliance with an honored custom, I, Hazen S. Pingree, governor of the state of Michigan, hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 30th day of November, 1899, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Ruler of nations and the Father of all men, for his bountiful goodness to us, as a people, during the past year.

Let us on this day forget our trials and sorrows and call to mind the blessings we have received.

Let us be thankful for the harvest gathered from field and orchard; for prosperity as has come to us; for the growth of the spirit of patriotism and generosity; and for the gain made for goodness in our personal lives.

As we show the spirit of praise and thanksgiving for blessings received, let us consecrate ourselves to higher ideals of citizenship; to broader views of human brotherhood; so that we may help to make our beloved state the home of a happy and prosperous people."

## FIRE AT PEMBIN.

McGuire's Hotel and Other Buildings Go Up in Smoke on Monday.

On Monday night fire started in Haffner's saloon at Pembine, and was quickly communicated to McGuire's hotel. It then went to J. L. Dyer & Co.'s store and dwelling and burned all of them rapidly.

The places mentioned were totally consumed. McGuire saved part of his furniture on the first floor. Very few goods from Dyer & Co.'s store were saved. Dyer's residence was occupied by Dr. Banta, and he saved most of his furniture. The loss will reach fully \$10,000.

## MINE TO REMAIN IDLE.

New Owners of the Ropes Gold and Silver Property After the Machinery Only.

The recent sale of the Ropes gold and silver mine, located five miles north of Ishpeming, to the Rand Drill company of New York, practically means that Michigan's only gold mine will likely remain idle for an indefinite period. It is understood that the mine will not be wrought by the new owners. There is some valuable machinery there which the Rand people are after. The price paid for the entire equipment and mine was not too much for the machinery alone, to say nothing

of what the mine contains in the way of mineral, timber, etc. It is said that as soon as the court confirms the sale of the property the Rand company will remove the machinery. The plant consisted of two air compressors, two boilers, one engine and sixty-five heads of stamps. The price paid was \$7,500. The Ropes mine was discovered by Julius Ropes in 1881, and a year later the first milling work was done. Those who undertook the management of the mine were unfortunate in not having sufficient capital to operate and develop it properly. About the time the best methods of operating the property were learned and the money spent, the stockholders became discouraged by the assessments, and many of them refused to come to the mine's assistance. After much experimenting the cost for mining and milling a ton of rock was reduced to \$1.85. The Ropes rock was found hard to stamp, as it contains considerable talcose slate. The formation possesses a width of from thirty to fifty feet. Many of the experts maintain that the mine was not opened properly in the first place.

Up to the time the mine was closed down, about eighteen months ago, something over \$700,000 in gold had been produced. In addition to this there was also quite a sum obtained on account of the silver produced, though the total was less than \$50,000.

## POSES AS BRYAN.

Elroy, Wisconsin, People Duped by Northwestern University Students.

The citizens of Elroy, Wis., were duped by the Northwestern university football team while it was on its way to Minneapolis to play the University of Minnesota. The boys telegraphed ahead that William J. Bryan was on the train and would deliver a ten-minute speech at the depot. The factories, the machine shops, the section bosses, and the town in general took a half holiday to hear the free silver advocate. John A. Ward, a member of the team, closely resembles Mr. Bryan and has stumped the southern part of the state in two campaigns. He posed as Col. Bryan. Bands were at the depot and the Free Silver Advocate was given a warm reception. Ward borrowed a slouch hat, a low collar and a black tie and, after a minister had delivered a prayer, he said:

"Gentlemen: It gives me pleasure to meet you on this occasion. It is not often that I have the pleasure of passing through your beautiful city. There are, as Maj. Dietz has said, questions of vital importance before our nation today. The brain of our country is called upon to solve greater problems than ever before. In these questions we must consider the nation as an individual, for nations, like men, are responsible to God. Government is a natural development, and like all nature, must either grow or decay. All expansion of a nation, then, if it be natural and normal, is a demonstration of life and healthy vigor. Let us seek to ascertain whether the present expansion of our nation is natural or abnormal."

When he finished the whistle sounded and the train started. When the cheering reached its height, the rest of the football team, arrayed in their moleskins, rushed out on the back platform of their special car and gave the college yell, and mingled it with such hoots as "rubbers," "farmers," "plutoocrats," and "rah for free silver!"

## ABANDON FISHING.

The Local Commercial Fishermen Submitting to the Closed Season Law.

Commercial fishermen are submitting with as good grace as they can to the closed season law which compels them to abandon operations after Nov. 1. At Manistique, according to the Pioneer-Tribune, the dissatisfaction is much more intense, made so by the fact that arrangements have been made by the State Fish commission with certain of the large tug fishing concerns there and in the vicinity to fish during a portion of the season so the commission can get what whitefish and trout spawn it needs. The tugs get the fish. It is said that F. N. Clark, superintendent of the Northville hatchery, turned down a sailboat fisherman of the name of Bouscher who wanted a license to continue fishing on the same terms as those granted the tug fishermen. Bouscher has decided to continue fishing and if arrested will make his case a test of the law.

## MENOMINEE BEATEN.

The Escanaba Eleven Defeat the Menominee High School Boys.

Notwithstanding the Visitors Failed to Score, they Played Good Football—Entertained After the Game.—Other Football Notes Here and There.

For the third time in three weeks the high school team has won. In not one of these games have they even been scored upon. Last Saturday at the base ball park they gave Menominee some instruction as to how they should play the new national game. Menominee has played in hard luck this year, but none the less they played a hard game Saturday. Even after the locals had scored two touchdowns and the game was lost they took a brace and played hard, fast ball.

The day was almost perfect, and the crowd, while somewhat smaller than that of last Saturday, was none the less enthusiastic. Captain Hodson won the toss, he generally does, and chose goal, forcing Menominee to kick off. Robertson folded his arms around the pigskin as it sailed toward him, and forgot to stop till he had brought it back fifteen yards. Leighton, Slaughter, Robertson and Olmsted were given the ball in turn and worked it quickly down the field. Fred Olmsted made two pretty runs that netted thirty-two yards. Robertson then found an opening that gave him a final five yards and a touchdown. Slaughter failed to kick goal; score five to nothing.

After the next kick off Menominee secured the oval, and started to give Escanaba some pointers on offensive ball. The first play was a beautiful one and netted them twenty yards; then the locals commenced to play ball and held them for the three downs.

The second half was a disastrous time for both sides. Too many fumbles and costly ones prevailed. The talk between halves seemed to have braced Menominee for she played harder ball and forced the home boys to work for their other touchdown. At this point the girls on the side lines commenced to sing "Freddie, Freddie, run right round their end." Olmsted couldn't refuse such a request, so he took the ball and started off toward Menominee's goal just as if he had important business down there. He went over fifty yards and then one of the Menominee boys persuaded him that such violent exertion wasn't healthful, so Olmsted laid down the ball, and let Robertson and Leighton carry it the remaining eight yards.

Menominee took the ball after the next kick off and did some hard rushing, but the Escanabas proved a little too strong and the game closed with a score of ten to nothing.

In the evening the high school girls tendered a reception and supper at the G. A. R. hall. The menu was a good one, good humor prevailed, and Menominee went home fully satisfied with the trip.

It is gratifying to note the good feeling which exists between the upper peninsula football teams. The Menominee Herald has the following concerning last Saturday's game: It is agreed that despite their defeat the Menominee high school football eleven played their best game at Escanaba Saturday. The boys played with agility in the face of odds and their work in the latter part of both halves was a surprise to all. The sandy city eleven won by a score of 10 to 0. They scored twice in each half and both instances five minutes after the kick off. After this the locals settled down to hard play. In the first half Menominee had the ball on Escanaba's eight yard line and lost it on downs. In the second half as the boys were gaining steadily and on Escanaba's ten yard line when time was called. The boys were treated royally by the Escanaba team and speak in the highest terms of their treatment.

## Four Horses Killed.

On Saturday last a Northwestern train killed four horses belonging to Golden Brothers, who are logging near "The Dryads." The animals broke down the fence and got onto the right-of-way. Loss \$400.

## Quietus on Ugly Rumors.

The following semi-official statement was issued from Berlin on Tuesday: Nothing whatever is known here of any common plan of action upon the part of Russia, France or Spain in the Transvaal question, and

in any case it may be most positively stated that no such plan has been brought to the knowledge of the German government from any quarter whatever. Therefore it has never been in a position to reject any such or similar proposals.

## THE MONARCH WILL STAY.

The Manager of the Great Lakes Towing Company So Decides.

Capt. Collier, of Cleveland, manager of The Great Lakes Towing company, an organization which recently absorbed the Escanaba Towing & Wrecking company of this city, was here on Tuesday straightening out the affairs of the company. It was the original intention to take the powerful wrecking tug Monarch elsewhere, but the Captain, after looking over the local field thoroughly, recognized the necessity of having one of the best outfits on the lakes at this point and decided to leave the tug here. The Monarch will be used exclusively for wrecking purposes, and the Tomlinson will do the harbor work. Capt. Bartley will continue in the capacity of wrecking master; Casper Bartley and John Johnson engineers, and Hans Abrahamson diver. The tug will have a full crew aboard at all times, and will be ready for service at a moment's notice.

Messrs. H. A. Barr and F. H. Van Cleave retain the offices of president and secretary and treasurer, respectively, of the local branch.

Capt. Collier had been at Escanaba only once before, and then remained only long enough to inspect the outfit of the Escanaba Towing & Wrecking company before concluding its purchase. He is very much impressed with the town and its future prospects.

## GENERAL CITY NEWS.

Interesting Notes Picked Up Around the City by Our Reporter.

Inasmuch as something must soon be done as regards the Ludington street pavement, wouldn't it be well to consider the use asphalt? It is being used in a majority of the larger cities of the country with satisfactory results. The cost, perhaps, is greater at the outset than other materials, but durability recommends it in the end. Escanaba's principal thoroughfare is fast becoming dangerous to travel, and it is none too early to consider the best method of putting it in proper condition.

William and Fred Poisson and Arthur Houle, convicted of destroying property belonging to the Chinese laundrymen, were sentenced to the reform school for boys, but sentence was suspended during good behavior.

Long's theatre company will hold the boards at The Peterson for six nights commencing on Monday next. This company was here last season and gave good satisfaction. Popular prices.

The council did not meet on Tuesday evening. The aldermen were too much interested in the results of the election. An adjournment was taken to last evening.

The Escanaba & Lake Superior railway has bought a Brooks mogul locomotive. The company has also placed an order with a Detroit firm for fifty logging cars.

The northbound passenger train was over an hour late on Monday, and went north in two sections, the first carrying the mail.

Delta lodge, F. & A. M., did degree work Wednesday evening, and afterwards dined.

## SMELTING CO. AT GREEN BAY.

Will Test a New Process for Separating Iron Ore by Electrolysis.

A smelting company is to be formed at Green Bay. The new company will be known as the Hatch Smelting company and will be composed of local capitalists and several men from other states. The company is to test a new process for separating iron ore by electrolysis, and expects to go into the smelting business on an extensive scale. The headquarters of the company will probably be in Green Bay, but if the experiments to be made prove successful operations will be carried on at other points.

## Telephone Extension.

Mr. Finch is extending his telephone line from Sinclair to Watson, on the Escanaba & Lake Superior railway, a distance of sixteen miles, and also running a line to Wells from the main line at Flatrock, a distance of one and a half miles. Mr. Finch now has 320 telephones, and orders for additional ones. He has this week added to his switchboard, and now employs another bello girl.

# The Lean Part.

ESCANABA. MUCH

## THE SATSUMA BOWL.

By M. B. Williams.

"WHERE on earth did you get that bowl?" Nelly Marshall said to old Mrs. Graves. She and her friend, Ellie Davidson, had stopped at the old woman's cottage on their return from a long, hot walk to get a drink of her cool well water.

As Mrs. Graves opened her cupboard to take out her one tumbler Nelly's curious eyes noticed on the top shelf a china bowl covered with dust, on which she pounced eagerly.

"That shiny bowl, is it, honey? Why, it was my mother's afore ever I was born, and she set great store by it. My father was a sailor, and he used to bring all kinds of queer things from his voyages. They're all gone but that one bowl, and somehow I've got it fixed in my mind that I won't have any good luck if anything happens to that bowl."

The two girls glanced at each other. Good luck and poor old Mrs. Graves seemed far apart. She was very old, and had survived all her family and friends. She picked up a wretched living by knitting and quilting. She owned the little cottage in which she lived, and with sturdy independence refused the charity of her neighbors, save during her attacks or rheumatism, which of late were frequent and severe. Everyone pitied and respected the desolate old woman.

"Well, what do you think of this?" Nelly breathlessly exclaimed, holding out the bowl, when Mrs. Graves had gone to the well.

"I see an old china bowl," laughed Ellie, "very queer-looking, and very dirty, and a little chipped at the edges." "You see a genuine Satsuma!" Nelly said, impressively. "I question whether another such can be found in this country. Look at that diapering of dull gold at the base and edge, and those birds with outstretched wings in the center! Why, it's a treasure!"

"Is it?" Ellie answered, indifferently. "It just looks to me like a queer bowl. Very nice for a milk bowl."

"A milk bowl! You know I spent year before last with my aunt, Mrs. Davenport, in the city, and she and her friends were all deep in the study of ceramics. Aunt is a great collector of old china, and as she is very wealthy and a great traveler, she has some superb specimens. Why, she gave \$40 for a Satsuma cup and saucer that isn't to be compared with this! One of her friends gave \$300 for a pair of vases, and they were cracked. Oh, I'm an expert in china. I'd give anything in the world to own this bowl, and I'm going to have it, too! Hush! Here comes the old woman. Not a word to her of its value."

"Here's your bowl, Mother Graves," she said, handing it to her with an indifferent air. "It's very queer, and I



NELLY BROUGHT IT TO THE BEDSIDE.

would like to have it in my cabinet of curiosities. I suppose you wouldn't care to sell it?"

"Land sakes, no, honey!" laughed the old woman. "Who'd buy an old thing like that? I call it my luck bowl. It wouldn't be a mite of use to anybody but me, and it really isn't any use to me; but it's all that's left of my old life, and I think it would most break my heart to look in the cupboard and find it gone."

"Very well, Mrs. Graves, but if you ever change your mind and wish to sell it, let me have the refusal. I'll give you more for it than anyone around here."

As the girls walked home Nelly was silent and preoccupied.

"I'll have that bowl!" she cried out, suddenly. "Yes, it will be mine before many weeks. The old woman can hardly hobble about now, and it won't be long before she is laid up. That will be my time, and won't it be a triumph to show my aunt as fine a piece of china as she has in her whole collection—and at a bargain, too!"

Ellie looked at her friend in mute surprise. Nelly was a good girl, kind-hearted and humane, and yet she was exulting now that a poor, wretched creature should be tortured with pain, and laid up, helpless and hopeless, in order that it might give her an opportunity to possess an old piece of china! A mania for ceramics, she thought, was not likely to enlarge the sympathies or soften the heart.

"What will you give Mrs. Graves for the bowl?" she asked.

"Oh, a fair price. She'll think it more than fair. But of course I'm not such a fool as to offer even a quarter of its actual value. I could'n begin to afford it. Don't look so grave, as if I were going to swindle the old woman!

A pearl is only a pearl to one who knows its value, and to Mrs. Graves it is only an old, useless china bowl."

"But some might give its value to the poor old creature." "Now, look here, Ellie Davidson," Nelly cried, red with anger, "you talk as if I were going to take a dishonest advantage of the woman! Who would give 25 cents for it here? In this little out-of-the-way village the people have never even heard of Satsuma ware. Why, it will stay on that shelf till old Mrs. Graves is dead and buried, and then be thrown aside, or some old woman will keep her milk in it. No, I expect to get the bowl at a bargain, and my conscience won't trouble me if I take it."

Nelly was correct in thinking the bowl would soon be in her possession. In less than a week Mrs. Graves sent for her. She found the old woman in bed in a cold room and suffering terribly from rheumatic fever. On a little table by the bed was a tumbler of water and a plate of food, sent in by some pitying neighbor.

"Seems as if that turns my stomach," she said, pointing to the food, "but it was mighty good in Mrs. Ives to send it. Jenny," to a little girl who had come in, "won't you pick up some chips and make a blaze, so you can boil some water and make a cup of tarragon tea. I'm just parching with thirst. Miss Nelly, I sent for you to tell you if you want that bowl I'll sell it. I'm too sick to work, and I haven't got a cent to buy medicine or firewood."

Nelly's heart beat high with delight. "Certainly, Mrs. Graves," she said. "I mean what I said, and I'll give you what you ask for it."

"Do you think a dollar is too much?" Nelly glanced at the abject poverty of the room, the poor old woman's pained face, and for very shame at herself blushed deeply. But the bowl must be hers.

"Mrs. Graves," she said, hurriedly, "I'll give you five dollars for the bowl, and here's the money." She took it out of her pocket.

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the old woman, in astonishment. "Miss Nelly, honey, I reckon it's because you want to give me the money. It ain't certainly because the bowl is worth half that."

"To me it is," Nelly said, hastily, with a sudden twinge of conscience, "and if I had more money I'd give it, but this is my last cent."

"Oh, I'm afraid you're paying high for just a whim! Please bring me the bowl, Miss Nelly, so I can tell it good-bye before you take it away."

Nelly brought it to the bedside, and the tears were in the old creature's eyes as she took it in her trembling hands.

"It is all that is left me of the blessed old time. When I look at it I see them all—father, mother, husband and children, all lying in the churchyard. It was my wedding present from father, Miss Nelly. I remember the night I was married. Everybody wished me health and prosperity, but father, he says: 'Health and prosperity are mighty good things, but I wish for my children honesty and fair dealing with all the world.' Yes, those were his exact words. It is hard to part with the last thing I have of his." She pressed it to her quivering lips with a sob, and handed it to Nelly.

"Don't think I'm not thankful to you, Miss Nelly," she said, "because I'm sorry at parting with it. You have given me six times its value. God bless you! You've a kind heart. May God deal with you as you've dealt with a poor, desolate old woman!"

As Nelly hurried home with her treasure, these words kept ringing in her ears and beating at her heart. Somehow she did not feel as triumphant over the bargain as she had expected. But the next day she packed her bowl and took the first train for the city of New Orleans.

"Why, it's unique—it's worth its weight in gold, Nell!" her aunt cried, ecstatically. "Where did you pick it up? What did you give for it?" "Oh, I got it at a bargain," was all Nelly would say.

There was a meeting of Mrs. Davenport's friends at her house that night to inspect the bowl. One of them, Mr. Wentworth, a gentleman of large fortune, whose collection of old china was one of the most costly in the United States, was enthusiastic in his admiration. "I never saw but one like this before, and it was in a private collection in Japan. It would be priceless if it weren't for that chip on the edge and that brown stain; but even as it is, it's worth \$200 to any collector, and I'd be glad to give that or more to own it, if you ever care to part with it, Miss Nelly."

That night, when Nelly lay sleepless on her bed, the words of old Mrs. Graves kept ringing in her ears. "And he says: 'I wish for them honesty and fair dealing,'" and then the words so fervently spoken: "May God deal with you as you've dealt with a poor, desolate old woman!"

When she rose in the morning her mind was made up. She told her aunt the story, concealing nothing of her own cupidity.

"And now, aunt," she said, "I look upon myself as only the custodian of the bowl. I am going to get all I can for it, and make, so far as I can, the poor old woman comfortable for the rest of her life."

When it was found that the bowl was for sale, the bidding was fast and furious among the collectors; but none went higher than Mr. Wentworth, and it became his property for \$300.

The story of the destitute woman who had owned it became known in the circle, and another hundred was added to the fund for her support. When Nelly told Mrs. Graves what had been done, the old woman exclaimed, in devout wonder:

"O my blessed Lord, thou hast worked a miracle for me in my great need. I can't help crying, you dear, blessed girl. The tears are tears of relief, for you have lifted me out of the depths!"—Youth's Companion.

# SQUAN CREEK FOLKS

Some Local Matters as Recorded in the Squan Creek "Gazette."

M. QUAD. — Copyrighted.

We regret to announce that Bobby, the two-year-old son of Robert Henderson, our justly popular butcher and general hustler, had a fall on the sidewalk the other day and skinned his nose. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and Mr. Henderson will continue to sell fresh and salt meat at the lowest prices.

It was reported around town Monday afternoon that Mrs. Aaron Schemerhorn, wife of our courteous and big-hearted blacksmith, had broken two ribs while leaning over to dip water out of the rain barrel. Our reporter hurried to the house and found the report false. It probably arose from the fact that she cut her foot on a piece of broken glass the same day. She has assured us that she will be at prayer meeting Thursday night as usual, though she may limp a little. Let us thank Providence for her narrow escape.

Last week, in mentioning the various new enterprises on foot in Squan Creek, we stated that Richard Spooner would build a \$400 addition to his beautiful residence on Lobster avenue. Mr. Spooner has called at the Gazette office to make a correction. Instead of building an addition to his house, he is going to tear down and entirely reconstruct his pig pen. The plans and specifications provide for all modern conveniences, and no money will be spared to make it an ornament to the village. Next fall, in case a business boom follows the war, Mr. Spooner may change the 7x9 panes of glass in his mansion for 8x10's.

Among the exciting incidents of last week was the alarm of fire, caused by Mrs. Charles Longman setting fire to

her strength gave out, and she fell backwards and bumped to the bottom. Her screams alarmed the neighbors, and they rushed in and laid her on the lounge and sent for Dr. Danforth. He found the victim badly bruised, but with no bones broken, and predicts that she will be about again in two weeks. It was indeed a narrow escape from death, and we cannot repress a shudder as we tender our congratulations. There are times when feather beds become menaces to life and limb, and they cannot be handled too carefully.

The editor of this paper must have at least two meals per day, and clothing of some sort to wear. He has a wife and five children, and they must also be provided for. Last week pie plant was offered on our streets at five cents per bunch, and one bunch would have made seven pies, but alas! we had not the money to buy with. If we were not sorely pinched for cash we should not ask delinquent subscribers to settle up, but as it is, we hope that the 42 who are owing us will make payment, even if only ten cents a piece. We will take wood, provisions, soft soap, cider vinegar, carpet rags or most anything else on subscription, but three or four dollars in cash would help us out wonderfully just now.

Exaggerated reports of the trifling misunderstanding which occurred between Mr. Jonas Barber and Mr. Darius Baker last Sunday evening are flying about and we feel it our duty to correct them. The gentlemen named were at the wharf when Mr. George Gill brought in a strange fish. One pronounced it a flounder, and the other contended that it was a sunfish. Neither one called the other a liar, and not a blow was struck. All reports about pis-



"There Are Fifteen Johnsons Around Here."

an old straw bed in her back yard. As the dark smoke billowed to heaven and the lurid flames stretched forth their fiery tongues in every direction, the cry of "Fire!" rang out o'er the peaceful landscape, and in five minutes the entire population of the town was on hand to perform deeds of valor. No harm was done beyond tramping down a few cabbages. The fire bell was rung by Mr. Shakespeare Jones, and the coolness and placidity displayed by him in so doing is the talk of the town.

Two or three weeks ago Mr. Henry White, who is, without doubt, the most accomplished cooper in this state, if not in America, bought a bottle of hartshorn for family use. It was placed on the clock shelf, and two or three days ago, while Mrs. White was temporarily absent from the house, young Herbert climbed up and got possession of the bottle. Later on he was found in the back yard and had got the cork out and was about to drink the contents for lemonade. With a wild shriek of terror the mother dashed forward and wrested the deadly bottle from his innocent hands, and then fell unconscious. Our reporter was almost instantly on the spot, as he always is, but the grim specter of death had spread his wings and gone in search of other prey. That is, young Herbert had been drawn back from the edge of the grave. It is far from our purpose to blame Mrs. White, whose heroism is beyond question, but we must say that there is a warning in this incident. Folks who keep hartshorn in the house can't be too careful of it. One gulp of it and young Herbert would have been with the angels.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thomas Longfellow as he was on his way to prayer meeting Thursday evening, and he informed us that he had bought two kegs of paint and 1 1/2 gallons of oil, and should begin painting his house next Monday. He will paint it a pea green, and if times continue fair will also make a new gate for the front fence. Such evidences of prosperity make us rejoice, and we are only too glad to chronicle them.

It is our sorrowful duty to chronicle a painful accident to Mrs. Daniel Wheeler, wife of "Dan," the popular and highly esteemed carpenter. Last Tuesday morning she started to carry a 20-pound feather bed upstairs, and had nearly reached the top when

toils being drawn, blood shed and a terrible struggle are the veriest nonsense we trust that this statement will settle the matter for good and all.

What might have been a fatal accident, but which turned out to be only a painful one, occurred to William Green, our favorite house painter, one day last week. He was using a rake in the garden, and after laying it down carelessly stepped on the head of it. This brought the handle up with great force, and, hitting him on the forehead, it produced a lump as large as a walnut, and for a moment rendered him unconscious. His shouts of "Fire!" and "Police!" were heard by several neighbors, and they were speedily at hand. They would have called a doctor, but Mr. Green, whose grandfather fought at Bunker Hill, and who is himself a born hero, insisted on sitting down on the doorstep and bathing the lump with camphor, and in the course of an hour he was sufficiently recovered to drive a stray hog out of the garden. In the midst of life we are in death, and you can't be too careful about stepping on rakes and things.

**THE RAZOR SETTLED IT.**

"Mistah Jones," said the tall man, after the dispute had continued for a quarter of an hour, "does I understand yo' to declare dat yo' am a gen'lant?" "Of co'se yo' does—of co'se!" was the indignant reply of the short man. "Am yo' willin' to let me put my hand in yo' hind-pocket, sah?" "Of co'se I am. Eat it dar. Now, den, what yo' find in dat hind-pocket?" "I find, sah," replied the other, as he held it up to view—"I fin' de mos' overpowerin' and promptious proofs dat yo' am a reg'lar gen'lant. Nobody but a gen'lant eber carries a razor in his hind-pocket—nobody but a gen'lant of de highest standin'!"

