The Manistique Pioneer-Tribune.

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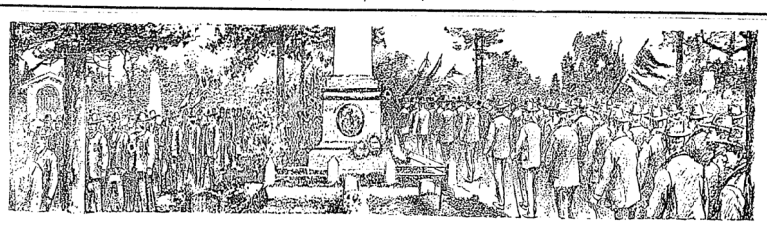


Decoration Day Services.

The local G. A. R. Post has decided to observe Decoration day on Sunday instead of Monday.

The Post, W. R. C. and Sons of Veterans will meet at the Post's hall at 1:30 o'clock p. m. From thence these organizations will march to Cedar street where the procession will be formed under the supervision of the officer of the day, Dr. Burdick. The Odd Fellows and Maccabees will participate in the procession. The band will lead.

At the cemetery the exercises will be very simple. The program follows:

Prayer.....Rev. Rooney.
Commander's Charge.....
Song.....By Choirs of the Churches.
Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg
.....Rev. J. M. Rogers.
Music.....A. O. U. W. Band.
Select Reading..Prof. J. J. Hornberger.
Decoration of Graves.....
Benediction.....Rev. Shank.

Pingree's Proclamation.

The great civil war was waged to maintain the union of states and the equality of men. It was waged by the common people of our country. Our soldiers came from the fields and the forests, the mines and the mills, the farms and the shops. They were not drawn from favored exclusive classes; they were the toilers of the land. They followed the flag because they loved it and not because its triumph would bring them any special privilege. They enjoyed liberty themselves and fought to give liberty to others. The bravest and the best are dead. They are beyond the reach of honors. A grateful nation can only bless their memory and cheer the hearts made desolate by their loss.

Our soldiers have taught us the lesson that in times of trouble it is to the least favored of our people we must look for safety and protection The army of the future, as from the past, must come from those who love liberty for its own sake,—the unselfish workers of the country.

In honoring those who are gone, let us care for those who are to come, and in every way in our power add to the happiness of those who, in life's great struggle, are near the bottom of the ladder. Let us do what we can to build homes, to open up the avenues to knowledge, and to impress upon all the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

Let us cheer the remaining veterans as they move forward, to their graves; they will soon be gone. In the last year they died at the rate of two in very hour; every thirty minutes recorded another soldier dead. In a little while there will be none left to tell the story; experience will have given way to history.

H. S. PINGREE, Governor.

"Cover Them Over."

WILL CARLETON.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels that promised to bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers!

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky;
Faces once lighted with smiles of the gay—
Faces now marred by the frown of decay;
Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own,
Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known,
Brows you have soothed in the day of distress,
Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress.
Faces that brightened at war's stirring cry,
Faces that streamed when they bade you goodby;
Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
Paling for naught till the Death Angel came.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover.
Kiss in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hands that are resting, half-tired,
Crossed on the bosom or low by the side;
Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;
Hands that you, father, close hid in your own;
Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid;
Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness know;
Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu,
Bravely he wore of their country they bore,
Words of devotion they wrote with their gore;
Grandly they grasped for a garland of light,
Catching the mantle of death-darkened night.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover.
Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the feet that, all weary and torn,
Thither by comrades were tenderly borne;
Feet that have trodden, through love-lighted ways,
Near to your own in the old happy days;
Feet that have pressed, in life's opening morn,
Roses of pleasure, and Death's poisoned thorn.
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,
Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight;
No'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp,
Summon them forth from their death-guarded camp
No'er till Eternity's bugle shall sound,
Will they come out from their couch in the ground.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Rough were the paths of those heroes of ours—
Now cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were born but to die;
Hearts that have burned in the heart of the fray,
Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away,
Hearts that beat high in the charge's loud tramp,
Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp.
Once they were swelling with courage and will;
Now they are lying all pulseless and still;
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now their great souls have gone soaring above.
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Press to your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

One there is sleeping in yonder low tomb,
Worthy the brightest of flow'rets that bloom.
Weakness of womanhood's life was her part,
Tenderly strong was her generous heart.
Bravely she stood by the sufferer's side,
Checking the pain and the life-bearing tide;
Fighting the swift-sweeping phantom of Death,
Easing the dying man's fluttering breath;
Then, when the strife that had nerved her was o'er,
Calmly she went to where wars are no more.
Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb;
Voices will bless her in long years to come.
Cover them over—yes, cover her over—
Blessings, like angels, around her shall hover:
Cherish the name of that sister of ours,
And cover her over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They who in mountain and hill-side and dell
Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose,
Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er,
Roses and lilies and violets blue,
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.
When the long years have crept slowly away
E'en to the dawn of Earth's funeral day;
When, at the Archangel's trumpet and tread
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
When the great world its last judgment awaits,
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through
Past the Great Captain, for final review.—
Then for the blood that has flown for the right,
Crowns shall be given, untarnished and bright
Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son
Proudly shall hear the good judgment, "Well done."
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
God will reward these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

He Will Be Missed.

The late W. E. Clarke was a prime factor in the organization of the Grand Army Post in this city and since its inception up to the time of his death a year ago, was indentified with it in an official way. He always made much of Decoration Day, and the uniformly successful observances of the day in times past may, in great part be attributed to him. He was lavish with his time and talents in planning for such occasions. That he is missed in the community it is needless for us to say. That the absence of his counsel is felt by his comrades in the Post is also apparent.

His resting place will not be forgotten by his comrades next Sunday. A few years hence not one of the halting and maimed veterans who will participate in the exercises next Sunday will remain, but their last resting places will be ever remembered by a patriotic liberty-loving people.

In this connection we think it proper to publish a tribute to the memory of Mr. Clarke, written by his life long friend, Major H. Duvall.

"None but kindly, charitable memories are worthy to cluster around the tenderness of the tomb.

On Friday May 22 A. D. 1896, Major Wright E. Clarke, a notable resident of Manistique, since April 1880, attained to the ineffable. Many in this community realize to the fullest extent that they had lost a reliable and sincere friend for he by his expressed thought and notable actions caused all with whom he had relation to feel that he was their friend, and the record of his life while a resident here was proof positive that they were justified in the conclusion, that by nature's stern edict they had lost in his "passing" one who had shown that he was ready and willing to help those who stood in need of help. He was ever ready to assist in any possible way—by council and advice—by service or purse—by cheerful cordial voice and beaming eye and merry, if even feeble attempts during his later days to shed rays of sunshine into the lives of passing friends and also to sojourners in our midst; in this regard it may truthfully be recorded that he was a hero; not heroism in the ordinary acceptance of the term but nevertheless a hero; a blessing and a comfort to those with whom he came in contact.

It is a matter of history that he was a veteran of the wars of his country during his lifetime; and also in the wars of the pure in mind against all vices of slander and intemperance.

Those who know him best and well held him in high regard and esteem, for he was a most companionable man—always pleasant and cheerful, hopeful, considerate of the feelings of others, thoughtful of giving the kind word of welcome and any information requested, and in fact all those little courtesies which truly indicate a thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others.

He was a public spirited citizen, writing and working in support of everything tending to the development and growth of this village—he was uncompromising with pen and tongue in his warfare against the reign of intemperance, vice and lawlessness which prevailed here at an early day and did not waver when the stand he took imperiled his life and caused the destruction of his property by incendiarism—yet through it all he seemed to entertain no resentment or personal bitterness. His fight was not personal—not against individuals but their methods. He was charitable and disposed to be friendly towards those whose practices he condemned the most severely—he looked for and sought out the good in every man and often mentioned some good quality he discerned in those, others were deeming as totally bad.

He almost always seemed to have on his hands some drunkard he was trying to reform, some unfortunate who was down on his luck—sick and broke, away from home, or some friendless waif he had picked up and was helping to make a start.

He was loyal in support of his friends as many in this community can recall if they will, substantial aid and encouragement freely given when most needed in furthering their political or business projects, often without praise or expectation of fee or reward, more than appreciation upon the part of those assisted.

He was true to his friends, kind to his family, loyal to the interests of his country and particularly to those of his locality, faithful to the discharge of every duty: lived a moral, charitable and upright life in this community during the many years he spent working for its welfare and whatever clouds may have shadowed his path under other skies and in other times and places, his life here was beyond reproach and an example worthy of all emulation,—no one here ever doubted his sincerity and no one ever questioned his earnestness of purpose or his desire to help aid and assist his his fellow-creatures.

The pen in his hand was endowed with most estimable qualities; justice impartial—fortitude undaunted—and its point with mercy unrestrained.

He is now removed beyond the effect of our praise or censure. That he had faults and foibles, is but to repeat what his mortality demonstrates—that he had a human nature—not divine.

"After I am dead, think of me not as I was, but as you know I wished to be;" was a request made by him to the writer shortly before his death.

The memories of his virtues lingers in our remembrance and reflects its shining luster beyond the portals of his tomb."

Lincoln at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave up their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper to do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from from the earth.—Lincoln's Gettysburg Dedication Address, November 19, 1863.

Memorial Day.

Memorial Day! Who does not have Memorial days; and how eagerly and religiously they are kept, and all to keep in memory some special event.

The name of the author of our National Memorial Day, will probably never be known; but in his breast there certainly was a heart full of gratitude,—not only to those brave men who died on the battle-field and in prison-pens, but also to the bronzed veteran as he came marching home, after having served his country faithfully and saved the Nation from dissolution.

Our government has never paid a cent too much in pensions—do not deal sparingly with the old soldier—they deserve many times what they receive—but while the pittance they receive as pensions, helps support them in their old age, yet the gratitude and homage they discover in us as we drop a wreath and a tear on the graves of the heroes gone before, is also prized by them. Money satisfies some men for their deeds, and gratitude, others; but a liberal amount of both is due the men who faced death to preserve the Nation and save "Old Glory" from dishonor. As Americans we enjoy the proud distinction of being citizens of a government that never suffered defeat in any of its wars, which is due partly to the righteousness of our cause, but in a great measure to the bravery of the men who fought on both land and sea.

One thing we have noticed in the old veteran, and that is, he is almost invariably modest in regard to his achievements.

All honor to the old veteran! We always feel like taking off our hat to them whenever we meet them.

W. C. BRONSON.

Decoration Day.

Over one-half a life time has passed since the war began, which Decoration Day recalls to us in its impressive way. The time has already arrived, when not merely boys and girls, but youth, and even mature men and women have no other experience in connection with Decoration Day, than that which now surrounds it.

To surviving soldiers this must be almost startling to fuly consider. The scenes and experiences of the war are all vivid and real and all but present to them, and those living in those trying days.

But to one-half the people now living, all that is history, and not experience. No man or woman, three years younger than the writer can have any such understanding of the war, as he and those of his age or older.

So, if at times the old soldiers are tempted to feel that Decoration Day has not as sacred and complete possession of the hearts of the present busy and crowding world as it deserves to have, it will, perhaps, help them to bear it, if they consider fully what thirty and six years have wrought.

Likewise let all middle aged, and younger people consider that they ought, therefore, the more faithfully to try to realize the full meaning of this day.

Think of 110,070 killed in battle, 240,485 dying of disease and 275,175 wounded, a total of 734,630 and consider that we enjoy a heritage bought by that price. Occupy Decoration Day with such thoughts, and it will be worthily and profitably spent.

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true;
On battle field and in prison pen
Life, dear for me and you, good friends,
Life dear for me and you!"

J. M. SHANK.

The First Memorial Day Proclamation.

JOHN A LOGAN.

Extract from the G. A. R. Commander-in Chief's Order May 5, 1868.

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders.

Let no wanton foot tread rudly on such hallowed grounds; let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of revered visitors and fond mourners; let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us.

Let us, then, gather round their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldiers' and sailors' widow and orphan.

Who the Sleeping Heroes Are.

The following veterans are buried in our local cemetery and their graves will be decorated next Sunday:

W. E. Clarke, Co. B., 14th N. Y.
Lewis Remo, Co. E., 6th N. Y.
Amos E. Coon.
John O'Brien.
Theodore Trush.
Geo. F. Fuller.
Mr. Pillow.

The following Sons of Veterans are also buried here:

Frank Niles.
Walter Smith.

Mrs. Dr. Dube arrived in the city from Montreal last evening.

David Hursh of Thompson, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. Ed. Ashford left for England this morning. Her many friends wish her a pleasant voiage and visit and a safe return.

J. W. Knowles, manager of the grocery department, of the C. L. Co's store, visited friends at Corinne and Gould City Sunday last.

The Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will give a Missionary tea at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Satter, on Friday evening of next week.

Any one having flowers, to contribute for the decoration of the graves, are requested to leave them at G. A. R. Hall, before 10 o'clock Sunday, May 30th.

An Invitation.

We Cordially Invite the Public of Manistique and Vicinity to Attend our

DISSOLUTION SALE.

Our Mr. Winkelman severs his connection with the Boston Store on or about May 15th. In order to raise the necessary amount of cash we sacrifice our entire stock of merchandise regardless of cost. This is not a matter of small or large profits, its money that we must raise at any cost. We only ask you to pay us a visit. For price list look for our large hand-bill. Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods delivered to any part of the city during this sale.

The Boston Store.

H. Winkelman & Co. Props.

Another Special Sale

AT THE

C. L. Co.'s Store,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, May 26.

For a Short Time Only.

Mens Furnishings, and Wash Dress Goods.

Fine Flannel Overshirts, former price $1.75 to $2.25 for	0 75
All wool white and silk, mixed Overshirts, former price $2.50 to $3.00 for	$ 1 00
Fine Summer underwear each	0 25
Better grade white and colored underwear, former price 50c for	0 35
Fine Cashmere underwear, former price $1.25 for	0 75
Mens and Boys white laundried shirts each 50 and	0 25
Mens and Boys linen collars each	0 05
A big line of Ties, former price 25 to 50 for 15c, 10,	0 05
Suspenders, former price to 50c for 25, 15 and	0 10

Dress Goods.

One table of Ginghams and Prints per yard	0 04
One table Dress Ginghams and Cotton Dress Goods, former price 10c for	0 6⅔
One table best colored Sateens and Scotch Ginghams White Goods and Fancy Summer Fabrics, formerly sold from 12½ to 20c per yard	0 10

ALSO.....

One table in great variety of glassware at 5c each. One table of glassware that will be sold at way down prices.

C. L. Co.'s Store,

C. P. HILL, Manager.

Manistique Pioneer-Tribune

Published by Tribune Publishing Company.

Geo. E. Holbein, Editor.

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1897.

OFFICIAL PAPER.

Entered at the postoffice at Manistique, Mich., as Second Class mail matter.

Decoration Day.

Flowers, the delicately tinted creations of that master artist, God, are emblematic of pure love. It is fitting, then, that they should be utilized in decorating the lowly earthen homes of our heroic dead. We as American citizens possess senile patriotism if we do not appreciate the services of those who placed health, wealth, and life itself upon the country's sacrificial altar in its hour of need when treason's waves threatened to shatter the structure of government.

Rapid indeed is the degeneracy of that country whose citizens forget the sacrifices of its heroic defenders; when paens of praise in their honor are no longer heard about the hearth stone. It will be a sad epoch in our history when the memory of the heroes who bequeathed and preserved the priceless boon of liberty, becomes dormant. The present strength of this country among the nations of earth may be attributed to the unity and patriotism of its citizens.

Decoration day is being more and more generally observed as the years roll by. Whole communities march with the ever decreasing column of veterans on this spring day to the cities of the dead, there to show their love for and appreciation of the services of the sleeping heroes.

The perpetuation of this heritage—a free and undivided country, lies in the hands of present and future generations. The youth of today should be schooled in the history of the country, should be taught its national songs, and due reverence for the flag.

Do your duty as an American citizen next Sunday afternoon. March to the cemetery with the veterans. Assist in the singing of the national airs, and by your gifts of flowers make it possible for the committee in charge of the decoration to be prodigal.

BREVITIES.

No man is so worthless but that he can't get a good man to recommend him.

M. Blumrosen of the Soo, was in the city this week looking after his extensive business interests.

The is a lurking suspicion in the minds of some people that the manufacturers of bicycles are heavy stockholders in arnica factories.

Munising has a third paper. It announces itself as the champion of the laboring class, and is published in a neighboring town and circulated at Munising.

A marriage is soon to take place that will paralyze the natives. The couple have been twenty years making up their minds that they were intended for each other.

Rev. J. A. Broden left Monday evening for Negaunee, where he will visit with his family several days before starting for Sweden. Mr. Broden has promised to write a series of letters for THE PIONEER-TRIBUNE during his absence.

Hon. Peter White is in Washington endeavoring to persuade the government to again take possession of Ft. Mackinac. The park board believes that the maintenance to the fort would be a decided advantage of the island.

The first thing that Editor Holbein, of the Manistique Pioneer-Tribune, knows he will find himself in hot water. He has been putting on altogether too many frills to please brethren of the pen and pencil in the Upper Peninsula, and protests are being hurled at him from the four points of the compass. Mr. Holbein has seen fit to carpet his office floor with Brussels, has had its interior painted, and even talks of adding a sofa—think of it—to his office furnishings. The recalcitrant editor should be brought to a proper realization of the enormity of his offenses before he decides also to place soap and a clean towel in his sanctum.—Soo News.

Chas. Bridges has purchased a handsome piano through Mrs. Babcock's agency.

A man is'nt very much of a man after all when he proves himself equal to the task of robbing a poor widow.

Julius Peterson is an expert angler. He recently caught a string of fine bass at Indian river dam before breakfast.

