The Iron Herald

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
NEGAUNEE (L. S.), MICHIGAN.

TERMS:

One year	$2 50
Six months	1 25
Three months	75

(Invariably in advance.)

The Negaunee Iron Herald.

VOLUME X. NEGAUNEE, (L. S.), MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883. NUMBER 20.

The Iron Herald

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, such as

Posters, Circulars,
Bill-Heads, Ball Tickets,
Business, Wedding and
Visiting Cards,
Programmes, Tags,
Note and Letter Paper,
Envelopes, Etc.,

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AT REASONABLE RATES.

THE SHADOW OF THE WORKINGMAN.

BY EUGENE C. FISK.

Behold yon swiftly flying boat!
In conscious might it steams along;
With graceful lines and powerful frame,
It proudly bears its living throng.
To distant lands it plows its way,
And to the many wealth doth bring;
Its tidings from the absent friends
Are welcome as the smiling spring.
You see it cleave the restless wave,
And know old ocean's space 'twill span;
But, cast o'er all, can you behold
The shadow of the workingman!

See, on the locomotive rush
With headlong speed o'er iron road,
Like living, breathing monster, whom
Some unseen powers onward goad,
Through cities, towns, and shady dells,
O'er gurgling streams and woodland glades,
It speeds you on with clang and roar;
Ay, 'neath mountains' gloomy shades,
With ease it quickly bears along
Pilgrims of every tribe and clan;
But o'er each fleeting view dost see
The shadow of the workingman?

Come, gaze upon this mighty pile,
The spire of which in cloudland dwells;
Kissed by the sinking sun's last ray,
As gently chime the distant bells;
Come view its grandly-massive walls,
Its pillars, halls and arches true,
Which are so neatly, deftly wrought,
Without one flaw to meet the view.
O'er all this blended strength and grace
As round it zephyrs gently fan,
Can you not see, in outline bold,
The shadow of the workingman?

Go seek the lofty mountain height,
And there behold the glowing scene—
The forest, field and waving grain,
The rippling lakes, the meadows green;
Each beauty of the prospect view,
All thronged with busy, useful life,
Where once the gloomy wilds were seen,
Where savage revels once were rife.
Go, look upon all earth's broad face,
Replete with art and nature's plan;
And there, in bold relief you'll see
The shadow of the workingman.

The Gold-Seekers.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The high-born snow commands the hills,
The snow enthralls the level lands,
The snow arrests the hastening rills,
The snow enshrouds their icy hands,
And east or west, or high or low,
Gleams but one shining sheen of snow.

Two wild and stormy streams of humanity, one from Oregon and the other from California, had joined and flowed on tumultuously together. They were on their way to the new mines of Idaho. On Comas prairie winter swept suddenly over them, and there, down in the deep canon that cleft the wide and wintry valley through the middle, the stormy stream of life stopped, as a river that is frozen over.

A thousand men, trying to escape the blizzard that swept over the valley, tumbled hurriedly into the canon together, and took shelter there as best they could beside great basalt blocks that had fallen from the high, steep cliffs of the canon, or under the crags—anywhere to escape the bitter cold.

And how the Californian did despise the Oregonian! He named him the "Webfoot," because his feet were large, and he came from the land of clouds and rain. And how the Oregonian did hate the Californian. He named him the "Horse Thief." But as there was more truth than poetry in it, unlike the other appellation, it did not stick. The bitter enmity and bad blood of Germany and France were here displayed in epitome and in its worst form. A wonder, indeed, if there should not be some sort of tragedy played here before the storm was over.

The Oregonian wore long hair at that date, 1861. Leggings and a blanket, with his head thrust through a hole in the center, made his chief raiment. A tall, peaked hat, with a band about it, something like the brigand of the stage, covered his long, straight and stringy hair. Sometimes he wore an old slouch hat. He was rarely without a blanket. He was never without the leggings.

The Californians wore the traditional red shirt in that day, with hardly an exception. He often carried two pistols in the great leather belt, and always one, with a bowie-knife. He generally wore dark trousers, tucked inside of his great, long-legged leather boots. If he was "on the shoot" or "come from the shoulder," a little investigation would in many cases disclose an extra pistol or two tucked down deep into those boots; and even whisky bottles have been known to nestle there. He rarely wore a coat. If he was cold, he put on his other shirt. The coat interfered with his fighting, and he despised it; and how he would howl at the long, lean and silent Oregonian, as he marched about in his moccasins and leggings, and his blanket tight about him, and his hands quite hidden.

"Hello! web-foot; where's your hands? Come, show us your hands. Are you heeled? You can't fight that way!"

"Try me, and see."

The blanket flew back, two hands shot forward, and the two garrulous and meddlesome Californians let the webfoot go, for he was heeled.

We had but little wood here, and that was of the worst quality—willow, and green and frozen. The little river gurgled plaintively for the first day or two, as it struggled on and ground through its icy banks; but soon its lips were sealed and the snow came down and covered the silent and dead water as with a shroud.

The day after the little tilt between the parties, as above described, the two Californians walked up and down before the quiet and unpretentious camp, only a few steps from their own, for we were all huddled in together there, and talked very loud and behaved in a very insulting manner. The canon was all on tip toe. The men began to forget their misery in the all-absorbing topic of the coming fight. Cautious old men held aloof and tried to keep peace. They kept most of the men out on the windy plain, freezing there with the half-starved mules, horses and ponies, that pawed pitilessly and helplessly in the snow, which was now almost to their breasts. This, it was hoped, would give the men something better to do and keep them from battle.

But the dreadful situation, the cold, the hunger, the possibility of all perishing there together, seemed only to madden the men. That night a duel was arranged to take place at daylight on the plain above. The Californian and the Oregonian were to fight with rifles at ten paces. Both were center deadly shots. Both had their friends and backers. The whole canon seemed about to be drawn into the fight. Some of the men were now very hungry. All were cold, cross, desperate. A general battle was imminent.

Let us look at these silent, lean and despised Oregonians in their blankets. Comely they were not, nor graceful. They were not well read, nor had the eyes of the world been upon them as on the Californians. But, be it remembered, that away back, before California was at all known, these Oregonians had met under the pines, and most emphatically, as well as ungrammatically, proclaimed that they were a part of the United States, and not of England. They had decreed war against aggressive tribes, had raised an army, maintained it in the field, coined their own money, and provided all on their own account. Their coin was pure gold, not a particle of alloy. The beaver on the one side of their crude coin showed the quiet industry of Oregon's pastoral people. The sheaf of wheat on the other side showed that plenty rewarded the husbandman.

Against this record the Californian had little to exhibit. He had washed down hills and led rivers over the mountains. He had contributed much to the metallic currency of the world, but he had done little else. And I take the responsibility of saying that, as compared with the despised Oregonian, notwithstanding his vigilantes and great show of valor and chivalry, he was a braggart and a bully. But these old and deadly quarrels did not have the ears of the world at the time, and, being now happily forgotten, they can concern no one. I have only thrown in this paragraph or two to show how dangerous and deadly was this quarrel we now had on hand. The horses, mules and ponies were freezing in the snow where they stood. Two of the guards did not come in at midnight. They were found nestling against a dead mule on the hill, frozen stiff. But still the fight must go on.

The moon hung high and calm and cold right overhead. The stars stood out and sparkled in the frost-like fire. The keen, cold wind swept the plain above and threatened to fill the canon with drifting snow. Wolves that had eaten only the dead horses up to this time now began to attack the weak and dying. One of the thousands that hovered about had even that night laid hold of a man. There were enough wolves gathered about us, howling, fighting, devouring our dead horses, and even each other, to attack and eat us where we stood. But still the fight must go on. The deadly hatred must find some expression. Fortunate if it should end with this duel just before us.

Fleecy clouds began to drive over the moon at midnight, and drift away toward Idaho. The stars went out as though the fierce wind had blown out the myriad lights of heaven. Then the snow began to fall thick and fast, as the men sat about their feeble fires and talked of the coming duel. These groups grew as white as huddled flocks of sheep. Now and then a man would get up and shake himself, and the snow would slide off in little avalanches thicker than your palm. The fires began to perish under this incessant, unceasing dropping of snow. The wind ceased, and the snow then simply possessed the world. The fires all did go out. It was a weird, deathlike darkness. The men could not see each other's faces. When they spoke it was as though some one called from deep down in a well. They groped about, feeling for each other, as they tried to creep under their blankets in the snow. Now and then a blanketed Oregonian would find his outstretched hand twisted in the snowy beard of a red-shirted Californian. But there was no swearing at each other now.

Snow above and snow below! The wolves howling from the hill. Snow that buried you, that lay over your shoulder like a blanket, that loaded you down, that fastened upon you as if it had life and sense, and like a ghost of your injured dead would never go away.

With morning there came a sense of change. But it was not light. There was only a dim, ghostly something in the air—the ghost of a dead day. And snow, snow, snow—nothing but snow and snow. The men came down from the hill and left the wolves to have it their own way. They came down clinging to each other, Oregonian and Californian together, as best they could. They could not see each other's faces. Their very heads and shoulders were bowed by loads of snow. Many of the men in the canon did not attempt to rise all day. They were covered by the snow many feet deep. In this strange new land these gold-hunters had come upon strange things, and had come to dread that most dreadful things might overtake them. They whispered among themselves that the canon would be swept full of snow if the wind should rise again and then surely all would perish. Under a ledge of rocks that leaned over the canon many men grouped together as the day wore by—hungry, starving, desperate and dying.

But the force of the falling snow was spent. As night came on we could see each other's faces; we could see the world once more. But what was it? A world of snow. Strangely enough, a little white-tailed rabbit came timidly among the men out of the snow and hopped helplessly over human legs. They looked at each other in turn at this, and then out on the world of snow.

The two duelists by chance looked in each other's faces. There was a long pause, an awkward one. Neither spoke. They looked at each other steadily. The men grouped about them held their breath, and all were silent, as if the snow were indeed their shroud, as one Californian with a practical turn of mind and temporary religious tendencies had suggested.

While the two men stood looking steadily and still at each other, there was a movement under the blanket of the Oregonian. He evidently was about to do something, and that soon. With eyes firmly fixed on the eyes of his enemy, he threw back his blanket, threw out and extended his hand. The Californian grasped it, and shook it, and shook again and again, ashamed and beaten—ashamed that he had not had the courage to do what his enemy had done before him. The shout of wild delight that went up from the group showed that there was life in the savage canon still. It seemed to settle the storm. It certainly awakened many sleepers, and they crept out of the snow all about, none the worse for their long night's rest.

The wolves did not stay to dispute for possession of the horses on the hill as the proprietors went up among them. And soon the Chinook—the strange, warm Chinook winds that make such storms possible as well as endurable—swept over the country, and the hills were soon almost as bare as they had been but a week before.

Where Was the Politician?

"Dr. Lancaster, what on earth are you doing?" said a reporter to the physician at the city almshouse, as that gentleman was found administering a big dose of chloroform to an old barnyard rooster in the hospital dispensary. "Why, sir, this is the rooster season, and I am going to show that both politicians and roosters without heads can live in this free country," and he went to work carefully with his fine instruments and took off the bird's head just above the ears and cautiously gathered up the muscles, arteries and veins applied chemicals to prevent the flow of blood. Into the neck of the biped he placed a glass tube—a channel through which to introduce food into the craw—and then put the bird into a box covered with a cloth, with a hole in the centre for the headless neck to go through. "In a few hours," the Doctor said, "this chicken will walk around with steady step, a brainless agent, without sight, thought or feeling." And sure enough, the Doctor was right. At 5 p. m. the chanticleer was walking about the floor of the dispensary with no care as to where and when he could get the next meal.—*Richmond Whig.*

An Idiot.

An idiot is a man who approaches a Georgia mule from the rear without notifying and pacifying the front end first. The wise man is he who never goes near the mule at all, but is simply a looker on in Vienna while the mule is making gestures with his hind feet. This statement is true in moral as well as in natural history.—*Griffin (Ga.) News.*

OF Sir Stafford Northcote it is said that he never made a personal enemy.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

TWO HUNDRED and forty-four earthquakes, it is stated, are known to have occurred during 1881, of which 86 were in winter, 61 in autumn, 56 in spring, and 41 in summer.

M. DAUBREE advances the opinion that earthquakes have probably their maximum rate of occurrence at the new and full moon, and their minimum at the intermediate quarters of the lumination.

UNRIPE grapes contain an unusually large quantity of extractives, acids, ash and phosphoric acid, and a small proportion of alcohol, the extractives having as a rule, a sort of gelatinous consistency.

THE marvelous durability of mortar in Italy is attributed to the fact that the lime remains in a pit covered with water for two years before it is used, whereas in England lime is slaked and used the same day. Most building specifications even require newly-slaked lime.

IT is commonly thought that the freezing of water eliminates its impurities. Under some circumstances this is so, but anybody can see for himself that the grosser impurities are often captured or enclosed in the ice, and so also are the imperceptible impurities of water which may be counted on as its really unhealthy properties.

A NEW method of storing grain is proposed, in air-tight cylinders or bins of sheet iron, to be sealed after a partial exhaustion of the air. It is said that wheat, flour and bread so stored for seven months, have been found in excellent condition, and that taking into account the security of the grain against dampness, fermentation, attacks of insects and large vermin, fire and other risks, when sealed in a partial vacuum, the new plan is more economical than ordinary storage in a granary.

MINNESOTA millers no longer grind wheat into flour, but "crack" it, and burr mill-stones are things of the past, Hungarian steel rollers having taken their place. It takes five sets of steel rollers to finish the flour, and each set runs closer than the preceding. This is a portion of the "new process," and enables the miller to separate the germ of the wheat from the other parts, the germ being objectionable on account of the dark color it imparts to the flour.

FOR comparing the sensitivity of different persons, Mr. Francis Galton used weights in ascertaining the facts he wished to arrive at—the test being what difference could be detected by the persons handling certain weights. These are his provisional results, subject, of course, to correction, but surprising enough for all that: 1. Intellectually able men had more discriminating power on the whole than women of a like cast of mind. 2. Men, as a rule, had a greater ability of estimating accurately than women. 3. What appears strange is that women of very sensitive natures did not seem to be more capable of distinguishing between different degrees than their more callous sisters. 4. What is stranger still is that the investigator says he found the blind, as a whole, were not peculiarly sensitive to the test, but rather the reverse. Some of the gentlemen in charge of our public institutions might probably employ their leisure on such inquiries. The facts should be probably of unexpected importance.

The Origin of Coffee.

It is well known that the coffee-plant is not indigenous in Arabia, but was imported from Abyssinia at a date which cannot be accurately fixed. The taste for coffee itself had a hard struggle at first to find a general welcome among the more select circles. Apart from the oldest legend concerning Shadeli's drink, the Medina Sheikh Abd-el-Kader is the oldest historical authority on the use of the "blood-red Kaweh," as the Tunisian Ibn Waki named the beverage. In the year 1587, not 300 years ago, he tells us that in Yemen people made use of a drink which so enlightened the night-watchers that the faithful of the place were able to sing the praises of God more fervently and cheerfully than could be done anywhere else. According to him, the Mufti Dhabani was the first to introduce the insignificant little bean on Arabian soil, having brought it with him from Africa. Certain it is that the districts of Shoa, Euarara, and Kaffa (whence the name), in the south of the Abyssinian highlands, form the original home of the coffee-plant. Dhabani was of a sickly nature, and since he belonged to the order of the Sofi (Ultra-Pantheists), who believe that everything on earth and all being emanated from the Godhead, he regarded a means of excitement of this kind as a Providential gift. The Medinese and faithful Meccans laid their turbaned heads together in the public places, when first they heard the news; a pious Sheikh in Aden was the first to drink the "black juice" as a sort of public spectacle. In Mecca itself, violent strife arose soon after its introduction as to the propriety of using it. There were great meetings of learned and pious men, who at last, probably after extreme pressure from the Mamelluke Governor, Khair-Beg, declared that coffee "disturbed the brain and intoxicated like wine." But their opponents were of another opinion, and adduced the authority of the celebrated Bagdad physician Avicenna in their defense, which, however, did not prevent the transgressor of the edict forbidding the use of coffee from being publicly whipped. At the same time the zealots of the Hedjaz proclaimed that all coffee-drinkers would appear before the All-Merciful on the resurrection day with black faces. While the great anathema was being pronounced at Mecca, the very Mamelukes themselves, were already reveling in the newly-discovered luxury. A confirmation of the Mecca decree was, therefore, not to be expected from the Sultan, and he, Kanfu Alguri, quashed the ordinance of his Governor and sent the latter into exile. Then many holy Sheikhs—for example, the celebrated Mohammed Harife, founder of one of the four orthodox schools of Islam—took the side of the coffee-drinkers. Thus was the precious bean fully rehabilitated in Western Arabia at least.