**DIDN'T HAVE TIME.**

"Yes," said the Kentuckian, "we had a camp-meetin' at Laurel Grove which lasted the whole week through." "Big crowd?" was asked. "A heap o' folks." "And how many souls were saved?" "Dunno. I was on the committee to count up the souls that were shot, and I didn't hev time to go foolin' around!"

**Star Gazing.**  
 Ned—What are you doing now?  
 Ted—Studying the stars.  
 Ned—Astronomer?  
 Ted—No; dramatic critic.—N. Y. World.

**To California via the Midland Route.**  
 Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for San Francisco, carrying first and second class passengers, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City (with stop-over privileges at Salt Lake City), for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

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**Inappropriate.**

It was a ministers' club meeting, and the cloth was exchanging experiences. "At a funeral recently," said one of the clergymen, "I narrowly escaped laughing outright at an unconscious bit of humor I perpetrated. 'Why is it,' I asked in the course of my moral applying eloquence, 'why is it that there should be a peculiar appropriateness to-day in the gathering, about this tier of friends and relatives whose tears fall like rain?'"

"I paused there significantly to let my words sink in, when suddenly, with a choke choking flash, it crossed my mind that the dead man had been a milkman in the community for 25 years."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Oklahoma.**

Its wonderful resources and superior advantages to home-seekers are set forth in a handsome illustrated pamphlet just issued by the Frisco Line Passenger Department. Copy will be mailed free on application to Bryan Snyder, G.P.A., St. Louis, Mo.

**Let Us.**

Let us then be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate,  
 Throw away the rag you're chewing,  
 Either fish or cut the bait.  
 —Chicago Tribune.

"There is always something frigid to me about the atmosphere of a bank," said De Vere. "Well, that is probably because they always deal in cold cash there," observed Handy.—Philadelphia North American.

**Lane's Family Medicine.**

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.

**Bigger Man Than Wilhelm.**

"Der Kaiser," said Mr. Dinkelpiel, "may be Wilhelm der Grosse, but, by chymintently, I am Vilhelm der grocer alretty, Hein!"—Indianapolis Journal.

**He Hadn't Seen It.**—Rollingstone—"Have you ever seen the seashore?" Droll—"No; I can't afford it. All my earnings are invested down there, though. My wife goes every summer."—Ohio State Journal.

Alas! the Mixture.—"Where did that child get her peculiar accent?" "Why, you see, her father was a Dutch comedian and her mother a singer of coon songs."—Philadelphia North American.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Home of Household and Talc. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If time is money some people's time must be counterfeit.—Chicago Daily News.

**Ayer's Pills**

Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the whiskers. 25c. Sold by Druggists.

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 Using Cuticura Soap.

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# Comments of Champion Golfers

**H**OW does it seem to be a golf champion? asked a millionaire business man of the Open Champion Will Smith, of the Midlothian Golf and Country club, immediately after the young Scotchman returned from the scene of his great victory over the best golfers in America at the Baltimore Country club links. The query of this merchant was similar to that of many other wealthy and influential members of the club. All showed a solicitude for Smith's welfare that would have turned the head of a less unassuming man. Smith's invariable answer was: "It's my business—the one I learned at Carnoustie when a wee lad, you might say, and I guess I'll carry the honors until some better man wrests them from me."

Yet those who follow golf can see at a glance that there is much to the champion. Had he elected to follow the profession of surgery he would have been at the head of his business. Had he been trained in banking—and many a successful banker is able to trace his lineage to Auld Scotia—he would have been a shining financial light. Success appears to be marked in every performance of the young Scot. Coming of a family of golfers, he remained for WT1 to do what his brother Alex (Sandy) just missed doing by a few strokes in 1898—he brought the championship to be added to the long list of achievements of the family of Smith. "Sandy" is older, but he cannot golf any better than Will, who is but 23 years of age. The best golf that Alex has shown in an American tournament was when he became the runner-up to Open Champion Fred Herd in 1898. The last of the Smiths is not yet, for there are other championships coming, besides there is George Smith, also a professional, who played in the Western Golf association tournament, in which his brother Will earned the title of western open champion by his memorable defeat of Lawrence Auchterlonie, a graduate of the ancient and honorable game as it is played at famous old St. Andrews. Some say that Will Smith paved the way for the national event by his work at Glen View in the western tournament, but close students of the game, among them such an authority as Herbert J. Tweedie, say that Smith first gave evidence of his 1899 winning form by beating the professionals who essayed to get first honors in the tournament held in June at the Belmont Golf club. Such marvelous, machine-like and even "perfect" golf as Smith played in the tournament this year has been equaled in later days by but one man—Champion Harry Vardon, of Great Britain. And the consensus of opinion of such men as Willie Anderson, Jack Park, Amateur Champion H. M. Harrison, Walter J. Travis, Peter Walker, Fred Herd, James Foulis, Willie Dunn and others who are in a position to



WILL SMITH. Open Golf Champion.

know, is that Vardon would have had the contest of his career in beating Smith at Baltimore. "In all that Vardon is great Smith is also great. Perhaps in the use of his deadly cleek Vardon is unexcelled, but Smith seldom has recourse to that iron, for his judgment of the distance to be gained by his drive and brassy shot is so wonderfully accurate that he is left to select the lofting masher or the masher cleek, as some of the professionals call it, for his precise and well directed approach shots. Scores of the best golfers in America realize that Smith's score of 315 for the 72 holes at Baltimore could not have been done without machine-like play in the long game and accurate work on the greens.

It pays to be open champion. If Will Smith had a dozen pairs of hands he might be busy 20 hours each day making clubs for the enthusiasts who would have a "stick like the one that drove Will into fame." Were he gifted with the power of dividing himself into several separate entities, each figure would be in demand for teaching. Prosperity in golf does not stop, either, with the champion. His satellites are busy. So great have been the strides that the ancient game has taken in both the old and the new world, that it is impossible to get enough Scotchmen to leave their native heaths to take positions as instructors and "men of the green" in this country. The day is soon coming when the supply of professionals in America will have to be made up of graduates from the school of such teachers as the Smiths, Peter Walker, James Foulis (former open champion), Joe Lloyd, etc.

Do you know a driver when you see that club? Would you know how to sweep the little gutta perch ball that weighs 27 1/4 pennyweights, from the

tee with the stroke? Champion Smith has no trouble in making a driver of anyone who follows his advice. Inasmuch as some of the most prominent men and women of a large community get their rudiments in golf from the champion, it may not be amiss to let Smith tell the novice, in a brief and characteristic way, how to drive:

"If the beginner will first learn the fact that the 'follow through' is the most important thing—that the club will do the work if it be sent through the air in the proper manner—he will have mastered a great difficulty," says Smith. "Great physical strength is not necessary to make far and sure drives. Some of the best professionals whose style is lauded by spectators have arms no bigger than those of mere boys. What they lack in physical build they



LAWRENCE AUCHTERLONIE.

make up in suppleness and agility. Stand with the feet quite wide apart, the left foot in a line with the tee ball, address the ball until the head of the driver appears to be about the easy and natural distance from the body to strike the ball fairly, and with the left hand firmly grasping the handle, the right hand fingers, with the exception of the index finger and the thumb, also firmly gripped, and with the thumb permitted to cross over the top of the shaft, draw the club back at arm's length until an altitude about on a level with the shoulder is reached, then bending the wrists the club can be brought to a position over the shoulder. By leaving a piston-like movement of the club shaft between the index finger of the right hand and the thumb, the club is given a certain amount of 'life' that is lacking when the hands are both firmly gripped on the shaft. Then with the eye constantly on the ball, bring down the sweep, putting the power in as the club descends, hit the ball. If the body is sent on through with the stroke, leaving the club to do the work, the position of the golfer at the top of his swing will be a typical one and the club will be over the shoulder, the bent wrists permitting it to droop. That is all there is to a lesson in driving. The swing that this gives is the same the world over—in Musselburg, at St. Andrews, at Carnoustie or at Onwentsia. We professionals all follow these rudiments, but of course we work so rapidly that they are all blended in a quick and sweeping stroke.

Smith has little idea of where he will be next season. That his services will be in great demand goes without saying, but it is not to be expected that the golfers of the west will permit him to identify himself with eastern golf. When October winds bring an end to most golf it will be known whether Will Smith is still the superior of Lawrence Auchterlonie. These two rivals have engaged to play a "home and home" 72-hole match that will excite the interest of the golfing fraternity of the country. According to Auchterlonie—and Horace Hutchinson, the British authority, rates Auchterlonie as the best driver and all around good golfer he ever saw—there will come a day in America when the open championship will be held to a par with the amateur championship, in a social way, and then the list of amateurs that contest in the open event will be larger than it was this season.

"A golfer of experience and ability should always be ready to risk his reputation in a challenge or match," said "Larry Lonie," as the golfers call Auchterlonie. "Were I champion I would not hesitate to play any man. It is the sportsmanlike conduct exhibited in golf that makes it one of the grandest sports in the world. I can tramp over the links from morning to night without getting weary. That follows from plenty of experience. The generation that is coming will thank the players of to-day for placing golf on such a firm footing as it enjoys in the United States to-day. Next season will be a great one for golf in America."

E. G. WESTLAKE.

### Selsh.

Biggs—It was very kind of you to take so much trouble to find a job for poor Harduppe.

Boggs—Not at all. I was afraid he would borrow money from me if I didn't.—N. Y. Journal.

### For What He's Worth.

"Her fiancé is English. He owns a number of old castles and such."

"Dear me, how can she marry a man whose fortune is in ruins?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Then His Vision Cleared.

Jones—They say the girl Dawson married was cross-eyed.

Brown—Yes; but he never fully realized it until after her money was gone.

### The Rival.

**T**HE week of the Dewey celebration found every playhouse in New York open. Several, no doubt, but for this event would have delayed their openings. At the Garden theater Mr. James K. Hackett was most cordially welcomed back in Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau." At the American theater there is a revival of "We Uns of Tennessee."

The Fifth Avenue, with Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharp," is having the greatest success it has had in years.

A close rival to "Becky Sharp" is "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Empire John Drew is exceptionally fine in the role of Parbury, a literary man with an exacting wife who does not understand him, and a pretty amanuensis who does. Parbury is easygoing and blind; Mrs. Parbury is hysterical and given to seeing double; Hyacinth Woodward consciously and unconsciously fascinating. There is no villainy, there are no dark secrets, just a natural commonplace drifting. But one must grant the situation to be a dangerous one. At first a man may find tears attractive in a pretty wife, or at least may enjoy the wiping of them away, but no man alive will stand a steady diet of that sort of thing. Mrs. Parbury is so wrapped up in herself and her gowns, she does not have time or inclination to study her lord's moods, to share his pleasures in his work, to do any of the dozen things a man wants done for him. Hyacinth has time for all this, and perhaps Parbury does linger over his work unnecessarily long; perhaps there is some excuse for Mrs. Parbury's behavior. She discovers the



A Leading Lady with the Chicago Contingent of the Castle Square Opera Company.

amanuensis kissing her (Mrs. Parbury's husband's photograph, and orders her to leave the house at once. Miss Woodward does not accept Mrs. Parbury as one with authority to dismiss her, and refuses to go. Mr. Parbury, not knowing the tender regard in which the photograph is held, or his wife's knowledge of the same, determined to be no longer a slave to tears and refuses to send Miss Woodward away. Whereupon the wife herself goes, making it impossible for Hyacinth to remain. A bachelor friend of Parbury's offers himself to Miss Woodward and is accepted, and later the Parburys arrange matters. The characters are very well drawn by the author and very well portrayed by the players. The public are wonderfully interested in the lifelike representation of domestic life, and "The Tyranny of Tears" will remain in New York the entire season.

It is said a week before the production of "The Tyranny of Tears" in London last year, Charles Wyndham would have given £500 to be rid of it. No wonder a manager hesitates to take the responsibility for the production of a new play, as it will cost him anywhere from \$12,000 to \$20,000 before it is ready really to make its first appearance. And after a play has had its little day, all the expensive scenery is of little value to its owner. It is sometimes hacked to pieces and carted away for firewood.

"The Only Way," at the Herald Square theater, has proved a decided success. "The Only Way" is Freeman Wilk's dramatization of Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities." The piece was first acted in London last season at the Lyceum theater. Scenes in London and Paris appear in both play and book. The revolutionary tribunal, the hall in the conciergerie with aristocrats calmly playing cards on the eve of execution. Carton on the platform of the guillotine—all these make history seem real to the audience. Henry Miller, as Sydney Carton, is doing some of the best work he has ever accomplished. "The Only Way," after the termination of its five weeks' engagement at the Herald Square, will remove to another theater and remain in New York throughout the winter.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is to close its career in opera comique and make its bow as broad burlesque.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land" replaces "Mr. Smooth" at the Manhattan. It is the story of a seaport Englishman sent to America to engage in ranching, a different kind of agriculture to the one he was accustomed—the sowing of wild oats. The cast of "A Stranger in a Strange Land" includes Clyde Fitch, George Osborne, Maud White and Angela McCann.

"The Ghetto" is to continue at the Broadway about two months longer, until the production of "Ben Hur." "The Ghetto" is one of the first instances of a Dutch play reaching the American stage. It is considered an effective melodrama.

Clara Morris, whose name is so well known in the theatrical world, has turned author. A child's story, "My Little Jim Crow," was published in the St. Nicholas and attracted much attention. It will give the title to a book of short stories which the Century company will bring out this fall.

Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard have written a new play, which Mr. W. H. Crane will present. The title is "Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam." The production is such a large one, both in regard to cast and to quantity of scenery and properties, that it will be presented in none but the largest cities. Nearly three months will be spent in New York, but Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and St. Louis will have an opportunity to see the play this season.

# The Drama

METROPOLITAN STAGE GOSSIP

# Billy's Football Observations

**S**AY IF I STARTED in right now an' did to you what I saw one fellow do to another out at that football game to-day, do you know what'd happen to me?" said Billy. "They'd tuck me away in jail, an' I wouldn't see the green trees for a whole year."

"What did this fellow do?" I asked.

"Oh, he didn't do much. He just butted into this other boy an' tossed him up in the air, an' whirled him around his head till you couldn't tell which was his head an' which was his feet; then he slammed him down on the ground like a thousand o' brick an' fell on top of him. Nice, easy game, that. It's a good game for old people an' invalids. Gee whiz,

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"FRIENDLY GAME."

"When I saw that boy hit the ground an' then saw that 200 pounds of beef squash down on top of him, I said to myself: It's all off! He couldn't live through that even if he was made out of leather and wrought iron! Yes, sir, I thought he'd come to a horrible finish. He rolled over a couple of times, grunted a little an' went back into the mix-up as if he liked it. That's a nice, friendly game, ain't it?"

"It's a hard game, to be sure," I said. "Those who go into it expect to give and take."

"I wouldn't mind the 'give' so much, but if that was a fair sample of the 'take' I saw to-day, why, excuse me! I'll tell you, that big fellow had murder in his heart. He was the roughest thing I ever saw. He upset everybody that came near him."

"He's probably a good player," I said, wishing to give Billy a fair idea of the game. "There's no need to go into the game at all unless you expect to be earnest."

"Well, don't you worry. He was earnest enough to suit anybody. How about the rules of the game? Is he allowed to wince up the grass with people an' jam into 'em, an' do all that playful stuff?"

"Of course."

"Well, that's a funny thing. If a man puts on a pair of padded pants an' covers his face with a dog muzzle he can slaughter as many people as he wants to, if a'pose."

"If any man doesn't want to take the chance of getting hurt he should get out



INTO THE DISCARD.

of the game," I said. "I have always been a great admirer and a firm advocate of the robust sport known as football, and when Billy began to advance the usual criticisms I was disposed to answer with some feeling."

"He ought to get out of the game, eh? Well, two of 'em did get out this afternoon. They were carried out, both of 'em knocked silly. I don't know what became of 'em. I think they just took 'em back o' the grand stand an' tossed 'em into the discard an' went on with the game. The wonder to me is that the whole 22 wizz'n' done up. Sufferin' Cornellus! The way they slammed into each other an' tied themselves up in hard knots all over the place, it's a mystery how anybody got out alive."

"You want to remember that the human body is about the toughest thing on earth," I said. "I suppose you have heard of railroad accidents in which a car would be smashed into kindling-wood by a collision—actually crushed to small pieces, and people riding in that car would escape with comparatively slight injuries?"

"Oh, you're talkin' about a railroad accident," said Billy, with a disgusted shake of the head. "What's a railroad accident compared with a good, hot game o' football. When you're in a railroad wreck you get one good smash an' then it's all over. But in this game of football you're up against it every minute for an hour an' a half, an' you never know what's coming next."

"It's a great game, anyway," I said. "Great? I should say it is! It's the best sport you can find in any country where they bar out prize-fightin'. You needn't think for a minute that I'm kickin' on the game. It's a bird! All I want to say is that if I went along the street usin' people the way them football people use each other, they'd send me to the pen for life. Is it a good game? Yes—to watch. But to get out an' play! Nay, nay, Pauline. I don't want to risk my life just for a little glory, an' then not get any glory, neither. If some big guy that weighs about a half a ton gets the ball an' comes at you, head-on, like a runaway steer, you've got to jump for him an' bring him down, becuz if you let him get past you, everybody gives you the laugh an' says you're a nit."

"Yes, but look at the other side of the story," I said. "Just think of the cheers and applause you get when you make a good play. All the girls waving flags and handkerchiefs, the boys blowing horns—"

"An' givin' the college yell," interrupted Billy. "I s'pose it's great stuff, but I can get along without it. I'm a purty ambitious young fellow, but I don't want to be a football player or a soldier in the Philippines. I'll turn them jobs over to people that's got their own notion of havin' a good time."

"I must say that I am surprised," I remarked. "I thought you would like to play football. You used to box, didn't you?"

"Yes, I put on the gloves once in awhile now."

"Well, a man who can stand up and take good hard punches in a boxing

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# The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO. Publishers  
L. W. A. CATER, Editor and Manager

Now that the preliminary report of the Philippine commission is made public Admiral Dewey says he feels free to talk for the first time, and he takes the earliest opportunity to say that there has never been a moment since he entered Manila bay when the United States forces could withdraw with honor. The admiral has no sympathy whatever with the position into which he was thrust by the anti-expansionists as one whom, they alleged, favored granting independence to the Filipinos. He with the other commissioners found from a study of them that they were unfitted to undertake the government of the archipelago as a whole; that anarchy would inevitably result should they undertake it, and that then would come intervention of some foreign power on the ostensible pretext, or perhaps on the well founded necessity, of protection of its citizens' lives or property.

The report of the commission, says the Detroit Journal, not only makes it plain that the administration cannot be blamed for the present situation in the Philippines, so far as the insurrection is concerned, but it also reveals that we have had wholly unreliable information as to the position of Aguinaldo and his followers previous to the outbreak of the war with Spain. We have been used to thinking of the Filipinos as struggling for independence, when it appears from the report of our commissioners they were attempting merely to secure certain modifications of Spanish rule and the expulsion of the friars. The notion of asserting a desire for independence did not creep into Aguinaldo's head until after he was ordered out of Cavite to Bacoor. He then issued on his own motion a proclamation promising independence to his people, and, thinking that he saw an opportunity to crush the United States forces and make himself, as he once declared himself, dictator, he assumed a hostile attitude and in the end provoked hostilities.

The report of the commission makes it clear, too, that every effort was made to conciliate Aguinaldo and his followers on a basis that would protect Manila, the looting of which the insurgents chief demanded, and that would recognize our sovereignty in the islands. This failing nothing remained for us except to restore order in our own way and because of the situation Aguinaldo had created. In the opinion of Admiral Dewey that work rapidly approaches a successful finish; and the investigation of the commissioners shows that in other parts of the island tranquility is the rule, and that the problem of using the natives in developing local self-government has already begun with promising results. Even with the insurrection still unsubdued, the condition of the great majority of the people is immensely improved.

The conclusion from the report of the commissioners is that, with the present revolt quelled, prosperity will come to the Filipinos in response to sympathetic and intelligent efforts of our government to give them the largest possible measure of freedom consistent with the prescription of order and the development of the country. At all events, we have put our hand to the plow and cannot draw back. What is clear as a final word is that no lover of liberty and humanity would intrust to Aguinaldo rather than to ourselves the solution of the great problem of gradually bringing this people into ways of civilization.

The extent to which the government is constructing and operating cable and telegraph lines as a result of recent territorial acquisitions and controls is brought out in the report of Gen. Greely, chief signal officer. This shows that the telegraph system of Cuba, formerly owned and operated by Spain, has been taken over and developed by the signal corps, and that at the close of the fiscal year 2,500 miles of line were in operation, of which 600 miles were absolutely new and the rest largely reconstructed. Gen. Greely discusses the question of Cuban cable and telephone concessions. He recommends the laying of a deep sea cable between Porto Rico and Cuba, to cost about \$600,000. A vague idea of the magnitude of the signal corps' work in the Philippines, he says, may be conveyed by the statement that over the telegraph system alone more than 200,000 messages, many long and all on public business, were transmitted in the ten months ending June 30, and over 45,000 in May alone. As to a Pacific cable, the report says it is essential to span the Pacific by a submarine cable. Gen. Greely says that a means of connect-

ing the islands of the West Indies, Hawaii and Philippines, which are in the range of its action, wireless telegraphy should prove of value.

Less than two years ago the statement was often repeated that "there is no more money in the lake ore business." It was said that the prices, 45 and 50 cents a ton from Lake Erie ports, were so low that it was impossible to cover expenses. In fact, the general opinion was that the business was largely overworked and that the resulting competition had forced prices down so low that it was difficult even to make expenses. Some owners even offered their vessels for sale at low prices. The situation now is completely reversed. The iron ore shipments have shown a great increase over the very large output of last year. At present rates the average lake vessel can come very near paying for herself in one season, and ship owners are repaying themselves liberally for the poor years in the past.

The report of First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath in regard to the operations of rural free delivery during the past year is made public, and shows that on November 1, 1899, there were thirteen free delivery services in successful operation in Michigan and about 383 throughout the country generally, covering forty states and one territory. The expense of operating 243 routes, serving a population of 200,000 people, has been about \$150,000 which the department figures to be a cost, per capita of the population of 84 cents. The report is voluminous and covers the history of the establishment of the different routes in the various states, and also gives an account of the character of the opposition which springs up from postmasters in rural towns. It is noted, however, that those who have investigated the subject and the people who are served generally, rural free delivery service is decidedly advantageous to the people.

The time when prosperity began in this country was stated by Senator Allison in a speech at Bloomfield, Iowa, October 20. Mr. Allison said prosperity commenced the day of McKinley's inauguration, and that all promises made by the republican party had been fulfilled. The precise time of the turn toward prosperity was a little earlier than that mentioned by the Iowa Senator. It was when the count of the votes cast at the presidential election of November, 1896, showed that protection, sound money and everything else genuinely American and thoroughly safe and sensible were insured for at least four years to come. The moment that assurance was made clear by the count of the vote prosperity began to arrive. It came slowly at first, but it has kept coming in grand style ever since, and apparently is not yet done coming.

There are no signs of reaction from the general prosperity which pervades the country. Stocks have their up and downs, and the purely speculative lines drop or rise in the current quotations according as circumstances may assist the manipulators in either direction. But the general prosperity of the people in all legitimate enterprises keeps right on, and the prophets of evil, whose hopes for political change are based altogether upon the change of reaction toward hard times, find precious little encouragement in the existing situation and outlook.

Now that the deer hunting season is with us the county game warden should exert every possible effort to prevent headlighting and other illegal methods of killing deer. The task is one that requires great diligence and no inconsiderable nerve, both of which qualities a game warden should possess. There has been altogether too much illegal shooting of deer in Delta county. The Iron Port believes Mr. Leighton will do his whole duty.

And so it remains for a widow to accomplish what a Spanish fleet could not do—the capture of Admiral Dewey. Mrs. Hazen, the lady on whom the great sailor's choice has fallen, is said by some of the papers to be 40 years of age, while others uncharitably add a half decade more. All agree, however, that she is most charming, and being a widow, none can question that.

December 14th next is the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington. The public schools of Escanaba should devote that day to a study of the life and character of our first president.

It seems a burning shame that Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., should be cut off with only \$7,500,000. Poor devil!

The Muir Tribune, a lower peninsula newspaper, is out for Chase

Osborn for governor, and comes to us with all kinds of glaring headlines. Evidently Chase's boom is not dead.

Undoubted smallpox in a mild form, but unmistakable, is reported in ten places in Michigan. "When the cold season arrives it is to be expected that the disease may be more dangerous, and, unless greater care is taken, more widespread. In order to prevent an epidemic of smallpox in this state, the secretary of the state board of health urges that all citizens and physicians cooperate with the local health authorities in acting promptly when they have reason to believe that a case under their observation is or may be smallpox. The protection of the public health is best served when physicians and citizens give to the public health the benefit of any doubt which they may entertain as to whether a given case is or is not smallpox.

It is an oldtime belief that the size of the hickory nut crop in the fall foretells the size of the wheat crop of the next year. This year the nut crop is enormous. On the other hand, experts who have examined the wheat fields say that the grain is in very bad shape to go into winter, besides which, in the southwestern part of the state, the Hessian fly is doing great damage.

The democrats complain that the price of lumber is high; that a few years ago one could so much more cheaply build a barn. Well, admitting it for the sake of an argument, it also remains to be said that we do not need to build barns now to store our grain until some change in the administration to get some kind of a price.

It is the height of folly to talk about Admiral Dewey in connection with the presidency. Dewey is great in his place; and, fortunately, he knows his place.

Something should be done about repairing the defective sidewalks about town. They are becoming altogether too numerous.

Like Banquo's ghost the organization of a business men's association bobs up about every so often. And amounts to about as much.

The hum of our manufacturing industries is sweet music to the ear of him who had lived in hopes for lo these many years.

If the men don't build a summer hotel, what's the matter with turning the enterprise over to the ladies?

Candidates for county offices are bobbing up here and there. The Iron Port's axe is on the grindstone.

The season of accidental shootings was ushered in on the 8th, and in consequence the undertaker is happy.

Dr. H. B. Reynolds is an expansionist. And his views have been supported in the courts.

### READ ALL OF THIS.

You Never Know the Moment When This Information May Prove of Invaluable Value.