Al. Brannigan received a fine St. Bernard dog from Detroit this week. It is a beauty and weighs 180 pounds. —Soo News.

In answer to the question "can a politician be a christian?" John J. Ingalls replied: "All things are possible with God."

Ron Ross of Beaverton, Mich., is visiting his brothers Geo. F. Ross and Don Ross in this city. He will remain here several weeks.

A Munising man was too tired to help his wife clean house, but was able a few minutes later to start on a four mile walk to the fishing grounds.

Arthur Owen has a new wheel—the Waverly. The Waverly is one of the very best wheels manufactured and Mr. Owen has secured the local agency for same.

Most men who work are too busy to acquire a smart business air. About all a sure enough business man can acquire is stooped shoulders, gray hairs and a dislike for every loafer.

H. W. Clarke was twenty-six years old last Saturday and the significance of the day was impressed upon his mind by a suprise party that evening. Those present report a very enjoyable occasion.

Joseph Boucher has gone to Green Bay, where he will engage in the grocery business. A corner brick block has been erected for his convenience. Mrs. Boucher will join him within two weeks.

An exchange says that the hog lives only about twenty years. This leads a contemporary to observe that it is some consolation to know that the fellow who will take a newspaper for a number of years and then refuse to pay for it isn't long for this world.

Revs. Rogers, Shank and Rooney were the guests of the crew of the fishing tug Agitator Monday. The party experienced very rough weather. Mr. Rogers was the only one of the party that proved to be impervious to mal-de-mer. They undoubtedly voted that the Agitator was rightly named.

Mrs. Arthur Owen gave a five o'clock tea, on Friday last, in honor of her cousin Miss Jennie Smith. The hour from four to five was pleasantly spent "flower guessing". The guests were: Misses Smith, McLellan, Witherall, Gilbert, Bently, Rooney, Garner, Nettie Fuller, Edith Fuller and Lillian Quick. Mesdames Edward Miller, Alta Fuller and Archie Maclaurin.

Mesdames McDonald and Winkel, of Cooks, have been in the city the past week soliciting aid for the purpose of building a union chapel at Cooks. There are twelve or fifteen Protestant families in that town and they feel the need of a place of worship. The people of Manistique have donated liberally to vard the enterprise and the ministers of this city have promised to frequently visit the proposed congregation for the purpose of holding services.

In another column we publish a lengthy clipping from the Minneanolis Journal concerning the richness of the Canadian gold fields. The Seine River and Rainy Lake Co., of which A. C. Hubbell is vice president, has valuable claims in that region. The Randolph mine promises to be one of the best paying mines there. Mr. Hubbell has disposed of a large amount of stock and the first purchasers have more than doubled their money thus far. There is no doubt but that the stockholders of this company will realize handsomely on their investment.

A New Departure.

C. P. Hill, manager of the Chicago Lumbering Co.'s store, is making an extraordinary offer to his customers. All persons becoming interested are given tickets. When purchases to the amount of $10 have been punched out on same, the holder of same is entitled to receive a large crayon or water color portrait of himself or any member of his family. The picture is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, and, Mr. Hill will cheerfully re-order for you if the work is not satisfactory. If you wish a frame and glass for same he will supply you at the marvelously low rate of $2.88.

Avail yourself of the liberal prices quoted in the advertisements announcing the special sales at this store, and at the same time secure a first class portrait free of charge. Pictures are enlarged from portraits or tin-types.

The bicycle path to Indian Lake is an assured fact.

T. L. Baxter of the C. L. Co.'s office, was in Chicago last week.

Bishop Vertin, well known here, has gone to Europe on a vacation.

Mesdames George Orr and Ed. C Brown left for Chicago last Sunday morning.

Grand Marais bicyclists may ride on the sidewalks but they must pay a tax of $1.00 for the privilege.

Capt. Sunderland, captain of the ill-fated Alleghany, is now the mate of a steam barge hailing from Bay City.

The case of Andre s McDonald vs. the Soo railroad company appears on the June docket of the Supreme court.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical society will be held in the senate chamber at Lansing on Wednesday and Thursday June 2-3.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis J. Munsey of Duluth, an eight pound son, Sunday May 23rd. Mrs. Munsey will be remembered by our citizens as formerly being Miss Bessie Kimball.

An ice cream and cake social will be held at the home of Mr. Enos Eastman, Friday evening of next week. The proceeds will be applied to the purchase of an organ for the Marblehead Sunday School.

A. M. Leltoy spent many years at Miles City Mont., and has a number of interesting Indian curios, among which are indian scalps, arrows, bows, pipes of peace, a large soap stone bowl, etc. He also picked up a portion of a gun barrel from the battle field where the gallant Custer and his little army were annihilated.

The Memorial sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Shank at the Methodist church last Sunday evening. The G. A. R. Post, the W. R. C. and the Sons of Veterans marched to the church in a body. Revs. Rogers and Rooney assisted in the services. The M. E. choir consisting of Misses Tuttle, Hamilton and Dundy, and Messrs. Strong and Tuttle led in the singing. The sermon was very well received.

Men who use the newspapers more or less will be interested in knowing about the rates charged by some of the publications in this country. The last page of Munsey's Magazine has been sold for one year to four advertisers, each of whom occupies a quarter of a page and pays $6,000, making a total of $24,000 for the page. One line in the Youth's Companion costs $5.00 a time, while a page in the Ladies Home Journal costs $4,000 an issue.

The Salaries Reduced.

The board of education has reduced the salaries of all teachers engaged for the grades below the eighth, for next season $5 a month. The principal of the west side school alone is exempt. While the reduction is slight and may not work any hardships, yet we are of the opinion that the idea is not a good one. Usually there is a lowering of the standard of schools in the same ratio. Good teachers will hesitate to apply for situations that carry with them a mere existence.

Good teachers cannot be paid too much and poor teachers are dear at at any price.

Few people comprehend the vast responsibility resting with the teachers. The future of this country lies in plastic form in the hands of the teachers of today. Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the moulders of futurity. This competency is not gained in a day, but years of careful preparation and the expenditure of large sums of hard earned money are needful to secure that competency. The person of that ability deserves more than a mere pittance.

If you own very intricate machinery you would not think for one moment to employing an ignorant fellow to operate it because he would be willing to work for a mere pittance. On the other hand you would employ a person conversant with every feature of that machine, and would also be willing to pay him good wages for the exercise of this knowledge. A human life is more than a piece of mechanism, and ability to properly train, rather than the saving of a few paltry dollars should dictate the action of any school board.

Pay good wages and see to it that you secure the very best teachers obtainable if you wish to raise the standard of the schools. A teacher that has spent years in acquiring a classical education, and that posesses the ability to impart that knowledge, deserves a larger salary than an inexperienced grade teacher.

We admit that there was need of adjustment of salaries in the public school of this city but that adjustment did not call for the decreasing of wages. On the other hand one or two teachers should have been presented with a substantial increase.

Schoolcraft County Bank

Manistique, Michigan.

Money to Loan on Satisfactory Securites. Liberal Interest Allowed on Deposits.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT and PLATF GLASS INSURANCE

Written in the Best Companies.

JOHN PATTERSON, - President
C. B. MERSÉREAU. - Cashier

Manistique ... Bank,

Capital $50,000—

—Surplus $22,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE BUSINESS. INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. CHECKS AND DRAFTS CASHED.

Fire Insurance Department

Representing the best American Companies.

GEO. HORR.....President
M. H. QUICK.....Vice Pres
W. CLARKE.....Cashr

Mother's Bread.

The best bread made in the city is made by

C. H. GIRVIN.

He makes the same kind of bread that "mother used to make." Call at Bakery or at the grocery stores of W. L. Middlebrook and Ira Soper.

Bargains in Underwear.

We keep a large stock of UNDERWEAR, and GENTS FURNISHINGS, and our prices are lower than those quoted by other dealers. In TINWARE, GLASSWARE GRANITE IRON WARE, and NOTIONS we defy competition.

A. MACLAURIN.

Dress Goods.

While in Chicago we purchased the latest novelties in

Silk and Worsted Dress Goods.

These goods are ready for the inspection of the public. The selection is so varied that we can please all tastes.

The Prices are Right, Too.

Give us a call and become convinced that we have the very latest patterns at the very lowest prices.

Lowis & Mills,

A SONG OF LABOR.

In days of old the saber
Gave honor to the hand,
And those that did not labor
Were princes in the land;
To-day has crowned with glory
The brow bedewed by toil;
The theme of song and story
Has risen from the soil.

No more are felt the shackles
That once held man a slave;
The furnace fire that crackles
Has melted sword and glave.
O freemen all, and brothers!
Find joy in what you do;
The happiness of others
Is laid in trust on you!

O worker! see the beauty
You're building to the skies;
Along the path of duty
You're nearing Paradise!
The flowers of art that blossom
In column, spire and dome
Shall lie in Labor's bosom
And beautify her home.

And Peace shall come, and wonder
Shall fill the world anew—
Eternal arms be under
To waft you dangers through.
The sun will shine still brighter,
The stars will sing and shine,
The burden will be lighter,
For labor is divine.
—William S. Lord, in Chicago Record.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyright, 1894, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

X.—CONTINUED.

Lambert stood speechless one instant. Then, simply raising his forage cap, he whirled about and left.

The boy was thinking of his own mother when he tripped so lightly up that worn old gravel path on his way to inquire how he could be of service to one whose dignity and sorrow and suffering had so impressed him. He had donned his best uniform for the mission, and little dreamed how in so doing he had rendered himself much the more persona non grata. He, who could not war upon women and children under any circumstances, had not begun to learn how bitterly the recent war had borne upon the women of the south, or how, even so long after, they suffered from its effects. He had gone to offer the aid and protection of a loyal heart and a strong arm, and had not realized that it was the very last succor a Walton would seek, so long as both heart and arm were draped by the union blue.

Not ten minutes after his return, discomfited and dismayed, there rode up the muddy, red bridlepath—for it was little more—a broad-faced young fellow who was attired in the clumsiest of "store clothing" and whose lean and long-necked steed looked dejection itself as his vigorous rider dismounted, slung the reins over the gate post, and, after one sharp and warning survey of the silent negroes still hovering about, swung cheerily up the walk. To him the old doors opened wide without a summons, and eager hands were thrust forth in welcome.

Lambert, hearing the first heavy drops come thumping on his canvas roof, thought it was the rain that so quickly thinned the group of darkies on the road. He could hear the mule-hoofs sputtering away through the mud as the rain came quicker and faster, but not until several hours later did further explanation dawn upon him. Then he heard Burns and Watts in conversation at the first sergeant's tent.

"Did you see how the niggers kind o' lit out when he came?" asked Burns. "I haven't seen him around here since August. Reckon' he knows captain's away. He hates him like poison ever since cap interfered in that row he had with Burnelee."

"Looks like a pleasant enough fellow. I'd rather back him than Parnelee any day, 'e far as looks go. What's he doing here?"

"He's some kin to the old lady—they're all related hereabouts—and she's sent for him to come, probably, after last night's row."

"But they're talking all over the company about Murphy's yarn—about there being some relative there—some man—last night. You heard it when he talked to the lieutenant."

"Oh, yes," answered Burns, evasively, "I heard what he had to say, but Riggs shut him up short as soon as he was sober enough to know what Murphy was saying. Wait till Riggs tells his side of the story to the lieutenant. Then perhaps we'll know what brought Mr. Barton Potts over here."

Lambert was up and at the door of his tent in a minute. "Did you say that Mr. Barton Potts was at the Walton place now, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," answered Burns, whirling about in the mud and promptly saluting.

"Then have some man let me know when he comes out. I wish to speak to him. And if Riggs is sober enough now, send him here."

Presently, looking moist, blear-eyed, and dejected, the ex-trooper and sergeant was marched up through the pattering rain, and, with the big drops trickling down from the visor of his old war-pattern forage cap, stood sullenly at the tent of his young commander. The guarding sentry, after the fashion prevailing among some of the regular infantry at the time, allowed his rifle to topple forward from the "carry" into the grasp of the left hand, a foot or so in front of the right breast, and with this well-intended effort at the "rile salute" of the '60's, Private Mulligan reported—

"Prisoner Riggs, sorr; to spake to the lieutenant."

It was the first time Lambert had conducted an investigation of the kind, and he had no precedent to guide him.

"Riggs," said he, "Murphy tells me your going to town last night was at the instance of some relative of Mrs. Walton's, who asked you to do them a service. Was that true?"

"It was, sir."

"Then he will doubtless be glad to come forward and exonerate you, or at least explain your conduct in the early evening. Your later conduct only a court-martial can properly consider. Where is this gentleman?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What is his name?"

"I—can't tell, sir."

"You know it, do you not?"

"I suppose I do, sir, but—I can't tell it."

"In the event of your trial he is the only man who can help you, and therefore I have to make of your misconduct is most serious. Drunkenness, only aggravates housebreaking and attempted robbery, as well as assault."

"I broke no houses, sir, and attempted no robbery. As for assault, the lady herself will say I meant no harm."

"But your own comrade admits he found you in the cellar entrance at the foot of the steps, on premises you were forbidden to enter, to all appearances stealing wine, and he was striving to get you away when the noise brought Mrs. Walton upon you. The case is flagrant."

Riggs threw his hands forward in a despairing gesture, dropped them again by his side, and stood silent.

"Do you mean you have nothing to say for yourself?—that you cannot disprove the charges?"

"I have plenty to say for myself, sir, but nobody to say anything for me. The worst anyone can ever prove of me is that I've been a drinking man. I'm no thief; I'm no burglar; and I'd burn my hand off before I'd lay it to hurt a woman, old or young. I never knew what I was doing, if I grabbed the lady by the throat. But I'd be a worse man than the lieutenant thinks me if I'd do what he asks."

"This is nonsense, Riggs. What have I asked you to do that would be either criminal or wrong?"

"To defend myself as the expense of a friend, sir," said Riggs, with melodramatic gravity. "I'll never betray the man that's trusted me."

"Take him back to the guard tent, sentry," said Lambert, hardly knowing whether to be amused or disgusted. "The man isn't sober yet."

And then for the first time the young officer became aware of the presence of a horseman at the side of his tent. With his hat brim pulled down over his eyes and the rain dripping from bit and boot and bridle rein, there sat his acquaintance of the owl train—Mr. Barton Potts.

"One of your men said you wished to see me, lieutenant," said Mr. Potts, with a courteous wave of his hand. "I was coming anyhow, but rode round from the bahn yawnduh and came in long the branch. Excuse me if I've stambled on something I wasn't expected to hear."

"Certainly, Mr. Potts. Can you dismount and come in? I much want to talk with you."

"And I want to have a talk with you, lieutenant—vy much—and I'm coming for the purpose, but not just now. There are some matters I must tend to in town for my aunt, Mrs. Walton, at once. But let me add my thanks, to hers—and much more than hers—for your prompt assistance last night. I know that man by sight. I've seen him around here befoh, and it's Gawd's mercy I wasn't there last night. I'd 'a' shot him dead."

"You can be sure he shall not escape justice, Mr. Potts, though your aunt seems to refuse to see me with regard to the matter."

"I'll explain all that later, suh," said Potts, lowering his voice. "I've simply got to go at once. But I'll see you tonight; and meantime let me repeat what I said. You shan't lack for a friend round heah, suh. You treated me like a gentleman when I was drunk and, possibly, offensive—though I hope not, suh—and you've behaved like a gentleman to my people, and by and by they'll see it. Just you wait. By the bye, you remember Col. Scroggs?"

"I don't think I do. Some of that name were among the prisoners who escaped yesterday, I'm told."

"Yes, suh. The same family, suh; Col. Scroggs' brothers. I can't discuss them just now, but if the colonel should come here to see you before Capt. Close gets back, if you'll take my advice you'll listen to him. He wants to speak about that arrest and square things; and—well, I know a gentleman when I see one, just as I know a rough—like that soldier you were examining. The colonel was conductor of our train night before last. Now I've got to ride like hell. Good day, suh."

And, pulling off his hat and sticking spurs to his mud-covered steed, Mr. Potts galloped away along the Tugaloo road into the gathering darkness.

Soon after nightfall the rain ceased and the wind died away. For the first time since he had turned in the night before Lambert bethought him of the lantern he had purposed buying, even if he had to send to Cohen's on a Sunday. Burns sent some candles over from the company stores and the young German "striker" set two of them alight in his tent, with empty whisky bottles—off which he had deferentially washed the labels—as candlesticks.

One thought led to another. The proposed purchase reminded Lambert that all the money in his possession was now the $20-bill borrowed of Close, and this reminded him that he wanted five dollars in small currency—"shinplasters," as the miniature greenbacks were called at the time. Since hearing Murphy's story he better understood the straits to which his neighbors were reduced, and he had determined that the aid he had proffered in one way should, despite madame's high-spirited rejection, be rendered in another.

At eight o'clock he had secured the amount he needed through the good offices of the first sergeant, and he was wondering how soon he might expect the visit of Col. Scroggs and what could be its purpose, when all of a sudden the clatter at the other end of the camp told him of the return of the detachment sent out the previous night; but it was Sergt. McBride, not his company commander, who met him at the tent door.

"The captain's compliments, an' he'll be back by an' by, sir. He stopped over to have it out with somebody that fooled him."

"Stopped over where, sergeant? Not alone, I hope?"

"No, sir; the sheriff was along, an' two others. They were talking with Mr. Scroggs—or Col. Scroggs—and a young fellow they called Potts, who met us across the track on the Quitman road. The captain said you wasn't to worry about him, but we didn't get the parties the sheriff was after, and the captain thinks he knows who threw us off the scent."