Empty Church Pews.

B. Baring Gould, in his work on Germany, states that only 14 persons out of 100 attend any religious service in that land. In the city of Berlin, with 800,000 inhabitants, the churches furnish accommodations for only 25,000 souls. There is but one church regularly open, the congregation of which contains about 200 women and 23 men. Dr. Schwabe writes that in the large cities on the Continent only 2 per cent. of the male population attend church. In Russia, the secret assembly of the Nihilist has been substituted for the peaceful congregation of worshipers. In France the churches are attended almost entirely by women, and in Italy by women and beggars.

What the Jersey Statesmen Drink.

"The legislators must be genteedrinkers?" "Oh, you're off there," answered the bar-tender, "but I guess you're only joking. They drink everything. Of course, we don't see much of the Senators, but the Assemblymen run wild when they reach Trenton. They will start on whisky or English-ale and wind up the night on Dry Mumm or Pommery Sec." Another bar-tender, chiming in, said one night last season he made ninety-six cocktails from 12 to 1 o'clock for members. "They take them all day long, and many like a little absinthe thrown in. This applies to those from the northern part of the State. Those from South Jersey like apple whisky, and those from the intermediate rural districts invariably call for rye."—*Trenton Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

A CELEBRATED physician says one-third of people's complaints are purely imaginary. This can not help being welcome news to those who have snakes in their boots.

SPEAKING of cremation, Blobbs remarked: "Well, I would rather not be burned after death:" "Then," remarked a friend, "you should mend your ways at once."

A NEW YORK museum man wants to have a contest for homely women, but can't get any entries. It is very difficult to find women who think themselves homely enough to compete.

ONE of the saddest moments in life is when a man is looking through an old vest and thinks he has found a 10-cent piece, which, when brought to light, turns out to be a cough lozenger.

HOSTESS: "What, must you go already, Professor?" The Professor—"My dear madam, there is a limit even to my capacity of inflicting myself on my friends!" Hostess—"Oh, no—not at all—I assure you!"

JENNIE JUNE declares that there are no scientific dressmakers in this country. The trouble is the fashionable dressmaker lavishes all her scientific attainments on making out the bill. There's where all the science goes.

THE mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," explained the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

A PENNSYLVANIA paper tells of a family which has been poisoned by eating pie containing arsenic. It seems like a work of supererogation to put arsenic into pie. A pie that cannot kill a family without the help of arsenic is a very weak pie indeed.

"WHAT is the difference betwane the youths' and the min's departments at the big clothing shop?" asked an Irishman of a friend; and, receiving no reply, he continued, "Because, at the wan I buys me clothes, and at the other I clothes me b'ys."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I SUPPOSE when women get their rights," said the young man in the flat hat, "you girls will be making love to the fellows. It must be awfully nice to be made love to, you know." "Yes," replied Angelina, "only one wants to choose one's lovers." The next moment the young man in the flat hat was standing alone, feeling flatter than his flat hat.

IN a town not many miles from Boston, a man stepped into a neighbor's house where he saw the head of the family lying upon his back on the floor, and his wife standing over him, as he thought, with a threatening air. He was about to withdraw, when the prostrate man shouted, "Come along in, Steve; she is only chalking me out a pair of pants."

"HOW DID you come to break off your engagement with Miss Snowball?" asked Uncle Mose of Andy Perkins, an Austin darky. "In de fust place, Uncle Mose, she wasn't berry young, and she didn't hab no money, and jawed like de debbel; secondly, she wouldn't hab me, and went and married anudder niggah, so I tuck de advice ob my frens and jess drapped her."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN impetuous Vienna lover kissed his sweetheart on the ear, and from that moment she was deaf. Married men must be careful when they salute their wives with connubial osculation, although there are some wretches depraved enough to try the experiment of kissing both ears at once if they thought it would insure a total loss of hearing on the part of their better halves.

A GENTLEMAN at the theater sits behind a lady who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat I can see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat something unpleasant will happen." Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on his own hat. Loud cries from the audience: "Take off that hat! Take off that hat!" Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes it. "Thank you, madam."

AN impecunious young lawyer, one day, requested a private interview with one of the wealthiest men in Austin. As soon as the door was closed the young lawyer said, earnestly: "Life is a burden to me unless you consent to my marriage with your daughter. I come to ask your consent." The wealthy man, who did not have much use for lawyers, replied: "To which one of my daughters do you refer? I have three." "Colonel, I refer to whichever one you want me to have," was the candid reply. —*Texas Siftings.*

Cremation a Good Thing.

There are only three ways in which dead bodies can be disposed of—either in earth, sea or fire. There are obvious objections, on the score of good taste, to sending our dead to be torn to pieces by fishes. It is also certain that our cemeteries and graveyards, with slowly decomposing masses of animal matter leads to the surrounding soil being poisoned by the production of putrefaction—a result that cannot be considered healthy by any stretch of imagination. But if we burn a dead body to ashes we do not need do injury to anybody. There is nothing unwholesome in the ashes; which may be preserved with reverent care as sacred relics, and people who prefer to burn their dead rather than let them "lie in cold obstruction and rot" have both sense and science on their side. Indeed we have never heard anything like a good argument against cremation, except one. It is stated that a Belgium statesman, who holds that if we burn dead bodies we lessen the chances of detecting cases of poisoning. But surely it would be possible to devise means whereby, whilst the body was consumed, the stomach of each corpse might be preserved for a certain time after death, lest it might be wanted for analysis. We do not share the terror of those bishops who, like Dr. Wadsworth, thinks that cremation may tamper with the popular belief in the resurrection of the body; nor can we affect to sympathize with the Home Secretary, who, when cremation was once bruted in his presence, is said to have asked with horror: "But, then, what shall we do for burial certificates?" The world has gone after the sacrifice of more important forms than the burial certificate, which, to Sir Richard Cross, seems an essential element in the constitution of society; and it ought not to be more difficult to believe in the resurrection of a body which a shark has eaten and digested than of one reduced to ashes in a funeral pyre.—*London World.*

AN Atlantic City Squire who married a couple received the princely fee of 82 cents.

THE DICE SAVED THEM.

An Incident in the Prussian Military Service.

This story is found in the memoirs of a Prussian officer of distinction. He was at one time on the staff of General Winterfield, one of the most skillful and competent captains of his day, and Winterfield was the general in command at the time spoken of.

Two soldiers had been condemed to death. In a drunken condition at night they had assaulted an officer of the line, and one of them had drawn a knife upon him, but could not positively say which of the two held it. And the men themselves did not know. Neither of them remembered anything about it. So both of them were condemed to be shot.

They were both excellent soldiers and only one of them had been guilty of using a weapon.

The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned. At length Winterfield said he would pardon one of them. Only one held a knife, and only that one ought to die. He would pardon one and the men must decide which of them should be shot.

"Let us shake dice said one of the condemned."

And the other agreed to it. And it was agreed to by all interested. The two men took their places by the side of a big drum and were to throw the dice upon its head. Two dice were given them and a proper box for shaking.

The first man threw two sixes. He groaned in agony. He felt that he had consigned his comrade to death.

But when the second came to throw he also threw two sixes. "Wonderful!" cried the lookers on. They were ordered to shake and throw again.

This time the second man threw first and threw two aces. "Good! You will live, Peter." But when Peter came to throw, the dice presented two aces. And now the beholders were wonder-stricken indeed.

Another throw was ordered, and Peter threw a five and a deuce. The other threw—five—deuce. After the excitement had again subsided the men shook once more. The first threw two fours. "Oh, now throw fives and save yourself, Peter." Peter threw—two fours.

At this point the Colonel ordered them to stop. He went and reported the marvelous result to Winterfield. Said he: "Clearly, gentlemen, Providence will have those two men to be saved."

And saved they were. The General cared not to oppose the wonderful fate of the dice. It did seem providential, and so he accepted it.

And the redeemed soldiers lived to prove that the saving fate had given back to Prussia two of the very best and bravest of her sons.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE LAUGHING CURE.—A shrewd lady who had recovered from a decline was asked what cured her. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that is all," was the reply. If many fretful persons would try this cheap medicine they would have more friends and feel better.

PUTRID SORE THROAT.—Mix one gill of apple vinegar, a teaspoonful of common salt, a tablespoonful of drained bees' honey and half a pod of pepper, together; boil to a proper consistency, pour into a half-pint of strong sage tea. Take a tablespoonful occasionally and it will be found an excellent remedy.

REMEDY FOR LOCKJAW.—Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel on the throat and chest, and in every severe case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

CORN CURES.—Dissolve one part of salicylic acid in forty parts of collodion; apply several times a week. The corn dissolves with little trouble. For hard corns, apply at night a mixture of one part of carbolic acid and ten parts of distilled water, glycerine, and soap liniment; envelop with gutta percha tissue, and the corn may generally be removed the next morning. For inflamed and swollen joints proceed in the same manner, but use, instead of the above mixture, liq. plumbi dil. one hundred and tinct. creci five parts.

WELL-COOKED FOOD.—To set upon my table healthy, nourishing and well-cooked food is one of my hobbies. This would be a comparatively easy matter if one had plenty of money, but where the housekeeping is conducted on economical principles it requires a little care and thought. For instance, bread is found in many families in the form of yellow-streaked saleratus buscuit, and this not seldom, but two or three times a week. Now, good, light, yeast bread is to nothing anybody can have. It should be well baked, with a brown crust, top and bottom. Then graham or rye makes good bread if raised with yeast, and is a pleasant change from white, besides agreeing with dyspeptics. This saleratus is the bane of the kitchen. Of course there are times when it must be used, but it seems to me that a standard baking powder is preferable, the materials being purer and less likely to be adulterated by the grocers. Though there are so many people who dislike oatmeal, yet, in my opinion, at least, there is nothing can compare with it for a breakfast dish. The water should be boiling and the meal stirred in gradually, and it should be well boiled. That people dislike it is not surprising, for it is usually half cooked and fiercely salted, to cover the taste of the raw meal. Meat is a very important article of diet in this country, especially in the cold weather; and the usual way of preparing it is by roasting or frying. How much more palatable and nutritious it would be stewed either with vegetables or without, or made into soups. A very savory dish is made by stuffing beefsteak with a dressing of bread-crumbs, and stewing until tender. Broiling is a favorite method of mine in cooking meat or fish, or even vegetables. In the summer when the stomach seems to crave something light, less meat should be eaten (but enough to keep up the strength), and more eggs, milk, blanc mange and fruit. If the housekeeper would use a little care in the choice and preparation of the food, there would be fewer doctor's bills to pay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Important Men.

"The most important newspaper men of New York city are the reporters and 'copy' readers. It is the reporter who collects all the live news of the day, and the 'copy' reader edits it and decides what shall be printed and what shall go into the waste-basket. The editor reads the results, and puts in the shape of an editorial his opinions, which, by the way, are not always read. At the best these opinions are second-hand as the editor gets his impressions of an event from the tone of the article he reads. The reporter writes up a case as he sees it, and the editor has no choice but to view it in the same light. Hence the editor but amplifies the views and opinions of the reporter. Most people buy newspapers not for the editorials or advertisements, but for the bright and newsy stories written by the reporters. The most successful newspapers are those which have a capable staff of reporters who are able to write what they see, in an intelligent and attractive manner. Through some confusion of ideas the editors get all the credit and most of the pay for the good work done by the reporters, and the reporter's only hope—a vain one—is to become an editor some day and gain the credit of the work of the other reporters."—*Interview with a Reporter.*

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

GINGER CRISPS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one egg, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, one table-spoonful of soda, and use just as little water, boiling, as will dissolve the soda. Do not mix hard. Boil thin and bake in a quick oven.

BEEF CAKES.—Chop pieces of cooked beef small, the lean with such a proportion of fat as you may like, with a slice of soaked bread. Season with pepper and salt, and, if liked, with some chopped onions; mix well, flour your hands and form it in round cakes about an inch in thickness, and fry them a fine brown in beef drippings or butter.

CODFISH ON TOAST.—Take a bowl full of shredded codfish, put this in cold water in a skillet. Let it come to a boil, then turn into a colander to drain. Turn into the skillet again with a little cold milk; season with butter, and pepper, stir smooth a table-spoonful of flour with a little cold milk; add, and let it boil for a moment; turn this on to buttered toast on a platter.

STEWED CRANBERRIES.—To a quart of cranberries allow one quart of water and nearly a pound of sugar; let the water heat while you wash and look over the berries; drop them in the water and let them cook for twenty minutes; then add the sugar; after it is dissolved let the sauce come to a boil, then take from the stove. Some cooks strain the juice to make it clear. If cranberries are to be eaten with game, omit the sugar.

CREAM TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak three table-spoonfuls of tapioca in water over night; put the tapioca in a quart of boiling milk and boil three-quarters of an hour; beat the yolks of four eggs into a cup of sugar; add three table-spoonfuls of prepared cocoanut; stir in and boil ten minutes longer; pour into a pudding-dish; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir in three table-spoonfuls of sugar; put this over the top and sprinkle with cocoanut and brown for five minutes.

PUMPKIN PIES.—One pint of well stewed and strained pumpkin, one quart of scalding hot rich milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one table-spoon of ginger and one of ground cinnamon. Bake in pie plate lined with good paste; do not let mixture stand after it is put together, but bake at once. No. 2. One quart of stewed pumpkin pressed through a sieve, nine eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately, two quarts milk, one teaspoonful of mace, one of cinnamon and one of nutmeg, one and one-half cups of sugar; beat all together and bake with one crust.

PUMPKIN CHIPS.—Slice and pare the pumpkin and slice the slices very thin, or rather cut the slices crossways into very thin pieces, and put in a dish a layer of pumpkin; then sprinkle well with sugar till all is used; let stand over night. For one pumpkin take two lemons; pare and slice thin; the rind of one cut into small bits; also some ginger root, or, if not at hand, some powdered ginger in a muslin bag. Boil all together a long time (the longer the better) or at least from one-half to a whole day; do not add water unless it boils down so as to be in danger of burning or the sugar graining. Use white granulated sugar, and put in glasses covered tight.

RAGOUT.—Take pieces of mutton, veal, beef or rabbit, cut into any size or shape desired; heat a table-spoonful of drippings or lard in a saucepan, and, when hot, fry the meat until almost done. Take out the meat and add a table-spoonful of flour; brown it; add a little lukewarm water, mix it well and then add a quart of boiling water; season with salt and cayenne pepper, add the meat, three or four onions and six or seven potatoes—partially boiled before being put into the ragout—cover closely and stew until the vegetables are done. Take out the meat and vegetables and skim off all the fat from the gravy; season more, if necessary, pour over the ragout and serve.

A Beggar's Ruse.

A man of genius, but somewhat seedy and negligent of apparel, called on an old friend, an insurance agent down town, whom he had not seen for several months, and after the usual greetings the conversation, by mutual consent, dropped into matters of literature and philosophy.

"By the way," remarked the genial visitor, "here's a good thing from Emerson. You know, when a good thing strikes me, I jot it down. It exactly fits my case in the present instance."

Taking a scrap of paper from his pocket, he read:

"If you visit your friend, why need you apologize for not having visited him, and waste your time and deface your own act? Visit him now. Let him feel that the highest love has come to see him in thee—its lowest organ. Or why need you torment yourself and friend by secret self-reproaches that you have not assisted him or complimented him with gifts and salutations heretofore? Be a gift and benediction. Shine with real light and not with the borrowed reflection of gifts. Common men are apologists for men; they bow the head, excuse themselves with prolix reasons, and accumulate appearances because the substance is not."

"How keen, how philosophic, how true!" exclaimed the visited.

"The genius of truth!" added the visitor.

Then, buttoning his coat, he arose and prepared to go. As he approached the door he turned back, and, with a nonchalant air, remarked:

"Oh, I forgot. You haven't a dollar about you, you are not going to use for an hour or two, have you?"

"O, certainly; come again," was the sympathetic answer. — *Indianapolis Herald.*

The Mississippi River Landscape.