It is worth considerable to any citizen of Escanaba to know the value of a medicine for if there is no occasion to employ it, in the meantime frail humanity is subjected to so many influences and unforeseen contingencies that the wisest are totally unable to gauge the future. Know then, that Doan's Ointment will cure any case of hemorrhoids, commonly known as piles, or any disease of the cuticle or skin, generally termed eczema.

Mr. Geo. Szelz who lives at 625 Washington street, Wausau, the sexton of the Wausau cemetery says: "While working in the cemetery with my sleeves rolled up not long ago, before I knew the sun burned my arms so badly that they were covered with white water blisters. It is so much easier to tell this than to describe the painful feeling. It had occurred before and reaching home I took down a liniment from my shelf which I usually employed and was about to treat both arms with it when I thought of Doan's Ointment in the house I would see if that preparation acted up to the claims made for it. I used the liniment on one arm and the ointment on the other concluding to remain neutral myself, and let Doan's Ointment and the liniment fight it out. The next morning the arm treated with the ointment was entirely cured while the other was still sore. That was sufficient for me, so I used the ointment for either itching hemorrhoids or eczema an affliction which has annoyed me for a month. It cured it."

Just such emphatic endorsement can be had right here in Escanaba. Drop into Mead's drug store and ask what his customers report.

Doan's Ointment for sale by all druggists, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Professional Cards.**  
**DR. C. H. LONG.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles.  
Office and residence No. 502 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 Counsellor at Law.  
Office in Masonic block, Ludington St.  
Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

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

**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 CUMNISKEY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Practices in all the courts.  
MASONIC BLOCK, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

**MRS. E. DONOVAN & CO.**  
—DEALERS IN—

**Flour, Feed, Hay,**  
**GRAIN, ETC.**

**Hard and Soft Coal.**  
Cor. Charlotte and Ludington Sts.  
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

**C. Maloney & Co.**  
—FLOUR AND FEED—

**FLOUR, FEED**  
**HAY, GRAIN, SEEDS, ETC.**

The best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of  
**FAMILY FLOUR**  
and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods are fresh.  
**C. MALONEY & CO.**

**The Cure that Cures**  
**Coughs, Colds, Grippe,**  
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPENT CONSUMPTION IS  
**OTTO'S CURE**  
Sold by all druggists 25 & 50c

**Pennyroyal Pills**  
Original and Only Genuine  
Drop into Mead's drug store and ask what his customers report.  
Doan's Ointment for sale by all druggists, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND MEATS.  
**FALL AND WINTER.....**  
**DRESS GOODS.**  
It is quite important that you dress in fashion. Out of fashion is out of the world. It needn't cost you so very much either. That is why we wish to impress upon you the necessity of buying that new dress pattern from us. Our goods commend themselves to you for three reasons:  
**CORRECT STYLES,**  
**DURABILITY,**  
**MODERATE PRICES.**  
Call and see if our statements are not verified facts.  
Lumbermen's Supplies Wholesale and Retail.  
**PFEIFER'S**  
RAPID RIVER.  
GROCERIES.

**A Special Hobby**  
OF OUR GROCERY STOCK IS  
**GOODNESS**  
In all branches we aim to supply the household with the articles that make the family board a place at which all desire to meet.  
**SPRING VEGETABLES,**  
Canned Goods and all the choicest dainties can always be found at  
**F. H. ATKINS & CO.**  
401-404 Ludington St. Escanaba.

For a good smoke try the . . .  
**FERNANDO**  
CIGAR.  
Made from Superior Stock by Skilled Workmen. None Better.  
JOSEPH WICKERT, Maker. Escanaba, Michigan.

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

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.  
**KEMP & WILLIAMS,**  
DOORS, WINDOWS, STORE FRONTS, BAR FIXTURES  
Turning and Band Sawing. Plans furnished and contracts taken.

GROCERIES.  
**GROCERIES**  
CROCKERY AND CANNED GOODS—  
Lowest market prices for first-class goods is my motto.  
James S. Doherty

GENERAL CITY NEWS

General Municipal Gossip Gathered Here, There and Elsewhere.

The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Glist of Interesting Information. Gathered in Their Daily Rounds of the City. In Condensed Form.

McColl & Mallman is the name of a new general merchandising firm at Rapid River. The senior member of the firm is none other than our own John P. while his partner is he who for several years was connected with Thos. Farrell's general store at Rapid River. The new concern occupies the store building vacated by Darrow & Hill, and is already doing a lucrative business.

Farmers hauling wood to town from Bark River township complain that the road in the city limits west from the hospital is in wretched shape. On Tuesday Chas. Guettie came in from Hyde with a cord of wood and was obliged to put on four horses to get the load over the sand hill. The cinders on that piece of road are too light to haul heavy loads over.

Half rates to Battle Creek, Mich., via the North Western line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, from all stations in Michigan, November 13, limited for return until November 20, inclusive, on account of State S. S. Association. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Delta county has a model home for the poor. Supt. Tracy conducts the institution upon practical and humanitarian lines.

The saw-mill at Garth has shut down for the season. Some extra good work has been done at that place this year.

Mrs. Ellsworth's grade had no school on Wednesday. Mrs. Ellsworth visited the different schools instead.

An incipient blaze in P. M. Peterson's music store called out the fire department Saturday last. No damage.

The Metropolitan Lumber company has sold its saw-mill machinery to Mr. Johnson of Gladstone.

Peter Allard, who is now located at Ft. Lee, Va., has The Iron Port's thanks for Richmond papers.

Geo. W. Kaufmann's new residence may be classed among Escanaba's most handsome homes.

The Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. J. M. Rooney on Saturday of next week.

Soon after the new year John J. Sourwine will issue a new song.

The Elks have one of the finest lodge rooms in the city.

The Soo has a religious revival on. It can stand it.

12,000 DEER LICENSES.

That is the estimate for the current season.—There are Hunters Galore.

The deer hunting season opened Wednesday. That this season will note more deer-slayers than usual is evidenced by the fact that a larger number of licenses have been issued than in previous years. In 1898 the number of licenses issued in the state was in round numbers 10,000, fully nine-tenths of which were taken out in the upper part of the state; 12,000 is the estimate for the current season.

It is safe to say that the majority of the deer killed are shot by upper peninsula hunters, who have the advantage of knowing the country. However, a considerable number of licenses are annually issued in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Bay City and other cities in the lower peninsula. The 10,000 licenses issued last year permitted the slaughter of \$50,000 worth of deer. The best obtainable estimate gives the number shot at about 4,000. Many sportsmen spend a good part of the season in the woods without bagging a deer. Some capture one or two, and once in a great while there is a hunter who shoots all he is allowed by the license—and sometimes more.

The more enthusiastic of the upper Michigan sportsmen are in the woods at all seasons whenever they can get away from home, but the greater part of them confine their hunting trips to the deer season.

Less Dettitution.

In all probability dettitution will be less prevalent in Escanaba during the coming winter than it was last. This improvement in condition is due to the prosperous times which are affording plenty of employment

for all classes at good wages. The city has had a considerable pull upon its treasury during the past few winters, and the present outlook for a reduction in expenses in this particular department of municipal government is gratifying.

IRON ORE SALES FOR 1900.

No Large Purchases of Bessemer Ore Appear to Have Been Made for Next Year.

Discussing the condition of the iron and metal trades, the Iron Age says: "Conflicting reports are current relative to the ore sales for the next season. While it does not appear that large purchases of Bessemer ores have been made, it is stated that considerable quantities of non-Bessemer ores have been placed with Eastern furnaces."

"A good deal of ado has been made over the return of American foundry pig from Japan. We understand that the total exports of pig iron to Japan were about 17,000 tons, of which some remained unsold. The rise here made it profitable to ship it to the Pacific coast, the quantity thus sent until now being 1,200 tons. It is possible that a few thousand tons more are available, and may be reimported."

"The billet situation has not quite cleared up. For prompt delivery high prices still prevail East and West, but for 1900 delivery \$33 to \$36 is being done at Pittsburg. There are some very large orders in the market."

"Under the surface some very important movements are going on, and there are indications that an antagonism is developing among large interests, which in future may affect some important industries. The effort of the wire consolidation to become entirely independent of other steel makers is bringing forward projects to erect rod mills and wire plants at Pittsburg and in the Cleveland district, which look as though they had powerful backing."

READY FOR THE FRAY.

The Ishpeming Every Will Do Their Best Today to Redeem Themselves.

The Ishpeming correspondent to the Mining Journal says "the defeat sustained a week ago Saturday was a bitter pill for the Ishpeming team to swallow. It has been taken, however, and next Saturday is looked forward to with considerable hope as offering a chance to even things up with the Escanaba boys. The boys comprising the home team are not talking about what they will do. They do not claim the game as a sure thing. They are simply resolved to do their best to redeem their reputation, and if they defeat Escanaba they will do this. If they lose a second time to the Escanaba eleven they will gracefully acknowledge that aggregation to be the champion high school football team of the upper peninsula. The home men are preparing for the game every night. They are in fairly good trim, although Captain Gourdeau is badly disabled. The team will probably be stronger next Saturday than it was when it met defeat at Escanaba. Much interest is manifested in the approaching game and it will draw a large crowd to the park."

ESCANABA ILLUSTRATED.

The Iron Port's Booklet Will Be Ready for Distribution in the Near Future.

The Iron Port has resumed work on its illustrated booklet descriptive of Escanaba, and we hope to have the same completed and ready for delivery early next month. It was our intention to have had the booklet out long ere this, but a continued rush of other work prevented. The booklet is not an advertising scheme on our part, yet we expect the citizens of Escanaba to remunerate us for the outlay necessary to its publication by the purchase of copies. It will be handsomely illustrated with half-tones, and printed on heavy snow-white enameled book paper, and will be just the thing to send abroad as a holiday souvenir.

Farm For Sale.

At Bark River, Michigan, 12 miles south of Escanaba, half mile from railroad station, half mile from four churches, half mile from a grist mill, half mile from a school house, half mile from three general stores and postoffice, 120 acres of cleared land, 35 acres of timber, 26 head of Jersey and Holstein cattle, 3 horses, good farm machinery of all kinds, number of hogs, good buildings and good fences. For further information address PETER NELSON, Bark River, Mich.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Advertisement for ROYAL BAKING POWDER, ABSOLUTELY PURE, Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. Includes text: "ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK."

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The Secretary of the Delta County Association Asks For General Information.

While Comparatively Few Replies Are Received, the Showing is Not a Bad One.—The Number of Pupils and the Money Expended During the Year.

The Sunday schools of the county failed to respond to a request of the secretary of the Delta County Sunday School association for information concerning them. Only three schools outside of Escanaba complied with the request. The reports received make the following showing:

Presbyterian, Escanaba: Rev. Dr. Todd, superintendent; H. H. Allyn, secretary; number of scholars 250; officers and teachers 25; expended for support of school for year ending November 1st, \$89.75; expended for missions \$4.50.

Methodist, Escanaba: W. J. Jule-son, superintendent; Cora M. Ellsworth, secretary; number of scholars, 110; officers and teachers, 22; expended for support of school for year ending Nov. 1st, \$115; expended for missions and benevolent objects, \$30.

Episcopal, Escanaba: Mrs. Stella Rolph; superintendent; Harry Stonehouse, secretary; number of scholars, 75; officers and teachers, 14; expended for support of school for year ending November 1st, \$85; expended for missions and benevolences, \$18.

Baptist, Escanaba: Mildred Sourwine, superintendent; Lula Harig, secretary; number of scholars, 40; officers and teachers, 5; amount expended for support of school for the year \$25; for missions \$3.30.

Gladstone, Presbyterian: Rev. J. S. Jewell, superintendent; Miss Anna Miller, secretary; number of scholars, 125; officers and teachers, 14; amount expended for support of school for the year, \$60; expended for missions and benevolent purposes, \$110.

Rapid River, Congregational: A. P. Waldo, superintendent; Dr. J. C. Brooks, secretary; number of scholars, 42; officers and teachers, 42; expended for support of school, \$24; expended for missions \$1.80.

Ford River, Presbyterian: Mrs. John W. MacNaughtan, superintendent; number of scholars, 62; officers and teachers, 9; expended for support of school, \$34.16; expended for missions, \$9.00.

ADJOURNED FOR TWO WEEKS.

The Delta County Agricultural Society Will at That Time Elect Directors.

The annual meeting of the Delta County Agricultural society, for the election of six directors for three years, should have been held last Monday evening, but a quorum failed to report and an adjournment was taken for two weeks, when it is to be hoped, there will be a large representation of stockholders in attendance. This society should become an important factor in the development of the agricultural resources of Delta county, and more interest in its welfare should be manifested by the people of the county. The business men of Escanaba, who are benefited as much as any class, should help the society along. A large number of them are shareholders, but are never seen at its meetings. On Monday evening, November 20th, at The Iron Port office let there be a large gathering.

XMAS MAIL FOR SOLDIERS.

Presents for Soldiers in the Philippines Should Be Posted Tomorrow.

If there are any in the city who intend sending Christmas presents to the soldier boys in the Philippines they should bear in mind the fact that it will be necessary to mail them not later than Nov. 12, as that is the last mail scheduled to reach Manila before Christmas day. The steamship which will carry the Nov. 12 mail is the Doric, sailing from San Francisco on Nov. 17. The China mail will sail on Nov. 9, and mail in the local postoffice today will catch that boat. These boats will require twenty-nine days to reach Hong Kong and two days more to get to Manila. After that it requires two or three days to get the mail to the front.

The Larks Are Busy.

As the social season approaches the Modern Order of Evening Larks is making extensive preparations for its customary winter festivities. A large number of new members have recently been taken into the Larks, and an unusually gay season is in anticipation. At present the organization is considering the building of a club house, and in case pending negotiations for a suitable site are consummated Escanaba will doubtless have another beautiful and imposing structure before the dawn of the new year.

A Big Sawing Contract.

The R. W. Merryman company has secured a ten-year contract to saw 300,000,000 feet of the remaining timber of the Hamilton & Merryman

company. This is the largest sawing contract ever let in the Northwest. To increase the capacity of the mill, \$10,000 will be spent this winter in rebuilding it. The mill will saw over 30,000,000 feet next season.

A GARDEN SPOT.

Delta County Cannot Afford to Lose so Good a Territory as Garden.

The editor of the Manistique Pioneer-Tribune shook the dust of his own balliwick from his sandals a few days ago, and got over into our territory, and concerning the trip he writes as follows, which pleasing bit of information makes us want to keep the three towns across the bay more than ever:

"After making a hurried trip through Garden township, the writer is sorry to a greater degree than ever that that township as well as other townships that clamored for annexation to this county last winter, were not allowed to do so. Garden is well named. It is truly a garden spot. The soil is fertile, and well tilled and the whole country has the appearance of permanency and stability. Mr. L. Van Winkle, the veteran lumberman of Van's Harbor, is perhaps, doing more than any one else to give the township in question that appearance. He is continually purchasing additional tracts of land, and improving them, too. He has a penchant for good barns and hog and cattle proof fences, and a horror for stumps and stones. We doubt if there is an equally productive township in the state. Everything that can be raised in the middle west thrives and matures there. If the people of Schoolcraft county really comprehend the situation they would unite labor for the ultimate success of the annexation idea. In order to secure the consummation of the idea it will be necessary to elect a state senator and a representative that will unitedly work for its attainment."

GLADSTONE GLEANINGS.

Ten Car-Loads of Machinery for the Johnson Mill—Other Notes.

The Delta recommends that a road to the furnace by way of the Johnson mill be constructed forthwith. The Delta is right. Every encouragement should be given manufacturing enterprises. The Johnson mills will be a big thing for Gladstone.

Ten carloads of machinery have arrived at the Gladstone site of the W. H. Johnson mills at that city had as soon as the mills are completed will be placed in position for immediate use.

The Oddfellows have finished the exterior of their brick block, and The Delta says the building looks a hundred per cent. better.

Chas. Lightfoot served a genuine buffalo free lunch Saturday night, getting a buffalo calf from Montana for that purpose.

The Narracong planing mill, recently destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt, and is again in operation.

An addition is being built to the Methodist parsonage.

THE SUMMER HOTEL.

A Meeting Will Soon Be Held to Consume Arrangements.

Some weeks ago there was a meeting of citizens interested in the erection of a summer hotel at this place, at which it was decided to procure plans and specifications for a building to cost \$50,000. The plans are here, and have been for some days, but as yet a second meeting has not been held, but probably will be in the very near future, when definite action will surely be taken. Those who participated in the meeting, and who stand ready to subscribe for stock are: John K. Stack, John Corcoran, W. W. Oliver, S. B. Rathfon, J. F. Carey, C. C. Royce, John M. Hartnett, Solomon Greenhoot and W. B. Lansley.

A BIG LOGGING CONTRACT.

Stickney & Johnson, the Rapid River Jobbers, to Take Out Ten Million Feet.

"Johnny" Johnson, of the lumbering firm of Stickney & Johnson of Rapid River, informs The Iron Port that negotiations have practically been closed between Mr. Foss of Saginaw and his firm for logging ten million feet of pine on the Little Garlic, near Marquette, this winter. They will work about eighty men and thirty-five teams. Stickney & Johnson are energetic woodsmen, and Mr. Foss has placed his contract in good hands.

Escanaba vs. Ishpeming.

The High school eleven, accompanied by a number of rooters, left this morning for Ishpeming, where they will meet the ex-champions of this peninsula on the gridiron this afternoon. We hope and trust that they may return home in the same excellent spirits in which they took their departure.

Railroad Nearing Completion.

Rails are now being laid on Capt. Merriam's railway up the Whitefish valley. The work will be fully completed next week, and trains will be running over that branch of the Soc

line by the 15th of December. Considerable timber will be hauled over the road to Gladstone during the winter.

He Was Pronounced Dead.

Fred Hansen, whose body, fished out of Portage lake, at Houghton, had been fully identified by employer and wept over by family, emerged from the county jail after serving ten days for drunkenness. He was so overjoyed to find himself alive after having been declared dead by a coroner's jury, that he immediately filled up on liquor and is back in jail again serving a thirty-day sentence. The identity of the body is again a mystery.

Kicked By a Horse.

Bartholomew Desmond was kicked in the head by a horse in Willie's livery barn on Sunday morning, and was taken to the County hospital to have his wounds dressed.

LEGAL NOTICES

First Publication Oct. 28, '99 last Jan. 20, 1900.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas, default has been made by the condition of a certain mortgage, given by Frank Fowler and Fannie Fowler his wife, of the township of Baldwin, Delta county, Michigan, to John Danmor and Peter Danmor of the township of Delta, Delta county, Michigan, bearing date the 1st day of April, A. D. 1897, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Delta, Michigan, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1898 assigned by the said Louis Jerome to Clary Bros. of the city of Escanaba, Delta county Michigan by deed of assignment recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Delta, Michigan on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1898 in Liber "L" of mortgages on page 169 which said mortgage was on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1898 assigned by the said Louis Jerome to Clary Bros. of the city of Escanaba, Delta county Michigan by deed of assignment recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Delta, Michigan on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1898 in Liber "P" of mortgages on page 151 and the same is now owned by them.

And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage is the sum of four hundred and seventy-eight cents (\$4.78) principal and interest and the further sum of twenty dollars (\$20) as an attorney's fee as stipulated for in said mortgage in case of foreclosure and the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of one hundred and forty-four dollars and seventy-eight cents (\$144.78) and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover said sum or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative: Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage, the premises described in the mortgage herein, and the interest thereon, together with the highest bid at the front door of the Court House in the city of Escanaba, Delta county, Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for the county of Delta is held) on Monday the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1900 at ten o'clock in the afternoon of that day; which said premises are described as follows in said mortgage to-wit:—

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate and being in the township of Baldwin, Delta county, Michigan, and described as follows to-wit:— The north one-half [1/2] of the north east one-fourth [1/4] of section twenty-two [22] in T. 41, R. 18, E. 12, of meridian of Michigan.

Dated Oct. 28, 1899. Assignees of mortgage. Wm. F. Hubbard attorney for assignees, business address, Rapid River, Mich.

ORDER FOR PROBATE OF WILL.—STATE OF Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Louis Moran, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Adelaid Deloria, a legatee, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to Priscilla Moran, the executrix named in said will, or to some other suitable person, she is ordered, that Monday, the twenty-seventh day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and heirs at law of said estate, be required to appear at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Helen E. Baldwin, the widow, praying that a day be set for a hearing to determine who are the lawful heirs and entitled to inherit the real estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Monday, the twenty-seventh day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

E. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

ORDER OF HEARING TO DETERMINE Lawful Heirs—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the third day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Seth C. Baldwin, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Helen E. Baldwin, the widow, praying that a day be set for a hearing to determine who are the lawful heirs and entitled to inherit the real estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Monday, the twenty-seventh day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of October, 1899, an order was made by the Circuit Court for the county of Delta, sitting in Chancery, in the matter of the Application for the Dissolution of the Escanaba Boom Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Michigan, duly presented to said Court at a session thereof held at the Court House in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, on the day aforesaid, signed by a majority of the Directors of said Company and filed in said Court, to which was attached the accounts, inventories and affidavits, as required by Chapter 212 of Howell's Annotated Statutes, directing all persons interested in said corporation to show cause, if any they have, why such corporation should not be dissolved, before John Cummins, a Commissioner of the said Court, at his office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, on the 22nd day of January, 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

F. D. MERRYMAN, Solicitor for Petitioners. Business address, Escanaba, Michigan. Nov. 11.

First Publication Oct. 28, '99.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—THE CIRCUIT COURT for the county of Delta—Chancery. Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit.—In Chancery. Pending in the Circuit Court for the county of Delta. In Chancery at Escanaba, Michigan, on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1899.

Alice Amburst, complainant, vs. Magie Brumwell, William R. Merriam, Phillip L. Sheffield, defendants. In case it appears by affidavit filed, that the defendants, William R. Merriam, and Phillip L. Sheffield are not residents of the State of Michigan; but that William R. Merriam resides in the city of Peab, Minn., and that Phillip L. Sheffield resides in New Brighton in the State of Minnesota. Therefore on motion of John Cummins, one of the complainants, it is ordered that the defendants William R. Merriam and Phillip L. Sheffield, enter their appearance in said cause, on or before four (4) months from the date of this order and that within twenty (20) days the complainants cause this order to be published in The Iron Port a newspaper published and circulated in the county of Delta, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

J. W. STOKES, Circuit Judge. John Cummins, solicitor for complainant.

LEGAL NOTICES.

(First Publication October 28, 1899.)

PROBATE ORDER 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 Monday the twenty-third day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Honorable Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Shields, deceased. On reading and filing report and account of Maria Shields, Administratrix.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate office in the City of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

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

T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

(First Publication October 28, 1899.)

PROBATE ORDER 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 Tuesday, the twenty-four day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Honorable Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Elias S. Macdonald, deceased. On reading and filing report and account of Frank D. Mead, Executor.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate office in the City of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

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

T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

Nov. 11

First Publication Oct. 28, 1899.

ORDER OF HEARING, FOR GENERAL FURNISHING AND FOR APPOINTMENT OF AN ADMINISTRATOR.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the City of Escanaba, on the nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Honorable Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Joseph Limoges deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Edward Disco, a creditor, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other competent person.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 13th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

E. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

Nov. 11

STATE OF MICHIGAN.—TWENTY-FIFTH Judicial Circuit.—In Chancery. Pending in the times of holding the several terms of the Circuit Court in the counties composing said Circuit, for the years 1900 and 1901, as follows, to-wit:—

Table listing court dates for various counties: Dickinson County, Marquette County, Iron County, Marquette County, Dickinson County, Delta County, Menominee County, Iron County, Marquette County, Dickinson County, Delta County, Menominee County, Iron County, Marquette County, Dickinson County. Includes dates like January 2, second Monday; April 9, second Monday; July 27, fourth Monday; October 22, fourth Monday; February 5, first Monday; May 1, first Tuesday; August 11, second Monday; November 19, third Monday; February 19, third Monday; June 4, first Monday; October 8, second Monday; February 25, fourth Monday; May 20, fourth Monday; September 11, second Tuesday; December 4, first Tuesday; FOR THE YEAR 1901: January 7, first Monday; April 8, second Monday; July 12, third Monday; October 14, second Monday; January 14, second Monday; April 13, third Monday; July 19, fourth Monday; October 27, third Monday; February 4, first Monday; May 6, first Monday; August 11, second Monday; November 18, third Monday; February 18, third Monday; June 3, first Monday; October 7, first Monday; February 23, fourth Monday; May 20, third Monday; September 10, second Tuesday; December 3, first Tuesday.

FOR THE YEAR 1901.

First publication September 29, 1899.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Thomas Smith, deceased, by the Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate for the County of Delta, on the 16th day of September, and the 10th day of November, A. D. 1899, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the County of Delta, in the State of Michigan, on the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1899, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day the following described real estate, to-wit:—

All of those certain pieces or parcels of land situate and being in the township of Saginaw, County of Delta, and the township of Saginaw, County of Delta, and the southwest quarter (1/4) of section thirty-three (33), township thirty-eight (38

## Broken Record

G. E. C. Peabody.

may be drowsy with sunshine, even Muggins, six foot two and the frame of a giant, felt the influence of the perfect California day. He meditatively chewed the end of a lemon sucker and watched the last of oranges leave for the packing house, with the Mexican Manuel perched high on top, his tall peaked sombrero bobbing wildly up and down as the heavy loaded wagon jolted over the narrow winding trail that by courtesy was called a road.

"I know hit," rumbled Muggins from within the depths of his throat, as he saw the wagon lurch to one side and come to a sudden stop. "I know hit! I told that miserable greaser to look out for that chuck hole, and now he's in hit up to his hub!"

"What is the matter, pop?"

Muggins' daughter, laden with poppies fresh from the mesa, rivaling the glow of health upon her cheeks, had come up where her father was standing shaking his fist at the excited Manuel, who was wildly flourishing his whip.

"Matter enough," grumbled Muggins. "Look that!" he exclaimed, as he pointed in the direction of the now crazy Mexican, who was jumping up and down in his excitement.

"Stuck?" asked his daughter, shading her eyes with her hand and looking down the road.