Manifestly nothing was to be done but await the captain's return, and nine o'clock came without him. Lambert had determined to investigate the butter market, however, and time was not hanging heavily upon his hands by any means. Throwing a light-blue overcoat, such as was worn by the rank and file, over his uniform, he sallied forth just after nine o'clock, and made his way around the camp until he reached the road, and followed it to the gap among the rose-bushes whence had rolled the fin pail on the previous night. All was dark and still. Setting the pail just within the hedge, he patiently waited. Presently voices—feminine voices—became faintly audible. "Elinor" had evidently been pushed forward on reconnoissance, and, after her recent nerve-racking experiences, didn't like the detail.

"I tell yo' dey ain' no one 'bout, Mis' Katie. I done felt fur de pail, an' 'tain't day-h," was her protest. At tais Lambert saw fit to give a low whistle, at sound of which Elinor, with prodigious rustle of skirts, bolted back towards the house, and her unseen companion, after emphatic and scornful reference to "bawn cowuds," came hurriedly forward, but paused at discreet distance.

"You're theh, ah you?" was the semi-asserative, semi-interrogative remark in disdainful and truculent tone. "Ah hope you've got dat money at last."

For an answer Lambert reached in and shook the pail. The combination of "shinplasters" and small coin within gave a reassuring rattle. Eagerly the girl bounded to the hedge. Ye could just discern the slender little form and the tumbled head of hair as she dropped the enfolding shawl and stooped to take the prize—which the unprincipled young man had by this time cautiously withdrawn. He could hear her eager breathing and the patter of her hands among the rain-laden branches.

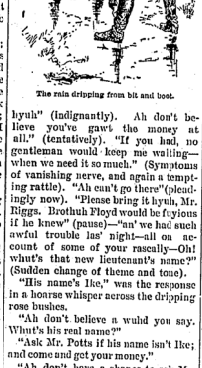
"Whuh on earth" (who on earth can spell the word as a real southern girl says it?) "did you hide that pail? Ah've no time fo' nawnsense."

Silence a moment.

"Look hyuh, Mr. Yankee! Ah'm not accustomed to being made a fool of, 'n Ah want that money. Ah've had to wait too long already."

A sound as of something shaking in a tin vessel, but further away, towards a broader gap in the dark hedge.

"Ah'm not going up thuh. Ah told you twice befoh. You bring that pail back



The rain dripping from bit and boot.

hyuh" (indignantly). Ah don't believe you've gaw' the money at all." (tentatively). "If you had, no gentleman would keep me waiting—when we need it so much." (Symptoms of vanishing nerve, and again a tempting rattle). "Ah can't go there" (pleadingly now). "Please bring it hyuh, Mr. Riggs. Brothuh Floyd would be furious if he knew" (pause)—"an' we had such awful trouble las' night—all on account of some of your rascally—Oh! whut's that new lieutenant's name?" (Sudden change of theme and tone).

"His name's Ike," was the response in a hoarse whisper across the dripping rose bushes.

"Ah don't believe a wuhd you say. Whut's his real name?"

"Ask Mr. Potts if his name isn't Ike; and come and get your money."

"Ah don't have a chance to ask Mr. Potts anything. They don't allow me in the pahlor when Mr. Barton Potts comes. Ah'm too much of a child to be trusted with family secrets, it seems; though Ah'm not too young to find out how much we need money.—Whuh's that pail?"—suddenly coming down to business again.

Lambert gave it a shake, this time within reach of a little hand that darted in among the bushes and firmly closed upon his own.

"You let go that pail!" was the imperious demand from within.

"I can't—till you let go my hand," from without.

"Ah don't want your hand. Ah want—"

"I didn't offer it, but, since you like it so much, here's the other." And through the darkness another hand, with soft warm palm and long, slender fingers, closed in upon the hot little paw straining and tugging at the original occupant of the handle. Instantly, with indignant force, the enfolded member was snatched away, and the stooping girl sprang to her feet, wild-eyed and alarmed.

"Wh' ah you?" she panted. "That's not Sergt. Riggs." A window was suddenly raised back towards the house; the mournful toot of a tin horn began. "Quick! Ah've got to go. Roll that pail through. Why didn't Mr. Riggs come?"

"He's detained—on duty, but it's all right. Where's the buttermilk?"

Through the trees behind the girl came Elinor at top speed; no one could hear the rustle rods away. "F' Gawd's sake, Mis' Katie, come quick. Mis' Walton's callin'."

But Kate was fumbling for something in her pocket and bending forward to the hedge. The next instant, with brilliant flash, the glare of a parlor match leaped out one second on the night and fell full on a laughing, handsome young face peering in from under the visor of an infantry forage cap. One second only, and down went the match, and with stifled cry bounded the youngest daughter of the household of Walton—even the precious pail forgotten.

Ten minutes later a horseman came galloping up the muddy road and inquiring for the lieutenant. Lambert recognized him as one of the deputies or assistants engaged in Saturday's affair at the jail. He handed a folded paper to the young officer, and, in low, excited tones, began some explanatory comments.

"Wait," said Lambert. "Let me read." Tearing open the paper, by the dim light of Burns' lantern he made out the following:

"Lieut. Lambert: Post guard at once around Walton place, so as to prevent any man from getting in or out. Take half the company if you need it. I'll be there in half an hour.

CLOSE,
"Bvt. Capt. Com'dg."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A THRIFTLESS GENIUS.

The Hand-to-Mouth Existence That Was Led by Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt had no sense, either of time or money—a grave fault, perhaps, an unpardonable vice in a man who had a wife and children dependent upon him. As long as he lived he was thriftless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt, though he blames himself freely and light-heartedly, and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt, it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, nevermended, nor actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages and see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it:

"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect, that if ever I was determined in anything, it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry, for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters. She shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter-day."

And in 1832:

"I never heard a knock at the door * * * but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner * * * when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 10 shillings."—Temple Bar.

Fat in the Dock.

The other day an Irishman who was charged with being drunk and disorderly nearly drove a magistrate mad. The following colloquy took place between the two:

Magistrate—Will you sign a pledge if I let you off this time?

Prisoner—Shure, Oi can't write, yer honor.

Magistrate—But you can make a mark.

Prisoner—That koind av a mark, yer honor?

Magistrate (testily)—A cross, man—a cross.

Prisoner—Across phat, yer honor?

Magistrate (out of patience)—Ten shillings and costs, or seven days' hard labor!

Prisoner (aghast)—Tin shillin's 'n' costs! Shure, Oi haven't cost anywan anything, yer honor; Oi paid for all me dhrinks.

Magistrate (severely)—Stand down, sir—stand down!

Prisoner—Oi always stand up when Oi stand at all. Is it sit down yer honor manes?

Then the jailer took the prisoner in hand, and the magistrate mopped his moist brow.—London Figaro.

Absent-Minded.

The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Prof. Dusel, of Bonn. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet at his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will reciprocate the favor."—Tit-Bits.

Kleptomania.

"I am happily able to prove," remarked the counsel for the defense, "that my client is a kleptomaniac. To that end, if it please the court, I submit in evidence the deeds in her name to $100,000 worth of uncncumbered real estate and gilt edged securities to the amount of another $100,000. We rest."

The jury found a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.—Detroit Tribune.

A New Town in Montana.

Leonia, Idaho, May 25.—A good example of the rapidity with which a western mining town springs into prominence is Sylvanite, fifteen miles northeast of here, but over the line in Montana, on the Yakt river. Stage leaves here Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in connection with Great Northern trains. Sylvanite has grown in a year from one lonely cabin to a pretentious little town of 300 people, with three general merchandise stores, one drug store, a hotel and a saw mill. There are saloons, of course, which it might be more charitable not to enumerate, and a ten-stamp quartz mill and concentrator, which turns out a $3,500 gold brick every week. The rock is of the gold milling variety, and there's lots of it in sight. The largest placer claim covers 160 acres and belongs to a Kalispell company. The intention is to work it by hydraulic power. A single cradle has cleaned up over $20 a day to the man. Extensive work is being done on the Goldhint and Keystone mines, one mile from town, and altogether the Sylvanite promises to be one of the most prosperous camps in the American Kootenai. Leonia is 121 miles east of Spokane. The Sylvanite people are preparing to build a telephone connection with the railway.

Druggists Up to Date.

Druggists keep about as close watch of the season as any people in the world. When the spring days appear and ladies are thinking of putting away their furs the drug store windows suddenly fill with moth balls, powders and preparations warranted to knock the spots off a moth at 40 rods. When the sun gets up a little higher the moth balls disappear and tan and freckle lotions and preventives for mosquito and fly annoyances take the public eye. When the blazing heat of summer is with us, cool soda with pure fruit syrup signs nestle up against corn remedies and root beer packages. The fall comes on and then the cough lozenge is hatched. Alongside it are sure cures for la grippe, colds, influenza and toothache, while hot soda steams and sizzles at your asking.

A Gem.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company has just issued its "Wonderland" for '97 and it surpasses all the previous efforts in compilation of reading matter and excellence of illustration. Inasmuch as advertisement of the road the advertising appears only incidentally in the book which is an interesting story of the Northwest, in which some accounts of its history, forests, mountains, fishing, scenery and other varied features is given. It is a master piece of the printer's art and the editorial work by Olin D. Wheeler makes the book one of great interest.

Any one can have this gem by sending the postage, 6 cents, to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

A Matter of Money.

Sam Johnsing went to the proper official the other day to get a marriage license. The clerk, who is addicted to humor, said seriously:

"I hope the bride has got 75 cents in cash, for the assembly at Albany has passed a law forbidding us to issue a license unless the bride has that amount."

"Jess go 'head wid dose papers, boss," and leaning over, he whispered in the clerk's ear, "Dar's rumors erbout a dollah and sixty cents."—Tammany Times.

Excursion to Free Homes in the Canadian Northwest.

Those who are paying rent or carrying mortgages, or young men without prospects of getting a home where land is high in price, should note that the Canadian Government has a large area of fine farming land which it gives to persons over 18 years of age. Soil produces all staple crops. Climate similar to this. Good stock and dairy country. An excursion will leave St. Paul and Minneapolis, Wednesday, June 23, 1897, and monthly thereafter, to examine these lands. Don't be misled about far-away places you know nothing about, but select within the chance is open a FREE FARM OF 160 ACRES, to which the railway fare is low and will not cut up a large share of your capital. For publications and further information address Benjamin Davies, Emigration Agent, Canadian Government, 184 East 3d St., St. Paul, Minn.

"Till a man can judge whether they be truths or no, his understanding is but little improved; and that man of practical reason are greatly learned, but may be little knowing.—Locke.

Remember that people care nothing for your misfortunes or sorrows; they are interested only in your successes.—Atchison Globe.

American Ingenuity.

American ingenuity has always been a wonder to foreigners. We know of no better illustration of it than is displayed in the manufacture of guns. For instance, the repeating shot gun made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct., which retails for about $30, will outshoot foreign hand made guns costing 20 times as much. This has been demonstrated time and time again. The leading shots of the country appreciate this and have put aside their expensive guns for the less costly but better shooting Winchester. The large illustrated Winchester catalogue is sent free upon request.

The weakness of others increases our confidence in ourselves.—N. Y. Weekly.

It may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the best to cure sprains. It ought to be first.

The wasted mental force would do all the work in the world.—Ram's Horn.

How's This?

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

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

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

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Thankfulness is always becoming. Most people have at least 100 reasons for being thankful to one for being sad and melancholy.—N. Y. Weekly.

"STAR TOBACCO."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Fond Mamma—"Bobby, Bobby, whatever makes you so restless?" Bobby—"Having to keep still so much, I suppose."

Can't Sleep, Why?

Because the nerves are weak and easily excited and the body is in a feverish and unhealthy condition. Nerves are fed and nourished by sure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives sweet, refreshing sleep because it purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1, six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

FULL of HEALTH

Every Ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage.

HIRES Rootbeer

Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want one get that will keep you dry in the hardest storm, ask for the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

$75 RIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE $50

Western Wheel Works
MANUFACTURERS OF
CHICAGO ILLINOIS
CATALOGUE FREE

WHAT IT IS? A 68 page handsomely illustrated brochure, with description of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., **May 1st to Oct. 30th, the X-A-D-E-C-A-G-O-N-A-L EVENT of 1897.** Can be obtained by sending eight cents postage to C. L. STONE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & E. I. R. R., 1635 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

EARN A BICYCLE

600 Second Hand Wheels all makes, from $5 up. New High Grade '97 models, $50 and upwards. Guaranteed, $11 to $15. *Special Clearing Sale.* Sold anywhere on approval, at 10% with cash, balance payable monthly in installments. Our reputation is known the world over. Bicycles on the crescent. Write at once for our special offer.

L. S. BEAD CYCLE CO., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL ON THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

OH, YES; WE USE IT. YUCATAN.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative and tonic for life, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 317.

What Some Well Known People Say.

A BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL CUSTOM.

Views of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—Thoughts of Professor John Clark Ridpath and Ex-Senator Ingalls—Commodore Melville and Colonel Forney on Our Heroic Dead.

[Copyright, 1897.]

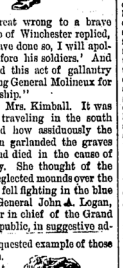
It would be unbecoming to enlarge on the subject of Memorial day without paying some introductory tribute to its founder. Very few indeed attribute the beautiful national custom of decorating the graves of the heroes of the civil war to a woman, Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, a soldier in the war herself, for she followed it from its beginning to its close, nursed the wounded soldiers and perfected the hospital service in General Sherman's army, and, in fact, watched over the Union soldiers like a mother. Two short incidents display more of Mrs. Kimball's character than pages of eulogy:

"A boy was sentenced to be shot. His mother sat on the steps of the capitol in Washington. She remained there distracted with grief for three days and nights trying in vain to see President Lincoln. A lady, beautiful and of loving disposition, passing in front of the capitol, paused to learn the pitiful story, and then, with the determination of that viklag race from which she sprang, sought and pleaded the poor mother's cause with the president himself. Lincoln hearkened to her eloquence, and turning his sad eyes on her said: 'Take this card to Stanton and save the boy and mother. It is a relief to have you tell me how you would manage the affairs of state.'"

"The battle of Winchester was over, the condition of General Molineux's command demoralized, so as to bring on this officer in the presence of his men a sharp reproof from Sheridan. A lady, beautiful and of loving disposition, had nursed General Molineux after he had been wounded in a previous battle in the performance of a brave duty. She addressed General Sheridan thus: 'You

have done a great wrong to a brave man.' The hero of Winchester replied, 'Madam, if I have done so, I will apologize to him before his soldiers.' And he supplemented this act of gallantry by recommending General Molineux for a major generalship."

The lady was Mrs. Kimball. It was while she was traveling in the south that she noticed how assiduously the southern women garlanded the graves of those who had died in the cause of the Confederacy. She thought of the weed strewn, neglected mounds over the brave boys who fell fighting in the blue and wrote to General John A. Logan, then commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, in suggestive admiration and requested example of those southern women.



Her eloquent pleading enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of General Logan and resulted in the famous order No. 2 that went into effect on the 30th of May, 1868, establishing Memorial day. Mrs. Kimball, who died at her home ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in the Quaker City some three years ago, now lies at Laurel Hill. A little mound, a simple headstone and a huge Norwegian pine mark the spot where the founder of a great national custom lies buried.

The lines that follow were mailed to me by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in response to my request for some original remarks on the subject of our national observance of May 30. It is evident that this popular poet takes a serious view of the present situation and does not hesitate to express her feelings as forcibly as she does poetically:

Our country's starving children plead for labor.
She has no work to give them. Yet, behold!
She feeds the swarming offspring of her neighbor
While her own kin stand roofless in the cold.

Not for such ends the heroes whom we honor
Preserved our country in her strength and pride.
So many and so dark the stains upon her,
Well might the warrior question why he died.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In response to my next call came the following hopeful paragraphs from Commodore Melville, an old soldier, the chief in the United States bureau of steam engineering in the navy department at Washington. In addition he can lay claim to being a celebrated arctic explorer and the designer of more than one of our late war vessels:

Decoration day, the day of all the year that is given to the highest and holiest ceremony that the living can pay to the dead—the dead, the heroic dead, the brave souls, the light and life of the fairest and bravest, who with youth and beauty in the dark days of 1861 bared their fair young breasts to the storm of shot and shell and stood between the devastating hosts of iconoclasts and the only true government that God has permitted to be on the face of the earth!

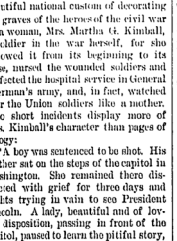
Wave wreaths and garlands, ye fair maids of America, to decorate the tombs of the immortal dead, who died to save our fair land. Weep not, but rejoice that your brothers and lovers have left behind them in their somber tombs the evidence that our country was worth saving—aye, dying for—and that the example is set forth for coming generations for all time that the spirit of 1776 and 1861 lastill abroad in our land and will never die.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE,
Engineer in Chief United States Navy.

Professor John Clark Ridpath writes me on the subject from the scene of his editorial labors on The Arena. The historian challenges thought on the after life and embodies sentiment on a national memory in this short but admirable essay:

OUR DEAD.

Where, after all, are our brave dead? The traditional belief of the world has been that they live. But very vague faith is the faith of mankind with respect to where the departed dwell or in what state. On this theme conjecture has been rife in all ages. Certain it is that human beings have never been content to die without a hope.



JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Of all the arguments that have been presented on this subject that of Henry Thomas Buckle is the best. His own mother passed away. He was at that time composing his review of "Mill's Essay on Liberty." The shock to the great historian and thinker was almost unbearable, but he edited and inserted in the essay which he was composing that remarkable paragraph on the survival of the dead as he was able to see it and hope for it.