The Mississippi is not a picturesque stream below Cairo. There is a sameness all along. The river is always yellow, muddy, running swiftly, swirling around bars, eating away, wherever the current strikes, into the sandy, shelving bank. Cottonwood, cedar and willows stand up in the backgrond of the dingy river landscape. Occasionally in the river are seen long, sandy shoals, covered with wild geese. These have sentinels posted out, so that they are very difficult to be approached by sportsmen. They are, however, very poor eating. A wild goose, arrived at the age of 2 years, can be boiled indefinitely without being reduced to an eatable condition. There are millions of ducks on the river, but they are very poor eating. They have a rank, coarse, fishy flavor.

NANTUCKET has a girl pilot only 19 years old. Knows all the buoys in the sound, you may bet.

Training a Colt.

The most successful way of training an animal is to begin at birth. It is then readily managed, as there is no acquired habit to overcome. The important point to be kept in view is to teach him what you want him to know, and only that. In order to do it successfully two things are necessary, kindness and decision; these must never be lost sight of. Let the colt know you mean well in the start and all subsequent handling. And in directing him give him to understand that there is no other way than yours, and he will soon be made to respond to the gentle yet firm pressure. Let your society be among his first impressions. Pass your hand softly over him and pat him, but do not tire him. Repeat your visits at first, at short intervals. You will thus, in his mind, be coupled with his mother, and share her familiarity and also the sense of protection. If you secure his attachment and reliance upon you, you will have laid the basis for all your work. When leading the mother, put a halter on the colt also, so as to get him used to it and give him an idea of restraint. Continue this in the stable. In the use of the halter care must be exercised so as to avoid rashness and undue severity. But also maintain your firmness with him, never yield in what you undertake, being sure you undertake what is necessary, and what has previously been determined upon. But have confidence; he is young, and you never can handle him so readily as now, when he is the feeblest and has not learned differently. He will soon yield to your way, the only way he will know, and all the more when he knows it will do him no harm. The last is important. If harm is to come to him, let it not come from you. Make him familiar with noises and starting approaches, first of a mild character, gradually increasing till the most stirring ado fails to move him. This will prevent his shying. Handle his feet and familiarize yourself with every part of them. Put things on his back, light at first; follow with a bag, and at last, when old enough, with yourself.

Whatever is done, never lie to the colt—never contradict yourself; he will remember it, and it will confuse him—he will be as apt to go wrong as right. All uncertainty must therefore be avoided, and the line marked out for him must be clear to him, as to you also; he must be held steadily in that until he becomes established in it, when he will not wish to depart from it. All must be done with a view, among other things, to make it as pleasant for him as possible, with the restraint always applied when needed, and never yielding, but doing it in kindness and with as little ado as possible. He thus gradually and unaware to himself learns to do what you want of him and that alone, if you keep other influences away from him. Never over-exercise him. Do not bother him with heavier loads than he can draw, if you wish to keep him from balking. In all that you are to do, do not lose sight of the important element of doing it in a gradual way. If it is thought there is too much to be done, let it be remembered that the horse is a valuable animal, and that the pains taken with him increase this value by making him so much the more serviceable, readily handled and always reliable. Every true horseman will appreciate this. If the colt fails to respond with sufficient alacrity—if, further, he is stupid or awkward or of an indolent nature—sell him; you do not want him. —*Country Gentleman.*

Tacks.

A tack is a simple, unpretending sort of a young nail, noted for its keen repartee when pressed for a reply, and possessing the peculiar powers, when standing on its head, of causing the cold shivers to run down the back of a man in mere anticipation of what might be.

Tacks are in season all the year around, but the early spring is usually the time selected by them for a grand combined effort, and then they flourish everywhere for at least a month. Since the inauguration of the time-honored ceremonies of house cleaning, every thorough housekeeper, with long experience in the line of duty, so takes up the carpets as to retain all the tacks in their original places, thus preventing it slipping from the shaker's hands, unless the tack breaks or the fingers give out. But the triumph of the tack is not complete at this early stage; it patiently abides its time, and on the relaying of the carpet issues forth with double force. After searching the entire house for a paper of tacks, without success, the unfortunate man drops on his hands and knees to begin, and immediately discovers four tacks at least, and as he rolls over to extract these, finds the rest of the paper directly under him, and then unless he is a man accustomed to put up stoves and joint stove-pipe the chances of laying the carpet on that evening are slight. In selecting tacks from a saucer he always inspects the point with his fourfinger, as the tack instantly loses its head when they come to blows. In argument the tack is sharp and pointed, but the display of either or both, depends largely on the amount of pressure employed by its opponent. In direct contrast to a good joke the amusement generally begins before you see the point, and this fact is easily demonstrated by walking the floor in your stocken feet, a well-kept room on such an occasion averaging two tacks to the square foot.

The future of the tack gives great promise of more extended usefulness and unlimited possibilities, as several of our most eminent college professors having carefully studied the effect of a sharp tack of reasonable length placed properly in a chair or under a cot, are about to introduce tacks, and do away with spring-boards in our college gymnasiums.—*M. Quad.*

The Cost of Retirement.

Publicity is one of the conditions of modern life, and it is assured that it is more a condition of American existance than that of any other people. Long since a foreigner of distinction spoke of that "full glare of the American eye" in which he seems to have thought everybody here had to live, whether liking it or hating it. But publicity is not an Americanism simply, and such it never has been; and it belongs to us, not because we live so much farther to the west than most others of the people who are civilized, or pretend to be so, but in virtue of our humanity. Retirement is as easy a thing to have in America as it is elsewhere, by which we mean, not that it is a matter of course anywhere, but that it must be paid for, no matter in what land, or under what sky, the lover of silence and quiet and the avoider of the noise and bustle and confusion, may dwell. Everything else being bought and sold, why should not freedom from disturbance bring its just price in that market which we call the world? That price need not be stated either in silver or in gold, in greenbacks or in brownbacks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Julian Hawthorne's German Officer.

In Dresden, Julian Hawthorne, the author, is credited with the following exploit: He had been driven from the sidewalk many and many a time by the German officers, till finally one day, coming over the Elbe on one of the bridges with a friend, he vowed that the next German officer he met should at least give him half of the sidewalk. He soon met one, and, neither being willing to give way, they walked directly into one another. Hawthorne did not budge, neither would the German; they glared at one another for a few moments, when the German drew his sword and attempted to strike Hawthorne with the flat of the blade. In a twinkling Hawthorne knocked the officer down, took his sword away from him, broke it across his knee and threw it into the Elbe. The disgrace of having lost his sword was so great that the officer never dared mention the circumstance; so Hawthorne escaped without fine or punishment.

A Southern California Vineyard.

It was the mature vintage season now in the country around San Jose. Santa Clara County, of which San Jose is the county-seat, boasts of a number of acres of grape-vines under cultivation (something over eleven thousand) larger than any but one other in the State, that of Sonoma. Napa, however, also to the north, and Los Angeles, to the south, greatly surpass it in the number of gallons of wine and brandy made.

We visited the Le Frank vineyard, which dates from 1851, and was the pioneer in the way of making winegrowing a regular business venture. Here there are about one hundred and seventy-five thousand vines set out —a thousand, perhaps, to the acre. The large cheerful farm buildings are upon a gentle rise of ground above the area of vines, which is nearly level. An Alsacian foreman shows us through the wine-cellars. A servant-maid bustling about the yard is a thorough French peasant, only lacking the wooden shoes. The long tables set for the forty hands employed in the vintage time, are spread with viands in the French fashion. Scarcely a word of English is spoken. At other places the surroundings are exclusively Italian. One feels very much abroad in the scenes of this new industry on American soil. A certain romantic interest attaches to it wherever found. The great tuns in the wine-cellars, and all the processes, seem delightfully clean. It is reassuring to see the pure juice of the grape poured out in such floods, and to know that at this source of supply there is to be no need, founded in scarcity at least, of adulteration.

Heavy loads of grapes are driven up, across a weighing scale, and lifted to an upper story, and put into a hopper, where the stems come off, and the fruit falls through into a crusher. It is lightly crushed at first. It is something of a discovery to find that the first product of grapes of every variety is white wine: Red takes its hue from the coloring matter in the skins, which are utilized in a subsequent rougher treatment. It is not necessary to describe all the various processes of the work, the racking off, clarifying, and the like, though, having been favored with so much of the company of persons who spoke with authority on these matters, and were continually holding up little glasses to the light with gusto, like the figures in certain popular chromos, I consider myself to yield in knowledge of the subject to but few. Immense upright casks containing a warm and audibly fermenting mass, and others lying down, neatly varnished, and with concave ends, are the most salient features in the dimly lighted wine-cellars.

They are not cellars, properly so-called. They are wholly above-ground, and the casks rest on wooden sills upheld by short brick posts.

Three to four tons of grapes to the acre are counted upon here; while further south, where irrigation is used, it is from eight to twelve. But it is claimed, in the standing controversy on the subject, that the irrigated grapes are watery, while those of the lesser yield excel them in quality. The best results here, we are told, are secured from such vines as the Mataro, Carignane, and Grenache, imported cuttings from the French slope of the Pyrenees. There are, on the Le Franc place, not less than sixty different varieties under probation, many others of which will, no doubt, give an excellent account of themselves in time. They are from Greece, Italy, Palestine and the Canary Islands, the remotest sections of the earth, and each has its own interest, historical as well as botanical. Every phase of the subject, too, has its attractions from the rude preparation of a few hundred gallons each for their own use by the Italians and Portuguese to the manufacture of American champagne on a great scale by the Hungarian, Arpad Haraszthy, at San Francisco. The pure American families have not yet acquired the habit of looking upon wine as a necessity.—*W. H. Bishop, in Harper's Magazine.*

Shattered Love.

"Give me the ring."

Lurline McCaffery stood in an oriel window with the sunlight beaming in warm, golden waves above her slight form, and at her right, his hand outstretched in eager expectancy, while a half imperious, half pleading look shot from his big brown eyes, was Marmaduke Short. The girl had been standing there nearly thirty seconds without speaking, the light streaming in upon the soft waves of hair, the fathomless eyes, and the calm sweet mouth. It was not a youthful face; the bloom and flush had faded long ago, but it was so grand and womanly, there was such an I-know-how-to-do-up-my-hair look upon it, that in comparison mere girlish prettiness lost immeasurably.

At this moment Pansy Perkins entered the room. She had twisted an azure-hued scarf around her shoulders, and her yellow hair fell about her like a cloud. Throwing a kiss to Lurline, whose silence she did not at all understand, Pansy flitted away to the piano at the other end of the room and began to lower rents in the vicinity. Snatches of the soft, murmurous music filled the air, and made the place seem strangely sad. The twilight was approaching, and as the dark shadows fell the music sobbed and surged through the room. Lurline listened intently, and finally she spoke:

"You really wish to break our engagement then?" she asked.

Marmaduke spoke no word, but the inclination of his head showed that the girl had not guessed amiss.

"And you will marry Pansy?"

Again the head was bowed, and the dimpled chin hit his shirt front.

"Then I give you the ring with pleasure," said the girl; "I could wish for no sweeter revenge."

"What do you mean?" asks the man, his face pallid with an undoubted fear.

"I mean," she says, her every word falling upon his tinted ear as fall the earth-clods upon a coffin, "that in addition to playing the piano she sometimes sings."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LIME KILN philosophy apropos of the death of Elder Spooner: "He was honest, an' darfore poo'. He was conscienshus, an' darfore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity, an' sympathy, an' darfore had the reputation of bein' weak in de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man who am obleeged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society and laffed at by de world."

She Obeyed an Impulse.

Fifteen years ago the daughter of a rich and prosperous man, living in fine style on Fifth avenue, New York, went out in a carriage, ostensibly on a shopping expedition. At Stewart's store she left the carriage, and her coachman waited for over two hours, until finally, becoming anxious, he made inquiries. The young lady had disappeared, and though a great deal of money was spent and much effort made to discover her, there was no trace. Ten years passed, and the detective who had worked on the case, very faithfully and anxiously, rose by degrees to the rank of Police Captain. One cold night, just after Christmas, four or five of his officers entered the station with eight or ten drunken women in their custody. One or two were crying over their arrest and the prospect of a prison; others were fierce in their oaths at the interference of the police with their orgie, while others again were sulky. Standing a little apart from the group of prisoners the Captain noticed a tall woman of about 30, and saw that she had once been beautiful, though now her face was disfigured by a bruise on the cheek and a black welt under the eye. There was, however, an air of retirement about the woman that attractad the Police Captain, and he eyed her curiously while the Sergeant recorded the names of the prisoners. Suddenly the woman beckoned to him.

"Captain, do you know me?" was her question.

"No."

"Didn't you once try to find Miss Grace——?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm her. I ran away just out of pure deviltry, and I've had my full share of it."

"Good heavens! Why did you do it?"

"Oh, I don't know. The notion came into my head, and I obeyed the impulse."

"And where have you been all this time?"

"Right here in the ward, under your very nose. You never suspected me, though I saw you often enough."

"And have you not repented of the step?"

"Repented!" and the word thrilled in the Captain's ear like the wail of a lost soul. "Repented! Oh, God, yes! But it was too late."

"It's never too late."

"Yes, it is. But it's not too late to die." And before the Captain could prevent it, she had drawn a small pistol and shot herself. The poor creature lived for two days, and when she died it was in the arms of her father. The mother had died a few years before of grief. This is a true story and shows how much stranger real life is than fiction.—*Baltimore American.*

The Value of Precious Stones.

The diamond mines of Brazil were first opened in 1727. It is estimated that since that time they have produced at least two tons of diamonds. In England, a stone weighing one carat and of the purest water is worth when cut and polished about $60. The dealers in rough stones acquire the habit of distinguishing the water of a rough stone by simply breathing upon it. Among the historic diamonds, the Rajah weighed 367 carats and the Great Mogul 280. Before it was cut the latter weighed 900 carats. From the composition of the diamond we see what costly things nature makes from common material. All the diamond fields of the world are not worth the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. Since 1840 there have been two panics, when diamonds rose and fell like other securities. One was in Brazil in 1843, and the other was five years later, at the time of the revolution in France. This stone is found in India, Brazil, South Africa, Borneo, Algeria and the United States.

Job speaks of the price of wisdom being above rubies. A ruby of five carats is double the value of a diamond of that size, and one of ten carats is worth three times as much as a diamond of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones. These gems were once used as charms against poison and wicked thoughts. They are often imitated with real stones, the most common being spinel. But it is not difficult to distinguish the imitation, as the ruby is the only stone having a pigeon-red color. Another precious stone is the sapphire, which is like the ruby, with the exception of the color. The emerald is a deep green, the deeper the better. It loses no brilliancy in an artificial light, but its color may be expelled by a gentle heat. Most of our emeralds come from New Granada, and will always have flaws. In imitations it is not the hardness nor the color that is sought, so much as the flaw. This stone was said to cure palpitations, hypochondria, and other imaginative diseases. Other precious stones are the chrysoberyl, called the "floating light," which is the only one having the property of showing two colors; the topaz, with its many colors—yellow, pink, blue, green and white; the opal, containing 5 per cent. of water; the garnet, turquoise, tourmaline, amethyst, agate, crystal, peridot and pearl.—*New York Tribune.*

Baconian Philosophy.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

That is half granted which is denied graciously.

Without good-nature man is but a better kind of vermin.

New things, like strangers, are more admired and less favored.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.

Great riches have sold more men than ever they have bought out.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

They that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new.

He who builds a fair house upon an ill seat, commits himself to prison.

Base natures, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true.

You had better take for business a man somewhat absurd, than over formal.

Excusations, cessions, modesty itself well governed, are but marks of ostentation.

The master of superstition is the people. And in all superstition, wise men follow fools.

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.

If a man look sharp and attentively he shall see fortune; for, though she is blind, she is not invisible.

He that defers his charity till he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

To desire in discourse to hold all arguments is ridiculous, wanting true judgment; for in all things no man can be exquisite.

The best governments are always subject to be like the fairest crystals, when every icicle or grain is seen, which in a fouler stone is never perceived.

As in nature things move more violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent; in authority, settled and calm.

BROOKLYN has sixty-six public schools, 200,000 scholars and 1,343 teachers. There are beside about 25,000 pupils in private schools.

IRON HERALD.

Tuesday, March 8, 1887

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For Justice of the Peace,
ALEX. T. WHITE, 4th Ward.

For Supervisor of the Town of Negaunee,
JOHN T. WEMPLE, 1st Ward.