"Worse than a tenderfoot with 40 acres of wash," grunted Muggins.

"Well, it serves you right! I told you to never trust him out of your sight. I never saw a greaser yet who knew enough to herd bees!"

"Since when, Beth," answered her father, drily, "has this yer ranch been given over to pettycoat government?"

"Ever since you married mom, I reckon," she answered, demurely.

"Look at him!" ejaculated Muggins, again pointing in the direction of the perspiring Manuel and ignoring the home thrust, for it was a matter of talk throughout the whole district that although Muggins bossed all the men within 20 miles, he himself was bossed by his little wife, who only tipped the scales at 100 pounds. "See him hitehin' up his right shoulder? That means that he is swearin' in Spanish! That goes the other shoulder! He's swearin' with United States now! That they both go together! That means that he is holding an international cussin' convention! Stop that!" he bellowed; "I'll knock you off from that that whagin' if you don't stop beatin' that off hoss!"

"Pop," said Beth, taking hold of her father's arm and pointing off to the southwest, "do you see that bright line along the horizon?"

"Of course! Hit's the ocean! You don't suppose, do you, that I have lived here 25 years to be told where the ocean is?"

"A little further on there is an island," continued his daughter.

"Meanin' Catalina?"

"Exactly. They say the goat huntin' over there is excellent."

"Wul, I ain't thar, be I?"

"No, and you ain't down there either," answered Beth drily, pointing at the stalled wagon. "Leave the greaser alone. If he isn't able to swear the wagon out of the rut the case is hopeless. How many more loads are there to go?"

"That thar reptile down thar has got the end of 'em—Humph, he has got out at last! If he gets that wagon stalled again I'll murder him!"

"The last!" cried Beth, glancing unconsciously at the rancher's clock—the sun. "Then you are coming out short on your estimate?"

"Not a bit of hit! On the contrary I am coming out with 75 more boxes than I thought I had."

"They must have been an uncommon spry lot of pickers," was Beth's comment.

"They wuz," chuckled Muggins. "The fact wuz, that I promised the critter what picked the most oranges that he might have the honor of the first dance with ye to-night when we celebrate the close of the pickin'."

"Oh, you did!" snapped his daughter, turning full upon him with an angry look in her eyes. "Well, all I can say is that I hope you can deliver the goods! Pretty pop you are! I'd like to see myself dancing with a greaser or a Chinaman just because he happened to pick the most oranges!"

"Wul, you see," said Muggins, apologetically, "them oranges had to be picked, an' I didn't see any other way to get them to do hit."

Beth threw the poppies she was carrying upon the ground and stamped upon them.

"I wuzn't have anything to do with it!" she exclaimed.

"I asked mom," returned Muggins. "She said she guess hit wuz all right."

"But a greaser or—a Chinaman!" burst out Beth. "Besides, I promised Arthur Bray that he might have the first dance, and I mean to keep my word."

"Who's him?" demanded Muggins, following with his eye a buzzard that was wheeling over their heads.

"You know as well as I do," retorted Beth.

"Meanin' that thar one-lung tenderfoot, I'm supposin'." Wul, he's in on hit, too. He kim down to the orchard this mornin' to get a few ideas from some of the golden globes gathered from their emerald nest, usin' his words. Wul, when he found how the land lay an' why them pickers wuz snatchin' off them oranges to beat the band he said:

"I suppose, Mister Muggins—meanin' me—that you have no objections to my enterin' this interestin' contest? Not that I desire the pecuniary reward attached to hit, but the honor of bein'

the first to dance with your daughter will be sufficient reward for my labors in your orchard."

"Wul, I took from that that he wanted to git in on the proposition; so I told him to take off his coat an' sail in. I put him down in the lower end of the orchard with Hop Sing, so if he bothered anybody it wouldn't be nothin' but a Chinaman. I reckon," he added with a laugh, "that he must have picked at least one box if he worked right hard."

They had been slowly walking toward the house where the orange pickers had gathered in the protecting shade of an immense pepper tree to await the count that would finally decide who had won the prize that was so much coveted.

The pickers, following the usual custom where oranges are picked by the box, had placed in each box as it was filled a small card bearing their name. Muggins gathered these tickets together, and placing them in his hat, proceeded to assort them.

"Now, here," said he, as he took out the first ticket and looked it over, "here is a ticket what looks as though a hen with muddy feet had been walkin' over hit."

"All the same me," answered Hop Sing with a cheerful smile.

"Yes, I reckon them hen tracks belong to you. Arthur Pearson Bray," read Muggins, going on with the count. "Wul, now!" he exclaimed in mock surprise, "so ye did pick one whole box all by yourself? Wul, I call that pretty good for a tenderfoot!"

Muggins went on with his count, making caustic comments now and then which caused the pickers thus singled out to squirm while the rest laughed.

"Thar," said Muggins finally, as he took the last slip out of the hat and added it to the tally he was keeping on a pine board. "Now we will arrive at the interesting conclusion of this yer contest!"

Slowly and laboriously Muggins counted the marks opposite Hop Sing's name. Three times he counted the marks before he raised his head and stared at the grinning Chinaman.

"Twenty-six!" he ejaculated.

"All lite," answered Hop Sing, cheerfully.

"Do you mean to say," demanded Muggins, "that you hev only picked 26 when you hold the record around yere, which is a hundred and three?"

"Belly sick," replied the Chinaman, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

"Feel belly bad. No pick oranges when feelee bad."

"Humph," grunted Muggins. "I suppose a Chinaman can git sick like a white man, but I'll be hanged if I ever heard of one before. Where are you sick?"

"Feel belly bad here," answered Hop Sing, making a general movement with both hands that covered his entire person.

"Humph," growled Muggins, looking critically at Hop Sing, who commenced to shrink into his clothes like a frightened turtle. "Your eyes look as though you had the colic an' your skin is yaller, but they are always that way; so I'll hanged if I can see any way from tellin' a sick Chinaman from a well one. Well, I suppose hit is all right, but hit seems that evn a sick Chinaman ought to pick more boxes than that."

"Thar!" exclaimed Muggins, as he finished the second count, "that is more like hit! One hundred an' one! I reckon you have won, Juan."

The Mexican grinned and glanced sheepishly at Beth, who bit her lips and looked defiantly at her father.

"Them's all," said Muggins at last, throwing down the hat, "an' Juan has won."

"I think," put in Bray, modestly, "that you have overlooked my account."

"Wul, I swear, so I have! Everybody hold their breath while I figger up what the tenderfoot has picked!"

This would have been a difficult matter had any one tried it, for Muggins counted and recounted the marks that he had placed opposite Bray's name.

"It's—it's—" he began, but he could get no further.

"It's one hundred and twenty-five!" cried Beth triumphantly, glancing over her father's shoulder. "Mr. Bray has won!"

"Tain't no such thing!" roared Muggins. "My eyes are weak an' I've been countin' 'em over twice! You git my glasses!"

Beth brought the glasses, and her father, putting them on, started a recount. But it only resulted in adding one more box to the credit of Bray.

"Hit's broke the record!" gasped Muggins, "an' hit wuz done by a tenderfoot, too! Tenderfoot, shake! I've always known that you couldn't tell how far a frog could jump by lookin' at him, but I never rated you higher than a pollywog, an' thar wuz where I made a mistake."

That night when Bray led Beth out for the first dance he was telling her something that amused her greatly. Muggins, for once in his life was mute, and Hop Sing, from his seat in a corner, grinned cheerfully and jingled five good American dollars hidden in some mysterious receptacle in his clothes. But what he thought of the crazy American who gave him those dollars for picking 70 boxes of oranges will never be known.—Detroit Free Press.

**Uncle Bill's Ideas.**  
Birds of many feathers often flock on the same hat.

"Man proposes—" unless the woman gets there first.

Some people change their manners every time they change their clothes.

A few men hit the target of success because their aim in life was poor.—Cleveland Leader.

**He Had Seen Them.**  
"I think," said the old lady, wisely, "that young Mr. Blinks has a hold on Mabel's affections."

"Possibly, possibly," replied the old gentleman, who had just glanced into the parlor. "At any rate, he has a hold on her waist."—Chicago Post.

## SEWING-ROOM A NECESSITY.

The Little Apartment Where the Housewife Piles Her Needle and Thread.

A sewing-room is as much an essential of the modern home as the master's den.

In the house that is heated throughout it is easy enough to set aside a sewing room, where all the materials and implements for work can be kept together in a systematic manner. No neat housekeeper likes to have her sitting room occupied with the threads and litter of cutting and sewing.

In the making over of garments there is always a certain amount of dust inevitable, and it is desirable that this "just of ripping" should be kept in one place. There is seldom room for the sewing materials and the work in the dining room, and it is not desirable to invade any bedroom with it. Bedrooms should be left unoccupied during the daytime as much as possible. They should not be used as sitting rooms or sewing rooms or for any purpose in the daytime where it is possible to avoid doing so. The average country residence is blessed with plenty of space and pure air, and the housewife ought to take full advantage of these blessings. Not everyone does, and there are many houses where the air of the sleeping rooms is contaminated by constant occupation in the daytime. The only excuse in the country for crowding the family into a limited space is lack of facilities for heating all the rooms in the house.

The convenience of a separate sewing room is so great that it pays in families where there is a large quantity of sewing to be done to heat a room specially for the purpose. In many families the sewing is looked upon as an incidental work, not as an essential part of the household duties. In only a few homes is there a room set apart for sewing, though the duty of preparing the clothes of the household ought to be second only to the duty of preparing the food. It is true that a large amount of the clothing of the masculine portion of the household is now purchased "ready made." This only relieves the household partially of sewing. "Ready-made" clothing for women and children is more expensive and not as durable as that made at home. This includes the greater part of the clothing, and sewing should, therefore, be recognized as certainly a part of the housework as cooking. In order to do the sewing of the household in the best manner there should be a room set apart where the sewing machine, the cutting table and all the tools for superior work are kept. In a bureau in this room new materials to make up and old materials to make over should be left. In one drawer or in a bag there should be patches and scraps of various materials left for gowns and other garments. A stand, with drawers, containing spools of silk and of cotton should be placed somewhere in the room, and there should be a large work basket containing the various necessities of the seamstress. A wire skirt form, on which skirts can be hung, is a great convenience, though the waist forms have proved of no special value. The systematic arrangement of the work in such a room is in itself an incentive to accomplishment. It is not too much to say that a woman with an orderly sewing room will do twice as much work as one whose tools are scattered over the area of three or four closets.—Chicago Chronicle.

**KIMONOS EVERYWHERE.**  
Almost Every American Woman Now Has One of the Dainty Garments.

The kimono, which made its bow but a short time ago, has evidently come to stay. It is a pattern from which showy gowns and matinees can be made for a little money. The tucked and insertion yokes, outlined with a ruffle, are the most favored, but the plain kimonos, trimmed with straight bands of lawn as the oriental woman wears it, is the desirable pattern.

Kimonos of silk, nun's veiling, cashmere and the cheaper woollens and cotton materials are numerous in design. The shape is universal, regardless of the applied ornamentation to partially conceal the model.

To be truly Japanese, however, you should wear not one, but at least three kimonos! The inner are made of thin silk or flannel, and the outer of heavier silk, satin or crepe, richly embroidered or woven in colors. The higher the rank of the Japanese woman, the more kimonos she wears, when in full dress. The outer one is always long enough to lie on the ground at least two inches, all around, and its lower edge is wadded to a thickness of several inches.

The kimono illustrated is of silk crepe. The ground color is a "burnt orange" shade, thickly covered, with flowers of every possible hue and intense brilliancy, but so exquisite is the Japanese feeling for color harmony that the brilliant tints are toned down to a wonderfully soft ensemble. The garment is lined with pale blue silk. The sleeves, it may be noted here, are not so superfluously ample as they may seem, for their pouchlike lower sections are the Japanese woman's pockets.—N. Y. Tribune.

**Macaroni and Oysters.**  
Boll macaroni in salted water until done, then put a layer of it in a deep dish, and over this a thick layer of oysters. Season with butter, cayenne pepper and salt, and a little grated lemon rind. Add a gill of cream or milk to a quart dish. Strew the top with bread crumbs and butter, and bake in a quick oven.—Ladies' World.

**The Corned Philosopher.**  
"Some men," said the Corned Philosopher, "can't stand prosperity, and other men can't get the chance to stand it."—Indianapolis Journal.

## POLICE WORK IN NEW YORK.

A Sharp Detective Gets Evidence by Masquerading as a Wench Crap Player.

"Come seben! Come you seben!" Twelve gentlemen, whose complexions were of all shades down to that of tar, stood around a table in the basement of No. 6 Lawrence street at midnight. A big lamp made visible the spots on the dice they were throwing in a game of craps.

"Five's th' point; come you five!" The five did not arrive, but two did. For just as the player was cursing his luck the basement door opened and a very black, curly head protruded itself into the room.

"Good evenin', gemmen," said the head, insinuatingly. "I've money."

"Come in an' shut the door!" cried the proprietor of the game.

"Thirteen at table—dead bad luck!" growled an unlucky player.

"I've a ladfrer! wif me an' she has money," said the man at the door.

The proprietor hesitated a minute, but "money—" "Bring her in," he said.

A wench entered who wore a sunbonnet and a calico dress.

"Thirteen men an' one wench," growled the unlucky diceer. "Der'll be a fight, suh."

The stranger sat in the game, his "ladfrer" stood by jingling silver in her hand. One of the players who was ogling jumped to his feet, crying:

"Sink me, but dat woman has a mustache!"

The stranger and the "wench" ran to the door, put their backs against it, drew revolvers and shrilly blew police whistles.

"Stand where you are, all of you!" they ordered, "or there'll be a dead crap player."

In a minute six policemen crowded in. They seized 16 cents, the fund in the "kitty," and arrested the 12 gamblers.

"Craps!" cried the wench, tearing off her skirt and bonnet and appearing in uniform—Detective Quackenbush, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. That was an unkind remark. "Craps," in the lingo of the game, is the double six, 12.

Acting Capt. Norton found it very difficult to get evidence against the gamblers. So Detective Barker and Detective Quackenbush, who is a doctor by profession, blacked their faces and masqueraded.

In the Harlem police court each of the unhappy 12 was fined five dollars.

"Thirteen at table—a wench," growled the unlucky player as he paid over his last cent. "Dead bad luck, suh!"—N. Y. Sun.

## THE OLDEST SORCERY.

Some Strange Rites and Forms That Were Practiced by Ancient Peoples.

In the time of Moses pieces of sheet gold or silver or crystalline stones or pebbles were thrown into the water, upon which certain characters were engraved, accompanied by a certain formula of conjuration. Upon this a voice was heard, or the metallic and mineral pieces came up in their regular turn when first thrown in, and were then interpreted as to their meaning or import. Other forms were mentioned by the sages of the Talmud; such as the dream oracles and the examination of the liver, which served in soothsayings, and the procedure was as follows: A cloth was spread between two palm trees on a day when no wind stirred; observations were made of how the branches nodded and intertwined themselves. Stress was laid upon an evil, flashing glance of the eye, which may kill, called ayin hora and ayin bisha. Juggling and tricks of delusions were in vogue as late as the second and third centuries of the Christian era.

The Talmudists likewise knew of a sorcery beverage, which was probably prepared from some narcotic herb. But all these were strictly forbidden to be practiced. Some minor distinctions regarding the punishments for certain transgressions were made when simply juggling performances were given. Magic was also permissible when enacted with sacred intent. It was likewise allowed to learn and acquire sorcery; it was even incumbent upon eventual candidates for membership in the Sanhedrins to be conversant with the principles of sorcery, so that they might be enabled to expose them and show the utterly worthless jugglers which were against religion and morality. Sorcery was known to exist in Egypt, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, which by reason of Israel's conquest had been brought to Palestine. No less a historian than Flavius Josephus was wont to arrogate to himself the power of sorcery.—The Minorah.

**Bears in Mackintoshes.**  
Something that on rainy days may fix the eye of the passer-by in front of a furrier's establishment is the figure of a bear in a mackintosh. This may be a bear mounted on wheels, one that can be rolled out and in, to and from the sidewalk, left out in stormy weather, to serve its purposes as a sign, but still protected in some degree by wrapping a rubber blanket around it; but it is more likely to be a bear standing on some fixed support attached to the front of the building and placed there to stay. Here, out in all sorts of weather and day and night continuously, if not protected, at least in the heavier storms, the bear would soon wear out or get rusty and dilapidated, and so these bears that have to stand outside, whatever the weather, may sometimes be seen protected by a rubber cover made for the purpose and put on upon occasions.—N. Y. Sun.

**The Golden Rule.**  
What a jolly old planet this world would be if every man would act as he thinks his neighbor should.—Chicago Daily News.

## MONEY IN COCONUTS.

There is Large Profit in Growing the Nuts in the Island of Porto Rico.

A million and a half of coconuts are shipped from Mayaguez every year. There are large coconut groves along the western coast of Porto Rico, and smaller groves in the other coast lands of the island.

I saw one grove of many thousand trees in eastern Porto Rico, not far from Humacao.

There are men here who have large incomes from coconuts. One man is reported to make \$20,000 a year out of his orchard. He has more than 20,000 trees, and they pay him on an average of one dollar each yearly.

It is not difficult to start a coconut grove. The only things needed are the land and the nuts. The nuts are laid upon the top of the ground, a few inches apart.

The air here is very moist, and after a short time each nut sends out a sprout from one of the little eyes at its ends. The sprout grows up into the air, and at the same time a root shoots out of its base down into the ground.

Within a few months the sprout has grown as high as a table. The root is now broken off, and the sprout and nut are planted where the tree is to stand. The nut is buried about six inches in the earth, the sprout remaining above.

The earth is now pressed tightly down over the nut, and the planting is done.

The trees here have been set out irregularly. They should be planted about 15 feet apart, or just about as far apart as the trees of our peach orchards. This will give 193 trees per acre.

They begin to bear at five years, and need practically no cultivation. Grass can be sown in a coconut orchard and cattle pastured upon it. Such an orchard in full bearing would produce, with the present facilities for shipment, \$193 per acre, with no other labor than the gathering and shipping of the fruit.

The coconuts ripen all the year round. They drop off themselves when ripe, and the men go daily from tree to tree to pick up the nuts. Each nut has a thick green husk upon it. This is torn off, and the nuts then look as we see them in our stores.—Philadelphia Press.

## CHARMED SHIRTS.

Filipinos Believe They Cannot Be Killed While Wearing the Anting-Anting.

Repeated reports have reached the United States of disaffection in the ranks of the Filipinos fighting under Aguinaldo and their dissatisfaction with his personal treatment of his men. In view of this it has probably occurred to many that it is strange that there are not more desertions among his men. The explanation of this undoubtedly lies in the superstitious nature of the natives.

Their unique beliefs are many, but the most potent in restraining his men from deserting his cause is the belief that is prevalent among them that he bears a charmed life, and can not be killed by American bullets. They think he could show himself in the front rank of his army all day without being injured by an American bullet.

The natives themselves may be rendered impervious to American bullets by the simple adoption of a charmed shirt called the anting-anting. It is nothing more nor less than a piece of white cotton with a hole for the wearer's head, worn over the shoulders and fastened at the waist. Upon it are cabalistic signs, pictures and writings in four or five different languages, which give the garment its peculiar properties.

The most singular of any of their numerous superstitions, in face of the year's developments, is the belief that exists that if a long knife of an ordinary character be waved in front of an American soldier he will run. It has been repeatedly tried without success, but no amount of failure seems to discourage the belief.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## DO NOT SUFFER FROM HEAT.

Southern Negroes Can Stand the Sun's Rays, But Enjoy Cooling Their Heels.

It has often been said that the capacity of the negro race for enduring heat has never been fully tested. An incident related by a dairyman living on the outskirts of the city seems to bear out this assertion. He has a young negro boy, who looks after the cattle and does chores around the place. The only effect that the heat produces in his case is a desire to slumber. The dairyman had a young calf in the barnyard and as the sun was pouring in on the poor animal his wife sent "Carlina" out to turn the calf loose, so that he could seek a shady spot. After waiting an hour or his return the housewife went to the barnyard to investigate. There she found both negro and calf curled up in the hot and stifling barnyard. The calf was dead from the effects of the sun, but the boy was slumbering peacefully by its side.

While a negro can stand any amount of heat on his head, he loves to cool his heels. It is a common sight in the winter to see a negro boy on a frosty morning with his head bundled up to keep out the cold and at the same time walking unconcernedly along the frosty ground in his bare feet. One of the hottest places in the city on a hot day is at the lumber wharves of the Florida Central & Peninsular railroad. When the men knock off at noon they frequently take a nap with their faces upturned to the rays of the blazing sun; at the same time they get their feet under the shadow of some friendly lumber pile.—Florida-Times-Union.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Gold has been introduced in Constantinople by Col. Ponsouby, the military attache of the British legation.

It is said that every day there hangs over London a vast smoke cloud that is estimated to weigh about 300 tons.

In Surrey, England, there is a great poultry fattening establishment which annually sends about 36,000 fowls to London.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding the production of a quantity of raw ivory the selling price of which is \$250,000.

A tramp's minimum income in England is over one dollar a day. At least, a tramp has declared in court that he did a bad day's work if he could not find 50 persons to give him a penny.

To-day there are represented directly by reporters in the gallery of the British house of commons about 20 London daily newspapers and about 30 provincial newspapers; and the total number of journalists who have entrance to the gallery is about 240.

A curious custom still survives at Yarmouth, by which the town is by law compelled to supply "a hundred herring yearly to the sheriffs of Norfolk, baked in 24 pies or pasties, and these sent to the lord of the manor of East Clareton, who is to convey them to the king." They are still sent to the queen's clerk of the kitchen.

Some idea of the enormous quantities of fish consumed in the metropolis is furnished by the statistics in the annual report of the inspectors of sea fisheries. Taking Billingsgate and Shadwell markets together, there was delivered in London during the year 1898, 200,000 tons of fish, which was an increase over any period during the last five years. Of this quantity 1,356 tons were destroyed after being condemned as unfit for food.

The stores of ice at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral are very large. At Windsor there is storage room for about 500 tons. There the supply is obtained from the lake beneath the north terrace, from Frogmore, and from the lake between Frogmore and Virginia Water. Ice is not only lavishly used in the royal kitchen, but also for reducing the temperature of her majesty's apartments in hot weather. Then it is packed in pretty wooden buckets and stood in the fireplaces.

**RIDING ON A SAFE.**  
One Feature of Safe Hoisting That Always Excites Interest in the Passer-by.

The hoisting or lowering of a safe never fails to attract attention, but there is one occasionally added feature of this work that always excites additional interest, and that is found in the riding down with a safe that is lowered, a man who stands on top of the safe to keep it clear of the building, as might be done in the case of a large, heavy safe. The safe is slung and hoisted out clear of the window, say on the fifth floor of the building, which is pretty high up. It is a big safe, and it would make a tremendous smash if it should fall; and it tugs and strains with a great weight at the rope by which it is suspended; but when everything is ready to lower away, one of the men steps out fearlessly from the window to the top of the safe hanging there in the air, adding his own weight to the great weight of the safe. He grasps that part of the fall that is attached at its lower end to the lower block of the tackle, and holding on by that he prepares to fend off. When all is ready the men on the truck below lower away.

There are guy ropes attached to the safe in lowering, just as there are in hoisting, and by means of these the safe is kept bodily clear of the buildings; but in lowering a great safe it is not easy, as the safe comes down, to take up on these guy ropes with a strain and tension so true and uniform as absolutely to prevent it from swaying or swaying more or less. In one of these swingings the big safe might chip a window cap or a sill, or hit the wall and mar that, and the man rides down on the safe to keep it clear of everything.

It looks like a perilous feat, and the spectators watch him intently; but he comes down all right. He holds on by that rope rising from the lower block, which, with the strain brought upon it, is as rigid as an iron bar; and as the men below gradually lower away he keeps the safe clear of all projections. If the safe swings round cornwise, in that manner projecting more itself, and so more likely to hit something, he swings it round back again, and whenever there's danger of it hitting anything he pushes it clear.

And thus the safe with the man on top comes slowly down through the air, past story after story, until at last it reaches the sidewalk. There, the man springs lightly to the ground, cool as can be, and then the people who have been watching him turn and go on their several ways.—N. Y. Sun.

**Over Their Graves.**  
In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus, a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.—N. Y. Sun.

**Could Say He Caught Them.**  
Walton (to fishmonger)—Just throw me half a dozen of those trout. Fishmonger—Throw them! "Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—Household Words.

**A Chronic Case.**  
Handout Harry—Wot makes yer t'ink yer've got hiderfob? Tlepass Teddy—I'm afraid o' water.—N. Y. Journal.

### HAT WAS NOT SUCCESSFUL.

The Owner Tried to Economize, But Her Efforts Met with Fearful Results.

This is a plain, unvarnished story of a lady who trimmed her own hat. She was endeavoring to economize and conceived the brilliant idea that by purchasing the trimmings and frames she could construct a hat that would be quite as hideous as the ordinary or extraordinary millinery creation and at much less cost. So she made a dozen or more trips downtown and finally had gathered together a trunk full of bits of ribbon, steel buckles, gauze, flowers, birds, fiber chamois, bolts, rivets, barbed wire, varnish, bicycle cement, galvanized iron, linocrusta waltz and all the singular ingredients of a woman's hat, together with a fearful and wonderful frame that looked much like a wire waste basket after a tug of war with a steam engine. Then she haunted the display windows and changed her mind something like a thousand times regarding the manner in which she would trim that hat. She sewed on and ripped off the birds so often that they looked much bedraggled and were, indeed, very sad-looking birds, but she finally succeeded in assembling the hat and then, as she was going on a visit to her mother and sisters, who lived in the small city, she wore the magnificent creation, calculating that they would go into convulsions over her hat. And they did. After they had kissed her several times and assured her of their undying love her mother, who is a wise woman, with a keen sense of the propriety, bade the elder of the unmarried sisters ring for the carriage, "I am so glad to see my dear daughter," she said, "that I must buy her something. Now you drive down to the millinery store and buy her the prettiest hat there before any of her friends see her." And after the economical daughter had departed for the millinery store the remaining members of the family fell upon the floor and screamed with laughter, for they knew a good thing when they saw it, even if they did live in a gay town.—Chicago Chronicle.