Buckle's argument is this: There is in human affection and desire an equation the first part of which is hero and the other part of which is—where? That is his great thesis reduced to a syllogistic suggestion. He alleges what is true—that life without the infinite of the equation of hope and desire is a reductio ad absurdum.

Our brave dead who went from us in the fiery ordeal of war either exist or they have ceased to exist. There is no middle ground. The broken equation of hope and affection indicates their existence beyond that dividing curtain which the poetical language of mankind has called "the veil." We choose to believe, or at least to think, that our heroes are living somewhere in a happy fruition of patriotic joys, unclouded with sorrow, unacquainted with further pain and anguish. We say of them, "They sleep." Rather let us say of them, "They wake."

If immortality be a dream, it is indeed a generous and beautiful dream, tending ever to make itself more real as the end of life approaches.

Hence we are disposed to yield to enthusiasm or to close shadows, but somehow we think that our heroes of the Union war are not dead, that they are not sleeping, but that they are both living and free; that they go forth and know and rest and love and grace. Happy were we to be sure that they are able to unclasp the brazen volume of the Backward Look and to see in ourselves and our work the happy results and beautiful hopes and joys which they so unselfishly procured and consecrated by their life and death.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH,
Editor of The Arena.

Boston.

Major Green Clay Goodloe, paymaster in the marine corps at headquarters, Washington, a Kentuckian by birth, who served in the Kentucky cavalry in the early part of the civil war, makes the following response:

The bright and beautiful page in our republic's illustrious history is the thought that the dead were to live always in the hearts of the living, the survivors were to have honor with out shint heaped upon them, the maimed should be tenderly and appropriately cared for, as the dust of their fallen husbands and fathers would be vigilantly guarded. This contract was ratified by the spirits in blue amid the flash of battle and steel, and as long as a drop of loyal blood circulates their memories and nobility will be shielded as the mother guards her offspring. Hail not the patriotism of the blood of the land gone forth to battle, liberty would have slept forever in our land and the Union been interred. The Union lives, and the winding sheet, brave Old Glory, comforts her heroes in the tomb of the Union.

GREEN CLAY GOODLOE.

From the west Mr. Ingalls sends me the accompanying letter symbolic of his own sentiments on Memorial day memories and observances:

Other wars have been waged for ambition, for a frontier, for a dynasty, for a throne, but no such passions impelled the soldiers of the republic. They fought for the supremacy of the moral code in politics, for the beatitudes in the commonwealth, for the Golden Rule as the foundation of government. Their death was a protest against the doctrine that might is destiny.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

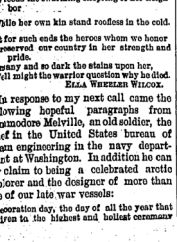
Atchison, Kan.

The sentiment printed below comes from Colonel James Forney, son of John Forney, the founder of the Philadelphia Press. As a lieutenant in the navy this contributor was brevetted captain for meritorious service—sent ashore by Admiral Farragut in 1862 to hoist the first Union flag on the custom house at New Orleans and bring away the Confederate banner:

Memorial day is the most impressive of all our national holidays. On that day we throw away all care and go out and decorate the graves of those soldiers and sailors who fell in battle so that we might live to enjoy a free and great country. The scene is very pathetic, to see the old veterans, bending over with age, putting the flowers over the remains of their comrades. It would, however, be a much happier and grander scene for the future if the north and south would join together, instead of having separate days, and make Decoration day sacred to the memory of both. This would indeed make it of all days one of the grandest in the history of the republic.

JAMES FORNEY,
Colonel United States Marine Corps.

The following is sent me, fitly enough, by an author who comes of a soldier family. Dr. McCook does not need identification as a naturalist, one of the leading authorities of the world on American ants and spiders and the author of the popular "The Tenants of an Old Farm." Dr. McCook of the famous "Fighting McCooks" family is the pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian church of Philadelphia and one of the most prominent men in the ministry. He writes as follows:



JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

In the midst of a great battle an Indiana soldier was borne upon a stretcher to the rear, both thighs shot through by a shell. It so happened that he was carried by the point where his division commander stood directing the conflict. "Stop, boys!" he cried. His bearers set him down in front of the officer, who stepped to his side and spoke a word of pity and uttered a hope that he might soon be well. "Look at that, general," said the soldier, lifting a corner of the blanket that covered his mangled limbs. "No, no; it's all up with me. No man can live after that. But tha; isn't what I want to say, general. I've a wife and five babies out there in Indiana who won't have a cent to keep them beyond the pension they will draw. And I love you, general. I love you more than I know how to tell. But I'd do it again, if I had it all to do over now, rather than see the Union destroyed. You done my duty, and I'm not afraid to die. Goodby, general. Now, boys, move on." And they carried him out of sight.

The eyes that followed the brave fellow for a moment were used to such scenes, but they were wet with tears just then. No wonder grateful country has hallow the memory of these men and when the flowers of spring have gathered with their first fullness based with loving hands to deck their graves. But there is no flower that exhales its sweetness upon the hero's resting place so fragrant to our souls as the deeds of suffering of sacrifice even unto death which compel our love and sorrow.

HENRY C. MCCOOK.

What with war stories and tombstone morals the tenor of this collection would have been fittingly decorated with the rue had not a well known army man come to the rescue by mailing me a question and an answer:

"How should Memorial (Decoration) day be kept?"

Having taken part in many a Decoration day parade and in nine cases out of ten with the result of being drenched to the skin with rains from a sympathetic but inconsiderate sky, I have no hesitation in replying:

Decoration day should be kept—dry.

CHARLES KING,
Captain United States Army.

There is no need to identify Captain Charles King as an army man, for there is scarce a novel reader in the country but has both laughed and cried over his stories of army and garrison life. The gallant captain begs further to state, while on the subject of Decoration day, that the above question deserves a better answer, but that it catches him at his busiest moment. LILLIAN A. NORTH.

ONE OF THE HEROES.

Louis Rader was a private in the Fifth Michigan cavalry, and a good soldier he was too. He was among the first to offer his services to his country after the fall of Sumter, and, though he had many friends to bid him godspeed when he left his native home, not one in whose veins ran kindred blood remained to weep over his loss when he marched away. His brothers and sisters had all died in infancy, and before he was grown to man's estate he saw his father and mother laid side by side in the family burying ground in the old fashioned graveyard on the hill. At the battle of Trevilian Station he was taken prisoner, and before he was finally released he had been confined in five different prison pens and two jails.

While he was in Millen prison half a dozen prisoners from Andersonville were crowded into the already overfull quarters occupied by the suffering inmates. They were in even a more pitiable condition than the Millen prisoners, and Louis, always tender and kind, did all in his power for their comfort. Especially did his heart go out to one of the number, Allen Truaxe, a mere boy, from Ohio, who, besides being ill, was so homesick that his comrades said he would either die or go mad if not soon released.

One scorching August morning the officer of the day told off 90 names at the door of the prison, names of that number of fortunate prisoners who were to be exchanged immediately. Among this number, the very last name on the list, was that of Louis Rader. It was a chance of a lifetime, like life for the dead. But notwithstanding all this Louis hesitated, thinking of the poor homesick boy, Allen Truaxe, doomed to days and months of weary waiting for his turn to come.

"Jump into the ranks here quick if you want a trip north," said the officer impatiently. "Come! What are you waiting on?"

"If only one can go, take Allen," said Louis. "He is sick, and then he is pining for his home and mother. Take him. I have no friends to mourn for me if I never go home."

"You can do as you please about that," said the officer, "but I warn you it will be a long time before you have such another chance."

"I'll run the risk," replied Louis. "At any rate his pale face would haunt me even in the enjoyment of freedom. He is half dead already. Yes, take him."

Allen objected feebly at the sacrifice Louis proposed to make. But he was too glad to escape prison life to reject the offer thus unselfishly made, and at once prepared to go. The poor boy had neither cent nor hat, but his generous stranger friend came to his relief by pulling off his own and putting them on him. Then as Allen filed out of the gate and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, hatless and coatless, took hold of the handles of his wheelbarrow and started for another load of wood.

Could mortal mind conceive of a more smoothing act? It cost him seven months of a living death, and all for a boy with whom he was not even intimately acquainted, one whom he had never met until pity drew them together in the prison.

Brave hearted Louis Rader never regretted the sacrifice he made on that hot August day, and during the months that he remained in the prison he endured his sufferings in silence, and for his comrades who still remained with him in bonds he had always a word of cheer.

When at last through the tardy fortunes of war he was exchanged, he returned to his duty as a soldier, and though scarcely able to carry a gun he refused the furlough tendered him, a treat so eagerly accepted by others. But, regardless of his pleas, his wonted strength did not return, and at the close of the war he went back to his native village broken down in health and spirits, a mere wreck of what had once been stalwart Louis Rader. Misfortunes come not alone, and soon his little inheritance, intrusted to the hands of others, slipped away, leaving him in his helpless ness without the means of support. Alone and without kindred, life looked very dark and dreary indeed. Then it was that the bread he had cast on the water came back to him.

After the close of the war Allen Truaxe had made diligent search for the man to whose unselfishness he owed his life, but finding no trace of him had concluded that he had perished in the southern prison. Several years passed before, by mere accident, he discovered that he was still alive, but homeless, helpless and friendless. He visited him at once and insisted upon carrying him back to his own home, where, with the aid of his mother and his young wife, he nursed him back to fair degree of health and strength. But he was obliged to go on crutches for the remainder of his life, and none of his now found friends would consent to his going out into the world to earn his bread alone. Consequently Allen's home became his, and during the years that he spent on earth the love and sympathy of a brother were lavished on him, and when at last, after years of patient endurance, he was released from his prison house of pain the young man wept as if the destroyer's hand had been laid upon one of his own household. A score or more years have passed since the day they laid him away among the flowers in the Truaxe burying ground. But to this day his tomb is cared for by loving hands, and on each return of Decoration day it is garlanded with the most rare and beautiful flowers that the country home can rear.

"He gave his life for me," Allen often exclaims, "and a whole lifetime's gratitude can never repay the sacrifice."

A tall marble shaft marks the spot where he sleeps, and besides his name and age bears this beautiful inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends."—Christian Work.

The Gray and the Blue.

On the battlefield at Richmond, Ky., in 1862 a Confederate and Federal soldier were lying some distance apart. Both were prostrate from severe wounds. "I am dying for water," the boy in blue cried out in despair.

"I have water in my canteen to which you are welcome," said the one in gray.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the wounded Federal. The Confederate lifted his head and, looking over at his wounded foeman, called out in compassion, "Hold on a little longer, Yank, and I'll come to you!"

By digging his hands into the ground the heroic southerner dragged himself to the side of the Federal, groaning every time he moved. After the sufferer had drunk eagerly the two clasped hands in token of buried hatred. The Confederate had overexerted himself and brought on a hemorrhage, from which he died in a short time. The boy in blue kissed again and again the cold hand that had brought him relief, when he was taken away to the hospital, where he died next day.

"It Is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., says of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by A. S. Putnam & Co., Druggists.

The Westfield (Ind.) *News* prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says, 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.'" It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by A. S. Putnam & Co. Druggists.

FROM AN OHIO MINISTER

I have used Dr. Warner's White Wine Tar Syrup for sore throat, weak lungs, coughs and colds; it surpasses all other remedies I have tried. With many thanks to the doctor for his valuable remedy.

ly de. O. REV. G. W. HAGANS.

Mortgage Sale.

Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain real estate Mortgage, dated February 8th, 1893 executed by Thomas Boyd and Mary Boyd, his wife, to Joseph Armstrong of Detroit, of February 16th, 1893, in the office of the Register of Deeds, of Schoolcraft county, Michigan, in Liber 5, of Mortgages at page 358.

February 16th, 1893, said mortgage was duly assigned by Joseph Armstrong to the Delta Lumber Company, a corporation, and said assignment recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on the same day in Liber 4 of Mortgages at page 84. August 7th, 1896, said mortgage was duly assigned by the Delta Lumber Company to John T. Rich, Trustee, and said assignment was on the 17th day of May, 1897, recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds in Liber 5 of Mortgages at page 182.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage $368.49, principal and interest and no suit or proceedings at law have been instituted to collect the same or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by reason of said default in the payment of said mortgage whereby the power of sale contained therein has become operative, and in the pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein and hereafter described or such part thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount now due thereon with interest at 7 per cent. to the date of sale and all legal costs of foreclosure including an attorney's fee of $25.00, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of County House, in the Village of Manistique, Schoolcraft county, Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court of said county is holden,) on the 16th day of August, 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Said premises being described as the North West Quarter of the South West Quarter, and the South West Quarter of the North West Quarter of Section 29, in Township 41, North of Range 16 West, in Thompson Township, Schoolcraft county, Michigan.

Dated May 17th, 1897.

JOHN T. RICH, Trustee
Assignee of Mortgagee

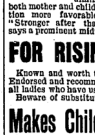
C. W. DUNTON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Teachers' Examinations.

Examinations of teachers will be held in the court house, Manistique on the following dates:
October 15 and 16, 1896,
March 25 and 26, 1897,
June 17 and 18, 1897.

Requirements for certificates: For a third grade an average of 75 per cent; for a second 80 per cent; for a first, 90 per cent.

J. M. HOGENS,
C. W. DUNTON,
Examiners, Manistique,
J. A. CHISHOLM,
Comm'r of Schools. Scmy. Mich.



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Shortens labor, lessens pain, diminishes danger to life of both mother and child and leaves her in condition more favorable to speedy recovery. "Stronger after than before confinement," says a prominent midwife. Is the best remedy

FOR RISING BREAST

Known and worth the price for that alone. Endorsed and recommended by midwives and all ladies who have used it.

Beware of substitutes and imitations.

Makes Child-Birth Easy.

Sent by Express or mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Book "TO MOTHERS" mailed free, containing voluntary testimonials.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOOD DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr S. OCTAV. PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Reinwand

The Merchant Tailor,

West Walnut St.

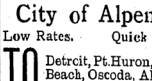
FASHIONABLE AND WELL-MADE CLOTHING AT REASONABLE PRICES

I do my own Cutting and Fitting.

Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

From the Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Mr. James Rowland of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it whenever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He says that no medicine which she had used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. S. Putnam & Co. Druggists.



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City of Alpena.
Low Rates. Quick Time.

TO Detroit, Pt. Huron, Sand Beach, Oscoda, Alpena, Cheboygan, and all points East and South.

Leave St. Ignace:
Wednesday at 8:30 a. m.
Saturday at 1:30 p. m.

Between Detroit and Cleveland Daily at 11 p. m.

Send for our Illustrated pamphlet and rates to all points.

Address your Agent or
A. A. Schantz, G.P.A., Detroit, Mich.

Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Co.

Mortgage Sale.

Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain real estate mortgage bearing date May 10th 1894, executed by James Plankey to the Delta Lumber Company, a corporation, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Schoolcraft County, Michigan, on May 7, 1895, in Liber 5 of Mortgages at page 26.

August 7th, 1896, said mortgage was duly assigned by the Delta Lumber Company to John T. Rich, Trustee, and said assignment was on the 17th day of May, 1897, recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds in Liber 5 of Mortgages at page 182.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage and the note accompanying the same the sum of $48.56, and no suit of proceedings at law have been instituted to recover the debt or secured or any part thereof. Now therefore by reason of said default in the payment of the sum so secured, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein and hereafter described to satisfy the amount now due thereon, with interest at 7 per cent. to the date of sale, and all legal costs of foreclosure including an attorney's fee of $15.00, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the County House in the Village of Manistique, Schoolcraft county, Michigan, (that being the place where the court of said county is holden) on the 16th day of August, 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Said premises being described as the North half of the North West quarter, of the North East quarter, of Section 34, in Township forty-one (41) North of Range 16 West in Thompson township, Schoolcraft county, Michigan.

Dated May 17th, 1897.

JOHN T. RICH, Trustee
Assignee of Mortgagee.

C. W. DUNTON,
Attorney for Assignee.

Four Hundred 1897 Samples.

I have the agency for

Alfred Peats Wall ..Paper..

The samples I have to show comprise the very latest designs extant.

The Prices are Lower than Ever.

D. J. Ward,
Painter and Paper Hanger.

Spring and Summer Suitings.

I have recently received a large stock of suitings suitable for the spring and summer trade. You can make a more intelligent selection from goods than from samples. Therefore I have the advantage over competition. My prices will continue to be as low as heretofore and will guarantee a perfect fit in every respect.

Julius Petersen,
Merchant Tailor Oak St.

OUR SIX YAR OLD DAUGHTER

Our little six-year old daughter had a very sore throat, badly ulcerated, and coughed almost incessantly. Gave the White Wine of Tar Syrup according to directions and she began to improve immediately and soon got well. Mrs. Groves and I have recommended it to others, and we consider it the very best medicine in use. Rev. D. H. GROVES, Pastor M. E. Church, Clarksville, Mo.

MEMORIAL DAY.

With waving of starry banners,
With music of bugles sweet,
All day through our streets has echoed
The tramp of marching feet.
From many a mountain valley,
From city and town and hill,
Around the graves where their comrades sleep
The soldiers gather still.

They think of the bitter partings
When first they marched away—
The ranks of blue from the northland,
From the sunny south the gray—
Some with hearts that were eager
And hot with the fire of youth,
Some with a purpose steady
To fight for God and truth.

They think of the battle's tumult
And the cannons' sullen roar
And the yellow glow of sunset light
When the weary fight was o'er,
When, gathered around the campfire,
Their yearning thoughts would roam,
As softly sweet some comrade sang
The words of "Home, Sweet Home."

They remember the solemn roll calls
And the silent pause that came
When in the hush the sergeant called
Some missing soldier's name.
They remember the days of terror
And nights that were long with dread,
When left alone on the field they watched
With the dying and the dead.