THE LEGAL CONTEST EXPIRED.—The protracted senatorial contest terminated Thursday evening last by the election of Thomas W. Palmer on the 815 ballot, a result which will more completely harmonize the conflicting and incoherent factions than would the selection of any other of the several candidates. The Senator-elect is a man of the abilities and his prejudices were friends among the masses of the people of the state than any other republican within its borders. He is approachable, impartial and selfsacrifice, one who will make no discrimination in his public duties on account of personal preferences. He has enough of overcrowding politics and fealties for him the correct position of an official. He is a fine speaker and his great and sonorous voice adds the respect and critics the admiration of all who listen to him. As his acquaintance extends, correspondingly will the number of his friends increase. There is no cant, no oollish or hypocrisy in his make up. The people of this Peninsula are especially gratified in his election. He was the first choice of nineteen-twentieths of them, is conversant with all our interests, and we are glad to know was endorsed by the entire Upper Peninsula delegation, thereby representing their respective constituencies. In a word he is honest, able and the true gentleman, and will without doubt discharge the duties of his high office with credit to himself and to the state. His triumph, under the circumstances, is one of the most brilliant ever achieved in a political sense in the state, and he will doubt fully appreciate it as he sees sheathed discovers the uniform satisfaction his election has given to the people.

The result finally reached simply repays for the time consumed, and there is probably no doubt but it will prove more profitable in the end than if it had been wasted in lumbering up the statutes with useless legislation. The hour passed by the fusion organ, at which they called on Republicans to waste of time and money, by the Republican members of the Legislature, will fall flat.

The following is a brief biographical sketch of the new Senator:

Thomas Wickersh Palmer was born in the city of Detroit, Jan. 25th, 1830. He was educated at Detroit and at the celebrated academy conducted by Dr. Gallaudet (deaf-mute). He was reared on the farm of his father, Judge Levi Ruggles Palmer, in Detroit. He graduated at age of 20. Chief, then the village of Detroit, when he entered the Freshman class at Ann Arbor, and remained two years. Left Ann Arbor and entered Yale College, class of 1850. He joined a portion of the following year upon Lake Superior, and spent the winter of 1850-51 in Detroit. He studied at Ann Arbor about six months. He spent spring and summer of 1851 in Detroit. He left Detroit in a wagon to Jackson, in the fall of 1851. He landed at Cedar after a stormy day's winter wagon, and for the remainder of the winter was employed in the office of Judge Douglas, of Cedar, Douglas, and other gentlemen. Returning to Detroit, he took sleigh for South Arbor, landed at Ann Arbor in the night, and left for Detroit in the morning. South Arbor, he returned home to New Orleans, spent the time between the 1st of January and the 1st of May, 1852, in Detroit, and entered the office of a transportation company as clerk, in Detroit, and left for Lake Superior, arrived at Ontonagon, Mich., on the 1st of June, 1852, and left for Detroit, in August, 1852, on board the steamer Detroit, and left for Detroit, and left for Detroit, and left for

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, March. 8, 1883

TIME TABLE.

C. & N. W. R. R.—GOING NORTH.

Passenger Mail and Express	2.05 P. M.
Freight No. 21	7:12 A. M.
Freight No. 23	3.22 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger Mail and Express	12:40 P. M.
Freight No 22	8:17 A. M.
Freight No 24	4:29 P. M.

M. H. & O. R. R.—GOING WEST:

Accommodation No. 3	10:25 A. M.
Mixed No. 5	12:28 P. M.
Mail No. 1	2:30 P. M.
Accommodation No. 7	5:13 P. M.
Frieght No. 9	9.05 A. M.

GOING EAST.

Accommodation No. 4	8:30 A. M.
Mail No. 2	12 00 P. M.
Mixed No 6	2:21 P. M.
Accommodation No. 8	3:25 P. M.
Freight No 10	1:45 P. M.

☞ The hotels are doing a fair business.

☞ The new postoffice pleases the people generally.

☞ Trout are being caught through the ice at Teal Lake.

☞ The Negaunee Minstrel combination is a thing of the past.

☞ the Jackson Company squared the monthly pay roll on Saturday evening last.

☞ The men discharged from the McComber and Milwaukee mines will be paid in full this week.

☞ This is spring, according to the almanac, but not according to the depth of snow upon the ground.

☞ Shovel the snow off your roofs. This is the season of the year when the snow weighs the heaviest and leaks are made apparent.

☞ To run into a delivery sleigh and dump out into the cold snow was the sad plight of a fair young damsel last week, while driving down Iron street.

☞ The IRON HERALD office is now connected with the telephone system, and those who have occasion to give us a clatter can do so at arm's length.

☞ The new band has received lots of new music—all the very latest tunes—and are practicing for all they are worth. We may soon expect the boys to regale us with a "concord of sweet sounds."

☞ New material is continually being added to the stock of the IRON HERALD. A new Leader paper cutter—one of the most approved machines in use—was put in Friday. Call in and take a look at recent additions to the concern

Personal.

Thomas M. Wells, who has been paying a visit to his old home, at Salisbury, Conn., returned on Friday.

E. S. Green and daughter, Miss Lucy, left by Sunday's train for an extended trip south and east. E S. expects to be absent from two to four weeks.

Capt. Merry, of the Jackson, left Sunday, and will visit Cleveland and New York before his return.

Hon John Q Adams, of this city, was made one of the vice presidents of the State Convention, held at East Saginaw on the 28th ult.

John Reed, an old miner of this place, returned on Friday from a visit to his former home in Cornwall, England. He reports times as very quiet in the old country. It was his intention to have brought out his family, but concluded, on account of dull times, to let them remain yet awhile. He came in the steamer *Alaska*, making the passage in eight days.

Hon Edward Breitung, Capt. Mitchell and friends have gone to Los Angelos, California, evidently not deeming the climate at Los Vegas, New Mexico, congenial. This we learn from private dispatch which stated that all were well and feeling well. The Los Vegas *Optic* of the 24th ult. has the following reference to the arrival of the party in that place:

Edward Breitung, a wealthy capitalist and mine operator of Negaunee, Michigan, arrived to-day in the special Pullman "Otero," accompanied by a party of thirteen friends. The party stops at the Montezuma a month or two

Dr. F. H. Hirschmann, for the past eight years located at the Republic, on Thursday last left for the Menominee Range, where he takes charge of the Menominee Mining Company's hospital and with it a large mining practice. He is one of the most successful physicians and a first class surgeon.

Wm. R. Calhoun left for Chicago on Wednesday last, and we understand soon intends to leave that place for Leadville, Colorado.

Eugen E. Adams, who has been attending school at Lake Forest, Ill, is home on account of ill health, and will not return before the commencement of the summer term.

Capt. A. P. Wood, of the Swanzey mine, is in Canada looking after some agricultural matters in which he is interested.

Rev. H. E. Davis officiated in the Presbyterian church on Sunday, for the first time since his recent severe sickness.

Ralph Bagley, of Pittsburg, arrived in town Friday and left by Sunday's train. He does not relish the outlook for iron.

Capt. C. T. Roberts, of Crystal Falls, came up Saturday afternoon and returned Sunday. He says there is a general shortening of forces among the Menominee Range mines, but as yet none have been closed down and he is of the opinion that none will, unless the condition of the market grows materially worse than at present.

Edson Covert, until recently agent of the M. H & O. R. R. at Eagle Mills, is temporarily located at Ann Arbor, in the employ of the Michigan Central R. R. Company.

V. B. Cochran paid his old friends in this city a visit on Saturday and Sunday, having taken charge of the Land office at Marquette on the first of March.

Mr. G. Conklin, general manager of the Concentrating Company, who has been spending some days in town, left on Saturday for New York.

Mrs. S P. Kline, who has been spending several weeks at her old home, at Eagle, Wis., returned Sunday.

Mrs. George Sheldon, who with a party of friends has been in Cuba a greater portion of the winter, passed through here on Saturday to her home in Houghton.

Richard Jeffrey and William J. Adams, left yesterday for Aberdeen, Dakota, where they intend to locate farms.

Dr. Cyr left for California yesterday.

A private letter received yesterday from J. O. St. Clair, at Deming, New Mexico, says: "Capt. Mitchell has had a hard journey so far, the altitude of Los Vegas, where we expected to remain some time, being so high that he could scarcely breathe, and we were obliged to leave there on his account, and are merely stopping at this point to give him a chance to rest and start for California to-morrow. Mr. Breitung and party are still with us and go on to-morrow also. We came to this country seeking sunshine, and so far have had difficulty in keeping warm." From a letter received here from another party it was reported that the life of Capt. Mitchell was at one time despared of, though relief was afforded within a short time thereafter.

☞ If you can't clean off your sidewalk put ashes on them.

☞ Bring your job printing to the IRON HERALD job rooms, over the postoffice.

☞ The ice in in the straits is now so that the *Algomah* makes regular trips to and from St. Ignace.

☞ It is expected the railroad to Houghton will be completed before the end of of September.

☞ March came in with the mildness of Mary's little lamb, and if there is any truth in the old saw, will go out like a whole managerie.

☞ The coal supply has given out at Cheboygan, and the amount that is coming in by rail is so high that only the rich can buy and save money.

☞ The spring election will be held three weeks from next Monday. The people have much involved in the result, and it is not a moment too soon to be looking about for the right men.

☞ On Sunday last the band boys received a new piece of music, entitled, "When the Leaves Begin to Turn" We hope we shall have the pleasure of listening to its rendition before they do, however.

☞ When the snow goes off—when—there will have to be a great deal of cleaning up done. We notice a number of back alleys that only need a little soft weather to make them smell worser'n a slaughter house.

☞ If the writer of a letter mailed at the Negaunee postoffice on the 22d of December last, and addressed to Mrs. Jessie S. Bonsall, 625 Dickson street, Chicago, will call at the postoffice in this city, he or she may learn of something to advantage.

FOR SALE.—The brevier used upon this paper—a large font—of which this paragraph is a sample, is offered for sale at a price but little above that of old metal. It is well sorted, and in the hands of good printers will give a good impression for a number of years.

☞ The city physician reports that the general health of the city is now better than at any time for many months past—absolute freedom from epidemics and no sickness of account incident to climatic changes. This is certainly a consolation in the face of a discouraging business outlook.

☞ Nick Laughlin's delivery sleigh, loaded with goods, upset while crossing the M., H. & O track, near the Pioneer boarding house, Thursday afternoon, and the wreck narrowly escaped demolition by an east bound train. The last package was removed from the track at the moment the train reached the spot.

☞ The county road between this city and Ishpeming is in very bad condition, being filled with pitch holes the entire length. The continued hauling of ore from that place to this city add greatly to the demoralized condition of the same. The proper authorities should see that these holes are filled and the road placed in proper shape

☞ A young gentleman from Ishpeming stopped off between trains, on his return from Marquette, a few days ago, to visit his lady-love, and after spending a couple of hours at her home awaiting her return from her vocation—that of a school marm—left sadly disapointed. Of course she was as much aggrieved on her return, and for a time, at least, "two hearts beat as one."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.—The following letters were uncalled for in the Negaunee postoffice March 6 Persons calling for them will please say advertised:

Baisvert, Ritor	Jolley, William
Brewster Richard	Lindstrom, Elias
Catsic, William	Milgalli, Gustave
Decodel, Katie	Murphy, Michael Sen
Forsberg, Anna L	Rawlings Wm
Gustonon, Abram	Rowe, Wm 2
Gustafson, C F	Wicklander, Adolph 2
Hag ne, Johanna	
Biutze, William	

☞ The following story and moral, told by a Georgia preacher is as applicable here as anywhere: "I once loaned a cart and ox to some boys to go to a camp meeting. They tied a nubbin of corn to the shaft so it would be a few inches ahead of the annimal's nose. He came near running himself to death trying to get it. Brethren, the devil keeps a dollar just ahead, and many of you are killing yourselves trying to get it."

☞ A correspondent of the St. Ignace *Free Press* of last Saturday attacks the model and construction of the ferry steamer *Algomah*—says she's a blasted old fraud, and that her existence has only served the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of constructing a boat that will force a passage across the straits during the severest winters. During a recent trip a hole was worn through the Algomah's bottom and she is laid up for repairs.

COMMON COUNCIL.—The Common Council of the city of Negaunee met in regular session, at its chambers, on Thursday evening, March 1st, 1883.

There were present Assessor Kirkwood and aldermen Lee, Maitland, May, Quinn and Schneider.

Alderman Quinn reported for water-works committee, that five taps had been made in water main, costing thirty-one dollars, and for which sixty-three dollars had been collected and paid into the city treasury.

On motion the report was accepted.

Assessor Kirkwood, as chairman, reported that the proposed amendments to the city charter had been presented in the House, and that the committee on Municipal Corporations had reported favorably as to the bill. He thought the bill would soon be passed by both branches of the legislature.

On motion of Alderman Maitland the report was accepted and the committee on charter amendments discharged from further consideration of the matter.

Street Commissioner Johnson offered an amended report to his annual poll tax report, which showed that there had been $635.00 tax collected and paid into the city treasury and 41 polls worked out upon the streets.

On motion of Alderman Lee the report was accepted in lieu of former reports.

City Marshal Johnson reported having collected and paid in fines amounting to thirteen dollars.

On motion of Alderman May this report was also accepted and ordered filed.

The chair read a communication from the county treasurer relative to the amount of tax withheld at the time of settlement in February, 1882, as an offset for liquor taxes due the city from the then county treasurer, and asking for a settlement of the same.

On motion of Alderman Quinn the matter was referred to the finance committee.

The chair appointed Messrs. Maitland, Quinn and Lee as a special committe to audit the accounts of the city treasurer and report at the next meeting.

The following claims against the city were then considered, and were, on separate motions, allowed and ordered paid, viz:

Morse Pros., 53 gallons kerosene oil for fire department	$10 60
D. McDonald, brooms, oil, etc., fire dep't	4 35
B. Neely, ser w nails, etc., highway acc't	8 74
Geo. Fick, 2 days' work on streets	3 20
D. McDonald, pens, ink, etc., for elections	55
Sporley & Kline, nails, locks and keys	2 70
Sporley & Kline, nails, on water acc't	23
Byrne & Blackwood, pipe, nipples and plumbing	11 70
Geo. Mall, labor on water pipes	10 63
D. Kell, hauling coal brazo	1 00

The claim of Isaac Johnson for water boxes, supplied at $6, was on motion referred to water-works committee.

Assessor Kirkwood reported that he had unintentionally taxed property belonging to Jno. Sullivan and James Sullivan, which should have been exempted, and asked that the same, amounting to ninety-two cents each, be refunded.

On motion of Alderman Quinn the same was ordered refunded and orders for the amounts drawn.

On motion of Alderman May, fifty dollars was allowed and ordered paid the marshal for fuel and expense account of jail.

The council then, on motion of Alderman Schneider, adjourned.

BYRON D. JONES, Recorder.

☞ The Jackson and Concentrating companies squared their monthly pay roll on Saturday last.

☞ The hydrants along Iron street have all been thawed out and are now in proper condition should a fire break out.

☞ The regular monthly meeting of the fire department, which should have occurred Monday evening, was adjourned till Monday next, March 12th.

☞ Those who favored the erection of a new school building now threaten vengeance upon the waterworks project when it shall be submitted to a vote of the people, and there is no certainty but it will be defeated.

CLOTHES STOLEN.—Some thief with hematite ore on his boots, stripped the clothes reel at the residence of M. A. Gibbs, Monday night, carying off the entire washing of that day. People should not leave property of this kind exposed during the prevalence of these close times.

☞ Notwithstanding the unfavorable outlook in the iron market and the consequent blueish tints about this section, we understand that a number of new buildings will be erected during the coming season in town There is still a demand for a large number of additional small cottages.

OFF THE ROUTE.—Saturday morning's freight brought three portable engines here, which were shipped at Erie, Pa., to parties in Southern Texas. On the same flat car with them, was one from the same house consigned to Hancock, which probably led to the mistake of sending the entire lot this way.

☞ Under recent rulings of the postoffice department at Washington, papers cannot be forwarded from one postoffice to another without the payment of additional postage. This does not refer to county newspapers, which may be forwarded to any other postoffice in the county. The same ruling refers to postal cards as well as papers.

☞ Mr. J. W. Morse, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific Railway, has issued a circular to Sir Knights informing them that for the triennial conclave in August, next the transcontinental lines have agreed that the round trip rate from the Missouri river to San Francisco shall be $75. The above rate is available both via. Omaha or Kansas City, the passengers have the option of going by one route and returning by the other.