### SOLDIER KNEW HOW TO WOO.

Having Won the Young Woman's Consent, He Succeeded with the Veteran Father.

"I tell you," shouted the old gentleman, "I'll not give my consent. I'm not the man to buy a pig in a poke or decide a case after hearing but one side of it. I don't believe he was ever a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's a false pretense. I'm a veteran and I know a soldier when I see him. I'll give him marching orders the next time he calls." "But, papa, see how straight he walks and what a trim figure he has. And he has told me about lots of battles." "Boh! There hasn't been lots of battles since he was big enough to fight. I tell you that he's a false alarm. I'll trap him yet. I'll bet a house and lot that he can't get through the manual of arms." "But he can. He took a cane and showed me the whole thing. It was just grand." "What in creation do you know about it? You couldn't lift it if there were between a right shoulder, shift, and a double quick. Did he enlist from Detroit?" "No, Chicago." "O, of course, some big city where it would take time to look him up. He's a fraud." "Do listen, papa. He knows all about you grand army people and that you were the finest, bravest, most intelligent military men that ever kept step to fife and drum. He likes beans and coffee for cold lunch, and every night he was here he turned the lights out at ten just from force of habit." "No! And he said that about us veterans, hey? Well, I'll have a talk with your mother."—Detroit Free Press.

### GUNSAULUS' ANCIENT HORSE.

An Equine Purchase of the Chicago Divine in His Youth Which Disgusted His Father.

Once upon a time Rev. Frank Gunsaulus, the popular preacher, was a poor circuit rider. He traveled from town to town, lifted over the roofs in farm wagons and boarded round at the houses of the deacons, and returning occasionally to his father's old farm to spend a few days. His father, so the story goes, was a rough old chap of the uncut diamond sort, with a vocabulary more expressive than elegant. Well, at one time young Gunsaulus found himself in a poor way for money to buy a horse. He thought it would be better to ride his own animal around the circuit than to borrow transportation. It was a sorry-looking steed this, but it answered the purpose, and, what was more to the point, it was cheap. So after he had bought it he rode it home. His father was in the barnyard when he came in and he looked critically at the animal. "Where did ye git that horse, Frank?" he asked. "I bought him cheap, father," said the young preacher. "He's a sorry-lookin' critter, I must say," said the father. "Well, father," said Frank, "you remember that our Saviour rode into Jerusalem on a worse looking animal than this." And the old man looked at the horse again and said: "Turned if I don't think it's the same one."—Chicago Chronicle.

### A Vindication of Water.

"If there is anything I dislike," remarked Col. Stilwell, wiping his mustache with impressive deliberation, "it is a bigoted person. Some of the people at my home in Kentucky came very near taking permanent offense at me, but I held out and finally convinced them." "What was the discussion about?" "It was the old controversy. Somebody mentioned water, and Judge Morgan stated his opinion that it was something that ought to be abolished. The major argued for its use in moderation, but the judge wouldn't have it. I was sorry to disagree with the judge, but I stated my arguments and clinched them so that he had to give in. I called his attention to the great achievements which all the world is now engaged in applauding. I recalled to his mind the glories of our naval heroes, the men who are so proud of their country, the men of whom their country is so proud. Then I pointed my finger at the judge and asked him how these naval heroes could have done these glorious deeds if there hadn't been plenty of water for them to sail their ships on."—Washington Star.

**Longevity and Content.** Lazy people are criticized a good deal, but they generally lead long and happy lives.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Don't take physic when you should take exercise.—Elliott's Magazine.

**"You May Bend the Sapling But Not the Tree."**

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints



### A ROMANTIC CAREER.

Once Engaged to Napoleon Bonaparte, Mlle. Clary Afterward Became Queen of Sweden.

The names of Josephine and Marie Louise are connected with Napoleon and his fortunes, but who stops to remember that of Desiree Clary, to whom he was first betrothed? She was the daughter of a rich silk merchant of Marseilles, and the Bonapartes, who were living there in the years just preceding their aggrandizement, became acquainted with her family. Joseph Bonaparte fell in love with her, and obtained her promise to marry him when she should be 21; but Napoleon, appearing on the scene, acted with his customary emphasis, and declared that Desiree must belong to him. The family were used to falling in with his decisions, and they promptly agreed, Julie, the other daughter, who had had a liking for Joseph, agreeing to marry him in her sister's place.

Desiree was a light-hearted, pretty young creature, with a gay manner and a merry wit. Napoleon, according to the testimony of the Clary family, was not overattractive. One who knew him at that time thus describes him:

"He wears threadbare garments and badly-cleaned, broken-down boots. In character, he is brusque, sulky, prone to fits of abstraction. He is born for mediocrity."

But Desiree was satisfied with him. She found him all that heart could wish. To be sure he was poor, but that was a disability which could be amended.

In May, 1795, Napoleon left Marseilles for Paris, whence he wrote peremptorily to Mlle. Clary, urging her to follow, buy a house, and live there with Desiree. The country-bred mother and daughter were aghast. Paris seemed to them the very center of bloodshed and tyr-



Mlle. Desiree Clary.

ny. They did not accede to the proposition and a second letter from Napoleon was left unanswered.

He was now at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and it could hardly help seeming to him that his betrothed had abandoned him. As for her, she had heard that he had, in his poverty, accepted money obligations from Mme. Tallien, and that he was courting, at her house, a rich and noble lady named Mme. de Beauharnais. All appeared to be over between them.

Soon Napoleon himself declared that the relations between them must be ended; his feelings had altered. Desiree wept, and owned that she loved him still; but on the advice of her family she released him from his promise. In 1796 he married Josephine de Beauharnais, and then began the brilliant march of his rising fortunes.

Desiree also drifted to Paris, where she became immensely popular, and in 1798 she married Gen. Bernadotte, then minister of war.

The upward steps of her husband are well known. He accepted the rank of prince royal of Sweden, and in 1818 he became king. Desiree had preferred living in Paris, and when she heard the news of her husband's accession to his throne she was at the piano practicing a piece by Gretry. She rose and sadly closed the instrument.

"However much I practice now," said she, "I shall always be told that I play like a queen."

She died in Sweden, an old lady of 83. Her life had been one of varying fortunes. M. Houssaye says of her: "She is intended for earthly honors. She is betrothed to Joseph, then to Napoleon, then to Duple. She refuses Junot, and would be glad to accept Marmont. At last she marries Bernadotte. With Joseph she would have been an imperial princess, queen of Naples and of Spain; with Napoleon, empress of the French; with Duple probably marechale, and duchess; with Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantes; with Marmont marechale and duchess of Ragusa. Bernadotte, the former sergeant of marines, placed the crown of Sweden on the head of this little bourgeoisie of Marseilles."—Youth's Companion.

**Novelties for Autumn.** The latest novelty in capes is made of ebeue glaze with a black velvet scroll pattern all over it. Full panels of Russian net edged with passementerie trimmings hang over the shoulders, and black and white tulle with a tall foundation of heavy silk forms the ruche at the neck.

White tulle tied in a large bow in front is one of the popular decorations for the neck, and among the new collar bands arranged to wear with different dresses is one of white satin ribbon, with a scalloped frill of ecru embroidery ruffled on the edge with a very narrow colored satin ribbon.

The tongue of a full-grown giraffe is about 18 inches long.

### CHARMING OLD LADY.

Mrs. Kruger, Wife of the Boer President, Makes a Favorable Impression on Strangers.

A South African correspondent of the Washington Star, who recently interviewed President Kruger of the Transvaal republic, says that as the Boer statesman closed the conference he went across the hall into a low ceilinged, whitewashed room and leaned for a moment over a placid-faced, motherly little woman, who was seated on a rocking chair, darning stockings. This was Mrs. Kruger, who, though one never hears of her, interested me mightily, because she seemed so utterly oblivious to the turmoil that are besetting her husband's nation. She got Mr.



Mrs. Kruger. (Wife of the President of the Transvaal Republic)

Kruger's hat, escorted him to the door and then went back to her work. It was difficult to think of her as the first lady of the land. Yet she has been Mr. Kruger's constant helpmeet through all the years of his public life, and their affection for each other seems to have grown with each succeeding year. She is Mr. Kruger's second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa. Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son, who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of this second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law, Capt. Eloff, has made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South Africa. He has accrued a fortune in real estate operations, and is supposed to be worth \$2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two-story cottage, painted white and covered in front with morning glory vines. Their ambition is to see their nation independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home.

**THE CORSET'S TRIUMPH.** Medical Men of Europe Have Pronounced It an Essential Item of Feminine Apparel.

After all the abuse that has been leveled at the corset, after all the outpourings and tirades of the "rational" dress advocates and health faddists against an item of dress without which it is well-nigh impossible for any woman to look really well, honor has at last been paid to it by a medical man. His plea for the corset is based both on artistic and hygienic grounds. Lately there was on view at Dresden a collection of pictures by Cranach, who lived during a period when the corset was not in the fashion. A careful survey of these paintings revealed to the medical critic two very important facts, one being that the women subjects were all suffering from curvature of the spine; while the second—a natural consequence of the first—was that not a solitary female figure in the canvases seemed to wear clothes properly. Unhesitatingly, therefore, the conclusion was arrived at that corsets are essential to the female form divine, both from the doctor's and the modiste's point of view. It is to be hoped, therefore, that no more nonsense will be talked about the beauty or the healthfulness of the corsetless figure. That excessively tight-lacing is pernicious it needs no second Daniel come to judgment to tell us. Common-sense should guide every woman in this matter; but if some are foolish, as some ever will be in all matters, it is manifestly absurd that all should be condemned. There should be no "fashion" as to waists, for this must obviously lead to abuse; but, on the other hand, the use of the corset should be regarded as one of fashion's essential adjuncts, and the wise doctor will recognize it, too, as an equally essential item of feminine apparel.—Lady's Pictorial.

### Making a Child Too Quiet.

Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action find relief in whispering over stories to themselves; but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability for fluent expression, and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends.—Florence Hall Winterburn, in Woman's Home Companion.

### An Excellent Hair Tonic.

Cologne, eight ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, one-half dram each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

### A West Indian Hurricane.

Recently travelled up and down the coast at will, upset all calculations, and acted in an entirely different manner from any other storm. Sometimes dyspepsia acts in the same way. It refuses to yield to treatment which has cured similar cases. Then Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It will affect a cure speedily and naturally. It has cured stomach troubles for half a century. Try it.

### Catching Up.

"Is your town growing?" asked the Pittsburgh man of a fellow-traveler on the cars. "Well, no; I can't say it's growing," was the reply; "not growing to speak of, but it is improving in taste—right along."

"You mean that the people are assuming a higher standard?" "I do, sir, yes, sir. We now get bananas every day from Cincinnati and five out of six groceries keep shredded codfish and limburger cheese. We don't look for any building boom or influx of strangers, but we'll hold our own and gradually work up to electric doorbells and oysters on the half shell."—Utica Observer.

### "Sun of the Sick Room"

Is the apt description of Swanson's "5 Drops." It has saved the public in less than five years, more money than the national debt of this country, when you measure the value of health restored, suffering humanity relieved of its agonies and diseases. Money which otherwise would have been expended in funerals, doctors and drug bills, loss of labor, etc. Swanson's "5 Drops" never fails to cure. It has cured and is curing millions of people afflicted with acute and chronic rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, asthma, la grippe and catarrh of all kinds. It will cure you. Try it. Large-sized bottle \$1.00, sent on receipt of price, charges prepaid; 25-cent sample bottle sent free, on receipt of 10 cents to pay for mailing. Agents wanted. Swanson's Rheumatic Cure Company, 164 Lake St., Chicago.

### Something for a Goller to Learn.

The Goller—You must acknowledge that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball 100 yards. The Farmer—Nothing like the skill required to drive a pig 50 feet.—Stray Stories.

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Woman and the Automobile.

It has long been scientifically demonstrated that a woman cannot throw a stone straight. It now appears that she steers an automobile the worse she throws a stone. There are awful possibilities in the near future. A wabbly bike can be dodged by an athletic sprinter, but a wabbly automobile has a horror all its own.—N. Y. Press.

### From Baby in the High Chair.

to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at a reasonable price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

### A Lack of Capacity.

"Isn't it wonderful that one small head can carry all he knows?" "No. The wonder is where he stores all he thinks he knows."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Were there no servants in the intelligence office?" asked the wife. "It was full of 'em," returned the lonely husband, "but they had all worked for us before."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 35c.

Every man abuses the fool doctrines of others, and is faithful to his own.—Athenian Globe.

I could not get along without Pico's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

Many a writer has made a goose of him self by taking a quill in his hand.—Elliott's Magazine.

"Now that isn't half bad," said the editor to the paragrapher who had handed him a joke. "Do you think so?" asked the flattered humorist. "It isn't half bad," repeated the editor, musingly. "It is bad altogether."—Louisville Journal.

"Is that all you can advance on a fine gold watch like this?" asked the young man who was negotiating a loan. "That is all, my friend," replied the pawnbroker, "but you must remember that the less I lend you, the less you will have to pay back, and the interest will be smaller."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"That man was very complimentary of you; I suppose he gave you a good tip!" said the proprietor of the restaurant to the waiter. "No; that's the trouble," replied the waiter; "he had nothing but praise for my service."—Yonkers Statesman.

You Know the Sort—"I don't like Spiffins," said Belledale to Bloomfield. "I don't like that sort of a chap." "What kind of a chap is Spiffins?" "The kind that predicts an event after it has occurred."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Farmer Jones (to a tramp whom he finds in his hayfield)—"What you been sleepin' on here all night?" "Weary Walter." "Weary?" "Farmer Jones—" "What you been sleepin' on?" "Weary Walter." "Well, I tol' you once. Now go away, an' do'n't disturb me beauty sleep."—Baltimore American.

The Son's Characteristics.—The Photographer—"Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me." Father (regarding one)—"The picture is certainly very like him. And he has paid you?" The Photographer—"No, sir." The Father—"That is still more like him."—Boston Courier.

"Please, dear, won't you pay my milliner's bill for me? I can't sleep when I think of it!" "Yes; I'll pay it. I'm glad if your conscience is awakened at last! But what has worked this wonder?" "My intention to order two new hats."—I satge Baetter.

"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes Mrs. W. M. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham, "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties."

"I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain. "I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhoea and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise."

Mrs. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hil-ton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM— I was very thin and my friends thought I was in con-sumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-able Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after tak-ing eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."



**JOHN M. SMYTH CO.**  
MAMMOTH MAIL ORDER HOUSE  
150 TO 166 WEST MADISON ST. CHICAGO

### The Genuine White House Cook Book

By Hugo Ziemann, Steward of the White House, and Mrs. F. L. Gillette. This book is a useful compendium known the length and breadth of the land as comprising valuable Cooking, Toilet and Household Recipes, Menus, Dining Giving, Table Etiquette, Care of the Sick, Health Suggestions, Facts Worth Knowing, etc., etc. This work contains over Sixteen Hundred Household Recipes. Nothing relating to practical housekeeping is omitted.

Carving, Soups, Fish, Shell Fish, Poultry, Game, Meats, Sauces, Salads, Vegetables, Cats- ups, Pickles, Macaroni, Butter, Cheeses, Sandwiches, Omelets, Eggs, Bread, Biscuits, Rolls, Mat- fins, Toasts, Cakes, Pastry, Pies, Tarts, Custards, Creams, Des- serts, Ice Creams, Ices, Puddings, Canned Fruits, Jellies, Preserves, Confectionery, Coffee, Tea, Be- verages.

This splendid book is bound in white enameled oil cloth, is beautifully illustrated; contains nearly 600 pages; is convenient to handle; made of paper of excellent quality, and is from beginning to end durable and handsome.

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If you will send us 25c. we will send you Demorest's Family Magazine for three months and give you two handsome pictures in ten colors, exact reproductions of famous oil paintings. They are 8 by 11½ inches. This offer of this great family magazine is only good for 60 days.

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Makes millions think.

**FITS Permanently Cured.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50c trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 371 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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A. N. K.—A 1788

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Worth \$4 to \$8 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep these—if not, we will send you a patron receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue is free.

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**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FREE**  
ONE OF THE GRANDEST OFFERS EVER MADE.

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer, will each obtain one large 10c. package of "RED CROSS" Starch, one large 10c. package of "HUBINGER'S BEST" Starch, two Shakespeare panels printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book will obtain from their grocer two large 10c. packages of starch for 5c. and the beautiful premiums which are being given away. This offer is only made for a short time to further introduce the famous "RED CROSS" Starch, and the celebrated "HUBINGER'S BEST" cold water Starch. Ask your grocer for this starch.

**REPUBLICAN GAINS,**

The Elections of Tuesday Show This in Several of the States.

Ohio Gives Nash a Rousing Majority. While Iowa Comes to the Front in Splendid Form—The Result of the Elections in Detroit.

The elections on Tuesday were generally favorable to the republicans. Ohio gives Nash a large majority, from 35,000 to 40,000 while Iowa, as was anticipated, was carried by an increased majority. Massachusetts endorses the administration by a plurality of 70,000. Kentucky is republican by about 9,000, but Nebraska has unquestionably gone fusion. In Maryland the democrats had a walkaway, and will control the assembly, but the New Jersey legislature is still in the hands of the republicans. The republican majorities were considerably reduced. In Kansas the republicans score gain and win county elections. As usual, Virginia goes strongly democratic, the vote being comparatively light, and Mississippi gives 30,000 to the bourbon. In South Dakota the fusionists are snowed under by 100,000.

At Detroit the municipal election proved a conclusive victory for the democrats. Mayor Maybury was elected by a majority of 3,029—nearly 1,000 larger than that which he received two years ago against Clarence A. Black. City Treasurer Wm. B. Thompson, democrat, received even a more generous endorsement, being re-elected by a majority of 6,426. On the other hand the republicans who pulled through the landslide did so with majorities largely decreased over the previous votes. City Clerk Schmidt, republican, was re-elected, but by the majority of only 1,318—less than a third of his majority of two years ago—while Justice Teagan squeezed through with but 236 votes to the good.

**WILL RESUME OPERATIONS.**

John M. Millar Will Continue Explorations for Silver Lead.  
John M. Millar, who conducted explorations for silver lead a short distance east of Swanzy two years ago, informs Iron Ore, of Ishpeming, that he intends to resume operations on the property, in the near future. He had associated with him, when the

first trial of the ground was made, Mr. Gad Smith, of Marquette. He has secured an option for Mr. Smith's interest. When work was discontinued there was a fine showing of galena, a vein about four feet thick. Considerable silver was shown in the assays, one determination giving twenty ounces, but this was in excess of the average. The exploring was bothered greatly by water, there being a little stream and low ground near by where the shaft was sunk. It is Mr. Millar's intention to take care of the surface water by proper trenching before he resumes the sinking of the shaft and extension of drifts. He has much faith in the future of the property.

**Municipal Gossip.**

Charles O'Donnell appeared before Judge Glaser on Tuesday, charged with the destruction of property, but the evidence was not sufficient to convict and he was discharged.

The annual meeting of the Delta County Agricultural society will be held on Monday, Nov. 20th, and not on the 13th as stated in a local paper.

Joe Powers was sentenced to twenty-five days in the county jail on Monday for assaulting a Chinaman.

New York apples, splendid keepers, at \$3 and \$3.50 per barrel at the Escanaba Commission House, corner Ludington and Dousman.

Considerable wood is coming into town these days.

Patronize home industry. Smoke union label cigars.

A child of T. Morrow of Powers was buried from St. Ann's church Wednesday afternoon.

In the list of claims allowed by the board of supervisors and published in The Iron Port appeared a bill of \$15 for services rendered by O. V. Linden. The bill should have read disallowed.

Bert Ellsworth has an announcement in The Iron Port today, to which your attention is directed.

The brick work on Mr. Stack's new building will be finished today.

The mills of the Perronville Shingle company are being put in thorough repair.

Manager A. R. Moore, of the Street Railway company, has been in Minneapolis this week on business.

Washington Island potatoes, recog-

DRS. K. & K.

**WAGES OF SIN**  
A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD ESTD 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED

WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

**250,000 CURED YOUNG MAN** Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you ever consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes turned to your peril? Did you later on in many a lonely hour regret the course you had pursued? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Have you married in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been dragged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY GUARABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SPHILLIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECKET, BRUISES, URETHRITIS, CHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

**CURES GUARANTEED**  
"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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

nized the world over as good ones, 40c per bushel at the Escanaba Commission House.

**New Mill Superintendent.** The Menominee Herald is authority for the following statement:

A. B. Wells will be superintendent of the I. Stephenson company's saw mill at Flat Rock this winter. Mr. Wells left yesterday for Flat Rock to inspect the mill. Hardwood will be cut all winter.

Clothes do not make the man, but they sometimes make a monkey.

ED. ERICKSON'S BIG BUSTY CASH STORE.

**Don't Delay Purchasing.**

**And Now, It's Up To You**

Which will you have? A natty, mid-season overcoat with its dressiness and positive usefulness, or go in stinky discomfort for the next few weeks and court the chances of a doctor's bill? You know as well as anybody that when the thermometer registers between 50 and 60 degrees a man should wear an overcoat—especially early mornings and evenings; but in such a temperature who wants to go around in a blanket weight? What you want for now is a nice medium weight.

THIS IS THE LABEL IN THE INSIDE COAT POCKET THAT INSURES PERFECT TAILORING AND EXQUISITE STYLE.

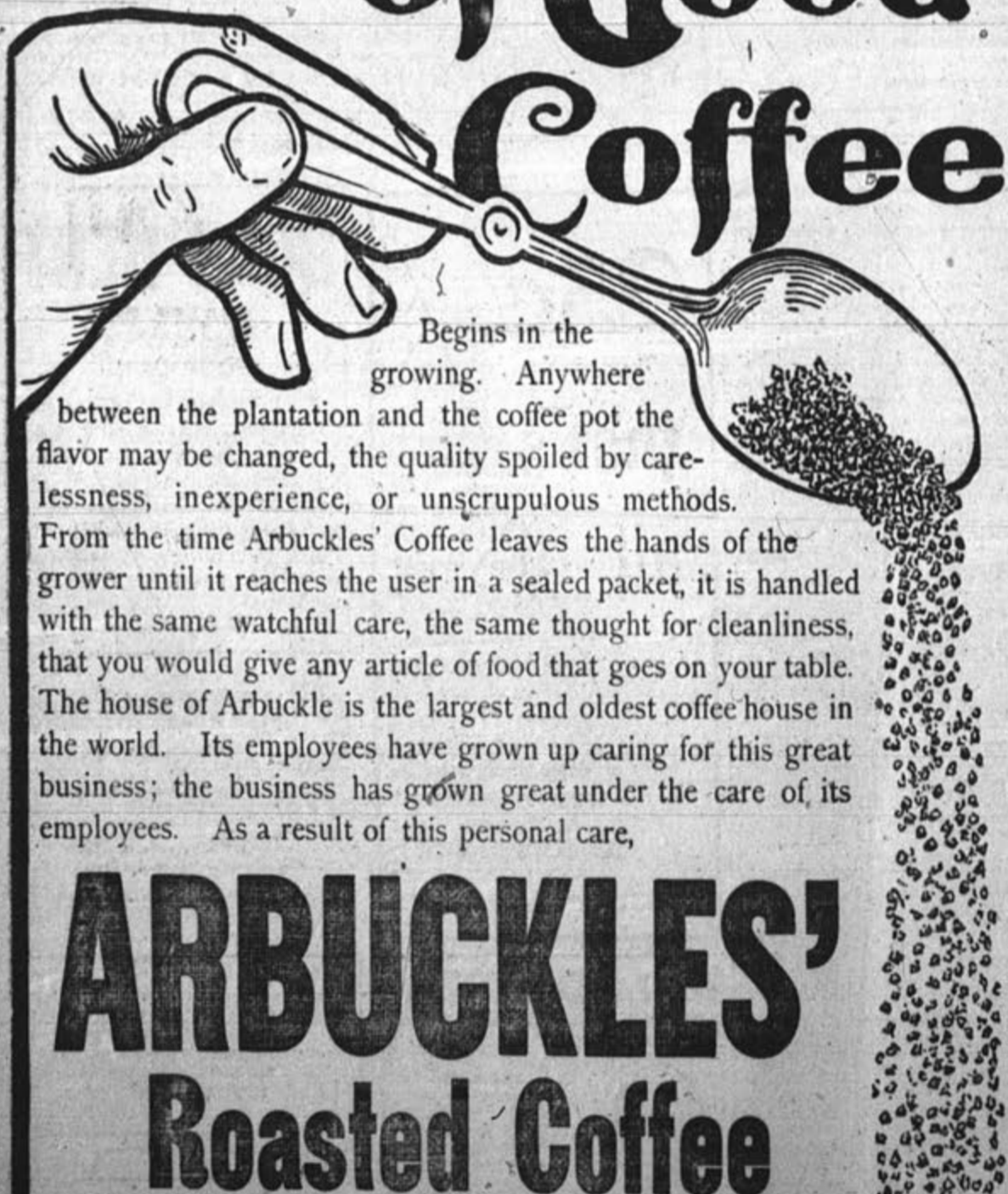
This Garment Guaranteed by the Makers **B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO. CHICAGO.**

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
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Covert Overcoats and other middle weight and light weight overcoats, fill the bill to a nicety, and at very moderate cost.

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Begins in the growing. Anywhere between the plantation and the coffee pot the flavor may be changed, the quality spoiled by carelessness, inexperience, or unscrupulous methods. From the time Arbuckles' Coffee leaves the hands of the grower until it reaches the user in a sealed packet, it is handled with the same watchful care, the same thought for cleanliness, that you would give any article of food that goes on your table. The house of Arbuckle is the largest and oldest coffee house in the world. Its employees have grown up caring for this great business; the business has grown great under the care of its employees. As a result of this personal care,

**ARBUCKLES' Roasted Coffee**

is used every day in more than a million American homes. Its reliability is recognized; its quality is appreciated; its flavor is enjoyed; its price is a revelation.

Ask the grocer for Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and be sure you get the genuine. All other package coffees are but imitations of Arbuckles'.