With ranks that are growing thinner
Each year the soldiers meet,
All day through our streets has echoed
The tramp of their marching feet—
Marching closer together,
Oh, loyal ranks of blue!
In silence deep your comrades sleep,
For the weary strife is through.

Marching closer together,
Oh, patient ranks of gray!
In silence deep your comrades sleep,
And strife has passed away.
For both we mourn with loving tears
Brave hearts on either side,
The memory of your noble deeds
Still thrills our hearts with pride.

And year by year we gather,
With wreaths and garlands gay,
To deck the graves where dreaming lie
The ranks of blue and gray.
And the grass shall wave o'er the low green tents
And blossoms crown the sod
When the last brave soldier falls asleep
In the long, sweet peace of God.
—Angelina W. Wray in Harper's Bazar.

JACK'S HEADSTONE.

"Here's the flag, Polly. Ain't it a beauty?"

"Lovely! Grandpa'll be dec'rated splendid! My rosebush has two roses and three buds."

"You ain't goin to pick the buds?"

"Didn't grandpa die for our country? Didn't we live till mother died on his pension? I think a whole bushel of buds wouldn't be too much!"

Jack was glad Polly did not know about the 10 cent flag he could have got. He had thought 5 cents enough to spare out of their scanty earnings when making the purchase. But after that speech he felt small. What if he were but a bootblack earning a most precarious living, and Polly making only an odd dime now and then by scrabbling a flour or tending children for the neighbors? Jack wished he had done more for his soldier grandfather. But a thought struck him.

"Oh, Polly! I'll tell you what I'll do."

"For tomorrow?"

"Yes! You know it'll be years before we get a monument for grandpa, for we must get an edification first, and though the flag'll show it's a soldier's grave I think folks ought to know more. Well, I've learned th print real clear, and I'll print a real nice headstone, and we'll fix it down on the grave, and folks'll see it for that day anyway."

"That's splendid! You do it, and I'll get supper."

Jack rushed out for stiff brown paper and ink, and the kind shopkeeper, who knew the children, learning what he intended to do gave him two large sheets of manilla paper and showed him how to use a "grease crayon," thereby saving the boy from innumerable spatters of ink. Jack purchased the 10 cent flag on the spot and returned with his prize.

"We can set dry brand awhile," he said as his sister looked doubtfully at the flag.

"That's my buds!"

Planning to write a headstone was one thing, quite another to do it.

"We can't say 'rected,' for it's goin to be staked down. How would you begin, Polly?"

"My teacher says" (Polly's teacher was her unfailing standard) "if you're writing to just tell what you've got to say as short as you can."

"Let's see." And Jack printed rather crookedly, but clearly:

JOHN DOYLE
Wounded at Bull run
Died at
42 Charles Street.

"Do you remember when he died?" Jack asked, glad to rest awhile, but delighted with his progress.

"Why, I wasn't born, Jack! But can't we say his loving grandchildren have—have—fixed this to his memory?"

"Why, Polly!" said Jack admiringly, "That's real tombstony! That's good enough for the monnyment. Let's see."

And Jack sat with pencil poised, then slowly and laboriously printed, Polly's bright eyes watching eagerly:

This is writ by
Polly and Jack Kerr
in memory of
Grand Pa.

"Oh, Jack! It's just lovely! And—oh—oh—I've got something!" And Polly, her bright face growing sweetly solemn, stopped to the old bureau and opened her most precious possession—an old box which held her peculiar treasures.

"Here's four of mother's hairpins," she said solemnly. "I've saved 'em, but they'll be just the thing to fasten down the headstone—better than bits of wood."

The children could hardly sleep from excitement. Bright and early they were about, stopping a moment to gaze rapturously on "the headstone" and to water the precious rosebush, which any florist would have admired, so perfect were the buds and roses. Then Jack started out to black boots and attend to one or two furnaces, while Polly washed dishes and tidied rooms for three different families, receiving 5 cents from each. At noon they were ready to start, the roses carefully wrapped within the headstone, lest the sun wilt them, the flags carried by Polly.

It was a long, long walk to Evergreens. But the children's rest was due in two days, and they dared not spend money on car fare. On they trudged, the thought of the honor to be done to grandpa keeping Polly's tired feet going. But before they had accomplished a quarter of the distance Jack caught sight of a great express carr coming up the hill. "Hold on, there's a fellow I know. He'll take us in. He's first class. Mr. B——," he called, "can you give us a lift?"

"Certainly." And the good natured expressman drew up for the children. "Going to Evergreens? Why, I'm taking a load of flags there. I'll take you right along."

And so, much earlier than they expected, Jack and Polly had "dec'rated" the old soldier's grave. The brown paper was carefully planed down with the long wire hairpins, Polly kissing each one before she used it. How often mother had used them to fasten up the long brown hair, of which the children were so proud! The flags were placed at the foot, the roses at the head, and the children stood, well satisfied with the results.

"Now let's go and see some of the other dec'rations," said Jack, "and then we'll come back again." So they wandered from place to place. It was the poorest part of B——'s poorest cemetery. Yet there were some handsome gravestones and many carefully kept plots. The children much enjoyed seeing the flowers, but agreed that "our grave" was the best of all.

* * * * * * *

"The soldiers have covered every bit of the grave," said a tall girl in a disappointed tone. "I like them to remember grandpa, but—there is nothing for us to do, and we have so many flowers."

"I have an idea," said Aunt Mary, who always had delightful ideas if any one needed cheering. "Let's drive over to Evergreens. There may be some graves there that we can decorate. It is what dear grandpa would wish. You remember he often said, 'We officers get the glory, but the privates did the work.'"

"That's a splendid plan. We'll start at once."

It was a long drive through miserable streets. But May and her aunt were used to such neighborhoods in their visits of charity. As soon as they entered Evergreens each watched for some soldier's grave.

"Oh, aunty, there's one! I see a flag—two of them. John, John, stop! What a queer thing! What is it?" And Mary held by the children's "headstone." "Aunty, aunty, the flowers—quickly!" said the impulsive girl, her eyes overflowing. "Oh, if I could only find Polly and Jack Kerr!"

Aunt Mary came with lilies and heliotropa, hyacinths and geraniums—Mary would not have one other rose beside the lovely ones the children had laid there. Smilax was carefully wreathed about "the headstone," and then May rose, only half satisfied.

"Forty-two Charles street. I think we might call there, aunty."

"Not today, dear. We are too late already. We must hurry home."

* * * * * * *

"I'm afraid we've lost the way."

"No, there's the big cross. Grandpa is just near there. I always know our grave by that. But I don't remember any other grave that was dec'rated. Polly!"

Jack could say no more, and, Polly catching sight of the wreath of flowers and smilax frame at the same moment, the children knelt, speechless with amazement.

"Do you think it was angels?" asked Polly in an awestruck voice.

"No," said Jack sturdily. "It was this headstone that did it, Polly. Somebody read that."

That was the proudest moment of Jack's life. Polly nodded her head acquiescently, still too awestruck for words.

"And by next year we must have a real one!"

"But the edification."

"We'll do it all," said the boy, with a new confidence in his powers. "Now let's take a few of these home to remember the day by."

They took a bit of heliotropa, a hyacinth and a sprray of smilax and walked, with no sense of weariness, so exalted were they by what they had found, back to the rooms which had been grandpa's and mother's. One of which they had managed to keep by toil almost incredible in such mere children.

* * * * * * *

The next day seemed dull and prosy to Polly, as days do to all of us after unwonted excitement. The little girl had just settled down to study her lessons for the night school Jack and she attended, when there came a knock at the door. Polly opened it and was confronted by two ladies, one tall and slim, the other "fat and comfortable," as Polly told Jack.

"Flowers on our flowers," exclaimed May, who had given her aunt no rest till she took her to 42 Charles street, "so you must be Polly Kerr."

"Yes, ma'am," said Polly, much surprised.

This was the first of many visits May made to the neat little room. The general's granddaughter befriended the old soldier's grandchildren, and with her help and counsel Jack and Polly have "a real headstone" and—an education.—Independent.

Sherman Under Fire.

General Sherman and General Thomas were warm and intimate friends. In their familiar intercourse they were to each other usually Bill and Tom, after the free and easy fashion of school boys, rather than like dignified and austere warriors.

Near Resaca, during a sharp action, General Sherman went upon a railway embankment directly in the line of fire and stood carelessly amid the flying bullets making his observations and giving his orders.

Turning to saw the head and shoulders of the portly and magnificently proportioned Thomas appearing above the protection of the railway earthwork. Sherman, always careful for his friends rather than for himself, called out:

"Pretty hot up here, Tom. Better not come up."

"What are you doing there yourself, then?" answered Thomas.

"Oh, I just turn sideways to 'em," said the tall, attenuated commander with a grin, as he resumed his duties.—Youth's Companion.

The Conscript.

The loyal north had not much faith in "conscripted" soldiers, and the boys down south had has, and the poor fellows had a hard life until they demonstrated in some way the misapplication of the doggerel, which ran as follows:

How are you, conscript?
How are you today?
The provost marshal's got you in
A very tight place, they say.

Oh, you should not mind it,
Nor breathe another sigh,
For you're only going to Dixie
To fight and—mind your eye.
—Selected.

A War Incident.

The first time during the war that a passenger train was captured and robbed was in February, 1864, when the rebels captured the Baltimore express train for Wheeling near Kearneysville, W. Va.

Confederates In National Cemeteries.

Over 6,000 Confederates are buried in the national cemeteries, all told, principally, however, at Woodlawn and Finns Point and at Jefferson barracks, Camp Butler, City Point and London park.

WARTIME MEMORIES.

SAD SCENES RECALLED BY MEMORIAL DAY.

Farewells That Often Proved to Be Forever—Women Suffered More Than the Men—Awful Suspense After News of a Battle—Anxiety For Loved Ones.

A day of memories!
Sweet and sorrowful memories intermingle inextricably.

With the soldiers it is the year's one day for a general review. While they are busy planting flags at the heads of comrades' graves, scattering spring's fragrant blossoms upon them, and now and then brushing aside an unbidden tear, they will live over in memory the years whose war experience constituted the chief event of their lives. They will go back to the home of the day and the place where they decided to join the throng on the way to the ranks of the army of rescue, to the furrow in which they were following a plow, the row of corn they were hilling, the field of wheat they were harvesting, the roads they were working, to the schools and colleges they were attending, the duties they were performing in offices, schoolrooms, pulpits, printing offices, editorial rooms, law offices, lumber camps, mills, factories; to the prairies, villages, hillsides—wherever they were and to whatever they were doing when the important plan was perfected and they were ready to announce it.

They will recall the heartaches, the tears, the weeping of precious mothers, wives, children, sisters and sweethearts, the sober faces and trembling voices of dear old fathers, loving brothers and kind neighbors. What a day it was—the day when a father, husband, son or brother said: "I will offer my services. I am needed. I know that the chances are against my ever seeing the old home again—the sweet faced mother, the loving wife, darling children or sweetheart, the father who loves me better than he does his own life. I know that death may overtake me on the battlefield, on the march, in hospital; that hardships, hunger, suffering, await me. But this is my country. I belong to it. It needs me. I shall go." Do you think men forget such scenes, incidents and thoughts—that they do not find satisfaction in recalling all of the then sorrowful details?

Then came the day of home leaving.

A million veterans and members of their families will recall that hour on this day of memories—this day when the people of a grateful nation, or the grateful people of a republic made better and stronger because of the services and sacrifices of the sleeping soldiers, manifest their appreciation of those services and sacrifices by giving more or less antiquitin to the impressive and patriotic memorial services in all of our cities and villages.

And what an hour it was!

It was a more trying hour with many of the sons, husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers than they passed through at Antietam, Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Atlanta or Petersburg. It was an hour when the hearts of men and women were wrenched to almost the crushing point—an hour when the tear fountains ran dry. Can the men and women most interested ever forget that hour of sorrowful parting? Such hours and such partings do not often come, and let us thank the good Lord that they do not. Such wars are far apart, and the prayers of those who participated in that one are heard they will grow farther and farther apart as the years flash past.

I wish I could call back and so vividly describe those wartime partings that every one of the present generation might realize what they meant—how much of sacrifice on the part of men and women who parted; the men to face death in battle, hospital and prison; the women to walk along, save the company of their little ones, whose mouths must be filled and backs and feet covered in thousands of instances by the earnings of their own hands. The soldier husbands suffered no more in battle than they did when news of a battle reached home in the lonely homes. Was he safe? Was he badly wounded? Is he in a grave or languishing in hospital? Shall I ever see him again? Are my little ones orphans and am I a widow? These are some of the questions that came to tens of thousands of devoted wives in that struggle that gave us a Nation with a large N. And they will be recalled by thousands of gray haired mothers and grandmothers on this May day.

In short, on this Memorial day, all of the great and lesser battles, all of the skirmishes, will be fought over by the men who participated in them on both sides, for these loving ceremonies are as sacred at the south as at the north.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lilted the Old Man.

General Kelly was once in search of a band of guerrillas, and, coming across a girl who had two brothers in the rebel army, captured her, hoping to learn from her their hiding place. The girl, Sallie Dusky, could not be brought to tell anything she knew. At last the general, at his wits' end, said: "You may choose a husband from my army if you will tell me where the guerrillas are." As even this failed to make an impression on the girl, she was sent away in charge of a Captain Baggs. She suddenly asked, "Do you think the general would have kept his word?" "He certainly would," replied Captain Baggs. "Well, I'd about as lief have had the old man (the general himself) as any of 'em," was her last remark.—New York Times.

Not a Day of Mourning.

I have never been able to think of Memorial day as one of mourning. I have never quite been able to feel that half masted flags were appropriate on Decoration day. I have rather felt that the flag should be at its peak, because those whose dead we commemorate rejoiced seeing it where their valor placed it. We honor them in a joyous, thankful, triumphant commemoration of what they did. We mourn for them as comrades from whom we have parted. But we feel the glory of their dying, and the glory of their achievement has set them in an imperishable roll of honor.—General B. Harrison.

First in Atlanta.

The Sixtieth New York and One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments are entitled to the credit of first raising the rails and stripes over the courthouse at Atlanta when General Sherman captured the city, Sept. 1, 1864.—Selected.

Greatest Raid of the War.

General Stoneman's raid into Virginia in December, 1864, and the destruction of the salt works at Saltville is said to have been the greatest raid of the war, and perhaps the greatest ever made in the world.—Exchange.

MEMORIAL DAY.

MAY 30, 1897.

Softly the south wind comes from Dixie's land
And brings its charm to waiting hills and vales,
But now it is not redolent of war,
Of grewsome horrors and heartbreaking tales.

For peace, with her fair white uplifted wings,
Reigns now unhindered east, west, north and south;
The green spring turf unto the plowshare clings,
And cobwebs lace the brazen cannon's mouth.

No more are sorried hosts in battle drawn;
No more are brothers matched in bloody strife.
The tragic, devastating war is gone,
And a new era dawns to stir the life

Of this great nation, to uplift the race,
To forward freedom, to enfranchise man,
To give the lowliest a chance and place
For each to do the very best he can.

Not in the realms of ancient Rome and Greece,
Nor in the idyls of Utopia
Can there be found or pictured states like these
Or any power of such benignant sway.

But this brave land sprang not at once, full born,
Nor found its heritage without a price.
Through battle's blaze, through toil and hate and scorn,
Our great republic had its glorious rise.

Today we meet to honor those whose scars
And death were given that freedom should not die—
Heroes of dark, blood red and cruel wars,
Who won for us the final victory.

Bring from fair gardens and the mountain side
Flowers for their graves touched with the south wind's breath,
That their black doubts may in our hearts abide
And honor crown their sacrificial death.

Fling out the flag! Let rounch and music flow!
May grateful hearts pause and the wealth of May
Be brought for tribute till the whole world know
The sacred import of Memorial day.

JOEL BENTON.

A RAW RECRUIT.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

[Copyright, 1897, by Will M. Clemens.]

In Sergeant Norton's picket squad was one of the raw ones, a new recruit. Oberholtz was his name, and he looked it. Most young Germans are brave in the face of danger, and John Oberholtz was one of the majority.

The night was as uncertain in a weather way as were the English words of Oberholtz, and as Fred Norton sourried along his picket line the cottonwood trees looked to him like a file of black giants. It was a shadowy, marky, somber night, this June evening, 1864, in the country round about Spottsylvania Court House.

Sergeant Norton stopped short in his lone march and put his hand to his ear. A strange noise came from a ravine not far away where John Oberholtz was on duty. Less than two miles to the south were the Confederate lines and the young sergeant was fearful lest the gray sharpshooters would reduce the number of his picket squad. He ran toward the ravine as fast as the darkness would permit him and came rather unexpectedly upon the young German standing motionless upon a knoll, his gun pointed at some bushes a few feet distant.

The hand of Oberholtz was upon the trigger of his gun, and his usually red face was ashen white. He was in the act of firing when the sergeant called him.

"Oberholtz, what is the trouble?" questioned Norton sternly.

"Der vas a rebel in dor bushes," cried the German, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Put down your gun," whispered the sergeant as he came alongside the now

THE HAND OF OBERHOLTZ WAS UPON THE TRIGGER.

recruit. "Don't shoot. If there is only one, we can capture him."

The German obeyed and brought his gun to the ground.

Norton stepped forward a pace or two, having disarmed a face and form in the underbrush. He drew his revolver and advanced quickly.

"Surrender, or I'll shoot!" he demanded very earnestly.

Scarcely had he said the words than he sprang back, put his revolver back in his belt and uttered a gasp of surprise.

The frightened face of a young woman confronted him.

He saw her stagger as if about to fall, and, reaching forward, caught her by the arm. She vainly tried to speak to him and laid a trembling hand upon the arm of the sergeant.