☞ Peter Trudell has himself comfortably and tastily situated in the postoffice room. Pete keeps a constant supply of daily and weekly papers, together with a choice line of confectionery, cigars, smokers articles, etc., and we are pleased to note is enjoying a liberal amount of patronage. Peter is an honest man and will treat all who may favor him with their patronage fairly. The stand, as now kept, is a great conveinence.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION AND THE NOMINEES.—The Republican State Convention held at East Saginaw, on on the 28th inst., was a large and enthusiastic gathering, nearly every county in the state being represented. The nominations made are strong ones, and give general satisfaction throughout the state. The proceedings were characterized with the greatest degree of harmony and good feeling which will doubtless result in the complete success of the ticket on the day of election. It is conceded by all Republicans, as well as the intelligent portion of the Democratic party, that no more able man for the supreme bench could be found in the state than Austin Blair. Though not so widely known as is Mr. Blair, Mr. O'Brien, nominated to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Marston, is eminently qualified for the duties of the supreme bench.

The candidates for Regents of the University are both men well fitted to discharge the duties of the position to which they will be chosen to fill. The ticket is a good one, and there ought not and probably is no doubt of its election We give the following biographical sketches of the candidates in order that our readers may know who they are:

Austin Blair, nominated associate justice of the supreme court for the long term, was born at Caroline, Tompkins county, N Y., February 8, 1818 He is therefore now 65 years old, and a remarkably vigorous man, physically and intellectually He was admitted to the bar in 1841, and in the same year removed to the newly organized county of Eaton, where he was elected county clerk In 1844 he returned to Jackson, and resumed the practice of his profession He was elected to the legislature in 1843 and again in 1847. While in the legislature he introduced and earnestly advocated measures for abolishing color distinctions in the elective franchise In 1852 Mr. Blair was elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. In 1854 he was elected to the state senate. In 1860 he was a member of the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and in the same year he was nominated and elected governor of Michigan, and he was re-elected in 1862 Thus he was governor during the four years of the war—the most dramatic and memorable period of our history. In this position he acquitted himself with rare distinction. He had behind him a people full of courage and loyal to the Union, and they found in Gov Blair a fit executive, who massed the resources and protection of the state on the side of the imperial Union.

In 1867 Gov. Blair was elected to congress, and he was re-elected in 1869 and 1871. In congress he soon assumed a commanding position, and as a member of the committee of ways and means of the 41st congress he exercised large influence in molding and passing the "public credit act," which played so important part in the return to specie payment.

Two years ago Gov Blair was elected one of the regents of the university.

This is the list of public places occupied by the distinguished head of the Republican ticket.

Gov. Blair has had unusually large experience as lawyer and statesman. He is a vigorous thinker, an active reasoner, and above all is an honest man. His admirable fitness for this high judicial position will not be questioned anywhere, and the people who remember his eminent public services will surely ratify the nomination at the polls as they did his nomination for regent.

Mr. Thomas J. O'Brien, of Grand Rapids, who was nominated for the short term to succeed Judge Marston, was born at Jackson, Michigan, July 30th, 1843. He was admitted to the bar in 1864 and he has been in the constant and active practice of his profession during the 19 intervening years. In 1873 he removed to Grand Rapids, where he soon after became a member of the celebrated law firm of Hughes, O'Brien and Smiley, of which that distinguished advocate, Darwin Hughes, is the head. Mr. O'Brien is a gentleman of impressive appearance, and attorneys in Grand Rapids and elsewhere on the west side of the state say he is one of the most thorough and conscientious lawyers in the country.

In 1872 Mr. O'Brien married the oldest daughter of the late William A. Howard, and the surviving friends of that gifted man will be glad of an opportunity to again throw a vote for the family.

With these two gentlemen the ticket is strong, both personally and locally. Mr. Blair is strong everywhere in Michigan and Mr O'Brien has a powerful personal following in the west side of the state.

Mr. Harry B. Hutchins of Mt. Clemens and Joseph C. Jones of East Saginaw are the nominees for regents.

Mr Hutchins graduated in the literary class in the university in 1871, previous to which he was regarded as the leading thinker of his class Afterwards he spent a year or two in studies and travel in Europe. After his return he took the usual course of law lectures at the university, and settled at Mt. Clemens, where he has since practiced his profession. He is a man of affairs and possessed of sound judgment.

Joseph C. Jones, graduated in the university class of 1870 and since than he has been a teacher. He was principle of the Pontiac high school, several years, afterwards he becamee principle of the East Saginaw high school, which position he now occupies.

Those acquainted with him say he is greatly respected by his scholars and by the people among whom he has lived.

Such is the personnel of the Republican state ticket.

☞ The Milwaukee mine pay roll was squared to-day.

☞ A well defined, though not particularly violent blizzard, prevailed yesterday, nor yet was it a little one for a cent.

☞ Complaint is made that a large number of bogus dollars have been put in circulation during the past three or four weeks, and poor ones at that.

RESIGNED.—Miss Nellie M. Coleman, preceptress in the Case street school, has tendered her resignation to take effect at the close of the present term, a step that will be generally regretted by the friends of the school. She has proven herself a thorough teacher, and has given a high degree of satisfaction to the patrons and school alike. Considerations of health is the reason assigned for her withdrawal.

☞ Simon Crabb has brought suit agains Thos. G. Atkinson of this city for damages to his person, causing the arrest of Atkinson one day last week. If a jury can be found in the county who will say that the lecherous carcass of Simon Crabb is worth more than its weight in ordinary soap grease, a good many people will be surprised. He is a bully, but too cowardly to carry out the inclination of a low disposition. People, not only here but in Ishpeming, say that Atkinson did the right thing in administering the punishment to Crabb, and that it was not a particle too severe—served him just right.

BURGLARY.—Sawbridge Bros. hardware store was entered by some person Sunday night, the entrance being effected by removing glass from a window in the stoveroom, rear of the salesroom. Having gained the entrance and finding the door connecting the store barred, he went into the workshop above the stoveroom, crossed over to a room which leads into the furniture room. Nothing seems to have been taken or disturbed in the slightest, aside from the breaking of the window and unfastening the doors, which were left open. It is presumed that the thief was in pursuit of a little spot cash, and finding the moneydrawer empty made good his escape. The safe showed no evidence of being tampered with. It is quite certain that the intruder was familiar with the situation of things in the building, else he could not have made the circuit in a single night, passing through five or six doors, etc. The Messrs. Sawbridge have taken steps for the apprehension of the intruder and have arranged matters in order that visitors of the kind hereafter will be met and entertained as they should be.

☞ The proposition for the erection of a new school building which was submitted to the tax-payers of the District on Monday, was defeated by a vote of 132 to 71. The threatening outlook to the iron interests of course had much to do with the defeat, but there were other and selfish causes that contributed to the overthrow of the enterprise. The meeting was called in accordance with the following petition and the board disclaim any responsibility in the matter, simply acting as required by law, the sentiment of the members being about equally divided for and against. At least a few of those whose names are signed to the call done the inconsistent thing of working against the project through the day.

The ballots prepared read as follows: "For bonding School District No. 1, for $20,000 to build school house, bonds payable within ten years," yes or no, as it may have been polled. Following is a petition which was circulated and signed independent of and suggestion from the board:

To the Board of Education of the city of Negaunee, Marquette County Michigan:—The undersigned legal voters of the city of Negaunee, request you, in pursuance of Section 15 of Chapter 2, of the General School Laws of 1881, to call a special meeting of the voters of said city, for the purpose of taking measures to purchase a site for and to erect a new school building in said city.

Dated this 3d day of February, 1883.

E S. Green	Louis A. Marsell
L Frost	G. L. Kuhlman
Julius Jacobson	S P. Kline
Edward Breitung	Louis F. Pearce
Charles Theren	J P Mitchell
Henry Sawbridge	H. E. Richardson
John Sawbridge	V. J. Newman
Ira A Clark	T. T. Hibbert
J. F. Stevens	Sam. Collins
A. C. Seiss	John Sweeney
L. H. Stanley	Joseph Rix
Joseph Winter	

The result clearly indicates that there will be no building authorized for a time at least, and leaves the board to institute a system of repairs upon the present buildings that shall make them comfortable for a period of two or three years at least.

THE TARIFF BILL PASSED.—The tariff bill was passed in the house on Saturday, amid the greatest excitement, the President immediately affixing his signature to the document. The following is a brief summanary of schedule C relating entirely to metals:

Iron ore, including manganiferous iron ore, also the dross or residuum from burnt pyrites, 75 cents per ton. Iron in pigs, iron kentledge, spiegeleisen, and wrought and cast scrap-iron, 3-10ths of 1 cent per pound; but nothing shall be deemed scrap iron or scrap-steel except waste or refuse iron or steel that has been in actual use and is fit only to be remanufactured. Iron Railway bars, weighing more than twenty-five pounds to the yard, 7-10ths of 1 cent per pound. Steel railway-bars and railway bars made in part of steel, weighing more than twenty five pounds to the yard, $17 per ton. Bar-iron, rolled or hammered, comprising flats not less than one inch wide, not less three eights of one inch thick, 8-10ths of 1 cent per pound, comprising round iron not less than three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and square iron not less than three fourths of an inch square, one cent per pound; comprising flats less than one inch wide, or less than three eights of one inch thick round iron less than three-fourths of one inch and not less than seven-sixteenths of one inch in diameter, and square iron less than three-fourths of one inch square, one and one-tenth of one cent per pound. Provided, that all iron in slabs, blooms, loops or other forms less finished than iron in bars, and more advanced than pig-iron, except castings, shall be rated as iron in bars, and pay a duty accordingly; and none of the above iron shall pay a less rate of duty than thirty-five per centum ad valorum: Provided, Further, All iron bars, blooms, billets, or sizes or shapes of any kind in the manufacture of which charcoal is used as fuel shall be subjected to a duty of $22 per ton. Round iron in coils or rods, less than seven-sixteenths of one inch in diameter, and bars or shapes of rolled iron not specially enumerated or provided for in this act 1 and 2-10 of one cent per pound.

Armor or other plate, iron or steel, or combination of iron and steel, finished or unfinished, not less than one and a half inches thick, 1¼ of one cent per pound.

Iron and steel cotton-ties, or hoops for binding purposes, not thiner than No. 20 wire gauge, 35 per centum ad valorem. Cast-iron pipe of every description, 1 cent per pound. Cast iron vessels, plates, stove-plates, andirons, sadirons, tailors' irons, hatters' irons, and castings of iron not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 1¼ cents per pound. Castings of iron not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 1¼ cents per pound. Cut nails and spikes of iron and steel, 1¼ cents per pound. Castings of iron not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 1¼ cents per pound. Cut nails and spikes of iron and steel 1¼ cents per pound. Cut tacks, brads, or springs, not exceeding sixteen ounces to the thousand 2¾ cents per thousand; exceeding sixteen ounces to the thousand 3 cents per pound. Iron or steel railway fish-plates, or splice-bars, 1¼ cents per pound. Malleable iron castings, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 2 cents per pound. Wrought-iron and steel spikes, nuts and washers, and horse, mule, and ox shoes, 2 cents per pound. Anvils, anchor, or parts thereof, mill irons and mill cranks of wrought iron, and wrought iron for ships and forgings of iron and steel for vessels, steam-engines, and locomotives, or parts thereof, weighing each twenty-five pounds or more, 2 cents per pound. Iron or steel rivets, bolts, with or without threads or nuts, or bolt-blanks, and finished hinges or hinge blanks 2.5 cents per pound. Iron or steel blacksmiths hammers or sledges, track tools, wedges, and crowbars, 2.5 cents per pound. Iron or steel axles, parts thereof, axel bars, axel-blanks, or forgings for axles, without reference to the stage or state of manufacture, 2½ cents per pound. Forgings of iron and steel, or forged iron, of whatever shape or in whatever stage of manufacture, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 2½ cents per pound. Horseshoe-nails, hob-nails, and wire not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 4 cents per pound. Boiler tubes or flues, or stays, of wrought iron or steel, tubes or pipes, 2½ cents per pound. Chain or chains of all kinds made of iron or steel not less than three-fourths of an inch in diameter, 1¾ cents per pound; less than three-eights of one inch in diameter, 2 cents per pound; less than three-eights of one inch in diameter, 2½ cents per pound.

Following is a long list of articles manufactured from iron with the tariff rate fixed in proportion to the foregoing. The measure is comprehensive and minutely covers everything made of iron, and its passage is of course a subject of rejoicing among the iron producing and manufacturing interests of the country.

THIEVING.—Some chickens and seven geese were stolen from the roost of Michael Reily, in Case street, Monday night. The heads were taken off and left at the roost. Thinking no doubt that Reily might enjoy a fat goose for his dinner, the body of one, with the head taken off, was left on the ground.

Forty dollars worth of clothing was stolen from the line at the house of Father Eis, on the same night.

LEAVING.—A large number of laboring men are leaving this section. On Monday a full car load took their departure, mainly Cornishmen and Fins. A number bought tickets to San Francisco, Cal., but the larger portion seem to be going to Dakota. Among those who left on Monday were Charles Menhennet, John Roberts, John and Samuel Christophers, Wm J. Shugg and John Rowe, all old residents of this city and first-class men.

Marquette Notes.

We are to have a fire bell.

A city recorder is to be elected this spring.

The French Bros. have on hand about 1,000 cords of wood, and the coal dealers have next to nothing.

Two deaths from diptheria occurred in the family of Martin Johnson this week.

W. A. Jellison is "No 1" in a ball to be given Easter Monday.

A box that Marshal French posted up in a hard part of the town, to be used in connection with the time detector of the patrol, was only intact one day. It was destroyed by a poker being thrust into it. The marshal intends to act summarily on discovery.

Edward Wicklow the man under bonds to answer to a charge of larceny at the circuit court, showed signs of departure last week and his bondsmen promptly surrendered him to the sheriff.

Longfellow's birthday was quite a day at the high school, the routine of study being exchanged for a few pleasant hours of recreation in the way of declamations and singing on the afternoon of that day.

Since the stopping of operations by the Union Fuel company, the farmers engaged in burning coal around the city, have been surging into the city with cord wood, for which, notwithstanding the cold, there is not a ready sale, and the choppers are inclined to take a dismal view of things

Two locomotives of the M., H. & O. R. R. C., were shipped below last week. No occasion for them here, it is said, just now.

A young lady, recently from Canada, engaged in teaching French at the convent, died at her boarding house, in this city, last Thursday, of inflamation of the bowels. Inquiries as to her former place of residence and friends being without success, she was interred here.

Hicks, the grocer, on Washington street, disposed of his stock to J. W. Spear, who will carry on the business at the old stand Hicks intends to commence business at Newberry, we hear.

Ishpeming Items.

Extensive changes and repairs are being made in the St. James hotel which are calculated to make it a great deal more convenient for its patrons as well as its proprietor.

Perhaps our *Agitator* friend can tell something from his experience in regard to the tendency the "show" business has to break up one's pocket-book.

Nearly one hundred men were discharged at the Cleveland mine last week, but were recalled the next day.

T & P. J. Norton, the clothiers, seem to be more seriously involved than was at first supposed. A Milwaukee firm attached the stock for a claim of about $1,400, which they thought to settle easily, but there seeming to be a disposition on the part of other creditors to push things they made an assignment to T. F. Donahoe on Saturday.

A. A. Anderson left for Chicago on Monday.

Beacon Items.

Mr. Andrew Linn, of Ishpeming is in town visiting his folks.

Robert Thomas, master mechanic of the Winthrop and Mitchell mines, is in town.

Mr. Sedgwick, traveling agent of the Lake Superior Powder company, stayed over Sunday at the hotel de Menhennet.

Justice Simon Kinsman, is recovering from his late severe illness and is almost convalescent.

Messrs Alfred Dishnow, of Champion, and S. W. LaRue, of Humboldt, are building a sawmill at the New Kilns, midway betwean Champion and Michigamme. They have over 1,000,000 feet of logs cut, and as soon as the mill is ready will be able to supply lumber in any quantity or quality. It shows every confidence in the state of the country when enterprizing men take hold of such an interest, notwithstanding the present depression of the times. The new firm have the essentials of success, capital, pluck and descretion.

Several of our sports have returned from the Menominee, whither they had been indulging in piscatorial wanderings, amply rewarded for their toil, having met with great success with the finny tribe.

It was a great surprise—the assignment of Messrs Beatty & Leopold, on Monday last. The assignee, Mr. Walter Fitch, will use his best efforts, and it is most likely the creditors will lose little or nothing. Should they succeed in collecting the assests there is more than enough to cover liabilities.