In each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee there is a list of articles. With each package in which the list is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the list, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. Everybody should see this list. Address all communications to

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for one of those new and bright bicycle lamps. One of those kind that turns darkness into daylight. They are certainly right. We have a complete line of bicycle sundries. Bicycle repairing and enameling are our specialties.

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# THE IRON PORT

Twelve Pages. Second Section.

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

Twelve Pages. Second Section.

VOL. XXX.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

NUMBER 45

## PERSONAL MENTION.

### Paragraphs Pertaining to Movements of Our People.—Social Events.

#### The Constantly Moving Throng Kept Close Tab Upon the Iron Port's Staff of Society Reporters.—Events of Interest to Us All.

Charles T. Harvey, who was at one time one of the best known men in this peninsula, was a visitor in the city on Sunday, the guest of John M. Millar. Mr. Harvey was a railroad promoter of parts and promoted several enterprises of the kind in the upper peninsula. One of his enterprises was the building of a road from the village of Harvey to tap the Northwestern. The road was built complete to the grading but the rails were never laid. Mr. Harvey is now interested in the Hudson Bay, Ontario & Western, which has just started building from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., north to Hudson bay. He has been promoting the enterprise for the past five years.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will give its annual ball at Peterson's hall on Thanksgiving Eve. The hall will be handsomely decorated. Following are the committees: Arrangements, Patrick Wade, Chas. Fish, Dona Duranceau; Invitation, Zola Morris, Chas. Gunderson, Geo. Fish; Reception, Steve Murphy, Geo. Cahill, Joe Carney, Tom Connors, Wm. Hassett, Jas. Scanlon, Chas. Palmer, L. H. Sharp, D. D. Smith, A. Cotey, Geo. Helligenthal, Frank Shimberg, Floor, Dona Duranceau, Tom White, Frank Sullivan, J. E. Keenan, R. H. Bookhout, Chas. Nelson, Ed. Murray, Chas. Cootware, Archie Goden, Selbert Anderson, S. J. Harbour.

William P. Fisher, a brother of our John A., spent a portion of the week in the city. He has but recently returned from the Philippines, where he served some eighteen months with Company M, First Montana Infantry, having enlisted at Anconada.

Robert, son of J. F. Oliver, has arrived safely at Matanzas, Cuba, and found his brother, Lieut. L. W. Oliver, in splendid health and spirits. Miss Fairclough, teacher of the fourth grade in the central school was unable to teach Monday and Miss Mary Atkins filled her place.

A. Z. Sourwine has taken the agency for the Northwestern Life Insurance company, and is no longer at the Hill Drug Store.

Dan O'Brien, foreman of the New mill of the I. Stephenson company at Flatrock for many years, has resigned.

Master Clement Bissell entertained a number of his young friends at his home last evening.

The little son of Robt. McCourt underwent an operation at the hospital on Monday.

Mrs. Frank Bacon is visiting in Janesville and other points in Wisconsin.

Harry Keeley has gone to St. Paul and is now employed on the Soo Line. Miss Minnie Broad returned to her home at Ishpeming on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Youngquist went to Chicago Monday evening.

Clayton Voorhis of Gladstone was in the city on Monday.

A. W. Priest of Kaukauna spent Sunday in our city.

James P. Cleary, who is now on the road for Cleary Bros., of which firm he is the junior member, got home this afternoon to renew acquaintances with his family. J. P. is a hustler among his trade.

Mr. Joseph Perron and Miss Octave Chartre were wedded at St. Ann's church on Monday morning. A reception was held at Schaffer, their future home, on Wednesday evening.

Edward and Ernest Johnson were called to Marinette on Saturday last by the accidental death of their brother Charles, who was instantly killed by an iron pillar falling upon him.

Oliver Thatcher fell on the sidewalk on Wolcott street on Tuesday, cutting his lip quite badly. It was necessary to have two stitches taken.

On Sunday last at Gladstone Rev. G. C. Emson united in marriage August Oman and Emma Lagerquist, both of Escanaba.

Lyman Beggs is now connected with the Iron Port. If in need of anything in the printing line give it to Mr. Beggs.

Wm. Bang, the contractor, is the busiest man in the upper peninsula

at present. Besides his several contracts in Escanaba and Wells, he has jobs at Menominee, Iron Mountain, Dunbar and Perronville.

John P. McColl has severed his connection with Erickson & Bissell and will give his attention to his grocery business at Rapid River, and his abstract business in this city.

Miss Nellie McLaughlin is spending the week at Gladstone the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Boyle.

The "Old Married Men" danced at Clark's hall last evening, Dewey's orchestra furnishing the music.

Chris Peterson is up in the woods after deer. He left on Monday and intends to be gone a week.

Mrs. Mary Prince went to her home at Powers on Saturday a typhoid fever patient.

Capt. Chas. McCauley has been suffering with rheumatism this week.

Dr. C. H. Long made a professional visit to Lathrop on Monday.

The Hon. John Power is at Houghton this week attending court.

Mrs. O. A. Mason returned from Chicago on Saturday last.

Rev. Fr. Mesnard was at Stephenson the first of the week.

Dr. Laird of Nahma was a business visitor on Monday.

Thos. Greene hunted deer on the Felch branch this week.

Miss Kate Brown is visiting friends at Gladstone this week.

H. H. Winde of Brampton was in the city on Monday.

Joseph Aley of Muskegon is in the city on business.

Herman Johnson of Rock was in town on Tuesday.

Adam Schaible of the Madden Shingle company of Rapid River transacted business in town on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Schaible provides the raw materials for his company, and enjoys the reputation of being a hustler of more than ordinary ability in that direction.

A strong whist club will be organized in Escanaba this winter. Already the players are "brushing up" and an occasional game is being played. Dr. Banks and F. M. Olmsted defeated F. D. Mead and Ole Erickson at the home of the doctor on Tuesday evening.

There was a pleasant party at Clark's hall on Monday evening, given by Misses Millie Grenier and Grace Tojan in honor of Miss Ella Jacobs of Ishpeming.

Jesse Valentine of Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Valentine, Sr.

A. P. Waldo, one of Rapid River's leading merchants, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Smith entertained at Clark's hall on Thursday evening.

Ed. Erickson is up the Whitefish with a party of hunters this week.

Mrs. Fred Hess has this week entertained Mrs. Whitney of Perkins.

A. B. Wells of Menominee spent a portion of the week at Wells.

Geo. Gallup was at the Soo the first of the week.

Mr. Premeau is out hunting deer.

Mr. R. T. Roberts who has been a guest at the home of J. E. Lyon, Michigan Ave., this week, returned to Chicago on Friday accompanied by Mrs. Roberts, who has been spending a few weeks with her parents here.

Messrs. Allen O. White and Ben C. Parkinson of Madison, Wis., who have been the guests of the Misses Warren the past week, returned to their homes this morning.

O. R. Hardy will coach the Ishpeming team in the game with Escanaba this afternoon. He went north yesterday morning for that purpose.

Alf. Killian was a Milwaukee visitor this week, going to the Cream City on Thursday.

Mrs. A. A. Parkhurst visited at Green Bay this week.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Linsley are at Chicago.

M. H. Grover was in town on Thursday.

G. W. Kaufman is in Iowa.

### MEMOINEE'S BUILDING.

Attorney General Has Approved the Selection for the Site.

The attorney general has approved the selection of the site for a new public building at Menominee. When the deed for the land has been received by the treasury department, plans and specifications will be made.

Bids for the construction of the building will then be advertised. Work on the new building will probably not be commenced until early next year.

## ASPHALT THE STUFF.

### Ludington Street Must Be Re-paved in the Near Future.

#### Asphalt, While Somewhat Expensive, Is Being Generally Used and Is Looked Upon With Favor by Experienced Civil Engineers and Others.

It is generally agreed that Ludington street must be re-paved in near future, and the question may as well be agitated now, although it is not probable that anything in that direction can be undertaken this season. The Iron Port recognizes the fact that the city is not in a position to do this work, but realities are potent, and it is a certainty that some sort of pavement will be necessary next year on Escanaba's principal thoroughfare. Asphalt seems to be favored, but the opponents of that material with whom The Iron Port has come in contact argue that our climate is unfavorable to it. The material is now pretty generally used throughout the county. The city engineer of Kansas City, a man of wide experience in all kinds of climatic conditions, strongly recommends asphalt to the people of Duluth, who are considering the question, and it seems that what will stand the weather of the Zenith City would endure in Escanaba. Mr. Wise, the engineer in question, states his reasons as follows: It is the best material for a sanitary standpoint. It is a comparatively noiseless material. It maintains its surface better than the usual materials. It is economical as far as cleaning is concerned, and can be more thoroughly cleaned with an equal amount of muscle and money expenditure. It is not as slippery as brick, and causes less wear and tear on vehicles. It has a better character and tone and therefore, more than other material, adds value to property. It needs less repairs in a given period. It is not as expensive as stone blocks, and very little more expensive than brick. No property owner ever apologizes for having an asphalt street in front of his property, as he does in the case of brick.

Granite blocks were generally used on Kansas City's heavy business streets up to the time when the cost of the two materials was nearly the same. No one ever thinks of petitioning for granite blocks at \$2.80 per yard, when asphalt two inches thick, on a binder 1 1/2 inches thick on a 6-inch concrete base, can be constructed at \$2.40 per square yard, on a 10-year guarantee of maintenance. Paving costs about as follows: Asphalt on business streets two inches thick, \$2 to \$2.40 per yard; Brick, \$1.55 to \$1.65 per square yard. Stone blocks, \$2.75 to \$3.00 per square yard. Macadam base, granite top, three inches thick, \$1.75 to \$1.85 per square yard; macadam payment and gravel top, \$1 per square yard. Asphalt, 10 years' guarantee. Brick, seven years' guarantee. Macadam, no guarantee.

Escanaba's property owners and tax payers ought to take a lively interest in this matter, search out the best material for the streets, and see that they get what they want.

### Bay de Noc Township Schools.

Commissioner P. R. Legg called on the schools of Bay de Noc township this week and found them in good condition. Fred Embs closed his school last week at Farmers' Dock and began teaching in the Stratton District this week. Josie King of Gladstone is doing good work in the Wagner school. Jessie McMartin of this city has charge of the Godin school and for a beginner, is doing good work. Miss Sophia Harkins, though small in stature, is having fine success at Garth. J. B. Van Winkle of Vans Harbor is attending a military school at Highland Park.

### Whistlers Players to Meet Here.

On Thursday, November 23, the Upper Peninsula Whist association will meet in Escanaba, and it is expected that teams from the copper country, Marquette, Negaunee and Ishpeming will be present.

### Choice Winter Apples \$3.00 and \$3.50 per barrel. A few barrels for present use at \$2.00 and \$2.50.

### ERICKSON & BISSELL.

#### Deals in Realty.

John Vassaw to Phil. Kelly, lot 10, block 83, city of Escanaba, consideration \$1,450; John Zane to F. H. Van Cleve, 5 acres in Bay de Noc, consideration \$25; Cleveland Cliffs

Co. to Julia Haberman, lot 14, block 16, Gladstone, consideration \$350; Mary Johnston to H. W. Waldo, lots 11 and 12, block 6, Cole's addition, Rapid River, consideration \$500; J. B. Goodman to F. J. Merriam, 321 acres in Masonville, consideration \$1,480; Jos. Lusardi, et al to M. Perron 40 acres in Maple Ridge township, consideration \$4,000.

### AMONG THE CHURCHES.

#### General Matters of a Religious Character Concerning All Denominations.

At St. Stephen's church on Sunday, November 19th, there will be re-opening services, that edifice having undergone some important improvements during the past fortnight, made necessary in order to provide seating accommodations to the increased congregation. A new chancel 16x18, a vestry 10x18 and a vestibule 9x11 are among the additions, and a general re-arrangement of the interior makes its possible to seat seventy-five more than heretofore. The church has also been newly and handsomely papered, and otherwise beautified. On the 19th inst. the Rt. Rev. Bishop Williams will deliver the communion sermon at the morning service, and will also preach in the evening. Rev. Mr. Brooks and others will be present.

There will be the usual services at the Presbyterian church on Sunday. Morning subject: "What's In a Name?" Evening subject: "Lessons From a Leaf." Sabbath school at 12 noon. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior C. E. at 6:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Methodist Episcopal church morning service at 10:30. Theme, "Social Worship." Evening service at 7:30. Theme, "The Value of One Soul." Sunday school at noon. Epworth League at 6:30; Thursday evening prayer meeting.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will soon issue a handsome calendar, each week of the year to have helpful thoughts. The calendar will be sold during the fair to be held the latter part of the present month.

On Thursday and Friday, November 23d and 24th the ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual sale of fancy work, the place to be decided upon later. Supper will be served each evening.

The Baptist ladies will give a fair in Baptist hall Nov. 22. Supper served from 5 until 8 p. m., 15 cents. No admission fee.

The Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. O. N. Huggitt on Wednesday next.

At St. Stephen's church on the 19th inst. there will be a special offering for the chancel fund.

Rev. Fr. Bede assisted Rev. Fr. Barth in special religious service at Stephenson on Tuesday.

The new Presbyterian church will be opened on the first Sunday in December.

### IRON ORE SHIPMENTS.

#### The Output Will Exceed Sixteen Million Tons for the Present Season.

To November the Lake Superior region had shipped 15,000,000 tons of iron ore, making it a certainty that the season's output will be about 2,500,000 tons more than last year. Lake freights have declined again, this time to \$1.50 a ton, 50 cents below the high point, and they are sure to go still lower before the close, as ore shipments will fall off and grain is moving very slowly. So great is the pressure for ores that sales have been made already of the entire output for one season of one district, which produces a high phosphorus, non-bessemer ore, at \$1 a ton. This is an advance of \$1.75 to \$1.90 over the prices for the same ores a year ago today. It is expected that not less than 18,000,000 tons of ore will be sold for the next year delivery within this month, the total transactions representing in the neighborhood of \$90,000,000.

### TO NEW QUARTERS.

The Brokerage Office of L. J. Perrin & Co. to go to the New Perrin Block.

At an early date the brokerage office of L. J. Perrin & Company will be moved to the second floor of the Mead-Perrin block, where quarters have been fitted up especially for its use. Although established only a comparatively short time this concern is doing a splendid business.

## OF LOCAL INTEREST.

### General Municipal Gossip Gathered Here, There and Elsewhere.

#### The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Grist of Interesting Information. Gathered in Their Daily Rounds of the City. In Condensed Form.

### Mr. Newett's Final Report Deals Especially With Them.

George A. Newett, who has held the position of mineral statistician of Michigan for the past four years, will issue his final report within the next few days. It has been in the hands of the printer's for the past six months and it was Mr. Newett's intention to have it in circulation some weeks ago. The report is almost a complete one, embracing a great deal of information relative to the old mining properties in the Lake Superior region, which are now being started up after an extended period of idleness. So far as the statistician's reports are concerned these old mines have been neglected for some years. Now that they are being opened up the information which the statistician gives will be of much interest to those directly concerned in the iron ore properties of this region. Considerable space is also devoted to the copper properties of the district. The new mines given so much attention during the past year have been treated fairly; the Ontonagon mines particularly have received their full share of credit for work done to date.

The second entertainment of the People's Lyceum course Patriotic Grand Concert Co., will take place Friday, Dec. 8th, at Peterson's opera house. Reserved seat sale commences Dec. 6th at nine o'clock a. m. Single tickets 75 cents, including reserved seat.

George A. Newett, whose term of office as commissioner of mineral statistics recently expired, has issued his fourth annual report. Mr. Newett is one of the best posted mining men in this peninsula, and in consequence the report is a valuable document.

The Eldredge sewing machine, one of the best on the market, is sold by Bert Ellsworth, and he advertises the same in another column of The Iron Port today.

The mill of the Jerry Madden Shingle Company at Rapid River shut down the first of the week after a very good season's work.

Call on Wm. C. Brown, carpenter and repair work. Apply at Cresson House, corner Ludington and Campbell streets.

The common council got in its work last evening.

### A SHOWER OF METEORS.

#### Mother Earth Will be Vigorously Bomberded from the 13th to the 15th.

A grand celestial parade of meteors is scheduled for from Nov. 13th to 15th, and every man, woman or child in the northern hemisphere should so arrange their affairs that not a single portion of the magnificent spectacle should be missed.

In the forthcoming meteoric panorama three years must elapse ere the last meteor in the procession passes out of sight. When the path of the meteors crosses that of the earth the earth passes obliquely through the stream, and is exposed to the downpour of meteors for several hours.

A few members of the advance guard were greeted last year, and it is expected to count them by the thousands this year, and look forward to a view of the rear guard in the year 1900. The members of this celestial army are known by the name of the Leonids, since their paths traced backward all radiate from a point in the constellation of Leo. Their uniform is green and blue, and they march in double quick time, with a speed averaging 26 miles a second.

Health Officer's Notice. Health Officer Snyder has issued the following notice to parents: "Parents are hereby notified that in all cases of sickness in families where there are school children, such children will not be allowed to attend school without a permit signed by the attending physician and by the health officer. Where no physician is employed a permit from the health officer will be required. This precaution is taken to prevent the spread of disease in the public schools."

If the health officer and superintendent of schools, whose name is also signed to the official notice, follow out the above to the letter the amount of sickness, especially among children, will be greatly reduced.

### Locomotives Go West.

A number of locomotives have left Escanaba during the past fortnight for the western divisions of the Chicago & Northwestern road, where they are employed in hauling grain. This makes the ore business somewhat slower here, reducing the number of trains.

### She Killed a Deer.

Miss Edith Hill, who recently took out the first hunter's license ever issued to a woman in Portage

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The Michigan Central railroad will offer a reward of \$2,500 for the capture and conviction of the persons who caused the wreck near Alexis Thursday night. General Supt. L'Hommedieu made that statement this morning. He said: "We are satisfied that the accident was caused by train wreckers. We found the tools they used, with the marks fresh upon them. If the cars had been less strongly built the wreck would have been frightful to contemplate."

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Miss Edith Hill, who recently took out the first hunter's license ever issued to a woman in Portage

county, returned from Thorpe yesterday with a fine young deer. She is an expert target-shot and when she saw the deer coming toward her she bagged her game with the first shot. Miss Hill is the oldest daughter of Conductor C. E. Hill of the Wisconsin Central and is a student in the Normal school.

### OLD MINING PROPERTIES.

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### THE MAILS WEIGHED.

#### Figures Showing the Amount of Mail Sent From the Escanaba Postoffice.

Some weeks ago The Iron Port gave the particulars concerning the weighing of the mails simultaneously throughout the United States for the first time in twenty years. The work was inaugurated on October 3d, and continued for thirty-five days, which expired Monday evening last. The result is as follows, in round numbers, the first table being mail originating at this office and the second table the mails dispatched:

First class mail	126
Second class mail	125
County free mail	77
Third and fourth class mail	67
Gov. free empty sacks etc.	140
Equipment and postages	422
Total	948

### DESPATCH BY RAIL.

First class mail	119
Second class mail	89
County free mail	67
Third and fourth class mail	67
Gov. free matter—empty sacks, etc.	147
Equipment	422
Foreign mail	45
Total	934

### BLEW UP THE MINE.

#### Men Who Destroyed the Battleship on the Eve of Exposure.

The following special cable from Cuba was received from Francis Atwater, field manager for the Red Cross in that country:

"I have just learned from a well-known detective that he is now on the trail of the villains who blew up the battleship Maine in Havana harbor, the wreck of which I can see as I send this dispatch. One of the scoundrels, according to my information, claims he has not been treated right. He offers now to turn state's evidence if he is paid \$15,000 to \$20,000, so that he can live in seclusion in some foreign country the remainder of his life, as he well knows that in Cuba or the United States he never would be allowed to live an hour when it is known that he is one of the dastardly cowards who caused the loss of so many lives. He claims that there were seven or eight in the

# Jockey Johnny Reiff

Joe Hooker Discusses the Little American Rider Who is Now Winning Laurels in England.

IT USED TO BE a favorite tale with the school teacher when I was a boy—the story of how the Gauchos of the pampas of South America put their little boys on half-broken horses when the lads were just able to clutch the mane. Some of the delightful tutors frequently declared that the Gaucho lads rode steeds that would have caused Alexander the Great to wrinkle his brow, when they were but three years old. Be these stories as they may, it is seldom nowadays that we see very young boys riding horses. Glancing over the race summaries of the Newmarket (England) meeting in the dense and ponderous report of a London paper, I chanced to see the name of Jockey Johnny Reiff buried among the "also rans" in several races. In-



JOCKEY JOHNNY REIFF.

stantly the thoughts of those old Gaucho tales came back. I was further reminded of the fresh, ruddy, honest, open and almost infantile face of little Johnny when he was riding horses on the American tracks—the youngest jockey in our country. Hunting up a relative, who is an amateur photographer, I got from him a picture that he took of the boy one day at Hawthorne track, Chicago. Reiff was about 14 years old then. He must be close to the 16 mark now, and if I am not mistaken he has caused as great an amount of small talk in the stable world as fashionable Newmarket and at Kempton park, and even Epsom, as did the irrepressible James Tod Sloane. Now and then this boy—he looks more like one of the little gentlemen that Lady Margaret would have in the nursery kindergarten than a "bold child of the sinful race track"—wins a race on some lightly weighted animal. Members of the royalty as well as members of the gentry occasionally secure a call on Reiff's services when some speedy filly that is not partial to weight is entered in a race that appears to be a gift for her.

The American jockey affords the English owners the head of an adult and the frame of an infant. In other words, he rides at six stone and under with the hands of an Archer and the head of a Garrison. Loates, Allsop, Manser, "Morny" Cannon, Madden and the long list of popular saddle heroes of the tight little isle have to keep very quiet for fear that they will ridicule "the child." Sloane taught the stiff, upright and solemn-faced English riders that the hustling American methods often won races on almost impossible animals. The fear that Reiff might be a miniature Sloane—think of that—stopped adverse criticism.

Imagine, if you can, the wee bit of humanity stretched almost upon some racer of the Prince Solykloft stable, apparently whispering into the ear of his mount and leading home a field of veteran racers piloted by the best men that sport the silk of British owners. Then follow the lad after weighing in, to the paddock and engage him in conversation. There you will find about him such an air of naivete, one might say, that you will have difficulty in believing that this bit of a lad is a jockey. But two years ago when Reiff could ride at 54 pounds, and ride well, too, he conveyed the impression that he knew more about "this is a r-a-t," etc., than he did about guiding great racing machines on which men wagered thousands of dollars. Reiff went to England with his brother Lester as employe of Trainer Enoch Wishard. A shrewder judge of horseflesh, and jockeys could not be found in many a day. Wishard knew that there would be plenty of calls for a good light weight, and that is why Johnny made the trip. If I am not mistaken, the lad has been about as successful in frisks this season as his brother. Occasionally the brothers run "one," "two" in the races.

Once when Reiff was riding at Harlem, John Condon noticed that there was a disposition on the part of the older boys to jostle Reiff's mounts, and expostulated with Trainer Wishard for permitting the boy to ride in large fields. Presiding Judge Col. M. Lewis Clark, who was the soul of sentiment when it came to the little ones, felt so

badly over the untimely and thoroughly sad ending of the little rider Hatherson at the Indiana track because of the selfishness of the larger riders in a crowding and jostling race, that he limited Johnny's appearances on the track to races with less than seven entries. This pleased Wishard, who said that he could not find excuses to turn down the many owners who begged permission to have Reiff upon their mounts. Fortunately for the boy, his parents and the public that patronized racing, no serious accident ever befell him.

I predict for the lad a great future in riding if he continues to follow the rigid rules of living that he has laid down for himself. He sits in the saddle like a veteran, gets away up on the neck of his mount in a gruelling finish, and gets more out of the horse with his "clucks" in the animal's ears than many a jockey does with bit and spur. And those tiny hands—they apparently have the strength that George Goodale had just before his fatal accident.

Foremost in the matter of western turf congress affairs this season was the peace meeting that eventually came out of the annual convention of the accredited delegates, when W. F. Schulte was named as chief executive. What threatened to be more belligerent than a laager of Boers, and all because the great "Oom Paul Ed Corrigan" did not wish to relinquish his hatred of certain other men interested in western racing, was turned into a meeting that could be compared to a "sea of diplomacy," it was so tranquil. Who accomplished the feat of taking the warring turfmen's hands off one another's throats? A racing official new to the diplomacy of the western turf-controlling body—Martin Nathanson, secretary of the Harlem Jockey club. With everything apparently drifting away from his constituents and with the dismal prospect of a bitter race war which would be waged to the severe cost of all concerned, Mr. Nathanson seized his opportunity, "spoke up" and made it possible for racing associations to decide upon their respective racing dates. The scheme to have the turf congress schedule dates to prevent clashes would have given one of the arch enemies of racing as conducted by his rivals enough power to swing himself once more into the saddle and dictate with almost unquestioned authority the policy of western racing. The veteran of years in politics in the western turf congress was vanquished by a new Lochinvar. With one stroke the secretary who was known as one of the greatest and most thorough statisticians of turf matters became the equal in turf diplomacy with any of the old-timer turf congress lights. With more Nathansons the standard of the western turf would be considerably elevated.

It is with racing in the United States as it is in monarchies: "The king is dead; long live the king." No sooner does the legitimate season close on the metropolitan tracks than the scene shifts with rapidity to some other locality. Racing is about to stop in the far east for the season—it has begun on the winter's programme in the far west and soon will be reinforced by the winter racing of the far south. Breeders of thoroughbreds report that never before have such steady markets been provided for their yearlings as exist to-day. They say that racing in the United States is not being overdone, declare that the best of the American-bred animals are winning purses



MARTIN NATHANSON.

and stakes abroad, and point with pride to the greatest horse deal that has been made in years. This the one wherein John Mackey, the famous manager of J. B. Haggin's world's celebrated ranch, got control of a lot of grandly bred animals that were formerly the property of W. O. B. Macdonough, and including the mighty Ormonde, the horse of the century, purchased for nearly \$150,000 by Macdonough after the blue-ribbon performer of the English turf had been transferred by his owner, the duke of Westminster, to parties in Buenos Ayres. Orme, the son of Ormonde, leads the list of winning sires in England. Another of Ormonde's sons, Golphinch, is already at Haggin's Rancho del Paso ranch, and who knows what will be the limit of American shipment of sons and grandsons and daughters and granddaughters of Ormonde? England is applauding Flying Fox, the horse in whose veins flows the Ormonde-Orme blood—she may have occasion to pay homage to some Flying Fox sired from the far west within a season or two. JOE HOOKER.