"You had a narrow escape, miss," Norton said to her as the German recruit advanced to his side.

She looked at Oberholtz in alarm and again endeavored to speak, but failed utterly. She nodded her head as if to indicate an affirmative reply.

With his cap Norton fanned her pretty face while her body lay limp upon his arm. The night wind caused her brown hair to brush his cheek, and when her blue eyes looked, full of an unknown fear, into his own he felt a thrill of tender sympathy within.

"I feel so faint and so tired!" she whispered, at last recovering her voice.

"No wonder, young lady," said Norton gallantly, and, pointing to Oberholtz, he added: "He might have shot you. Luckily I came along just as I did."

"I thank you, sir, so much," she replied, standing erect and by her movement declining the support of the soldier.

She continued rather painfully, "Perhaps I did wrong in coming, but we were starving and"—

Her voice faltered.

"Who? Where?" asked Norton anxiously, eager for information.

"Over yonder," she replied faintly, "father and I. We live half a mile from here in tween the lines of the two armies. My father is a Confederate officer. Two days ago some of the Yankee soldiers came along and took everything we had in the house, and since then"—

She uttered a little sympathetic cough and went on.

"My poor father took ill while at home on a furlough and is now a helpless in-

THEY STOOD TOGETHER IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

valid. I could not leave him long enough to go to the rebel camp, and the houses of our neighbors are deserted. I ventured up here to see if I couldn't get just enough food for father's supper. He is so weak!" And, laying her trembling hand upon Norton's arm, she pleaded, "Can't you give us just a little food, sir?"

There was a tear in the eye of the young sergeant as he bade her accompany him to the brigadier's quarters. She meekly followed him, leaving Oberholtz to resume his picket duty. Norton took her arm and helped her over the rough places along the way, meanwhile learning her name and other facts about herself and her family.

To the brigadier's tent they went together, and Norton introduced her as "Edith Madden, aged 17, the daughter of a Confederate."

He told the girl's story in as few words as possible, the narrative receiving the utmost attention from the courtly old brigadier. He was a man of little speech, this brigadier, and when Norton had finished he put his hand over side and looked critically at the girl and then at the sergeant. Then he seized pen and paper and wrote a few lines hurriedly.

"Here, orderly!" he shouted in his gruff voice. "Take this to the commissary."

Turning to Norton, he added: "Sergeant, follow the orderly. Put the provisions in a wagon. Load her up with crackers and coffee and sugar and such stuff."

"Yes, sir," replied Norton, saluting his superior. He started to leave the tent with the young woman at his side.

"And, sergeant!" added the gruff voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Put enough in that wagon to last 'em for six months."

"Yes, sir."

"And, sergeant, take a file of men and accompany the wagon and this girl to her father's house."

"Yes, sir." And Norton and the girl stepped out into the night.

In the course of an hour a wagon creaking under its heavy load passed down the ravine where Oberholtz paced to and fro with his gun, and six soldiers marched upon either side of the wagon. Norton and his companion, the daughter of the enemy, brought up in the rear.

It was moonlight when the soldiers and the wagon returned, two hours later. Something delayed the young sergeant, for it was fully an hour later when he came back to camp. There was a queer sort of smile upon his face and a strange happiness in his breast. The following night Norton passed the guard, and for several hours he lingered in the country over nearer the enemy. He was reconnoitering, so he told the guard when he returned and gave the countersign. Another night and still another he went outside the lines, and one evening a week later he went again, this time taking with him two companions, Oberholtz, the new recruit, and a white haired old soldier in a fugitive cap.

As they walked along Norton chatted gleefully with the elder y man.

"I thought I'd bring Oberholtz along for luck. Ever since he came near killing her he worships the very ground she walks on. I feel grateful to him anyway. If he had not been a raw recruit and a German, this thing could never have happened."

The three men wearing the blue entered an old house in the woods. An old man sitting enthroned in a rocking chair gave them kindly greeting.

Sergeant Fred Norton took the hand of pretty Edith Madden, and they stood together in the center of the room. The white haired soldier, Chaplain Whittaker, took from his pocket a leather covered volume, and there in the Virginia woods, in the quiet of the summer night, Fred and Edith were made man and wife.

Subscription papers when they come in pairs are responsible for much of the ill temper that exists among business men.

Spring of 97'

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First publication April, 30.—7w.

Chancery Sale.

In pursuance and by virtue of an order and decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Schoolcraft, in Chancery, in the State of Michigan, made and dated on the Twentieth (20th) day of April, A. D. 1897, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein the land and abstract company of Green Bay, Wisconsin, is complainant, and Timothy Coffee et. al. are defendants. Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Manistique, in the County of Schoolcraft, and State of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said County, on Monday the Fourteenth (14th) day of June, A. D. 1897, at Ten (10) o'clock in the forenoon, all, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to said Complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described lands, to wit: Lot number five (5) of Block number twelve (12) in Lakeside, in addition to the Village of Manistique, in said county of Schoolcraft, Mich., reference being had to the recorded plat of said addition. In accordance with the terms of said decree.

Dated, Manistique, Mich., April, 30th. A. D, 1897.

W. L. LORANGER,
Circuit Court Com.
for Schoolcraft Co.

F. D. MEAD,
Atty for Complainant.

Pollock's Restaurant

Is the place to secure your meal and lunches. Also fruits and all kinds Ice Cream and Confectioner.c.

Manistique Pioneer-Tribune.

By Tribune Publishing Co.

MANISTIQUE, - - MICH.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Proceedings of the Special Session.

Senator Foraker submitted to the senate on the 12th copies of correspondence between Secretary Olney and the Spanish minister of foreign affairs a year ago, in which this government proposed to Spain the use of our good offices in bringing about peace in Cuba, with continued Spanish sovereignty, a proffer which Spain rejected. Senator Foraker said that names of consuls making reports were withheld because of the danger of massacre. Discussion of the resolution to grant belligerency to the Cuban insurgents occupied nearly the entire session. A bill was passed regulating the pay of noncommissioned officers of the army after July 1, 1898, as follows: Sergeant major, quartermaster sergeant and first sergeant, $30 per month; sergeant, $23; corporal, $17.

The senate on the 20th passed the joint resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents by a vote of 41 to 14. Adjourned to the 14th....In the house the resolution appropriating $50,000 for the relief of American citizens was adopted without a dissenting vote. The democrats endeavored to force consideration also of the Morgan resolution for recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents and accused the republicans of endeavoring to evade this issue, but Mr. Hitt made the important statement that the republicans desired not to embarrass negotiations which were being projected to secure the independence of Cuba.

DOMESTIC.

Failure is announced of the Miners' state bank of Cripple Creek, Col.

Gov. Black, of New York, signed the bill providing the death penalty for train wreckers who cause death.

A fire in Jersey City, N. J., caused a loss of $100,000 and made 60 families homeless.

The rapid fall of the Mississippi river at all points from Memphis to the gulf gives notice that the flood of 1897 is over. The total area overflowed was: Arkansas, 3,200 square miles; Mississippi, 6,520 square miles; Louisiana, 975 square miles, and the total damage amounts to $14,520,000.

The first public test of the aerograph, an instrument by which photographs may be instantaneously transmitted by wire, was successfully made in Cleveland, O.

Albert W. King, a 10-year-old messenger of the Boylston national bank in Boston, was missing with about $20,000 in cash.

Two children of Augustus Muetze, residing 12 miles from Redfield, S. D., were killed by lightning.

Tramps fired the home of Thomas Biddle, a farmer at White Oak Creek, Tenn., and he and his wife and three children were cremated.

The sixty-fifth annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Missionary society convened in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The fourth annual banquet of the Associated Press was given in Chicago, 140 members being present.

The State bank of Monticello, Ind., suspended payment. It had $135,000 in deposits.

At Oakland, Cal., Lucretia Borgia, a four-year-old filly, broke the world's record for four miles, making the distance in 7:11.

Terrific wind and rainstorms in Indiana did great damage at Indianapolis, Kokomo and Wabash.

Fire at Hoboken, N. J., caused a loss of $650,000 and 150 families were rendered homeless.

The National Good Citizens' convention at Nashville, Tenn., adopted a platform which seeks to unite all friends of good government, to promote the duty of good citizens, to contend for purity in politics and to make known to all the truth about the principles of American institutions.

The State national bank of Logansport, Ind., closed its doors with liabilities of $300,000.

The Randolph county courthouse at Beverly, W. Va., was destroyed by fire with all the official records for 100 years.

The Third national bank of New York has decided to retire from business.

The one hundred and ninth General Assembly of the Presbyterian church met at Eagle Lake, Ind.

President McKinley will visit the Nashville exposition on June 12.

Michigan will have no state fair this year. The treasury is bankrupt.

A statue of Stephen Girard, the philanthropist and founder of Girard college, was unveiled in Philadelphia.

Col. E. B. Gray, of Madison, was elected state commander of the G. A. R. at the annual encampment in Eau Claire, Wis.

A statue of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, "the commodore," was unveiled on the campus of Vanderbilt university at Nashville, Tenn.

Gov. Black, of New York, vetoed the graduated inheritance tax law passed by the legislature.

Richard T. Grant, teacher of languages, poet and writer, died rather suddenly and in poverty at his home in New York.

There were 248 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 21st, against 254 the week previous and 277 in the corresponding period of 1896.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 21st aggregated $975,703,122, against $1,035,409,409 the previous week. The increase compared with the corresponding week of 1896 was 20.

William Conn, Jr., shot and killed Jake Calloway and fatally wounded Constable Robert Broadus at Flatwood, Ky. The trouble arose over a woman.

M. Lee, an aeronaut employed with the silver plate shows, fell from his balloon at McKeesport, Pa., and was fatally injured.

The Cambridge (Mass.) university has rejected the proposal to confer degrees upon women.

The twenty-fifth Texas legislature came to a final close.

A cloudburst in the valley of Asolin creek, Wash., drowned stock, houses were wrecked, bridges washed out and orchards ruined. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

President Johnson, of the wrecked State national bank at Logansport, Ind., is charged with forgery to the extent of $201,000.

The First national bank of Orleans, Neb., failed with liabilities of over $100,000.

E. S. Fleisher, a well-known real estate man, was robbed and murdered near his home in Pittsburgh, Pa.

For the first time in the history of Missouri a woman has been found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang. The woman is Paul Waters, of St. Louis, who deliberately killed Lillian Waddell, both colored.

George Hobson, clerk of the courts in Cincinnati for only six months, has been found $23,464 short in his accounts.

A semiofficial report from Mr. Calhoun, who was sent by the president to Havana to make a special inquiry into the circumstances surrounding the death of Dr. Ruiz, an American citizen, says Ruiz was murdered.

Cabel Daniels shot Blanche Sutherland, 20 years old, at Rossland, B. C., and then killed himself. Daniels left a letter saying he was in love with the young woman.

The Barber memorial school for negro girls at Anniston, Ala., established last fall on a grant from wealthy Bostonians, was destroyed by fire.

The National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, Mo., and the Metropolitan national bank have consolidated.

The noted distiller, William Tarr, assigned at Lexington, Ky., with liabilities of $600,000.

Charles Covill, the Australian champion swimmer, was drowned at Stockton, Cal., in Jackson's baths. He was trying to beat his record of five minutes and five seconds under water.

A windstorm approaching the proportions of a cyclone did great damage at Terrell, Tex.

John D. Rockefeller issued an edict from Cleveland against Sunday labor by the men employed on his ore docks on the upper and lower lakes.

President Johnson of the bankrupt State national bank of Logansport, Ind., confessed to the wrongful appropriation of over $300,000 and was placed in jail at Indianapolis.

William Jones, charged with the murder of R. W. Stewart, a prominent merchant of Lindale, Tex., was taken from the jail at Tyler by a mob and shot.

Christ church, the oldest church in Georgia, in which John Wesley preached before he promulgated the Methodist faith, was burned at Savannah.

Frank Quinn, aged ten; Charles Coates, aged 11; James Coates, his brother, aged eight, and Charles and Albert Svee, twin brothers, aged nine, were drowned in Mud lake in Chicago.

President McKinley has chosen as his summer residence the place known as "Cherry Farm," seven miles southwest of Washington.

William R. Ross, 15 years old, committed suicide at Camden, N. J., because he could not stop smoking cigarettes.

Abe Donaldson, Mrs. Shreves and Miss Martin were drowned in Beaver creek, near Clarksburg, W. Va., while attempting to cross on a log.

Richard M. Scruggs, a St. Louis millionaire, was arrested upon his arrival in New York from Europe on the charge of smuggling jewelry valued at $8,000.

The percentages of the baseball clubs in the National league for the week ended on the 23d were: Baltimore, .760; Cincinnati, .704; Pittsburgh, .696; Boston, .583; Cleveland, .542; Louisville, .522; Philadelphia, .520; Brooklyn, .440; New York, .400; Chicago, .320; Washington, .304; St. Louis, .192.

The strike of the American flint glass workers' union, which was inaugurated in Pittsburgh, Pa., four years ago, has been declared off. The strike cost the union over $1,000,000 and during the four years 400 strikers died.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

United States Senator Joseph H. Earle died at his residence in Greenville, S. C., aged 50 years.

Gen. Horatio King, who was postmaster-general during a part of Buchanan's administration, died in Washington in his eighty-sixth year.

Gen. James R. McCormack died at Dome Terre, Mo., aged 73 years. In 1886 Gen. McCormack was elected to congress and was twice reelected.

FOREIGN.

Upon the demand of the czar of Russia the sultan of Turkey decided to order his troops to cease hostilities and arrange an armistice, and it was believed that the terms of peace would be negotiated directly between Turkey and Greece.

Mrs. Thomas Russell, who failed in an attempt to drown her five children in a cistern at Brantford, Ont., strangled herself to death. She was insane.

Oscar Wilde, who, on May 25, 1895, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor in the Reading jail in England, has been released.

A dispatch from Athens announces that the white flag has been hoisted between the armies of Greece and Turkey, and that Crown Prince Constantine has been authorized to suspend hostilities with the view of concluding arrangements for an armistice.

Fire completely wiped out the town of Hochioji, in the silk district of Japan. Nearly 4,000 houses were destroyed and 50 lives were lost.

An armistice between the Turkish and Greek troops in Thessaly and on the frontiers of Epirus, to extend over a period of seven days, has been concluded. It was thought the peace negotiations would be conducted between Turkey and Greece direct, and that afterward, following the precedent of the treaty of St. Stefano, the terms would be submitted to a European conference, which would probably meet in Paris.

The John Eaton company's department store and stock, valued at $250,000, went up in flames at Toronto, Ont.

Olaf Hansen, United States vice consul, died in Copenhagen.

The duke of Tetuan, minister of foreign affairs, resigned as the result of an incident in the Spanish senate, when he boxed the ears of Senator Comas.

Reports indicate a serious condition of affairs both at Athens and in Crete. Mussulmans as well as Christians in the latter island were in a feverish state, not knowing exactly what action would be taken by the powers, and daring outrages were being committed.

An official statement was made in the chamber of deputies in Madrid by Premier Canovas that Spain would not accept intervention by the United States in Cuban affairs.

Advices from Athens say that Greece will not pay any indemnity to Turkey nor agree to a rectification of the frontier.

The historical Victoria or imperial diamond, valued at $1,500,000, was stolen from the government treasury at Hyderabad, England.

LATER.

The birthday of Queen Victoria, who was born May 24, 1819, was duly celebrated throughout England.

A. Dennis, A. Brown and James Christie, workmen employed by the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., in digging water mains, became engulfed in quicksand and were killed.

The U. S. treasury the 24th had a cash balance of $231,164,909; gold reserve, $144,704,842.

The National Bank of Commerce and the Metropolitan National bank of Kansas City have consolidated, with a combined list of deposits amounting to nearly $10,000,000.

An explosion of chemicals in the upper room of Armour & Co.'s pepsin factory at Chicago caused a blaze which practically destroyed the building and machinery.

The board of directors of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers have decided that no national or local cycle exhibitions shall be held or sanctioned between June 1, 1897, and June 1, 1898, and designated Feb. 22 as a general opening day throughout the country.

The grand jury at St. Paul returned another sensational indictment, Congressman F. C. Stevens being named and charged with an overdraft of $3,200 in his account with the Minnesota Savings bank at the time when he was a trustee and acting president of the bank. The draft was paid some time ago.

The decree of the Turkish government calling for the expulsion of all Greeks from the Ottoman empire which was to have gone into effect the 24th been suspended in view of the peace negotiations.

At a meeting of the Methodist minister of New York City a resolution was adopted protesting against any allotment of government land for a Roman Catolic chapel at West Point. The protest is to be sent to President McKinley.

The debate on the tariff bill began in the senate the 25th. Senator Aldrich, on behalf of the republican members of the senate committee on finance, gave notice of 32 additional amendments to the tariff bill, which will be offered as the bill progresses.

The president the 25th sent the following nominations to the senate: Edwin H. Conger, of Iowa, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Brazil; Gen. John E. Brooke, to be major general.

W. F. Mittman, while on the 13th floor of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce building, shot himself and then threw himself over the railing into the court below. He fell 189 feet. The corpse was horribly crushed.

Of the 19 men of Provincetown, Mass., who sailed on the schooner Joseph E. Johnson for the fishing grounds on the west bank of Novia Scotia but three came back. The other 16 are still adrift in their dories off the western bank, have found watery graves or been picked up by some passing steamer.

Roland Reed and members of his company secured verdicts aggregating $7,000 against the Southern Railway for injuries received in a wreck in Georgia.

Germany has finally approved the conditions of peace and that the identical note was presented to the Turkish government.