It takes three teams daily to supply the many customers of Samuel W. Watkins. Sam. has built himself a name in commercial circles, where his word is as good as his note. Strangers to our burg should not fail to call at his store, where you can get anything in the provision or dry goods line.

It is rumored that R. T. McKay is about to build a house at Beacon. We thought at first that R. T. McKay was about to join the order of Benedicts, but we understand the house is for the accommodation of his clerk, Billy.

Wolves must be getting hungry and plentiful in this neighborhood. On Thursday last a man named Baker had some difficulty, while hunting, in getting away from four, which had attacked him, and on Saturday Mr. Arenander, book-keeper for Watkins, saw a large one close to the store. Now, some of you nimrods, look up the beasts and send the scalps to the proper officer and you will do good service to the state and remunerate yourselves.

The Neighbors.

HOUGHTON.

[*From the Houghton Gazette.*

A train of rock cars on the incline at the Franklin mine got away from the brakeman in charge, jumped the track, and were badly demoralized. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Houghton county proposes to build a bridge across Portage Lake. A bill has been introduced in the legislature to provide a way to raise the necessary money.

Hard coal is quoted at $10 a ton and scarce at that figure.

The village election was held yesterday, the issues being water and anti-water.

Diphtheria still infests the village and new cases are reported.

There is not an acre of swamp land in Keweenaw county subject to state entry.

HANCOCK.

[*From the Hancock Journal.*]

The Irish societies are to join in celebrating St. Patrick's day.

Liabilities of the village on the 21st, ult., less cash in the treasury were $2,385.04.

On the 7th we published an item representing that a party of Swedes on their way west left a dead baby in the bed at the hotel in L'Anse where they staid over night without leaving any instructions or money for its proper burial. We have since been informed that our statement was incorrect in this particular, though the parents continued their journey the next morning, they informed the hotel keeper of the death of their child and left money with a justice of the peace for its interment.

GREEN BAY.

(*From the Green Bay Advocate*)

The test suit against the Goodrich Transportation Company cost $10,000 and resulted in disagreement of the jury.

The Green Bay furnace will blow out on the 1st of April.

Slade the spiritualist is bamboozling the unwary of the Bay.

Eugene Rosier, the man injured by a falling timber at the Mason street bridge, died in consequence a few days thereafter.

Mrs. Mary B. Abbott, born in the year 1800 died on the 24th ult.

Sixteen thousand bushels of grain were marketed at the Bay last week.

ESCANABA.

[*From the Escanaba Iron Port.*]

Items are scarce according to the Port.

Hears of some crooked doings in the sale of railroad tickets and some dismissals in consequence, but gives no names.

Says that Major Clark, of the Schoolcraft Pioneer, has lost the use of his right arm.

Between fifty and sixty men are engaged in gill-net fishing about the bay at Escanaba.

Dr. Gelzer is seriously sick.

Railroad shops resumed the 10 hour schedule on the 1st.

SPRING FASHIONS.—Cashmere jackets complete costumes of ribbed Ottoman silk and velvet.

Newmarket jackets and medium-length pelisses will be the leading wraps for spring.

Shoulder bows of ribbon are very fashionable set against the standing collar on the left side.

Pelerines and shoulder caps of varied lengths and styles are to be in greater favor than ever.

Very long, deeply-curved aprons that are caught up high on each hip are on the newest French dresses.

Rhine pebble buckles on a black velvet bow ornament the low-cut shoes that are exhibited for Spring and Summer wear.

Long casaques of velvet with open pagoda sleeves complete complete the newest cloth suits, a shoulder cap is added for the street.

New hats for feminine heads are trimmed with military-looking pompons, aigrettes and short, fancy looking ostrich tips that nod at you continually.

Skirts kilted or box-plaited half their length, or more, are quite as fashionable as ever. These trimmings, although simple in effect, take a large quantity of material and for this reason, perhaps, have never become common.

New balmoral skirts have two or three steels inserted in the back widths to form a tournure. Moreen balmorals are gored perfectly plain from side to side, add the back breadth has two thick box plaits tied back to make them very full.

For dressy walking costumes, French designers are sending to America the very fashionable terra-cotta and summer shades. The French terra-cotta is a very delicate color, matching exactly the veritable hue of terra-cotta ware, and is quite unlike the deep strawberry-red shade so long in vogue.

Young ladies with low, well-shaped foreheads turn the hair back all around in loose waves, with here and there a curl; they may also wear side parting. If the hair grows prettily on the nape of the neck, it is carried up high and wound around in Psyche form and fastened by a small ornamental comb of Rhine stone or of shell.

New Spring bonnets for evening wear are in the Valois style, with soft crowns and shirred brims. Many of them are made of delicately-tinted velvet, like pale pink or mauve, with torsades and bows of Ottoman silk, run through with jewel-headed pins. Others are made of cream hued satin, wreathed with peach blossoms, arbutus buds and leaves, or Spring violets mingled with cream lace, tinted in the center of each scallop with a delicate hue matching the flowers of the wreath.

Late News.

Judge Park has withdrawn his contest for the seat in congress of Isaac Stephenson of the 9th Wisconsin.

The national debt was reduced by $7,630,678 during February.

A big discovery of silver and lead is said to have been made in British Columbia.

Three hundred women are coming from Ireland to a cotton factory in New Hampshire.

The condition of the people of Northwestern Ireland is reported to be exceedingly distressing for want of food.

The Cleveland Furnace Company, at Steubenville, O., has failed. Liabilities, $90,000; assets over $30 000.

John B. Gough who has been lecturing on temperance for 41 years and rehearsed his speech over 8,000 times, grew righteously indignant when he arrived in Baltimore the other night and found the event advertised as his "last appearance."

Gov. Stevens, of Georgia, died on Friday.

Full length portrait of Gen. Grant placed in the white house.

Failures the last week 207, an increase of 42 over the previous week.

Justice Field, of the United States supreme court, will visit Japan this summer.

The Empress of Germany gives 1,000 marks for the relief of flood sufferers in America.

There are 12,000,000 Hebrews scattered over the world, as near as their number can be ascertained.

Unusual dullness in the glass trade, and some Pittsburg factories shut down to await better prices.

Parnell will be accompanied in his American tour by Brennan, Egan, and other prominent land leaguers.

The Massachusetts house has reconsidered its vote on the biennial election bill and so killed it for this session.

The missing 13 men of the steamer William Dickinson, supposed to have been drowned, have arrived at Malta.

The woolen mills at Dexter, Me., employing 350 hands, have shut down on account of the high price of wool.

Fire at Otterville, Ont., destroys eight buildings, including the postoffice, and one man, T. Steinhoff, loses his life.

The highest price ever given for a photograph negative was $300 for a negative of the Prince of Wales in Masonic dress.

Work on the Northern Pacific railroad has not been interrupted all winter, and the remaining gap of 200 miles in Montana will be closed up in July.

Capt. F. J. Griswold, of Port Latour, Can., died of starvation in consequence of some throat disease. Nothing entering his stomache for nearly a month

A Buffalo jury has just awarded the Lake Shore railroad a $2,000 judgment against Erie county for a passenger car burned by a mob during the riots of 1877.

A DELICIOUS APPETIZER.—That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Indigestion, costiveness, or constipation, are immediately cured with Zopesa. It stimulates and gives actively to the liver. It increases the dissolving juices of the stomach, and causes the food to assimilate.

For Sale.

ONE OF THE BEST PROPERTIES IN the city, situated on Iron street, and suitable for store or saloon, will be disposed at a reasonable figure. The property is now occupied as a postoffice. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

C. N. SPENARD.

Negaunee, Feb. 21, 1883. 18 2m

THEOPHILE ROY,

Justice of the Peace

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCING AND ALL KINDS OF LEGAL DOCUMENTS DRAWN.

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE, AND CHARGES ALWAYS THE MOST REASONABLE.

☞ Office over Post-office—Rear entrance.

Randall's Portraits

Randall's New Photographic

Establishment is now ready for use,

CORNER WILLIAMS & MADISON AVE.,

Opposite East Grand Circus Park.

☞ Reduced rates to Clubs of 10 or over.

DETROIT, MICH. 52 3m

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of Gen. John C. Fremont Gov. of Arizona, had been cured of catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm. 13-12.

FOR SALE.

I OFFER THE PROPERTY FOR SALE situated on Peck street and corner of Teal Lake avenue, two good dwelling houses, with barn and well. The property will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. For further particulars enquire of

JOHN STEWART.

Negaunee, Feb. 6, 1883. 16 tf.

Stockholders Meeting.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of The Wolverine Silver Company will be held at the office of the Jackson Iron Company, at Negaunee, Mich. at 2 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, the 3d day of March, A. D. 1883, for the election of officers and such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. E. SNOW, Secretary.

Negaunee, Mich., Jan. 30, 1883. 15 t4.

Assignee's Notice.

MR. J. H. KRAEMER, OF NEGAUNEE, Mich., having made an assignment of his business to me, for the benefit of his creditors, it is necessary that all accounts due should be paid without delay. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said J. H. Kraemer, to settle the same within thirty days, and thereby save costs.

Negaunee, Mich., Jan. 26, 1883.

H. E. PEARSE.

15-t4 Assignee of J. H. Kraemer.

Stockholders Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Mohawk Silver Mining Company, will be held at the office of the Jackson Iron Company, at Negaunee, Mich., at two o'clock P. M on Saturday, the third day of March, A. D. 1883. For the election of officers and such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. E. SNOW, Sec'y.

Negaunee, Mich., Jan. 30, 1883. 15-t-4

Brick for Sale.

I am now offering a superior quality of brick, made in the Negaunee yard, at prices much lower than the same quality has ever before been sold in the county. The brick are light red in color, evenly burned and are pronounced of the very best quality by all experienced brick men who have examined them For particulars as to price, etc., call on or address the subscriber at Negaunee, Mich.

L. F. PIERCE.

Negaunee, Mich., Aug. 19, 1882.

Formation of New Township.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be presented to the Board of Supervisors of the county of Marquette at their next regular meeting, to be held in the city of Marquette, in said county, praying them to erect and provide for the organization of a new township, to be described as follows, viz:

Township forty two (42), forty-three (43) forty-four (44), north of range twenty-four (24) and twenty-five (25) west, township forty-four (44) in ranges twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22) and twenty-three (23), being now contained in the township of Chocolay and Forsyth, in county of Marquette, state of Michigan.

A map or survey of which territory will be attached to the application.

Dated at Forsyth township, the 15th day of January, 1883.

GEORGE BERRINGER,	Forsyth.
JOHN B. BERRINGER,	"
ANDREW KLASSEN,	"
FRANK V. KOON,	"
JOHN S BROWN,	Chocolay Township.
NICHODAS OSWALD,	"
FRED GRIMES,	"
GEORGE GRIMES,	"
JOHN T. BROWN,	"
HARRY FINNEY,	Forsyth Township.
JOHN TISCHHAUSER,	"
PETER MAGUERSON,	Chocolay Township.
JOHN WICKLEIN,	Forsyth Township.
ROBERT POSTAL,	"
M. MCFARLAND,	"
S. B. GREEN,	"
EDWARD POSTAL,	Chocolay Township.

13 t4.

Administrator's Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Marquette—ss. In the matter of the estate of Michael T. Gaffney, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the under-signed administrator of the estate of said deceased by the Hon. Judge of Probate, of said county of Marquette, on the 16th day of January A. D 1883, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Breitung house, in the city of Negaunee, in said county, on Saturday, the thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1883, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, (subject to all incumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased, or at time of sale) all the right, title and interest of said deceased of, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: Lots 4, 5, 6 and 7 in block 31, and lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 in block 36, in the Pioneer Iron Company's plat of the village (now city) of Negaunee. The northeast quarter of southeast quarter of section two (2) and southwest quarter of northeast quarter and southeast quarter of northwest quarter of section four (4) in town forty-six (46) north of range twenty-seven (27) west. The southeast quarter of southeast quarter of section twenty-two (22) town forty-seven (47) north of range twenty-eight (28) west. The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and west fractional half of southwest quarter of section twenty (20) and northwest quarter of northeast quarter of section twenty eight (28) in town forty-six (46) north, range twenty-nine (29) west. The west fractional half of southwest quarter of section twenty (20) town forty-seven (47) north of range twenty-nine (29) west. The southeast quarter of southeast quarter and southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section twenty-six (26). The northwest fractional quarter of northwest quarter of section thirty (30) and southeast quarter of northwest quarter of section thirty-six (36) in town forty eight (48) north, range twenty-nine (29) west. The northwest quarter of northeast quarter of section four (4). The southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section twelve (12) The northeast quarter of southeast quarter of section fourteen (14). The west half of northeast quarter of section twenty (20). The northwest quarter of northwest quarter of section twenty-four (24). Lots three (3) and four (4) of section twenty eight (28) and northeast quarter of northwest quarter of section thirty (30) in town forty six (46) north, range thirty (30) west. The southwest quarter of northwest quarter of section thirty six (36) in town forty-seven (47) north range thirty (30) west. The east half of northeast quarter of section eight (8) and southeast quarter of southwest quarter of section eighteen (18) in town forty three (43) north, range thirty-one (31) west, also southeast quarter of southeast quarter of section fourteen (14). Lot four (4) of section twenty-two (22) and southwest quarter of northeast quarter of section thirty-four (34) in town forty-four (44) north of range thirty-one (31) west—all in said county of Marquette.

FRANCIS M. MOORE.

Administrator.

Marquette, Feb. 6th, 1883. 17 t7.

WM. FARREL,

Architect & Superintendent,

Plans and specifications prepared and Estimates made for all classes of Buildings. Will

Superintend Work in Negaunee.

☞ Office in Heineman's Block, Ishpeming. 11-tf.

WINTER & SUESS,

CORNER OF IRON AND SILVER STREETS,

Negaunee,

announce to the public generally that they are constantly ready to supply everybody with the necessities of life.

An extensive stock of

FRESH and SALT MEATS.

SAUSAGES, SUGAR CURED AND SMOKED HAMS, POULTRY, Etc Etc,

PORK, BEEF,

EGGS, VEGETABLES, CORN and POTATOES.

At the bottom of the market always.

Our extensive trade together with the fact that none but the best goods are bought enables us at at all times to furnish the veryfreshest and choicest of articles both in the meat and vegetable line. We have extraordinary facilities for buying low, and propose to give our customers the full benefit thereof.

Greatest Medical Remedy

In the Word

FOR SKIN DISEASES OF EVERY CHARACTER.

N. S. SALVAIL,

DISCOVERER & PATENTEE,

Challenges the world for its equal in the cure of skin diseases. It has been thoroughly tested and is universally pronounced an effective an permanent cure for

Pimples on the Face, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Swelling sore leg, Dandruff, Scrofula, Cancers, Sore Eyes, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Piles, Scald Head Affections of the Ear, Menstrual Derangements, Female Weakness.

☞ I will give one bottle free of charge to anyone desiring to try it.

D. G. STONE,

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

NEGAUNEE, MICH.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1864

STORE AT THE HEAD OF IRON STREET NEAR THE JACKSON MINE.

The attention of the appreciative housewife is invited to the partial lists as below, of

Choice Groceries,

in full supply at

Stone's Store,

New Plantation, Formosa Oolong Tea,
Choicest New Season, Congou Tea,
Basket Fired, Garden Leaf, Japan Tea,
Choice Nankin Moyune, Young Hyson Tea,
Arabian Mocha Coffee,
Old Government Java Coffee,
Fancy Golden Rio Coffee,
Imported French Cut Loaf Sugar,
Fine Granulated Sugar,
Finest Powdered Sugar,
Mould A. Sugar,
White Drips Syrup,
Golden Drips Syrup,
Vermont Maple Syrup,
Fancy Ponce Molasses,
Royal Dehesa Raisins,
London Layer Raisins,
Ordura Layer Raisins,
Loose Muscatel Raisins,
Imperial French Prunes,
Vostizza Currants—Four Crown,
English Citron,
Florida Lemon Peel,
New York State Pitted Cherries,
New England Dried Blackberries,
Southern Evaporated Apples,
Strictly Pure Jellies,
California Canned Fruits—Extra,
New York State Canned Fruits,
New York State Tomatoes,
New York State Pumpkin,
Bahama Island Pineapple,
New Jersey Catsup,
New York State Hops,
Imperial Mince Meat,
Caracas Breakfast Cocoa,
Double Vanilla Chocolate,
Double Strength Flavoring Extracts,
Anglo Swiss Condensed Milk,
English Pickles,
Extra Choice Celery Salt,
English Table Salt,
California Honey,
Imported Castile Soap "Conti" Brand,
Macaroni—"La Favorita" Brand,
Vermicelli—"La Favorita" Brand,
Pure Bermuda Arrow Root,
Extra Choice Farina,
Choice Rice Flour,
Choice Pearl Tapioca,
Choice Pearl Sago,
Fancy Head Carolina Rice,
Superlative Graham Flour,
Fancy Pin Head Oat Meal,
Finest Shot Black Pepper,
Extra Bold Jamaica Ginger,
Choice Amboyna Cloves,
Extra Penang Nutmegs,
Choice Penang Mace,
Extra Bright Allspice,
Finest Java Cinnamon,
Extra Genuine Mustard,
Russian Mustard—the strongest made,
Imported French Mustard,
Quahaug Little Neck Clams,
Saddle Rock Cove Oysters,
"Royal" Fresh Oysters—not frozen,
Egmont Bay Lobsters,
Columbia River Salmon,
Smoked Halibut—in cans,
Extra Mess Mackerel,
Imported French Sardines,
French Sardines—Boneless,
French Sardines—in Tomatoes,
Fancy Full Cream Cheese,
Choice Creamery Butter,
Kettle Rendered Lard,
Superlative Rye Flour,
New Process Flour—Fancy.