# THE DRAMA

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE almost unparalleled success of "Cyrano" last year made it well-nigh certain that the interest in it was of such character as to carry it this season, and the reception Mr. Mansfield has met with so far goes to prove this. It is very amusing to hear the diverse opinions expressed by those who see the play for the first time; the opinions concerning the actor not differing, but in regard to the merit of the play we hear such remarks as these: "Of all the crazy, wild, improbable, senseless stuff, 'Cyrano de Bergerac' is the worst," the sentiment of the business man, too tired to make a study of the character and thinking the whole affair just a monologue by a man with a clown's nose. "What a lover the clown is, though," says the business man's daughter, and, sighing, wishes the nineteenth century less far removed from picturesque costumes and trappings. "What beautiful scenes, what life, what actors," cries the person with the love for color; "What style, what happy choice of word and phrase," exclaims the literary man; "what a picture of life, what a lesson in the dominance of soul over body," says the philosopher. And all go away with the image (however true or false) of the play indelibly impressed on their minds.

Can one tell the story of "Cyrano" so another can get any but a burlesque no-

tion of the play? What is it all about? Everyone knows in it there is a clever man with a big nose who helps a good looking, dull man in his love making, and that the former really loves the girl himself. That in itself is considerable of a story, but when you see before you samples of the ugly man's courage, of his generosity, his humanity, his proud, independent spirit that cannot brook patronage, his cleverness in repartee, his edged sarcasm, his skill in vers-making—and all these devoted to the service of those he desires to serve—you find Cyrano a unique and noble character. Then the battle wherein he lends what he considers a lost cause to victory, wherein the lover is killed, and also all hope that Roxanne, the girl, will ever be disillusioned concerning him. The long, weary years afterward, during which Cyrano utters no word that shall remove the halo from the memory of the dead man, but lives only that he may bring some comfort and cheer into the convent life of the widowed Roxanne. Cyrano grows old and feeble, his life embittered by enemies, his work unappreciated, his heart bound up in a woman whose own heart is buried in the past. And then the falling leaves in the convent garden, the quiet sisters, grown accustomed to and fond of the strange man who comes so regularly to their retreat, the heroic effort of the stricken Cyrano to appear as usual, the excitement of the sisters, the sudden consciousness to Roxanne of her faithful slave's worth, of her need of him—and then his death. You forget the unlovely face of the man, you feel that a wonderful, what a strong soul it is that has lived, has worked, suffered, and is gone.



SIR HENRY IRVING.

Whose American Engagements Will Begin in New York on Oct. 30, When He Will Appear with Miss Ellen Terry.

Pinero several years ago, but was produced in New York for the first time late last spring. The following lines, published in London as a preface to "The Profligate" give the keynote to the play:

It's a good and steadfast saw,  
"Half-roasted never will be raw;"  
No dough is dried once more to meal,  
No crock's e'er sharpened by the wheel;  
You can't turn curd to milk again,  
Nor now, by wishing, back to then;  
And having tasted stolen honey,  
You can't buy innocence for money.

Plays dealing with life in the orient are in vogue in London this season. Chester Bailey Fernald's Japanese play "Moonlight Blossom" is not very much of a play, but the scenery, the costumes, the life, all, are very pretty to look at. "San Toy," a Chinese play, deals with Russian and British diplomats in China, with a young Englishman in love with San Toy, a great Mandarin, and all the queer conglomerate of society in a city in the Flowery kingdom.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have finished their provincial tour, which included Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, and with their company reached America. The provincial tour was a great success, and the close finds Irving in splendid health and with a big increase in his bank account. On their way to America Sir Henry and Miss Terry were conveyed to the docks in a special tram, and were accompanied by many of the notables of London, people prominent in the dramatic, musical and literary world. The company brought with them 600 pieces of scenery. They open at the Knickerbocker theater in New York October 30, with Sardou's "Robespierre," which will run for two weeks, except Saturdays, when "Nance Oldfield" will be presented at matinees, and "Bells" and "Waterloo" at night. "The Merchant of Venice" will be given the third and last week in New York.

MAX OWEN.

**The Parse We Carry.**  
The latest pocketbook novelty is nearly square and very large. It has corners, and an edge, if one can afford it, of heavy Russian gold. Some have an edge of plain gold with a beading about the inside, and others have this edge of sterling gilt. Advance styles in midwinter purses are of seal, edged with gold, on which forget-me-nots of turquoise appear at regular intervals. Another is entirely covered with a delicate tracery of silver.

# Billy Offers a Few Thoughts on the Pride of Wealth

IT'S



as he begins to ride on the top wave. He loses his eyesight for all of his old friends, and the plain, every-day dub that works ten hours a day an' wears store clothes is nothin' but dirt under his feet.

"From the manner in which you talk, I should judge that you have a grievance

against some one," I said. "Probably some one you know has been treating you a little different since he became prosperous."

"You're right an' you ain't right," said Billy. "When I said that I wuz thinkin' of Eddie Collins, but I ain't got any call to be sore at him, becuz we're more'n even. We used to be great pals. Here two or three years ago he turned out to be a regular sport. He played poker every night, an' then, when he'd get a little bundle o' money to the good he'd go out an' play the races. Well, you know what that life is. You're up one day an' down the next. It's wine to-day an' rainwater to-morrow. This week you're ridin' in one o' them automobiles an' givin' sassy orders to a boy in a blue suit, an' next week you're out with a search warrant tryin' to find car fare. When things is comin' your way, you've got bundles of it, an' when they go the other way you lose it quicker'n you can count it out."

"You do tell the truth once in awhile, Billy," I remarked.

"Well, you know it. Now, Eddie Collins went in lucky. Every time he played a game of poker he swept the board, an' when he started in to follow the horses it just seemed as if them jockeys wuz ridin' for him an' nobody else. You know how things'll shape up for a man once in awhile. Eddie couldn't lose a bet if he tried. But he didn't think it

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he quit. An' I knew that Eddie wuz about due to have a turn of luck. An' I knew, too, that when his luck did change, an' he started in to lose, that he'd get a quick finish, becuz he played high an' tried to bust a bookmaker every time he bought a ticket. As a rule, I don't care to see any man get a wallop, but when a man needs it an' when it's comin' to him, there's no use tryin' to stop it."

"And your friend Eddie did get it?" I inquired.

"He got it where Lizzie caught the cold—right in the neck. He started in to lose, an' of course he doubled up so as to ketch even, an' when they kept bowlin' him over, he lost his nut an' made foolish plays, just the same as the rest of 'em do, an' one pleasant mornin' he woke up an' counted his money, an' he wuz down to the case dollar. So the ring went into soak, an' after that the watch an' the diamond stud, an' in a few weeks he wuz just as plain lookin' as anybody, but he wouldn't quit. He kept on buckin' the tiger, an' every dollar he could raise went against the horses. One day he'd win a couple o' bets an' have a little roll, an' then next day he'd be cleaned out an' have to stand up somebody for car fare to get back to town. Do you think he'd quit the bookmakers an' go back to work? Not on your whiskers! - When a man has found out what it is to win a hundred or two in an afternoon, without turnin' over his hand, it's purty hard to go back to pluggin' along at ten dollars a week. He just figures that he can't keep on losin' much longer, but if he'd only hunt up the records he might find that many a sport went gray-headed on that some proposition, an' then landed up in the poorhouse."

"You're very good at moralizin', Billy," I said to him.

"Oh, I ain't preachin'," he replied. "I'm simply talkin' horse sense."

"Race horse sense," I suggested.

"Yes, you can learn a lot from the racehorses, an' that ain't no lie, neither. But I wanted to tell you about Eddie."



ON THE UPPERS.

I used to see him once in awhile, an' I knew they had him clean to the bad, an' so I wuzn't surprized when he tried to shake me down. I met him one mornin', an' he wuz certainly up against it. He needed a shave an' a few other things, an' his cloze had ruffles around the edge. You could take one look at him an' tell that he hadn't had any breakfast since the day before, an' mebbe the day before that. He still had a piece o' nerve left, for he came up to me just as if I wuz his long-lost sister, or something like that. My, but he wuz glad to see me. He shook hands an' called me 'Billy, old rox,' an' then he shot it into me quick. He says: 'Can you let me have a half a dollar for a little while? I give him the cold eye, an' says: 'What do you call a little while?' He said he wuz expectin' a friend to send him some money that afternoon. I says to him: 'Eddie, your memory seems to be improved since you got on your uppers again. It ain't been so long since you couldn't see me with a telescope. When you had your pockets full o' the long green you didn't want me to come on the same side of the street with you. Now that you're been properly trimmed an' checked for the hog train, you seem to find out that I'm a purty nice young fellow, after all,' I says. 'You've got a horrible gait to expect me to hand you a half dollar after the way you've treated me.'

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he tried to square himself, but I wouldn't have it. I told him I wuz onto him."

"So you let him go hungry, did you?"

"No, I give him the half, all right, but I had a few things to say before I coughed up." JOHN HAZELDEN.

In a New Role,  
Abe Petahs—Look a' yer, yo' Mose Jackson. De mule yo' sole me las' night is daid.

Mose—Daid! Lo'd, dat am peculiar. He never did dat befo'. — Ohio State Journal.

HOT GARMENTS.

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**COOPERATION**

"Come," said the little Ether-Atoms. "Let us cling together and march together. Millions and millions and millions are we; let us form and march like the waves of the sea."

With shoulder to shoulder, hand linked in hand, line behind line of us. Here we stand! Steady, there! Wait for the word of command.

Steady, my comrades! Is everything right? Now, all as one of us, into the night! So they clung together and marched together, and the world was filled with light.

"Come," said the little Vibrations-in-Air. "Let us cling together and work together. Starting not off on our separate tracks, but all within touch, that whatever each lacks

The rest may supply, and that each, great or small, may something contribute to bear, run or crawl.

Toward the one common end; there is work for us all; and mingling our efforts, the weak with the strong,

Break we a path through the silence along!" So they clung together and helped one another, and the world was filled with song.

"And now," said the children of men on earth, "Let us cling together, and work together, And help one another, and turn our words into golden action, and sheathe our swords!

Let us tunnel the mountain, span the plain, Stretch hands to each other across the main, And each man's wealth be for all men's gain;

Then unto his neighbor let everyone say, 'Be of good courage, and let the word run.'"

So they clung together, and, lo! as in Heaven His will upon earth was done, -Samuel V. Cole, in Youth's Companion.

**Geffwell's Skeleton.**

By Kennett F. Harris.

THERE was a skeleton in Harvey Geffwell's closet. Strictly speaking, it was not in the closet, for the attic bedroom had not that convenience, but in its stead Geffwell had strung a wire across the recess at the foot of his bed and had pinned a sheet on the wire in such a way that he could easily slide it backward and forward. It answered every purpose, for it kept the dust from Geffwell's other suit and it concealed Johnson.

Johnson was the skeleton's name. It is to be understood that he was not a fugitive from justice with a hold on Geffwell. He was a beautiful complement of the 200 bones in the human body, nicely articulated with silver wire and with a ring screwed into his parietal for the greater convenience of hanging him up. He was a present from a medical uncle of Geffwell's who had retired from practice and who, hearing that his nephew had chosen the noble profession of healing, sent him the bleached framework of humanity by express.

When Geffwell first came to Chicago to study he used to feel lonely, and in time became greatly attached to his uncle's gift. To begin with, it was merely a scientific interest that he took in it, but in time the interest ripened into a feeling that he had more than an element of personal liking. Then he began to call the skeleton Johnson and tell him his troubles.

Some companions are not sympathetic. Johnson always was, so Geffwell imagined. His bright smile of welcome was unfeeling whenever the young student pulled aside the muslin curtain on his return from lectures. He was silent, of course, except when Geffwell happened to turn him around to settle some anatomical doubt and rattled his tibia, but loquacity is not essential to companionship. He was instructive at least, and what knowledge he could not impart directly he often suggested. Geffwell and he had many a midnight session together, the student with his books and Johnson ready and willing to assist him at any moment he might be appealed to.

Geffwell never treated Johnson disrespectfully, as many of his fellows treated their skeletons or skulls if they were not fortunate enough to own an entire osseous system. The idea of making a pipe rack of Johnson's ribs, hanging his umbrella on his ilium or setting a straw hat at a rakish angle on his polished cranium would have shocked him. When any of the men came up to see him, as they did occasionally, Geffwell's pride in his possession would not allow him to conceal it from their professional admiration, but it made him nervous if they handled it too familiarly. He had somehow a vague idea that Johnson might not like it, and he was always glad to draw the curtain again.

The men gradually came to recognize Geffwell's consideration for his skeleton and their greetings generally included a polite inquiry after Johnson's well-being.

"He's all right," Geffwell would reply, cheerfully. "He's behaving himself and he hasn't seen the inside of the precinct station yet. They'll never have to send out the wagon on his account."

"You're sure you looked at him this morning before you left the house?" said the man at whom this stab was directed.

"Sure," said Geffwell. Then as a suspicion of a conspiracy to steal his treasure crossed his mind he added: "Why?"

"Oh, nothing particular; only the last time I saw him I thought he had lost flesh."

In course of time the examinations came on, and then Geffwell began to realize what he owed to Johnson. By constant contemplation he had long since come to know his fractional parts from the frontal bone to the last row of his dangling phalanges—not merely by name and position, but by exact form and to the most minute detail of proportion. Then he had invested him with cartilages, veins and arteries, and with the endless ramification of a nervous

system. Johnson had become a professor of mnemonics. If for a moment the precise location of the sciatic plexus, for instance, had escaped Geffwell's mind, first a glance at Johnson and later Johnson's mental picture would bring it back to him in a flash. One consequence of this was that Geffwell came out at the head of his class; another was that his proud uncle sent him a check and an offer to pay for a post-graduate course.

"I owe it to you, old man," said Geffwell, nodding at Johnson affectionately. "If I thought it would please you I'd have you gold-plated when I got prosperous. But I don't think you're the kind of a fellow that would want to put on ore. You're all right the way you are. Say, Johnson, what kind of an idea do you think it would be to move out of this hole?"

He did not move, however, for a month or two, and during that time he occupied himself with chemistry to a great extent. Johnson was not of material assistance to him in this work, but Geffwell had more opportunity to prove his regard for reason of his disinterested situation. He had not only covered Johnson with a speculative skin, but clothed him, in his mind's eye, in what he conceived to be garments appropriate to his life and times. By a parenthetical examination he satisfied himself that his subject had been a man of whose friendship he might be proud—well balanced, except for a slight excess of benevolence and idealism and a lack of acquisitiveness. He outlined a career, more or less checked, for his silent companion, and believed in it. It was such a career as vastly increased his respect for Johnson.

Then Geffwell and Johnson moved, and it came to pass that there was a girl over the way from their new abode. "It's too bad you can't see her, Johnson," said Geffwell. "She's a little bit of a thing. It seems as if \* \* \* Well, I don't know how to say it. But her eyes! \* \* \* Kind \* \* \* loving \* \* \* and full of the very devil. Somehow, from the first minute I saw her I wanted to pick her up and pet her. \* \* \* To hear her laugh! Oh, Johnson, Johnson!" There was a lot more of it, but that was a fair sample. And then it happened that Johnson began to be neglected a great deal.

At last the whole thing was settled, although they had hardly realized it. "I was talking it over with Johnson after I left you last night," said Geffwell. "I told him what you said."

The girl started up and let go of his arm and looked at him in amazement. "You told Johnson?" she said. "Harvey Geffwell, you don't mean to say that you told anyone what I said!"

Geffwell got red in the face and laughed in an embarrassed way as the girl continued to look at him with indignation sparkling in the eyes he admired. "Johnson isn't really anybody," he said, at last, and even as he spoke he felt that he was guilty of disloyalty to Johnson. "He's—don't laugh, Bessie—his my skeleton. You know we have to have such things—I don't mean our own skeletons, but this was one my uncle sent me, and—well, you know I had to grind like the mischief, and I knew it was up to me \* \* \* And I didn't dare see much of the fellows, because I'm naturally sociable, and if I started in it would take my time. And so \* \* \* It was kind of lonesome up in that little room, and I kind of got in the way of talking to Johnson. Oh, I know it seems foolish to you!"

"You poor boy," said Bessie, pityingly. Then she laughed, but stopped suddenly and said: "Foolish! Why, it's horrible; it's ghastly! Why didn't you talk to the bureau or the postoffice or something?"

"I don't see anything ghastly about it," said Geffwell, which was perfectly true. "You don't seem to understand."

"I don't want to. A horrible—ugh! Don't let's talk any more about it. And that you should talk about me—and tell things!"

"Johnson wouldn't breathe a word. He's the soul of honor."

"I don't care. I don't like it. Harvey, if you keep that thing a single day longer you needn't come and see me again."

"It seems to me you are a little absurd," said Geffwell, coldly. "If you will think reasonably a moment you'll see—"

They were standing by her father's front gate, and that was the end of that particular conversation. The girl turned abruptly and walked, in an extraordinarily dignified way for such a small person, into the house. Geffwell stood and looked at her, but he did not call her back. She was peeping at him through the curtains, but she didn't go out again, although he waited for a minute or two before he went away.

But that same evening he packed Johnson tenderly in an old trunk and drove with him over to Dickinson's rooms. He told Dickinson that he would like to have him take care of Johnson for awhile.

"Glad to have him," said Dickinson, hospitably. "You'll take good care of him, won't you, old man?" said Geffwell. "I may want him back again after awhile."—Chicago Daily Record.

**A Backdoor Boomerang.** Mrs. Givens—Go away, you lazy tramp! You can't tell me you are an inventor. I'd like to know what such a looking object as you could invent?

Hungry Hi—[I'll tell yer, mum—falry-tales dat make de fool fer'ine sex weep an' hand me out food an' money.—Judge.

**The Man and the Egg.** "There is a difference between a man and an egg," said the Casual Remarker. "When a man gets old he is no longer fit for the scramble, and when an egg gets old that is all it is fit for."—Indiana Journal.

**The Ignorant Man.** Gerald—If ignorance were bliss—Geraldine—You would feel as if you were in heaven.—N. Y. World.

**RAPID DISH WASHING.**

How to Handle the Dishes So Render the Task Easy and Agreeable.

In order to make dishwashing agreeable everything must be done rapidly. Strip the tables of everything except the dirty dishes, throw dishpan on table and pile into it all the dishes without regard to a system of arranging. Do not bother about grease in quantities, gravy, or bread crumbs. Pile them all in as fast as you can put them in. Then take a small amount of soap powder of any kind and throw this on top of them; then pour hot or almost boiling water all over them in good quantities. This will take off the grease and all dirty matter from them.

Then lift them out of the water as fast as possible. It will be found that it will not be necessary to rub them at all, but they will come out perfectly clean and bright. Pile them onto tray or table, or what is handiest, and then begin to dry them. Cups should be picked up with the fingers and thumb of the right hand, and the drying cloth should be laid across the left hand. The cup should be placed on the towel and grasped with the left hand underneath it, thus completely inclosing the outside of it.

Then the other end of the towel should be brought up and pressed into it with the fist and the whole mass given a single twist, when it will be found that every part of the cup will be wiped with the cloth. Cups should be dried at the rate of 85 per minute. Saucers should be placed against the left, having the towel laid across it, the other end brought up, and one single turn around the rim, with one rub on the back and one on the front, and then laid down in a pile. Plates similarly. Plates should be dried at the rate of 60 per minute. Knives and forks and spoons should be placed in the hot water taken for a second or so, and a bunch taken in the hand and touched with the dishcloth all around to remove any especially dirty spots, then taken out in a bunch and piled or thrown on the tray until they are all out. Then lay the towel across the left hand and pick up as many in the right as it will hold, place them in the left against the towel, with the end the most handles are in tightly in the left hand. Then take the other end of the towel in the right hand and slightly separate one of the bunch in the left and stand before the knife drawer and slide the towel along the blade and back again, and over the handle, at the same time moving it toward the drawer. As the towel slides over the handle it will be found the knife will then drop into the drawer of its own accord. Knives and forks should be dried at the rate of about four to the second. A little experience in these practices and it will be found that all the dishes of an ordinary family can be washed in the space of about 2 1/2 minutes. I have seen 1,200 plates washed and dried in 14 minutes on board one of the ocean liners.

In regard to polishing silver, the best way is to pile it all into a dishpan and throw in some soap powder and some whiting also, and then pour the hot water on; then give them a stir all together and lift them all out. The boiling water heating them up will cause them to dry almost immediately, leaving a coating of the whiting on them; then wipe them all at once with a dry cloth, and after they are all wiped once, wipe them all over again, when it will be found they will look like diamonds.—Philadelphia Times.

**NATURALLY A MISFIT.** A Strange Freak of Fate Pursues a Man Who Has a Genius for the Inopportune.

"There goes a man," said a Canal street philosopher, "who has made a failure of life in spite of exceptional equipment for success. He is honest, affable, highly educated and industrious as a beaver. He has no bad habits, and I couldn't name a man in New Orleans who possesses a kinder disposition, yet he is continually out of a job and is studiously avoided by everybody who knows him. The mysterious part of it is that nobody can tell you just why, and the poor fellow doesn't understand it himself. He is beginning to think that somebody has worked a rabbit's foot on him, but the secret is really this: He has a genius for the inopportune. By some malign freak of fate he always says and does the wrong thing at the wrong time. It is not lack of tact; it is destiny. For example, I like him, but he never called on me in his life that his visit wasn't highly unwelcome. He is morally certain to drop in just in time to catch one doing something foolish or discreditable, and you know how we hate the innocent chance witness of our follies. He made a mortal enemy of Col. — because he happened to walk into his office while the old man was dyeing his mustache. He chanced on a certain prominent lawyer smirking before a mirror, rehearsing an impromptu after-dinner speech, and the prominent lawyer got even by knocking him out of a valuable contract. Those are two cases out of dozens. He never gossips or rattles, but the mere fact that he has seen things he oughtn't to see and heard things he oughtn't to hear makes his very presence embarrassing to the other fellows. It's most unfortunate, and all fate. If he were introduced to a man whose grandfather had been hanged he'd be absolutely certain to begin talking about rope inside of two minutes. As I said before, he has a genius for the inopportune. My wife loathes him because her false frizzes blew off on the street one day and landed on top of his umbrella. He had nothing whatever to do with either the frizzes or the elements, but now I can't ask him to my house. Terrible to be under such a curse, isn't it?"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**MONEY MADE A DIFFERENCE.**

Beef Stew Smelled Good to Poverty, but It Was Disgusting When Riches Came.

"Would you like to hear a story about the effect of a winning streak on beef stew?" said an old gambler. "Yes? Well, you know one of the gamest old gamblers you ever heard of is Denman Thompson, the actor. He's a born gambler, and he's at it when his pocket's lined same as when it isn't. Den and a friend whom we'll call Jack lost a lot of money in Chicago a few years ago, and for two days they were broke. It was hard scratching for a place to sleep, and, as for eating, well, they didn't manage to get any more than enough to keep alive.

"One night they went to Buck B—a gambling house to see if Den could land a friend who'd stake him. They hadn't had a bite to eat all day and were pretty hungry. Buck keeps a cafe on the ground floor of his place, and the first thing that struck Den and Jack when they went in was the odor of nice, fresh beef stew.

"Gosh, ain't that great!" says Den. "Food for the gods, Jack."

"Never smelt anything like it before," says Jack. "Terrapin and champagne for the fool, Den, but beef stew for you and me."

"They stood there just sniffing the aroma of beef stew, making eyes at each other and breaking the silence every few minutes to say something about that glorious beef stew. Pretty soon Den spots a friend and manages to borrow a ten-spot.

"Come," he says, "we'll make or break on it."

"But," says Jack, sniffing at the beef stew.

"No, sirree," says Den, and he and Jack went upstairs. The details aren't interesting, so I'll only say that when Den quit he had \$800 in his pocket. He and Jack came downstairs together and the first thing that struck them was that odor of beef stew.

"Phew!" says Jack. "What is that smell?"

"Perfectly disgusting," says Den. "I should think Buck would be careful about the way he scents up the place."

"I never smelt anything like it," says Jack. "Let's leave the place at once, and those two old hypocrites went out arm in arm and made a bee line for a restaurant where they had a meal of liquids and solids that reduced the roll to almost \$700.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**NEED THEIR WIVES.** Some Nervous Men Would Be Lost Without Their Help-meets.

A crowded car of an uptown-bound Lexington avenue elevated train one afternoon about three o'clock was deeply interested in a couple that entered it at Reid avenue station. The man was so nervous that he could scarcely stand, and he fairly trembled as his wife supported him to a seat. As soon as he reached it squarely his eyes closed and he appeared to be in a deep sleep. The woman carried in her right hand a saw, a hammer, and several other sorts of carpenter's tools. She sat stern and erect and looked as though life to her was a pretty tough experience. The passengers guessed that she was leading her nervous husband home from work, but how on earth he ever used the tools she carried was a puzzle. If you look about you these days it is no uncommon sight to see women caregivers of countenance leading along faded men. One morning lately a silent woman walked into the barber shop on Evergreen avenue, near Cooper street, followed by her husband, a pale-faced, thin individual, who acted as though he was walking on air. He fell into a chair and the barber rapidly shaved him while the woman sat in a corner and waited until the process was complete. Then she handed over the price of a shave, with no tip, and walked out, followed by her broken-down better half. "Oh, that's nothing," said the barber, as he looked after the queer couple. "I have had numbers of men come to my place like that. Some of them are so confounded nervous that before you get half-finished they want to jump from the chair. I've got six outside customers whom I shave at their homes, and two of them I shave in two days; one side to-day, the next side to-morrow, because of their excessive excitability. When I was over in the Produce Exchange building I had men jump from my chair and run out of the shop because they couldn't sit still long enough to be shaved."—Brooklyn Times.