Senator Cullom the 25th introduced by request a bill to amend the interstate commerce law. The bill prescribes relations for pooling, requiring that pooling contracts shall not extend beyond five years, and that they shall the maximum minimum rates to be charged, requiring the approval of the interstate commerce commission before the agreements can become effective.

Charles K. Hillyard, a well known lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., became insane and shot his 13-year-old son and then killed himself.

May Campbell, a variety actress at St. Louis, Mo., shot and fatally wounded her husband and slightly wounded Maud DeVere, another actress. Mr. Campbell and Miss DeVere were arranging for an elopement at the time of the tragedy.

The trial of H. O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining company, for refusing to answer questions of the senate sugar investigating committee in the spring of 1894, began in New York the 25.

THE MARKETS.

	Minneapolis, May 25.
WHEAT—No. 1 northern	73 @ 73½
No. 2 northern	71½@ 71½
CORN—No. 4	19
OATS—No. 3 white	18 @ 19
CATTLE—Steers	3 20 @3 90
COWS	2 00
HOGS	3 25 @3 50
SHEEP—Muttons	3 10
Lambs	3 65
BUTTER—Creamery, extras	13 @ 14
Creamery, firsts	10 @ 11
Dairy, fancy	12 @ 13
Dairy, choice	9 @ 11
POULTRY—Turkeys	8 @ 8½
Spring chickens	7

Teachers' Personally Conducted Tour —Mountains and Seashore.

A personally conducted party of teachers and their friends under the management of Chicago principals will leave Chicago Monday, July 12, for the mountains and seashore. The trip embraces White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Natural Bridge, Va.; Caverns of Luray; Charlottesville, Va., University of Virginia; Richmond, Va.; Williamsburg, Va.; William and Mary College, Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe, and many other places of interest. Spend your vacation in the mountains and at the seashore. Summer board, $5 per week and upward. Send for descriptive pamphlet and complete itinerary.

U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., C. & O. Ry.—Big Four Route, 234 Clark Street, Chicago.

There is one thing that is always an alleviation of our wrong doings, and that is to hold others responsible for them.—N. Y. Weekly.

Ocean and Rail—Mountain and Seashore.

Take the "Big Four Route" and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. The popular line to the mountain resorts in Blue Ridge and Alleghanies and the seashore; the ocean route to New York and Boston via Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe. Send for tourist rates and descriptive pamphlets.

U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., C. & O.—Big Four Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago Ill.

Most men do not tell their wives about their business affairs until they get stuck.—Washington Democrat.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

A mechanic has a great contempt for anybody who cannot do the same bit of work as well as he does.

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, tone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

The trimmings on the summer hats are so heavy that a woman now says she weighs so-and-so "with my hat on."

$100.00 in Gold Given Away.

This will be given to the subscribers of the "American Home and Garden." Write for particulars to the Editor "American Home and Garden," 85 Ninth St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Boys carry their grips conspicuously, so people will ask them where they are going.—Washington Democrat.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Most of us regret that we can't think of real mean things to say in a quarrel.—Washington Democrat.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '97.

It's usually found to be pretty hard to get people interested in what you used to be.—N. Y. Weekly.

If stiff and sore, St. Jacobs Oil will cure you. Won't lose a day. The cure is sure.

Any wife can make her husband tremble by saying she "has heard something" about him.—Atchison Globe.

Any kind of a bruise St. Jacobs Oil will cure at any time—no matter how bad.

Some people would rather be deceived by their children than be told that they disobey them.—Washington Democrat.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Some people owe their good reputation to the loyalty of their friends.

Knocked out by lumbago? It's because you don't cure it with St. Jacobs Oil.

Give a boy a dog and he will have a good time.—Washington Democrat.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Some men do business as they trade horses.—Atchison Globe.

"For 6 years had neuralgia." You haven't used St. Jacobs Oil to cure it.

When some folks do not know what to say they quote Latin.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Never beat a carpet when it is down.—Up-to-Date.

"Can't cure my rheumatism!" You can, you must use St. Jacobs Oil.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood?

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

Warner's Safe Cure

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

The Man who is Raising a Big Crop

—realizes that the harvest time is ahead.

Ideal farming comprehends not only the growing of the tallest grain—the most tons-to-the-acre of hay; the best farming—the farming that pays—must contemplate something more than this for there is a harvest time, and just in proportion as crop is saved successfully, speedily and economically, in just that proportion may be measured the season's profit or loss.

McCORMICK

Harvesting Machines are the profit-bringing kind; they are built for long wear, hard work, light draft, and in short, *to satisfy*. There are other kinds that don't cost as much, but *there's nothing cheaper than the best.*

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago,
The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper for sale everywhere.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

The Monarch Bicycle

$100 A marvelous example of skillful workmanship—The only bicycle with absolutely true bearings.

$60 Saving in cost of machinery and labor enables us to furnish '96 patterns of Waverleys, improved and perfected, for $60.

Catalogue free from us or the dealer.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., - - Indianapolis, Ind.

NORTH DAKOTA FARM LAND

THE DWIGHT FARM AND LAND CO offers for sale 24,000 ACRES in Steele County 45 miles west of the Red River. Surface is rolling soil rich black loam, clay subsoil, plenty of wild hay and good water abound. Close to good markets, schools, churches, etc. Prices $8 to $12 per acre. In RICHLAND COUNTY the company OFFERS 12,000 ACRES in large parts of which UNDER PLOW. This land is directly in the Red River Valley and very desirable. The county is thickly settled and four competing railways furnish fine markets. Prices range from $10 to $25 PER ACRE. For full information, maps, terms of sale, etc., etc., address EDGAR A. HEATH, GENERAL AGENT, DWIGHT, N. D., or E. S. TYLER & CO., FARGO, N. D.

Weeks Scale Works, HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N. Y.

IOWA FARMS For Sale on crop payment, $1 per acre cash, balance ⅓ crop yearly until paid for. J. McHall, Waukegan, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

PENSIONS for SOLDIERS and WIDOWS. Fee for increase $2. Rejected claims reopened. All laws free. 31 yrs. practice. Success or fee. J. W. McCormick & Sons, Cincinnati, O., and Washington, D. C.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Quick as a Wink

The

"THISTLE"

Bicycle.

Down in Prices but not in Quality.

Model of 1895, $35.00

Model of 1896, $49.00

Model of 1897, $60.00

The manufacturers say in announcing this reduction: "The high standard of the THISTLE will be maintained in every respect and will be fully guaranteed as heretofore."

For sale by

A. S. Putnam & Co.

BREVITIES

Mrs. Kimbal has returned to the city.

Prof. Ulsaver of Nahma, was in the city Saturday.

Isn't it time for soda fountains to go into blust?

Mrs. Myrtle Howard is now located at Phillips, Wis.

Hon. Washington Gardner is lecturing in upper peninsula cities.

An immense amount of crushed stone is being placed on the streets at present.

Wm. Turpin of South Manistique, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

The Browne Theater Co. opened the new opera house at Grand Marais this week.

Hugh Hayden is in great demand as a bicycle instructor. There is not a better instructor in town.

Joe Heenan returned from Munising this week and has accepted a position in A. Bestman's liquor house.

Messrs. W. S. Ramsey and James McCullough have purchased handsome Mason & Hamlin pianos of Mrs. Babcock.

Lazarus Rosenthal, manager of Blumrosen Bros.' store, visited several towns east of this city on the Soo line Wednesday.

A. Eph Fydell of the Grand Marias Leader, was in the city the past week. He is very enthusiastic over Grand Marais and its prospects.

A Kentucky court has decided that a mosquito bite is an accident. A man died from the effect of a mosquito bite and his widow sued an accident insurance company for the amount o' a policy.

A "box social" was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Polly in the Eastman district last Friday evening. There was a very large attendance and the proceeds—$16.00 is a nucleus for an organ fund for the district Sunday School.

Arrangements have been made with Hon. James J. Brown of Manistique, to deliver the address before the graduating class in this city this year. Mr. Brown is one of the most eloquent speakers in this state, and the board of education is fortunate in securing his services for this occasion. He is a leading attorney of the upper peninsula, and his services as an orator are always in demand. It is to be hoped that our citizens will turn out and give him an audience corresponding with anticipated superiority of his address. The writer has often heard Mr. Brown speak and cannot recommend his eloquence too highly.—Menominee Enterprise.

The Rainy Lake Gold Fields.
(Minneapolis Journal.)

It is now pretty generally known that one of the greatest gold mines of the American continent is located half a mile from this city, and is known as the Little American Mine, says the Rainy Lake Journal of May 13. It was the first one discovered in the Rainy Lake Region, and development has proved it to be one of the best. On the 100-foot level a 65-foot body of ore is exposed that mills from $30 to $50 to the ton, which is something phenomenal in the gold mining line, and a recent article in the Journal demonstrated that the little 3-acre patch of earth is probably one of the richest to be found on the face of the globe. A very conservative estimate of the value of the ore body being $25,000,000, and there is no doubt but that it will go above that figure. There probably is only one other mine that approaches it in richness, and that is the original discovery at Cripple Creek, the Independence mine, owned by Mr. Stratton. The proving of the worth of this big property is due to the Lyle Mining Company, with O. A. Watzke, of West Superior, as general manager. The company holds the property under a 30-years lease from the Beiver Mining company, of Duluth. The 5-stamp mill of the property was started up yesterday morning and will run constantly, under the care of John Sutherland and Ed. F. Russell, with James McGuire as engineer. The work of development goes rapidly forward. The main shaft is now completed to the 100-foot level and is being pushed down indefinitely. The quartz is very rich and and pans in chunks.

At about the same time that the Little American was discovered by George W. Davis and Charles Moore, the Big American, a few rods north of the town, and the Little Canada were also discovered by them. In the division of a partnership deal the Big American fell to the lot of Davis while Moore secured, and still holds the Little Canada, a property on the Canadian side near Sand Point island. The Big American passed from the hands of Davis to O. A. Watzke, and his associate about two years ago. It contains something less than thirty acres, but is believed to be fully as good a property as the Little American. It has a big well mineralized vein from fifteen to twenty feet wide, all of which pans, and shows assays averaging about $14 free milling gold to the ton.

A report reaches the Journal that Dr. W. H. Gardner, the discoverer of the Olive mine has sold two forties, adjoining and on the same vein, for the enormous sum of $100,000.

Sam Barber, the husband, recently from Cripple Creek, has sold five forties on the same vein as the Olive mine on Little Turtle lake. Mr. Barber says that when we have as much development as is done at Cripple Creek, our mines will discount not only Cripple Creek, but also those of any known mining region in the Rocky mountains.

There are about three hundred men at work on mining claims in the neighborhood of Saw Bill lake.

Capt. LePaige, superintendent of the Olive mine, has sold Manager Ward of the Seine River and Rainy Lake Exploration company a two-third interest in the two pieces known HP181 and HP182, between Bad Vermillion and Little Turtle lakes. Mr. Ward intends to put these properties under development at once.

G. W. Armour, now engaged in developing 176 and 177E, adjoining the Foley mine, has found several very promising veins on the property, one of them being a contact vein over six feet wide, which is particularly promising.

The property discovered by Crawford and Kempher, of Koochiching, and known as Mining Location HP 301, on the north shore of Upper Manitou lake, has been named the jubilee mine by the new owners, Messrs. Kirby, Howard and Caldwell. It is a great property, and under development is showing up wonderfully well.

J. D. McDonald is now developing K214, known as the Golden Goblin. The shaft is down fifty-two feet. The vein of the surface was a stratified one, but at a depth of forty-two feet the gangue solidified into a vein of five feet seven inches wide, with good walls. It pans well, and shows much free gold.

E. L. Ward manager of the Rainy Lake and Seine River Exploration and Development company, of Duluth, was in this town on business this week. His company are the purchasers of the rich Randolph mine, near the Ferguson mine. One of the objects of his visit is to arrange for milling 200 tons of ore from the Randolph mine at the Lyle mill, at this city, a proposition readily accepted by Gen. Watzke, who is ready to do the best he can to advance the best interests of the gold country.

It is reported now that possibly the Iron Range railroad may build so far as Crane lake next year. If that is the size of it, the road might just as well stay where it is, as those Crane Lake Narrows and Brule Narrows, nine miles east of Rainy Lake city, are a standing menace to navigation, and always will be so. What the Iron Range wants to do, and so do all other railroad enterprises which may come this way, is to place their terminus on the navigable waters of Rainy lake, and with the completion of the Fort Frances lock, now assured.

Steps are now inaugurated by which Fort Frances and the Rainy Lake gold fields will soon enjoy the presence and influence of a first-class newspaper, gotten up on metropolitan line, and with a modern plant of steam presses, type-setting machines, a complete job office, all complete.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Linden, a daughter, Sunday last.

The board of review met this week and the usual number of kicks were registered.

Chas R. Orr went fishing Wednesday. He hooked what he supposed to be a mammoth trout. He played with the game fish until he tired him out. Imagine his surprise when he earned that he had hooked a large "sucker" through the body.

"Happy Jack" the Wonder.

"Happy Jack," the original and famous lone pacer, whose wonderful performances last season astonished thousands of people by pacing full miles against time without rider, driver or assistance of any kind, will give two exhibitions at the spring meeting of the Delta County Agricultural Society, at Escanaba, June 2 and 3. "Happy Jack" has a record of 2:11, and always goes as advertised, making no failures, over mile or half mile tracks, whether they be enclosed or not. Were he driven by a skilled reinsman he could not possibly do his work better. He is simply taken to the scoring point and turned loose. He does the rest. After finishing the spectators seem to go wild with applause, and words of praise and admiration are numerous. This wonderful horse, only five years old, has shown his ability to be one of the candidates for the much-loked-for 2:00 mark, having on several occasions gone quarters in 30 seconds, and halfs in 1:01. He has never been raced to sulky. Besides this exhibition, there will be three trotting events each day. All railroads leading to Escanaba make a rate of one and one-fifth fare for this occasion.

Poor Commissioners Report.

The following is a list of warrants issued by Poor Commissioner Heffron May 12th to May 27th.

May 14, Michael Gallagher,.....
.....Cord Wood
May 14, Mrs. Fluette,.....$4.84
May 14, Mrs. J. H. Burns.....5.00
May 21, Mrs. Sweetman..... 5.00
May 22, Antowine Phillian.....3.50
May 22, Mrs. Jno. Helberg.....5.00
May 24, John Nordahl.....5.00

DENNIS HEFFRON, Supt.

THOMPSON.

Nelson Venh.....$2.83
Myrtle Farley to Tellis Farley.....
.....$10.00

JOHN PATTERSON, Supt.

The Randolph Mine. Development Work to Be Begun at Once.

Wilbur J. Merritt has gone to the Seine River country to take charge of the development work on the Randolph mine. Four or five crews will be employed, and operations pushed to the utmost. A shaft will be sunk not less than 100 feet. Several test pits will be put down, so as to better show up the veins on the surface. As soon as sufficient ore is out, a test run will be made at the Little American stamp mill.—Minneapolis Journal.

This mine is owned by the Company of which A. C. Hubbell is vice president.

Excursion Rates.

Detroit and return. One fare for round trip. Dates of sale, June 5 to 7th. Limited for return up to June 13th inclusive. Parties can have choice of nine routes to make this trip.

Escanaba, account of meeting of Delta County Agricultural Association. Rates, one and one-fifth fare for the round trip. Dates of sale, June 1-2-3. Limits, good to return June 4 inclusive.

P. MCCULLOUGH,
Agent. Soo Line.

The Week's Weather.

We are indebted to Mr. Jesse Randel for the record of the temperature of the week.

DAY.	DATE.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.
Friday.	May 21	54 deg. above	41 above
Saturday.	" 22	56 " "	43 "
Sunday.	" 23	54 " "	36 "
Monday	" 24	49 " "	29 "
Tuesday	" 25	53 " "	35 "
Wednesday	" 26	54 " "	43 "
Thursday	" 27	54 " "	41 "

Rain this month 1.07 inches.

Fire.

May sweep away the savings of a life time in ten minutes. The best and surest protection is a policy in a reliable Insurance company. Call at the Manistique Bank and get rates.

For Sale.

The West ½ of N. W. ¼ of Sec 10 and S. W. ¼ of Sec 3 in town 41 N. R. 15 west known as the Ruggles land. Inquire of C. W. DUNTON.

For Rent.

The most desirable and largest single room store in the city for rent. This room was formerly occupied by Casper Bros. For particulars call at Blumrosen Bros.' Store.

SEYMOUR GRAHAM,

PROPRIETOR OF CITY DRAY LINE

All kinds of Draying done.

The moving of household Goods promptly and carfullydone PATRONAGE SOLICITED!

Mortgage Sale.

Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain real estate mortgage, of date March 30th, 1896, executed by Adolph E. Nelson and Augusta Nelson, his wife, to E. Dennis Beeson, and recorded March 30th, 1896, in the office of the Register of Deeds, of Schoolcraft County, Michigan, in Liber 8 of Mortgages, at page 66. There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage and the note accompanying the same, the sum of $2.50 for interest. The Mortgagee has paid for taxes assessed against said premises in said mortgage described, the following amounts. Viz: $21.95 for the taxes of the year 1895 and $19.80 for the taxes of the year 1896, which said accounts so paid under the terms of said mortgage, become a lien upon said premises, added to the amount of said Mortgage, payable to this date, with interest at 7 per cent, making the total amount now due on said Mortgage for interest and taxes the sum of $72.85.

Now therefore by reason of said default, in the payment of said interest and taxes whereby the power of sale contained in said Mortgage has become operative and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, Notice is hereby given that said Mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the premises, therein and hereinafter described, or such part thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount now due thereon, with interest at 7 per cent, to the date of sale and all legal costs of foreclosure including an Attorney fee of $50 at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the Village of Manistique Schoolcraft County, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court of said county, is held on the 23rd day of August A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

Said premises being described as the South half of the North East Quarter, and the South East Quarter, of the North East Quarter and the South East Quarter of the North West Quarter of Section 28 in Township 42, North of Range 14 West in Doyle, Township, Schoolcraft county, Michigan.