The above represent qualities *par excellence*, pure and unadulterated, and better than with which, the King with all his revenue, could not provide his *cuisiniere*.

For the benefit of those who, incline to economy in this regard, we also have in supply, the ordinary grades of goods, at prices to correspond with qualities:

Good Black Tea	25 cts.
Superior Green Tea	30
Prime Roasted Coffee	15
Good Ground Coffee	15
Standard A. Sugar	09
New Crop Raisins	10
New Crop Currants	07
Good Prunes	08
New Crop Rice	08
Choice California Fruits	25
Pure Cane Syrup	60
Pure Cuba Molasses	40
Pure Soap	06
Refined Lard	13
Fresh Roll Butter	22
New Mackerel	08
Water White Kerosene Oil	20
Fresh Soda Crackers	07
Best Cream Crackers	09
Best Ginger Snaps	09
Boston Crackers	09
Coffee Cakes	10
Jumbles	15

Parties in ordering, should, with reference to prices, state qualities desired, and not act upon the presumption, that every rose is of the same fragrance, or that a name given, necessarily implies the same product, ingredients or virtues.

To regular customers, or to purchasers for cash of general goods:

Best Dakota Wheat Patent Flour	$6 75
Fine Middlings	1.00

Customers are requested, in so far as is practicable, to hand in their orders, a day or two in advance of immediate need, as with a considerable trade it is not possible to serve all at the same time, and with the care that we would wish.

Store open,

[illegible] o'clock, A. M.
[illegible] o'clock, P. M.
[illegible] o'clock, P. M.

S. BARNES. [illegible]

BARNES BROS.,

Painters.

PAPER HANGING,

Graining, Sign & Decorative Work.

NORMAN McLEOD,

Undertaker,

And Dealer in

Furniture, Upholstery PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.

A large assortment of Coffins and Caskets always on hand. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Funerals arranged for any part of the county.

Iron Street

Negaunee, Michigan.

MICHIGAN IRON BANK,

NEGAUNEE, MICH.

H. E. PEARSE

Banking & Insurance Office.

Fire Insurance! ☞ I REPRESENT SEVEN FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

Life Insurance! ☞ THE MUTUAL LIFE, OF N. Y.—THE BEST IN THE WORLD

Foreign and Domestic Exchange!

—AT LOWEST RATES—

☞ Drafts drawn on GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, GERMANY, ITALY, DENMARK, NORWAY & SWEDEN, cheaper and safer than P. O. Money orders.

PASSAGE TICKETS.

To and from all points of Europe by the BEST LINE.

H. E. Pearse.

A. BOULSOM,

Merchant Tailor,

Silver Street, Negaunee,

[Store in Gaffney building, next south of Winter & Suess' meat market.]

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST

Cloths, Imported & Domestic

Kept in stock and Manufactured at prices as low as the lowest. Suits made to order in the latest styles. Call and examine my goods and prices before buying elsewhere.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

THE

Pittsburgh & Lake Superior

Iron Company

Having recently set in motion their sawmills at Palmer, are now prepared to furnish

All Classes of Lumber

For building purposes upon the shortest notice.

Lumber delivered in the city at market price.

ORDERS LEFT WITH

J. Kirkpatrick, at Palmer,

WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

36-tf

GREEN BAY, WINONA AND ST. PAUL R. R.

THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE TO

St. Paul, Minneapolis,
Northern Pacific,
Canadian Pacific,

and other

NEW NORTHWESTERN POINTS.

THE DIRECT LINE TO

Western and Northern Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota Dakota.

Close Connections at Merrillan, reaching

St. Paul and Minneapolis

the same day.

—CONNECTIONS:—

AT MERRILLAN—In Union Depot, with the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha road for all points North and West.

AT NEW LONDON JUNCTION.—Close connection is made with trains of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway to and from all points on the line.

AT GRAND RAPIDS—With Wisconsin Valley Division of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y

AT WINONA AND LA CROSSE—With Chicago & Northwestern and Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul road for the West, as well as North and South. Also with Mississippi River Steamers for Hannibal, St. Jo, St. Louis, and other river points.

AT GREEN BAY—With Chicago & Northwestern Railway for Oconto, Escanaba, Crystal Falls, and all points in the Iron districts of Northern Michigan and the Lake Superior region, also Milwaukee, Chicago, and all points East and South. With Milwaukee & Northern R'y for Milwaukee and points on their line.

REMEMBER THESE FACTS,

It is the Shortest and Best Route to

Eau Claire, Menominee, Hudson and Stillwater.

Also the Shortest and Fastest Line from points on Lake Michigan. Along the line of the M. L. S & W. R'y, from Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Appleton, Stevens Point, and all points in the Michigan Peninsula to

STEVENS POINT, LA CROSSE,

WINONA, RED WING, HASTINGS, ETC

and all points in

The New Northwest.

CHOICE OF TWO ROUTES!

to and from

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

Ask for tickets via. this line, and take no other. For time cards, rates, or other information, apply to local agents, or to the General Passenger Office, Green Bay.

TIMOTHY CASE,

Pres't & General Manager.

LOVERS AT THEBES.

BY ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

In the Eternal House they sleep.

"How is it with thee, Princess,
Within this secret gloom?
Thy bed is set with jewels
And crowned with lotus bloom.
By Isis and Osiris,
Thou hast a glorious tomb!

"How many solemn ages
Have passed since thou went free
To sleep within my bosom,
Or sail the Nile with me?
How is it with thee, Princess?"
"King, is it well with thee?

"How many weary ages
Have passed us here in night?
Alas! could we but wander
Forthwith to the Sacred Light—
Hear Memnon speak at sunrise,
And watch the skies grow bright!"

"Nay, the great gods have ordered
That here we shall abide;
I may not doff my cerements,
Thou mayst not clasp thy bride.
Then sleep, O mighty Pharaoh,"
"Sleep, Princess, at my side."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

BY KENRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't take the trouble in the first place; and, in the second, my charming cousin will expect me for the Christmas party sure," and the Hon. Carroll Greylock stretched himself out comfortably on his low, luxurious divan, and gazed sleepily and complacently through thin clouds of smoke at his friend opposite.

"Well, what of that? Your cousin can wait a little longer. A week or so will make no difference. Don't know that she is over-anxious to see you anyway. Let me have a look at her invitation—will you?"

Greylock searched one pocket after another, at length bringing forth a small morocco note-book, and with a lazy jerk undid the silver clasp which was not inclined to open readily.

He selected a dainty letter from which came the perfume of ambergris as it went spinning through the air and landed in Maj. Shelton's outstretched hand.

The Major carefully adjusted his glass, the better to read the epistle.

"'Dear Carroll—' by Jove she's not very affectionate. Now when Lady Armstrong was setting her cap for me last spring, you remember—just six weeks after her husband's death, too—the first letter I ever got from her began with dearest—"

"Confound Lady Armstrong. Go on with that. I hadn't got through with it myself, and have some curiosity to know how it ends."

The Major looked at him in surprise.

"Oh! ho!" he exclaimed, "that is even more interesting. The plot thickens, as the villain in the play says. Now, as much as I despised her Ladyship, I invariably finished her letters, every blessed one of them, and lit my cigar with 'em afterward," the Major added *sotto voce*.

"I believe you're unable to read Lelia's writing, that's the reason you don't go on."

"No; not exactly, though she writes so confoundedly fine, and, if that's the reason you're not going through it, I forgive your negligence willingly; self-preservation above all things, and I dare say she thinks the same regarding yours."

"What's that?" asked Carroll sharply, rousing up from a slight doze.

"No matter, I'll begin again. 'Dear Carroll'—I say though, that rather sticks me, that dear does."

"Let it stick and be ——," growled Carroll, too lazy to wind up with an energetic oath.

"How very much I'd like to see the beginning of one of yours to her," said the Major meditatively, swinging his eyeglass round and round his finger as he spoke.

Carroll made a slight movement of uneasiness.

"However, it's of no consequence. Here goes for the third and last time. 'I hope you have not forgotten your promise—was it a promise you made, or Harry Fitzmaurice, to come down here for Christmas? I forget which, but you are both welcome, though I rather think it was Harry who said he'd certainly come.'"

"That's coal, isn't it?" interrupted the sleepy dragoon. "And I'm engaged to her for I don't know how long. But go on, I'm resigned."

"'The house will doubtless be full. Sir George has invited a number of Indian friends, and Bruce will bring down several from the city, and Lord Harkington and Jack Ponsonby and two or three others whom you know well and always beat you at billiards are one to-morrow. I don't suppose it will be convenient for you to come before next week. Don't hurry on my account. Your duty has called you away so many times, let it keep you for awhile, I beg.' What does she mean by that?" asked Shelton, pausing.

"Well," said Carroll, with a contrite air, "she's a little sarcastic, but I deserve it. You see when she laid over in Paris last year I got so many letters from her with every fellow's name in 'em but my own, except at the beginning, you know, that I grew rather tired of it."

"You're right," said Shelton, "I agree with you entirely. To be sure it's very agreeable to hear how well Tom Mackinzie looks with his beard off and only a mustache; and what a sudden taste Harry Satterlee displays in the matter of neckties; and how Phil Brown's manner of waltzing has improved over his previous performances—he used to hold you too loosely, you know, and now he hugs just right. Of course these things are pleasant to hear, but you don't exactly care to have the girl you're engaged to telling them."

"Those are my sentiments," said Carroll, gravely.

"But what were you going to confess?"

"Nothing much, when you remember that she drove me to it. I grew so tired of reading about those fellows, that I swore rather than go there and meet them, I'd plead a sudden march or something, and get out of going entirely. So I wrote that my regiment was ordered to Cheltam for six months, then went to my uncle's for some good deer-stalking. But a cousin of hers—she's more cousins, sir, than you can count, and I'm one of 'em, God help me—was passing through Scotland at the time, and, as bad luck would have it, stopped where I was for a couple of days' sport. Of course, he made it his business, the minute he got to Paris, to tell her of all the jolly acquaintances he'd made at Lord Dunbarton's. What was I doing? she asked. Deer-stalking, her cousin replied. So there was the devil to settle about when we met, and since then, why——"

"Well, what?"

"She's never put anything warmer than 'dear' in her letters," confessed Carroll, with a melancholy look on his handsome face.

The Major's expression of amusement deepened into a broad smile.

"She is sensible. I'd do the same if I were her."

"I've no doubt of it. A man would degenerate into anything miserably egotistical and selfish if he were to become a woman."

"But that's not to the point," said the Major. "I'll finish the letter as long as I began it. Begad, there's not much more to read. She tells you her aunt is well, and her uncle most cured of the gout, and that she attended the first representation at the Comique with one of the before-mentioned gentlemen, and goes to the Russian Ambassador's ball this very night with another. Then it's not likely she'll be at home till next week herself. How far is it from the city there?"

"He don't give the ball in the city as it happens. How should he when everybody's out of it now? No, he's taken a house not ten miles off from Sir George's, and there she'll be dancing her heels off while we're smoking and gossiping here."

"That is all, except that she is as ever [illegible] affectionate cousin, Lelia,'" said the Major.

"[illegible] there's something else—postscript, I guess—way down at the end, poked in the corner as if she had no room on the next page for it."

"Oh, yes! Ah—ahem! Why, it's my name she mentions!" and the Major involuntarily ran his fingers through his curly gray hair and glanced across the room to the long mirror hanging opposite.

He was evidently satisfied with the broad, burly but handsome figure it reflected, for he held up the letter again and read with much satisfaction:

"'By the way, I am not so inconsiderate as to overlook your bosom friend, Maj. Shelton. Bring him, by all means; he will doubtless prove a great acquisition to our party.'

"How about going home now—eh?" asked Carroll, quizzically.

"Well," said the Major, with a reflective air, "I am not bound to go home, though there is every attraction, certainly—the Widow Markham and her five daughters, and Mrs. Byford and sister, and, above all, the pretty little orphan I was telling you about. But, after Miss Carlford's saying I will doubtless prove a great acquisition to her party, faith, I've a mind to set all doubt at rest by going in person and proving that I am."

Even Carroll could not help laughing at the determined expression on the Major's bronzed, good-natured face.

"Go in and win, then. I give you my blessing—no charge, which is letting you off cheaply, seeing that they usually expect something for one from the altar."

"I will go," said the Major, finally. "In fact, you know I always promised Sir George to pay him a visit one of these days. Never thought seriously about going, but that postscript convinces me the time has come."

"And how about the orphan, and the widow, and the rest, who will expect every mustached fellow around when the mistletoe bough is hung up?"

"Sorry to disappoint them, but where beauty calls me there you'll find me. Suppose you go in my stead, Carroll?"

"Not for worlds! I'd rather stay in barracks."

"Suit yourself, then. I intend to go, though you won't take me. I know Sir George well; 'tis a shame if I couldn't get on with his niece. I'll give her your regrets and say you'll be there on the fatal day."

So it was settled that Shelton should spend the holidays at Leighton Hall, while Carroll, too indifferent to the social pleasure over which his betrothed was to preside, might remain in his luxurious chambers at the Albany till absolute necessity called him to the Hall.

CHAPTER II.

Not thirty miles from London, near the banks of that river which England's writers have rendered immortal in poetry and song, and England's warriors have added their own peculiar charms to, stands the handsome residence of Sir George Leighton.

A large party have gathered in the front drawing-room the afternoon that Carroll Greylock is expected, the ladies in small groups around the fire-side, a few of the men at the window idly speculating among themselves regarding the probability of the young dragoon's arrival.

Harkington offers two "ponies" that he will be late for dinner, and Jack Ponsonby wagers a hundred pounds that he will not come at all.

"Never thought he really cared for her," said one.

"Great brute he is to neglect her," said Harkington, who would have given half of his worthless life to stand in Greylock's shoes.

"Well, if he don't show up this time she'll slip his cable sure," observed a stripling who was related to a First Lord of the Admiralty, and made it a point to interlard his conversation with nautical phrases continually, much to the displeasure of landsmen, who could not tell whether they were apropos or not.

At that moment the sound of horses' feet coming along the hard, smooth road brought the whispered conversation to an end. Each man rose on tiptoe as if the better to catch a glimpse of the dog-cart which had passed the Lodge gate and was whistling through the many bends and turns of the avenue.

Even the subdued murmur of many voices at the fireside ceases. Every face but one lights with expectation, and rests with eager inquiry on the grave yet lovely face that is still turned toward the burning embers; the handsome eyes flash with a glow which might well match the flames they rest upon, but no sign comes from the calm, immovable figure carelessly reclining in the large arm-chair.

Then the door opens.

She waits until the groom announces—not the Hon. Carroll Greylock, but Maj. Shelton, then Lelia Carlford rises and walks across the room with easy grace and dignity, and greets him with the same welcome smile that she would have given to Carroll himself.

All hear the hearty, cordial words. None can hear the angry throbbing of her heart. She is determined to ignore all knowledge of Greylock's existence in view of the terrible slight he has put upon her, not only in the presence of all those men at the window, to whom he had confided his promise to come and receive with Lelia for the last time in her uncle's home before he should take her to his own, but the women also—they knew better than all others his continued indifference to her.

Sir George is not there to introduce the Major, but Lelia meets him with the ease and familiarity of an intimate friend. She is delighted to see her old acquaintance of Baden again; has Maj. Shelton forgotten the charming walks they enjoyed together at Carlsruhe? Or the drives along the Bois?