**SURE OF FRESH EGGS.** Dealers in Germany Are Fined Fifteen Eggs for Every Bad One They Sell.

The Germans are a practical nation. Having realized that by proper organization they can keep within the German border the 150,000,000 marks, or, say, \$30,000,000, which the people of the empire now pay to foreigners for poultry and eggs, they have formed a club for the purpose of developing a home poultry business. Egg depots are to be established in the principal cities, notably at Chemnitz, Dresden and Leipzig. The public is to be supplied with eggs, the good quality and freshness of which will be absolutely guaranteed. This system will give confidence to customers and at the same time give poultry raisers a more certain and quicker market for their products than they could otherwise secure.

In order that bad eggs may be traced to their origin, each poultryman is required, before sending his eggs to the depot, to mark them with a sign previously determined upon, which will designate them as fresh eggs and denote their source. For each egg sold which proves to be inedible the purchaser is entitled to receive 15 good ones without charge; and the products of the egg raiser who delivered the bad egg to the depot are to be excluded therefrom for a stated period.—London Telegraph.

**All Head and Wrote.** Rushville, Ill., boasts that every one of its 3,000 citizens, excepting, of course, the infants, can read and write the English language. Furthermore, it claims to ship the most stock and farm produce of any town of its size in the state. As an evidence of its importance it is said that a railroad train has never run through the town without stopping. As proof of the enterprise of its people it points to the fact that they recently raised \$120,000 in cash and offered that sum, together with \$80,000 in property, as a bonus to secure the location of the new state normal school. Rushville has never had typhoid fever, diphtheria or mosquitoes and has no rich doctors or undertakers.—Chicago Tribune.

**No Ancient History Wasted.** The fair wife had been chiding her lord and master.

"As far back as I can remember you," she said.

"Oh, hold on!" he interrupted. "Let's stick to the nineteenth century, anyway."

The lawyers are now trying to get the trouble patched up without carrying it into the courts.—Stray Stories.

**TIPPERARY THUNDERSTORM.**

The Terrifying Experience of a Body of British Troops on the March.

A more terrible, terrifying and trying experience than that through which the Second battalion Cheshire regiment passed on a recent night it would be hard to imagine. The march from Newport to Upper Church was a long one, the distance between the two places being 2 1/2 miles, and Col. Curteis, commanding the Cheshires, determined, on account of the heat, to do it at night. Accordingly the camp was struck at Newport about eight p. m., and the regiment started out at nine p. m. When they reached Kilmoonan rain began to fall and a halt was made to put on overcoats. This done, they proceeded. The road here was a pretty steep hill, and they had not gone far when the first flash of lightning burst upon them, and the electric fluid appeared to run along the entire line from front to rear. The second flash, which was more intense, gathered its greatest force around the Maxim gun, struck down Lieut. Cooper and six men in charge, and overturned the gun. For a time these men lay prostrate on the ground and were quite blind. They recovered, however, and were able to proceed. The next couple of flashes were very bad, the lightning racing along the rifles. Corporal Caley's rifle became red hot and he dropped it, while Line Corporal Mow's rifle was torn from his hands. Matters were now getting so bad and dangerous that the regiment was halted and drawn up in line, instead of being in fours. All the rifles were then put down on the ground flat, as it was thought that the rain, which was falling in a perfect deluge, and the water, which was running down the hill like a river, would tend to keep electricity away. This, however, did not happen, the storm, in fact, increasing in force. Darkness of inky blackness prevailed and no officer or man who had served in the tropics ever experienced anything like the rain. It was while standing still under these conditions, in an open, barren country, far from any shelter, that the most trying ordeal for the men took place. Every flash of lightning struck down one or more men and the doctor's hands were soon full. The police sergeant and his men at Red Cross turned and rendered most valuable assistance in carrying the injured to a couple of poor laborers' cottages close by.

These two cottages were like cock pits. Some of the victims vomited violently, a large number had one leg paralyzed, others had two and some had their arms, while one man was struck blind, and it was only after a long time that he recovered the sight of one eye. During this terrible ordeal the men behaved most bravely. They went with alacrity to a fallen comrade, assisted in carrying him to the cottages, and in some cases were struck down on the way themselves. There was not a man in the regiment who did not feel the effects, more or less, as the electricity regularly played about each man, giving him the appearance of being phosphorescent.

Serjt. Maj. Foley, who felt a terrible shock on his left side when one of the flashes came, found on examining his sword in the daylight that the scabbard was badly burned. The woodwork of nearly every rifle was burned to a greater or less degree, and the only explanation as to why men were not killed is that the number of rifles was so great that, while attracting the lightning, they distributed its power over a large area, splitting it up and thereby weakening its force.—Tipperary Champion.

**PITH AND POINT.**

Don't let a fool annoy you; laugh at him.—Aitchison Globe.

The world wags easily for him who has time to wait for the waggin'.—Elliot's Magazine.

A great many people live according to their convictions—especially those who reside in the penitentiary.—Chicago Daily News.

He—"I never give up my seat to a lady in a street car." She—"Why?" He—"I'd rather keep on thinking she's a lady."—Town Topics.

Blotbs—"I heard a lecturer last week who gets \$500 a night." Blotbs—"That so? What was his subject?" Blotbs—"Free Speech!"—Philadelphia Record.

The Absent-Minded Girl.—"And you're sure you'll not forget me, dearest?" "Quite sure, George. I've tied a knot in my handkerchief."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disapproved.—Putt—"What I want to know, sir, is if you referred to me as a born liar?" Terr—"No, sir. I don't believe you learned to talk so soon as that."—Brooklyn Life.

A Loser.—"I'm going to quit gambling. It costs too much." "Why, you know you win more than you lose." "Yes, but to keep even, I would have to win twice as much as I lose. You see, whenever I win, I have to give half to my wife."—Minneapolis Journal.

On the Safe Side.—"You know, I'm always nervous when you go sailing," she said. "Oh, there's no danger," he returned. "Maybe not," she replied, with a shake of her head, "but I shall feel a good deal more comfortable if you leave your watch and pocketbook with me."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Final Touch.—Ready for all that might befall, the female detective prepared to venture forth on the track of the desperate criminal. At the threshold she paused and cast one more look back. "Is my disguise on straight?" she asked.—Philadelphia North American.

**RICHES OF THE TRANSVAAL.** Some Idea of What England in the Event of War Would Try to Secure.

Just now, when the eyes of the world are on the Transvaal and various reports are being put forward as to just what reason exists for plunging that country into war with Great Britain, a report furnished this government by Consul Macrum at Pretoria is interesting. He says:

"According to a report just published the output of diamonds in the Pretoria district during 1898 amounted to 11,025 carats, valued at £8,867 (\$43,151.25). In December, 1897, the output was 166 carats, valued at £146 (\$710.51), and for the same month in 1898 the output was 3,100 carats, with a value of £2,389 (\$11,626.97). The largest stone found in 1898 was 35 3/4 carats. Although the diamond industry is not developing, with abnormal rapidity, there is every cause for satisfaction, the first stone having been discovered at Beitfontein only in August, 1897. The average value of stones found in this district is 16 shillings (\$8.99 per carat), the average value of Kimberly diamonds 25 shillings (\$12.50 per carat), and those found at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, 34 shillings (\$8.27 per carat). The diamonds in the Pretoria district are found in pipes, as on Schuller's mine and on Montrose. A similar formation has been found on Rodeplaats, on the Pienars river, and another is also reported at Kamelfontein and Buffelsdorp.

"On the De Kroon farm, about 26 miles west of Pretoria, diamonds have been found, but, according to the state geologist, not in a blue ground formation. At Byrnesport an alluvial deposit is being worked; also one on the adjoining portion of the Elandsfontein farm. The area of diamondiferous ground is very extensive, though its thickness is not considerable.

"The total quantity of diamonds found in 1898 in the Transvaal was 22,543 carats, valued at £43,730 (\$212,812.04).

"At the alluvial diggings 12,283 carats, valued at £8,502 (\$41,374.98), were obtained. The difference between alluvial and pipe diamonds consists in the fact that river stones are of a far better quality and are generally larger."

**Bullet Shot Through Ears.**

A remarkable story from a reliable source illustrates the deadly effect of a new rifle named the mannlicher, which is being used by continental troops. At Podhorz, near Prague, two gendarmes while on their round entered an inn and sat down, placing their mannlicher rifles in a corner. One of the guns slipped and fell, catching the trigger against a projecting seat. The ball went through the door of the room, struck a musician sitting beyond, passed through his body and then through five of his companions who happened to be sitting by his side. The first man was killed and the others seriously injured. It is said that such penetrative force has never been found in any other rifle, and further experiments are about to be made.—Golden Penny.

**Humpback Fish for Negroes.**

One would need to be very hungry for fish to eat a humpbacked salmon after seeing it raw. These fish are at times quite numerous in Puget sound and occasionally large hauls are made in seines or traps. They cannot be sold for anything fresh, but it is said that quantities of them are sometimes canned and sold away down south for the benefit of the colored population, by whom they are held in as much esteem as the "calico salmon."—Portland Oregonian.

**Axioms and Bores.**

An axiom goes without saying. Would that all earthly bores were axioms.—Chicago Daily News.

## HINK WORST OVER.

### English Military Experts Believe the Tide Will Soon Turn.

### MORE CHEERFUL NEWS IS PROMISED.

### Queen Victoria Expresses Undiminished Confidence in Gen. White—Latest News Regarding the Movement of Troops.

London, Nov. 9.—The eyes of military experts the darkest page of the war is now being written. But even that is illuminated by bright passages, such as Gen. White's victorious sorties. If he can keep the British flag flying over Ladysmith until he is relieved, the campaign will turn a fresh page, and with the advance of Sir Redvers Buller's force, the British public is promised more cheerful reading.

### Confidence of the Queen.

This feeling of relief, inspired by recent good tidings, is nevertheless tinged by a certain anxiety lest Gen. White should again make some fatal miscalculation involving a repetition of the Nicholson's Nek disaster. Her majesty does not share in this anxiety, and apparently is sanguine of his ability to pull through successfully. It is asserted that she has written to Lady White expressing sympathy with her husband in the trials and difficulties he is now experiencing, and assuring Lady White of her own undiminished confidence in his generalship. The purport of this letter has been cabled to Gen. White by the marquis of Lansdowne.

### Movement of Troops.

The most interesting news is a dispatch from Estcourt announcing the departure of a strong force of mounted troops and artillery for a destination not given in the advice. Another message announces the arrival at Estcourt and Pietermaritzburg within the last few days of reinforcements from Durban, and that 3,500 troops are assembled ready for an advance to Colenso when the opportune moment arrives. The latter dispatch throws light upon the former, and the force which left Estcourt Monday has doubtless occupied Colenso and possibly is now advancing cautiously up the railroad toward Ladysmith. Gen. White's sortie of Friday, almost to the banks of the Tugela river, encouraging his commander in the hope of joining hands with him.

### Joubert Not So Active.

Gen. Joubert, the latest advice would indicate, drew in his horns after Friday's engagement, and has since withdrawn the southern Boer contingents, leaving only outposts on the line from Ladysmith to Colenso. The Boers who occupied Colenso about the middle of last week retired without damaging Bulwer bridge, over the Tugela river, or the railroad as far north as the village of Nelthorpe, seven miles south of Ladysmith. Evidently they nurse a hope of eventually utilizing both in their descent on Pietermaritzburg. Meanwhile the British are also able to use both, as they have already done, in running up an armored train which may at the present moment be covering the advance of the Estcourt force. At Estcourt and Pietermaritzburg the defensive works have been greatly strengthened within the last few days, and they are now believed capable of holding their own against any Boer force which Gen. Joubert would at the present juncture risk sending against either town. Both are likely to be strengthened before the week is out by a further naval force and even by the first detachment of Gen. Buller's army corps.

### At Mafeking and Kimberley.

The situation looks brighter at Mafeking, where the Boers are apparently disheartened at the unexpected resistance, a large body of their force having been detached to the south to assist in the investment of Kimberley, around which the cordon is drawing tighter. Evidently the Boers intend to make a concentrated effort to capture Kimberley and that arch enemy, Cecil Rhodes.

The reported departure of a Boer contingent from Pretoria, with German artillery gunners, moving in a southerly direction, is taken to mean cooperation in the invasion of the northern part of Cape Colony, an undertaking which, thus far, has not progressed very rapidly.

### Boers Blow Up Bridge.

Queenstown, Cape Colony, Nov. 9.—It is reported that the Boers have blown up the Stormburg-Spruit bridge, as a terrific explosion was heard in the direction of the bridge.

### Big Force Leaves Estcourt.

Estcourt, Natal, Monday, Nov. 6.—The Natal field artillery left camp today, escorted by troops of the Imperial light horse, carabineers and Natal police. The destination of the force is unknown. Firing was heard in the direction of Colenso, from which it is believed the Boers have resumed the bombardment of Ladysmith.

### Good News Coming.

London, Nov. 9.—The Daily Mail has the following dispatch from Queenstown, Cape Colony, dated Sunday night: "The railway staff is withdrawn from all the border stations between this and De Aar. There is no cause for alarm, however, with reference to the border towns. Gen. Buller has taken effective steps to check the Boer advance. Censorship prevents particularizing, but you may expect good news soon."

### Howled for Mercy.

Durban, Sunday Evening, Nov. 5.—Other information confirms the statement of native eyewitnesses respecting the severity of the fighting on both Friday and Saturday at Ladysmith, and asserts that the Boers were that they howled for mercy

on the field and covered their bodies. Ladysmith is crowded with Boer prisoners and wounded, the latter presenting horrible evidence of the swordsmanship of the cavalry. The Gordon Highlanders suffered severely in the fighting.

### Not Wanted.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 9.—Lord Minto received a cable from the imperial war office, stating that the second offer of troops for the Transvaal by Canada would not be accepted, as they were not required.

### The American Hospital Ship.

London, Nov. 6.—Lady Randolph Churchill has made the following statement to American friends with regard to the project of American women in England of fitting out a hospital ship for use in South African waters:

"The time for fitting out the Maine is so brief that I am glad to avail myself of an opportunity to set the project fairly before the American public. The interest manifested by Americans has already taken such tangible form from New York to San Francisco that I am sure an intimation that what remaining work there is to do must be done immediately will spur the American republic into a ready response to our needs. There is but one motive, one reason, for the project of sending a hospital ship to the Cape. We have had oratory and societies for the promotion of Anglo-American friendship. This is the golden opportunity to put that expression of good will into tangible form. It is especially the province of American women to promote this cause, but it is woman's function to foster and nourish the suffering. American people are more adept at it, we believe, than any others. The Maine is to be essentially an American women's ship. We are not only to aid the wounded, but are to show the world that American women can do that good work better than anyone else can do it. I am going to the Cape in the Maine not because my son is there, for he will be a thousand miles away, but because I want the generous efforts of American contributors to be carried out under the personal supervision of a member of the executive committee. I am going because I think I may prevent any kind of friction between the American nurses whom Mrs. Whiteley is sending out on Saturday and the British officials, in case such friction should arise. I contribute that much time and service gladly, and all our committee would do the same. The Maine will be a success, and we hope American contributions, already given so generously, will within the next few days insure that success beyond a doubt."

### SWORE ON A DEAD BIRD.

**Chinaman Refuses to Take an Oath Unless on a Headless Cockatoo.**

The various forms of oath-taking, even in this country, are of considerable interest and would certainly form a fascinating chapter in connection with the peculiarities of legal lore, says the New York Telegram. It would not, however, be easy to find an instance in which anything like so queer a medium of attestation was employed as a guillotined black cockatoo.

But no less an extraordinary medium than that was what the police of a country district in New South Wales had to provide the other day for a flimsy Chinaman, who declined to swear on anything else. Headless fowls were brought, but in vain, and, as the matter was important, even a black swan, a luxury surely for a Chinese witness, was suggested, only to be immediately refused.

After some time had elapsed and when the representatives of the law seemed quite at their wits' end, a dead cockatoo of the required hue was strangely discovered in a hut of one of the other celestials, who mumbled the anxious officials for \$2.50 for the bird. Then the solemn and peculiar oath was duly administered, on which the difficult witness with a bland and childlike expression declared he knew nothing about the case, and sat down smiling!

## WOMEN WON'T REST.

### They Have Lost the Usual Art of Dawdling—A Good Motto for Workers.

The gospel of periodical rest is not preached to women half forcibly enough. One of the most harrowing remarks made at the Denver meeting of club women last year was by an enthusiast who urged that women should not slip back in the summer from the effort they had made during the winter, says the New York Post. It was evident the speaker would take away from this busy modern woman the scant respite she permits herself during a part of the summer. At a recent club meeting in a suburban town a member presented the "Value of System in Work," and gave a model day in which every minute from breakfast to bedtime was filled with active effort.

When she had finished, a woman in the audience arose and pointed out that one important occupation of the day had been omitted. That was "dawdling," and the speaker said while indulging the value of system she must put in an eloquent plea for the incorporation in the working day of every woman of at least a half-hour's absolute rest—not the rest of a fresh occupation, but the rest of complete and entire relaxation, mental and physical. The nervous, active, overzealous American woman of to-day scarcely knows how to rest. "If you have found a day to be idle," says one, "be idle for a day." This is a motto that many women will do well to fasten up on their dressing tables.

## SWORE ON A DEAD BIRD.

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The various forms of oath-taking, even in this country, are of considerable interest and would certainly form a fascinating chapter in connection with the

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**Used in Millions of Homes!**  
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Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed FREE in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

**Silk Umbrella (either Lady's or Gents).**

Sent by express (charges prepaid), for 170 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

A very fine umbrella, made of union silk-taffeta; 26-inch frame with seven ribs; steel rod and silver Congo handle. Would cost \$2.00 at the store.



**Best Coffee for the Money!**  
Try LION COFFEE and you will never use any other. It is absolutely pure Coffee and nothing but Coffee.

**Fancy Gold Ring.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Genuine Ruby Setting Gold Ring.**

For 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Dress-Pin Set.**

Mailed free for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Three pins in the set (larger than shown), composed of fine rolled-gold, with handsome ruby-colored settings. Suitable for waist-pins, cuff-pins, neck-pins or as a child's set.

**"Knickerbocker" Watch.**

Given for 175 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat appearing and an excellent time-keeper. Solid nickel-silver case, with ornamental back. Nickel movements, escapement fully jeweled. The famous "Knickerbocker" watch.

**Pair of Lace Handkerchiefs.**

Two extra fine cambric handkerchiefs, with beautiful imported lace medallion insertions in the corners. Half-inch hem, machine hemstitched; stylish and durable. A pair of these handkerchiefs given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Art Picture, "Easter Greeting."**

Given for 8 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

**Sash-Belt and Buckle.**

Mention your waist-measure when sending.

Mailed free for 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Latest style of imported black Swiss grain ribbon belting; stylish imitation oxidized silver buckle; neat, strong and fashionable.

**Ladies' Watch Chain.**

A double strand of best silk cord, united at intervals with colored beads; neat and substantial. For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Gent's Watch.**

Mailed free for 90 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The celebrated "Ingersoll" watch; stem-wound and stem-set; durable nickel-plated case; each watch accompanied by guarantee of the maker. A reliable time-keeper.

**Children's Picture Book.**

**GEMS OF THE MOTHER GOOSE.**

Given for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Sixteen large pages of Mother Goose Melodies illustrated and with nicely lithographed cover. We have different books, so you can get an assortment.

**Century Cook-Book.**

368 pages of valuable cooking recipes, also treating on the labor of the kitchen, dining-room, laundry, sick-room, and remedies for the more common diseases. Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Flower Picture.**

For 5 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. An artistic coloring.

**Ladies' Pocket-Book.**

Large size and latest shape. Black seal-grain leather, with five separate divisions, including a tuck-pocket with flap to hold visiting cards secure. Given for 25 lion heads from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

**Boys' Pocket-Knife.**

The "Easy-Opener" strong, sharp blade; red-wood handle. For 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Table Cover.**

Durable, dark-colored material that will stand washing. 32 inches square. Including fancy fringed border. Mailed free for 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

**Silver Napkin-Ring.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat and substantial. Made of durable metal, heavily silver-plated. Two different patterns.

**Coin-Purse.**

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Color dark brown. Made of fine kid leather; chambray lining; nickel frame, with strong snap-fastening.

**Ladies' Pen-Knife.**

For 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Large size; good material; handles nicely decorated and assorted colors.

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

You always know LION COFFEE by the wrapper. It is a sealed package, with the lion's head in front. It is absolutely pure if the package is unbroken. LION COFFEE is roasted the day it leaves the factory.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, your card save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

**WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

## LICENSE FOR DEWEY.

### The Admiral to Wed Mrs. Hazen, It is Said, Next Tuesday or Wednesday.

Washington, Nov. 9.—A marriage license was Wednesday issued to Admiral George Dewey and Mrs. Mildred Hazen.

The application for the license was made by Lieut. Harry H. Caldwell, United States navy, Admiral Dewey's secretary, in person. The information furnished the clerk, and set forth in the license, is that Admiral Dewey is 61 years of age, and his bride-elect 42; that both are citizens of the United States, and that in the case of each party there was one former marriage. To these statements Lieut. Caldwell was required to make oath.

It was stated Wednesday afternoon that the wedding would take place on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, though neither the admiral nor Mrs. Hazen will give the exact day.

The marriage ceremony will be performed at Mrs. McLean's residence. Only a family party, with a few intimate friends and several high officials, will witness the event. No authoritative information is obtainable as to the exact date for the wedding. Cardinal Gibbons will be away from Washington for a week and it is believed that Archbishop Keane, a friend of the bride, will celebrate the marriage rites. The archbishop is out of the city.

## MANY INJURED.

### Disastrous Collision Between Trains Near Kokomo, Ind.—Nearly a Score Hurt.

Kokomo, Ind., Nov. 9.—Clover Leaf passenger and freight trains collided near here Wednesday night, damaging both trains and wounding nearly 20 people. The seriously hurt are:

Tom Hogarth, engineer, head and shoulders; Passenger Conductor William Huntington, Toledo; Dan Burke, engineer; George Cowan, fireman, Frankford, Ind.; Leon Swan, Dunkirk, Ind., back and arms; Mrs. Camille Swan, Dunkirk, Ind., back; C. F. Yenna, Greentown, Ind., back and side; Grant Highwarden, Toledo, O., head; Lula Peckey, Cloverdale, Ind., head and neck; slight; A. E. Yount, Frankford, Ind., arms; Mrs. B. J. Brotherton, Delphos, O., face cut; Mrs. M. N. Stewart, West Liberty, O., face and neck; Mrs. Charles Luckey, Greentown, Ind.; Howard Jenkins, Greentown, Ind.; Richard Ruddell, Kokomo, Ind., freight conductor, and Ed Shortridge.

The injured were brought to this city in ambulances and cared for. The passenger train was released at five o'clock from the siding here and the wreck occurred three minutes later on a curve. The engines are badly damaged.

### Killed in the Philippines.

Eau Claire, Wis., Nov. 9.—Maj. H. F. McGrath, of this city, received a cablegram from Manila announcing the death of his son, Maj. Jocelyn H. McGrath, captain in the Fourth cavalry. Maj. McGrath was wounded in an engagement near Novelda several weeks ago. The deceased was married to Miss Mary Carson, oldest daughter of the late William Carson, the millionaire lumberman of Eau Claire.

### President Diaz' Daughter Weds.

City of Mexico, Nov. 9.—The civil marriage of Miss Luz Diaz, daughter of President Diaz, to Francisco Rinconon Gallardo took place Wednesday evening at the city residence of the president, only the families of the contracting parties being present. The religious ceremony will occur Friday in the private chapel of Archbishop Alarcón.

### Not Guilty.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 9.—John Cavanaugh and five others, charged with the death of "Kid Lavelle," who died from injuries received in a prize fight with Cavanaugh at Homestead last April, were found not guilty. The costs were imposed on the defendants.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Jacob Bright, a brother of the famous John Bright, and chairman of John Bright & Bros., of Rochdale, is dead. He was born in 1821.

The bark Katie F. Troop is loading 1,000,000 feet of specially selected timber at Vancouver, B. C., for the Cramps, of Philadelphia, to build ships.

A special dispatch from The Hague says Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Transvaal, has received a friendly intimation that his visit to Holland during the war must cease.

A \$300,000 gold brick, the largest ever melted in a Canadian mine, is to be sent to Vancouver, B. C., from the Kootenai district shovier. This year's wash-up is the richest ever known in the district.

The czar and czarina arrived at Potsdam Wednesday and were welcomed by the emperor and empress of Germany at Wild Park station. The most cordial greetings were exchanged. Their majesties then drove to the new palace.

A cablegram announces the death at London, England, of Winfield Smith, of Milwaukee. Mr. Smith was one of the early capitalists of Milwaukee, and formerly a street railway magnate. Heart disease was the cause of his death.

Mr. Nicholas Cantwell, vicar general and rector emeritus of the Church of St. Philip de Neri, Philadelphia, died at the advanced age of 87 years. He was the oldest priest in the state. For 48 years he was identified with St. Philip church.

William Waldorf Astor has contributed \$100 to the Maidenhead branch of the national fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors killed in the war and for the destitute wives and families of those now serving in South Africa.

Capt. Lewis McNabb (colored), 35 years old, commanding officer of K company, Forty-ninth United States volunteers, the colored regiment in camp at Jefferson barracks, Mo., has committed suicide by blowing the top of his head off with a krag-jorgensen rifle.

The body of Col. Dallas C. Irish, one of Pittsburgh's wealthiest men, was found in an unfrequented part of Coleman's lane, not far from his residence in the East end, Pittsburgh. Fou! play was at first suspected, but the physicians believe death was due to apoplexy.

A fire in the premises of 355 Pennsylvania avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., Wednesday morning resulted in the death of J. T. Francis, an employe of the government printing office. After the flames had been extinguished his body was found lying on the bed, death being caused by suffoca-

## STRENGTH, PURITY AND FLAVOR



Cut a strip of thick paper so that the ends will exactly meet when drawn tightly around second joint of the finger. Lay one end on this diagram at the A and order the number for the other end indicates.