Said sale will be made subject to the principal and the installments of interest yet to become due upon said Mortgage.

Dated May 27th, 1897. E. DENNIS BEESON, Mortgagee,
C. W. DUNTON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Gendron and Reliance BICYCLES

We have no 1896 models, but can give you 1897 wheels at $30, $40, $45, $50, $55 $65. Cheap, medium and high grade; take your choice.

Bicycle Sundries Away Down.

Mesinger saddles, narrow.....$2.00
" " wide.....$2.50
20th Century Bike Lamps.....$2.25
Cyclometers U. S. No. 1. 10,000 miles.....$1.25
Cyclometers Standard No. 1.. .75
Cyclometers Standard No. 2..1.00
Skirt Holders..... .25
Toe Clips per pair..... ... .20
Corrugated pants guards per pair .02
Hand Pumps M. & W..... .20
Crown Repair Outfit..... .15
Liquid Tire Cement M. & W.. .05
"Slippery Stuff" for chains M. & W..... .05

C. L. Hardware Store.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. L. LORANGER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
..OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE
MANISTIQUE, - MICHIGAN.

C. W. DUNTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Prompt attention given to all classes of law business. Collections made.
OFFICE ON WALNUT STREET,
MANISTIQUE, - MICHIGAN

V. I. HIXSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
...OFFICE IN ORR BLOCK.
MANISTIQUE, - MICH.

NEIL R. WALSH. GEORGE E. PARDEE
WALSH & PARDEE,
LAWYERS.
Office in McKinnby Block upstairs Cedar St.,
MANISTIQUE, - MICHIGAN.

J. M. SATTLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over City Drug Store, River Street residence on Oak Street, first door east o Maple Street.
Residence Telephone, No. 14.
MANISTIQUE, - - MICHIGAN

O. C. BOWEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in McKinney block. Residence, Maple Street. Telephone, No. 22.
MANISTIQUE, - - MICHIGAN

A. E. BURDICK, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Geo. Chantler's Drug Store, West Side. Telephone No. 43.
MANISTIQUE, MICHIGAN.

Manistique Hospital,
River Street, Near Bridge,
Dr. E B. Patterson, Surgeon-in-Charge.
Woman Nurse Provided for Female Patients.
Private Rooms can be had if Desired
RATES ON APPLICATION.
OFFICE HOURS: 11 to 12 a. m., 1 to 2 and 6 to 7:30 p. m. Sundays, 1 to 2.

A. H. WINN, D. D. S.
Office over E. N. Orr & Co's Drug Store, Residence first corner north.
Fourteen years experience. All work warranted. Vitalized air administered for painless extraction.
MANISTIQUE, - - MICHIGAN.

A Tumble in Furniture..

We have purchased a large stock of new Furniture and for the present will sell the goods in stock at greatly reduced price. These goods are not shop worn but first class in every respect.

... OUR 1897 WALL PAPER ...
Comprises the most desirable designs on the market

GIVE US A CALL.

Anderson & Co.

Our Specialities

Pillsbury's Best Flour,
Roach & Seeber's Creamery Butter,
Chase & Sanborn Coffee,
Club House Brand Canned Goods,
Champion Spices.

THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE
ARE THE ONLY GOODS WE KEEP

Frank Clark & Co.

THE

Chicago Lumbering Co.

OF MICHIGAN.

Gang Sawed Lumber and General Merchandise.

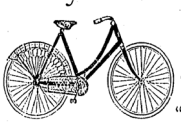
HARDWARE STORE.

A. M. LeRoy, Manager.

Everything in the Line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

Second Hand Wood Heating Stoves for Sale Cheap.

Bicycles.



"GENDRON."
"RELIANCE."
"ROAD KING."
"ROAD QUEEN."
"CROWN KING."
"CROWN QUEEN."

$75, $60, $50, $40.
ALL OF THEM GUARRANTEED.
"THE FINEST LINE IN TOWN."

Furniture Store,

Will F. Kefauver, Manager.

New things that you need, want and must have for

Parlor, Dining Room, Hall and Bed Room,

In Sets or Pieces. The latest Styles, Fine Finish, and made to last a Lifetime.

Couches, Lounges, Rockers, Arm Chairs and other odd pieces at CUT PRICES.

We can Supply you with Office Furniture, Fine Picture Frames, Mouldings, etc. Before Buying, call and get

RIGHT PRICES.

This Week Only 50 Pairs

$3.00 Fine Shoes for what they cost.

$2.25.

If you want shoes pay attention to this offer.

GEO. MACLAURIN,

SHOE MAN,

West Side.

THE MAN WITHOUT A WHEEL

Will soon be as rare as a man with wings. You'll want to be in style. Humanity has that inherent trait.

If you wish to Be in style

With the very least outlay of money, call at my store and buy that wheel you are threatening to buy, of me.

Geo. Chantler

The West Side Druggist.

A. L. Hill has purchased a Thistle bicycle

Bert Orr is the new cutter at Thompson's meat market.

Theodore Holmbom and family, and Robt. Holmbom leave for Sweden next Tuesday.

Ensign Nora Hill, the Kansas cyclone, will appear at the Salvation Army hall June 1st and 2nd.

The Maccabees have been making special efforts to increase their membership the past two weeks. As a result they added 39 new members.

Will Saunders, who will be remembered as an employee of the Manistique News, under the management of T. J. MacMurray, recently died in Illinois.

Summer corsets, mean summer comfort. Your summer comfort won't cost you much, if you buy your summer corsets at Rose Bros. We have them for 50 and 75c.

A. L. Hill who has been taking the births and deaths for Manistique township, informs us that there were 64 births on this side of the river last year and that the deaths were 21.

D. G. Currie makes a first class assistant postmaster. A letter was received here yesterday addressed "care of Uncle Alex." The aforesaid uncle received the letter without delay.

Feli: Loiselle, employed in the mill at Hunts Spur, had the misfortune to break the third finger of his left hand while at work Tuesday. He came to the city, and had the fracture reduced by Dr. Sattler.

Miss Kennedy will give her concert at the Star Opera house, June 18th. She has been training a large chorus class for the past three months and the class will participate. The best musical talent in the city will also assist.

A number of Miss Ella Fouche's friends planned a surprise party in honor of her birthday anniversary last evening. The surprise was complete. Those present were:—Misses Glendenning, Mosher, Tucker, Jachor and Mack, Messrs. Burdick, McLellan, Craver, Morgan, Carr and Ekstrom.

The steam barge Westover lost about 90,000 feet of her deck load of lumber Wednesday morning just outside the harbor. The boat nearly capsized before it righted itself. The barge was brought into the harbor and after her deck load was reloaded went on her way. The lumber went ashore near the South Manistique harbor, and W. F. Crane, the lumber inspector, ordered to pick it up. We are informed that the boat was overloaded. Her carrying capacity is 360,000 feet. She had 429,000 feet aboard at the time of the accident.

The village council meets this evening.

Capt. R. C. McCorquodale is in the city.

E. N. Orr was in Munising this week. He went overland.

Miss Carrie Glendenning received a new bicycle this week.

A hallelujah wedding is on the tapis for next month. Particular later.

Ice cream will be served at the Salvation Army hall tomorrow evening.

A. S. Putnam received a 1897 Thistle bicycle today. It is in marbelite finish.

Mr. and Mrs. Will F. Kefauver and son Louis, returned from Tiffin, Ohio, Wednesday.

The famous stars of comedy at the opera house all next week. Ten and fifteen cents.

C. P. Hill of the C. L. Store, is advertising another special sale this week. Read his advertisement.

Mrs. Wm. Buchanan of Gladstone, and Mrs. Wm. Kettle of Janesville, Wis., are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Davidson.

Felt window shades 15c or two for 25c. I guarantee prices on everything to be as low as the lowest for good goods, not snide Stuff. A FYDELL.

Just received a new line of cloth window shades at the small price of 25 and 30 cents. Each these are regular prices not so called bargains.

A. FYDELL.

The Maccabees are requested to meet at their hall Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock sharp for the purpose of participating in the Decoration parade.

That beautiful and artistic display window of millinery at Casper Bros. store is the creation of Nathan Relkin, one of the efficient clerks of that firm.

Rose Brothers, have just received a pretty line of ladies silk parasols, in plain white and black; also in the new Dresden figures. You are invited to inspect them.

The Odd Fellows will meet at their hall at 12:30 o'clock Sunday for the purpose of participating in the Decoration day services. All visiting brothers are invited to participate.

Mrs. Gomont died at her home in Cooks last Saturday evening of a cancerous affection and was buried Monday. The deceased was Dr. Heslop's mother-in-law and was well and favorably known here.

A. S. Putnam & Co. are local agents for the Thistle bicycle. They are quoting very low prices in their advertisements this week, you cannot afford to walk when you can secure a bicycle at the prices quoted on the Thistle.

Messrs. Gooding and York of Marquette, were in the city Wednesday for the purpose of inspecting the crafts in this vicinity. The tug Kate of So. Manistique and the tug Oneida of Thompson, were in port that day for inspection.

Rose Brothers, the enterprising clothing and dry goods merchants are giving away men's summer caps; any one wanting a nice light cap can have it free of cost by calling at Rose Brothers' store. Call early before they are all gone.

J. H. Browne's Theatre Co. who will be remembered as the company recently presenting "The Pay Train" in this city, play a return date here tomorrow evening. At that time they will present the five act comedy success, "Polly and I." There will be new songs and specialties by the only Mullaney, Alice Marble and the Vizards. Plan to attend. Prices 20 and 30 cents, children 10c. Reserved seats on sale at E. N. Orr & Co.'s drug store.

The Musicale.

The Musicale to be given at the Presbyterian church this evening, will be well worthy of your patronage. The program follows:

Violin Solo....Reverie.....Gustav Lange
MR. OLSON.
Solo.....My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair
.....Haydn
MISS SIMMONS.
Solo....Bedouin Love Song.....Pinsuti
MR. KEFAUVER.
Violin Duet.....Op. 48, No. 4.....Hegel
TESSA ROSS AND MR. OLSON.
Vocal Duet.....Selected
MR. AND MRS. KEFAUVER.
Male Quartette....Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son
MESSRS. WEBER, KEFAUVER, KELSO, STIGNS AND TUTTLE.
Piano Trio.....a. Traumerei.....Schumann
b. Wedding March..Mendelssohn
MISSES BALLARD, NORAH OLMSTEAD AND EMILY COSTELLO.
Solo....The Journey is Long.....Whitney Combe
MRS. PATTERSON.
Mixed Quartette.....Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.....Pinsuti
MESDAMES KEFAUVER, PATTERSON, MESSRS. WEBER AND KEFAUVER.

The admission has been fixed at 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Refreshments will be served.

Wash Dress Goods Cheaper Than Ever.

Thats the story about our Wash Dress Goods. You never can realize what pretty goods and good values you can obtain for your money until you visit this store.

Here are a few of our many Bargains:

10 pieces of pretty Lawn, good quality, only 5c per yard.
10 pieces fine Dimity, very pretty styes only 7½c per yd.
8 pieces, 36 in. wide, Irish Lawn, worth 15c only 10c a yd,
7 pieces Fancy Bourette Stripes, worth 20c only 12½c a yd.
8 pieces of the latest Grenadine fabric, either light or dark grounds, or read grounds with Polka Dots for only..... 15c per yard.
5 pieces English wool Challies to close at ..... 15c per yard.

Come and Inspect our pretty line of Summer Goods.

Rose Brothers.

M. S. Hamilton Dead.

The community was shocked Tuesday noon to learn of the fatal termination of "Marsh" Hamilton's sickness. For a week previous he had been suffering from pneumonia but appeared to be on the mend. Monday morning he took a relapse, and died as stated above at noon Tuesday.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. church, yesterday. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Shank. The church was filled with friends of the deceased.

Marshal Sexton Hamilton was born in Jo. Daviess Co., Ill., Feb 10, 1852. In early manhood he moved to St. Martin's Island, Green Bay, where he was married to Miss Emma Severs, on Oct. 23, 1876. On March 20, 1879, he moved to what is now called Thompson township, and settled on the farm now owned by David Hursh. Three years later he moved to northern Iowa. Eleven years later he returned to Thompson where he remained four years. Seven years ago he moved to this city where he since resided.

Mr. Hamilton was a consistent member of the Methodist church, and was very highly esteemed by all knowing him. He was industrious, and an honorable gentleman in every respect. The suddeness of his death was a great surprise as he was considered one of the very strongest men, physically in the city.

He was a kind and indulgent father and husband. He leaves a widow, and four sons, George, Alvin, Joe and Harvey, aged respectively 17, 13, 10 and 4 years.

In window screens I have the best and strongest the market affords. Prices low. Screen doors to beat the cars both in style and price. Dont buy till you see and be convinced.

A. FYDELL.

A Week of Fun at 10 Cents a Night.

Managers Guinan & McLeod of the Star Opera house have secured Wall & Johnson's stars of comedy for all of next week. This company which is probably the largest of its kind is also the cheapest in price of admission, being only 10 and 15 cents. Inquiry is often made as to how a company carrying the recognized artists this one does can play at these extremely low prices. But it does and amuses thousands every week.

The secret is: every one goes, is pleased and can afford to go again as the plays are changed nightly. The numerous features that will be presented include Grace Cummings, the brilliant comedienne, singer and dancer. John Plearroll the well known Irish comedian and song writer. The Leroys, sketch team, and the Amet magniscope which produces the famous Edison animated pictures. These pictures (the reproduction of photographed motion) are life size and have been the talk of the entire world the past winter, and will be seen here for the first time next week.

If low prices and a rattling good comedy show are any inducement, the opera house will be unable to hold the crowds next week.

Secure seats now at E. N. Orr & Co's drug store.

Will Celebrate Its Tenth Anniversary.

Extensive preparations are being made by the session and members of the Presbyterian church to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the organization, on June 23rd. A fund is being raised for the purpose of securing the attendance of the original Presbyterial committee that organized the church. Mrs. McLean, widow of the first pastor of the church, now living at Waukesha, Wis., will also be present. The first elders, Messrs J. D. Mercereau and William Simmons, will undoubtedly be present. The program is still in embryo but it is the intention to hold the initial meeting of the anniversary on Sunday June 20th. The other meetings will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24. The celebration is to close with a banquet.

Rev. J. Payson Mills came to Manistique during the winter previous to the organization, walking thirty miles on snow shoes. He ascertained that there were several Presbyterians desirous of organizing a church. The church was organized with fifteen members—eleven of whom still reside here, and who will undoubtedly be present at the celebration.

The organization was perfected in the central school building. The question of erecting a suitable church edifice was shortly afterward discussed and as a result a $6,000 building was dedicated in April 1888 entirely free of debt. Since that time the parlors have been added at a cost of $1,500.

From the small beginning of 15 members the membership has increased to 190 during the past ten years, and the congregation is a power for good in the community.

The congregation has been extremely fortunate in the choice of its pastors.

Rev. Andrew McLean the first pastor, preached his first sermon in the new building on Sunday, May 20th 1888, and was installed and ordained as pastor August 7th 1888. He was universally beloved by all and it was with regret that the pleasant and highly satisfactory pastorate was dissolved in 1892. Mr. McLean's rapidly failing health made this step imperative. He was dismissed to the Waukesha presbytery on April 12, 1892 and and died at Waukesha June 22, of the same year.

Rev. J. M. Rogers was elected Mr. McLean's successor and began his pastorial duties in July 1892. The history of his work is of such recent date as to be familiar to all. The church has had a wonderful growth under his pastorate.

That the proposed celebration will be a red letter day in the history of the congregation is apparent.

Card of Thanks.

We hereby wish to publicly express our sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their kindness and assistance during the illness and death of husband and father.

MRS. M. S. HAMILTON, and family.

A new eighteen stop organ, for sale cheap. Organ has never been used. Will give purchaser plenty of time in which to pay for same. Also have chairs, tables and other household goods. Call at residence, west of H. McGinnis's Saloon.

JOSEPH MATTHIES.

Rose Brothers,

AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS. POPULAR PRICES. CATALOGUES FREE ON REQUEST. PERFECT FITTING.

Are You Prepared For Summer?....

We are prepared to show you the most complete line of summer novelty dress goods to be found in town. In shirt waists we have no competition as our stock is the largest, best selected, and contains all the latest patterns. We are also displaying a large line of Ladies Bicycle Suits and belts. In Clothing we are prepared to show you anything you desire as our stock was never more complete than this season. It contains all the latest novelties in Plaids, Cheviots and Worsteds. A call will convince you of this fact.

Blumrosen Bros.

P. S. We have just received our second shipment of Ladies Trimmed hats. Dont forget to see our line before purchasing.

The

Weston Lumber Co.

LUMBER

. . And General Merchandise. . .

Second Annual Shoe Clearing Sale for 30 Days.

One year ago our shoe department underwent a thorough cleansing with so great success that we feel it our duty to again give the public benefits that will more than please the most fastidious buyer.

After Monday Next, May 17th

we will offer you in (Ladies Shoes only) all the odd sizes broken lines at prices given below.

Shoes worth $5.00, Sale Price $2.00
Shoes worth $3.50 and $4.00, for $1.78 and $1.98
Shoes worth $2.50 and $3.00, for $1.48 and $1.58
Shoes worth $1.50 and $2.00, for 0.98 and $1.28

These are only a few leaders. In other lines you will find prices made by us are right.

For 30 Days Only.

W. L. CO.'S STORE

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