The men at the window begin to think that Shelton has followed her for the last twelve months with a persistency they were entirely unaware of, while the women wonder whether it is really Carroll or the Major she is engaged to, her words leading them to believe that the latter has but seldom been out of her sight since she left London the year before.

And the Major, only too happy to be apparently taken to the favor which his friend has so shamefully cast aside and trifled with, involuntarily lifts her hand to his lips, in silent joy and pleasure.

She sees that he understands her words, and the small farce is well played for the rest of that evening.

"Not so sharply hit but what she can console herself," says Harkington.

"Evidently expected this fellow, and is glad Greylock didn't put in an appearance. Might have complicated matters, you know," said Jack, wisely.

"Heartless creature she is! Engaged to a poor fellow in one city and walking and driving with his bosom friend in another!" soliloquized a charitable female by the fireside.

The week went by, the day before Christmas arrived, and still the erring Carroll came not.

Lelia Carlford and the Major had been constantly thrown together within that short period, and she appeared to take a deep and affectionate interest in him. He certainly reciprocated with a growing devotion, which every one around could easily perceive.

Pride was urging Lelia to persist in this pleasant comedy. Love was fast blinding the Major's eyes to the treacherous part which he, as Carroll's friend, was playing. However, it is likely that, but for an unfortunate incident, the engagement would not have been thrown aside, as, alas for Carroll Greylock, it was, within that very week.

A large gathering was to be held on Christmas night. Young and old were to join in an old-fashioned Christmas party. Sir George's relatives from Derbyshire and Devon, even cousins came up from the picturesque Welsh hills, bringing with them happy children whose voices made the old Hall ring with cheery, boyish laughter.

The Hon. Carroll Greylock looked out from his windows fronting the frosty river, on the morning before Christmas, and idly wondered how Shelton and Lelia were getting on together.

"Over a week," he muttered, yawning, "and not a word from him yet. I begin to think he's falling in love with her."

Then he laughed. The idea of Dick Shelton falling in love with any one; why, he must be 47 to a day, and his mustache turning from black to gray, and a bald spot on the back of his head which grows larger perceptibly every week.

Still, the thought gave him a vague uneasiness which had never agitated his sluggish, indifferent nature before, and he made up his mind to go down to Leighton Hall himself.

His conscience began to reproach him for past neglect, so he went out and purchased the most magnificent flowers he could lay his hands on for Lelia.

"She always liked roses and carnations. Well, she shall have some. If Shelton has sent for any they'll be horrible; I know. Hasn't a particle of taste that way. Likes poppies, and scarlet ones at that."

Then he dispatched some lovely roses and carnations, and went back to his rooms to prepare for his journey.

With his customary carelessness, he arrived at the depot too late that afternoon, and wisely resolved to start bright and early the next morning. Not being accustomed to rise before eleven, it was with much difficulty that his servant aroused him in time to catch the half-past nine train.

Heavy and violent storms, unusual in that part of the country, had prevailed for the last week, and half way to Leighton the carriage in which Carroll had seated himself struck a bad rail and was thrown against some rocks.

Lonely and cold he was forced to wait till matters could be attended to, and late in the afternoon of Christmas day he arrived at the Golden Cross, a small hotel five long miles from the Hall. Tired and hungry he rested for dinner, and lingered so long over his wine that the small hands of the dirty-looking clock pointed to 10 before he was properly arrayed for the party.

The landlord had ordered a rather rickety old Tilbury to convey him to the Hall, and as he took his seat in it, with the keen north wind cutting his cheeks and rapidly flushing his nose, Carroll thought it sufficient expiation for all the sins he had ever committed, or might possibly venture on in the future.

"If Lelia could see me now," he muttered through his chattering teeth, "she would pity me."

Then the thought occurred to him that in the present state of affairs she would probably be more inclined to sneer; and a sober melancholy settled over his usually-cheerful spirits as the old rig rumbled along the beech-lined road with tall trees waving cold and frosty branches on either side.

It was after 11 when he arrived there, and the party was at its height. He had left the state carriage of the Golden Cross at the Lodge gate, and, now that he is standing opposite the brilliantly-lighted entrance, a strange dislike to enter comes upon him.

He remembers the long drawing-room that opens from the side terrace—perhaps he can go in quietly there without attracting notice or observation.

But the footman already perceives him, and throws the doors open wide. So he goes in.

Through room after room he wanders, and finds no trace of her whom his repentant heart seeks at last.

But under the arch which separates the conservatory from the farther drawing-room hangs the mistletoe, and beneath its protecting boughs two well-known forms are standing. The majority of the guests are at supper, the drawing-room is empty save the one who stands on the threshold, the two forms before his curious eyes.

The man's back is toward him, but he recognizes the broad shoulders and gray head of his friend, the Major.

The lady's face is bent over the small bouquet in her hand, and scarlet poppies in place of his carnations are shining in her hair.

The Major is talking in low but earnest tones; his arm is half around that lovely form, which, alas, his own had not encircled for—was it months? Yes, months ago.

Doubt and indecision are clearly perceptible on that handsome, troubled face. She lifts it at last, and sees past the Major's shoulder the face of Carroll Greylock, his eyes fixed anxiously and steadfastly upon her.

Then every shadow clears away. The doubt gives place to a loving determination. The eyes glisten with a light in their violet depths which his words never could awaken. The head is raised higher—higher, until the lips of which he thought himself the master were offered in reply to Shelton's passionate caress.

Then Lelia gently turns her new lover round, and together they stand triumphantly facing the old one. She leads the Major forward, gravely introducing Carroll to him, saying that her friends must henceforth be the Major's also.

This caps the climax for poor Carroll. He breaks out in an angry tirade against Lelia's unfaithfulness and his friend's treachery, which, however, the entrance of the other guests silences immediately, and the happy pair move away from him, the Major in his joyousness humming:

Off with the old,
On with the new.

So they were married. People said they did not agree as well as they might after the honeymoon was over. Lelia was too fond of dancing all night at a ball, while her husband was compelled to stay at home with the gout. But there were many evenings when Lelia would willingly remain with him, and keep her eyes open at piquet, which game she despised, though she always told him it was delightful, and he believed her, as he thought so himself.

Uncharitable women, who would gladly have had a gouty husband themselves, said that she only did so when her pocket was low and she needed a check with which to pacify Worth or Jergeau.

But the pair had a strong and affectionate liking for each other, which is a more blissful state than most married people dwell in.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Scientific Apocalypse.

A Scotch clergyman, Dr. Waddell, thinks he has found out what is to become of Satan, the father of all evil. The learned divine reads the solution of the problem in that revelation of an angel coming down with a chain and a key and binding the dragon and casting him into the bottomless pit. The angel, he says, is electrical-science; the chain is a coil or telegraph wire, and the key is the telegraph key. The angel of the dream has come down with the coil and the key and is encircling the world with chain lightning. The preacher saith that in exactly the proportion that electricity circles the world evil will be defeated and the regeneration of mankind will progress. In this view telegraph-wire stretchers and telegraph operators will supplant preachers, and the electric light is a beacon of paradise.—*New York Tribune.*

Policemen in Armor.

Policemen in the upper precincts of the city wear waistcoats of heavy calf-skin that protect the chest and the entire upper part of the body. They are valuable in a double sense, forming a warm covering as a protection against the malarial-atmosphere at night, and a coat of mail against the stones that are used by the gangs of petty thieves and law-breakers that infest those districts. Most of the rascals are half-grown boys who when pursued take to the vacant lots and greet the officer with a shower of stones if he attempts to follow them. Many policemen have abscesses on their bodies the result of contusions; they are difficult to heal and often linger for months as painful sores. These leather waistcoats deaden the blows and will turn off a ball from a small pistol not fired at close range.—*New York Tribune.*

A Lamprey's Nest.

One day late in spring as I was passing over a bridge I chance to see two lampreys, or "lamper-eels," as they are usually called, engaged in building their nest in the creek below me. It was one of the most curious spectacles I ever saw in our stream. They were a few yards below the bridge, just where the water breaks from the still pool beneath it, and flows with a rapid current over it roughly paved bottom. They were distinguishable from the yellowish brown and black stones and pebbles amid which they were working only by their motions. They were tugging away at the small movable stones with great presistence. I went down to the water's edge where they were within reach of my staff, the better to observe them. They would run up to the edge of the still water and seize upon the stones with their suction mouth and drag them back with the current and drop them upon the nest. I understood at once why their nests, which I had often observed before, were always placed at the beginning of a rift; it is that the fish may avail themselves of the current in building them. The water sweeps them back with the pebble in their mouth, their only effort being in stemming the current to seize it. They are thus enabled to move stones which they could not stir in still water.

The stones varied in size from a walnut to a goose egg. When one of them was tugging away at a stone too heavey for it, I would lend a helping hand with my staff; I would move the stone along gently, and the lamprey seemed entirely unconscious of the fact that it was being helped; it would drop the burden at the proper point, and run up for another. Indeed my aid and presence did not disturb them at all. From time to time, the larger of the two, which was the female, would thrust her tail with great violence down among the pebbles at the bottom of the creek and loosen them up, and set free the mud, which the current quickly carried away. The new material thus plowed up was carried to the nest. Twice in the course of the half-hour that I observed them, the act of spawning took place.

Besides helping move the larger stones with my staff, I several times plowed up the bottom with its point, thus relieving the female of that duty. The fish took it all as a matter of course, and seized upon the pebbles I had loosened with great alacity. When I thrust my cane beneath them and tried to lift them out of the water, they would suck fast to the stones and prevent me; but they did not manifest any alarm. The lampreys become much exhausted with the spawning and nest building, and large numbers of them die when it is over. In June it is not unusual to find their dead bodies in the streams they inhabit.—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*

How Colors Harmonize With Traits of Character.

Purity and guilelessness can best be represented by white, and its stainless snowy atmosphere always gives a sense of coolness also to the eye of the beholder. Blue, again, is a color of innocence, and is apt to give an individual an air of delicacy and refinement, while the pale greens are scarcely inferior in the same effect; but the rose-color is one of the hues of coquetry, is an expansive blooming color, and renders one, we know not how or why, much easier of approach than any of the colder colors do. Then there are few colors which wrap such an impression of dignity and majesty about one as purple does, especially the purple that inclines to violet, whether because of its royal and churchy association or of anything inherent, as the way in which it retires into shadow rather than obtrudes, even while maintaining its integrity in still self-assertion. One who wears red, on the other hand, may wish to express haughtiness or pride, anger or a species of defiance, but certainly nothing of shrinking modesty or of cold repose. And yellow, to conclude, may express a sunny serenity and generosity of nature carried even to its highest power. It is true that yellow, under certain circumstances, confesses injurious luxury of character, and expresses exactly the opposite attributes to those which render white and blue appropriate. Perhaps some of us remember a striking picture that was shown in the centennial exhibition some years ago, where, through the opening door of a convent, with its black and white robed nuns, and out of the wild storm, a beautiful woman implores shelter; she is clad in brilliant yellow, and one feels the strength of the picture in the contrast between innocence and guilt, the sin of the world seeking sanctuary, symbolized by the yellow gown of beauty, the black and white of innocence and self-sacrifice.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Begin Early.

Many fail in their life work, either because they start too late, or because they make some great mistake, from which they never recover. For these two reasons Napoleon lost Waterloo. History tells us that on the night before the memorable 18th of June, 1815, there came a deluge of rain, and the earth was so soaked and saturated that Napoleon could not move his artillery, and he had to wait until the ground was somewhat settled so that instead of opening the battle at 6 o'clock in the morning, it was almost 12 at noon. That gave Blucher, the Prussian General, time to reinforce Wellington, and overthrow the great Frenchman. Had it not been for the rain, and had the battle opened at 6 in the morning, it might have been ended by 12 in the rout of the English army, for Napoleon had about a hundred more guns than Wellington. But the difference for Naloleon between 6 o'clock and 12 o'clock was the difference between defeat and victory. Alas! that is the way I have seen men lose the battle of life. They start too late. They allow the foe against them to reinforce and their battalions of temptation to fall into line. They begin in the noon of life what they ought to have begun in the morning, at 12 instead of 6. You have not time enough to do in the afternoon the work intended for the whole day. Learn this solemn lesson, all the young. Oh! the stupendous difference between 6 and 12 o'clock!—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

Bill Nye's Recipes.

To remove oils, varnishes, resins, tar, oyster soup, current jelly and other selections from the bill of fare, use benzine, soap and chloroform cautiously with whitewash-brush and garden hose. Then hang on wood-pile to remove the pungent effluvia of the benzine.

To clean ceilings that have been smeared by kerosene lamps or the fragrance from fried salt pork, remove the ceiling, wash thoroughly with borax, turpentine and rain-water, then hang on the clothes-line to dry. After, pulverize and spread over the pie-plant bed for spring wear.

To remove starch and roughness from flat-irons, hold the iron on a grindstone for twenty moments or so, then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make this effective the grindstone should be in motion while the iron is applied. Should the iron still stick to the goods when in use spit on it.

To soften water for household purposes, put in an ounce of quick-lime in a certain quantity of water. If it is not sufficient, use less water or more quick-lime. Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliberate, lay the water down on a stone and pound it with a base-ball club.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Ants as Insecticides.

It is new to us, says the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, that ants are great destroyers of canker worms, and probably other worms or insects of the smaller varieties. We watched with great interest the work of a large colony of black ants which attacked the canker worm on an elm tree in our grounds, and were delighted with the nature and results of their labors. The processions of the ants were moving on the trunk of the tree, one going up empty, the other coming down, each ant bringing with him a canker worm, which he held fast in his mandibles, grasping the worm firmly in the center of the body. Although the prey was of nearly the size of the destroyer the plucky little ant would run down the tree in a lively way, deposit its booty in its nest in the ground and instantly return for further slaughter. There were at one time as many as forty coming down the tree, each bringing along his victim, and doing the work with apparent ease. Extending our observations, we noticed that the ants ran up the trunk and out in the limbs, and from thence on to the leaves of the trees, where the filthy worm was at work, and, seizing him with a strong grip at about the center of the body, turned about with the squirming worm and retraced their steps. The worm was dead by the time the ant reached the ground. If this work of the ants is common they must prove valuable friends to farmers and fruit raisers, and should be protected in every way possible.

Anecdotes of Ex-President Van Buren.

An amusing anecdote is told by an old inhabitant of Thomas H. Benton when the guest of Mr. Van Buren at one of those famous dinner parties for which Lindenwald was noted in its palmy days. After the desert had been served finger bowls were brought in, and were viewed with some suspicion on the part of one or two of the guests. Later Benton said to his friend: "I observed Mr. Van Buren immerse the tips of his fingers in one of these little glass bowls and wipe them daintily on his napkin, but I just rolled back my cuffs and took a good plain wash."

One day the principal of Kinderhook Academy called at Lindenwald with an autograph album which contained Baron Humboldt's signature, and requested Van Buren's autograph. "Where shall I put my name, Mr. Post?" asked the ex-President. "O, anywhere, Mr. Van Buren," was the reply; "you will find plenty of blank pages in the book." The ex-President turning over the leaves carelessly, and seeing Humboldt's signature paused, took up a pen and wrote his own name directly under the Baron's.

The ex-President in his old age did not lose his youthful verve and vim, and was universally respected and loved at his home. Though he could not boast of a commanding presence, he had an elastic figure and carried himself erect. His features were animated when conversing, and wore a constant smile. When relating an anecdote or relishing a good story his eyes twinkled with fun. In fair weather it was his custom to take a horseback ride every morning until his final illness, sitting erect in his saddle and wearing a skull cap, under which his snow-white hair could be seen. One morning when riding past Stuyvesant Falls, he was hailed by a bare-footed urchin, who shouted out "Hey, mister, is you the President of the United States?"

"I used to be, my little man," was the prompt reply; "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothin', sir, only I thought Jimmy lied to me; I didn't think such a little man as you could be President of the United States."—*New York Sun.*

"Roor-Backs."

The branding of tales assumed to be false in political contests as "roor-backs" owes its origin to a publication in the Albany *Evening Journal*, then edited by the late Thurlow Weed. Mr. Polk was the Democratic candidate for President, and was the owner of a small number of slaves, as was also Henry Clay, his opponent. To show how bad and brutal a master Mr. Polk was, the Albany *Journal* published a lengthy extract from the travels of Herr Roorback, an eminent German professor, in the United States, in which he gave a scene he had witnessed early one morning of a drove of slaves chained each to the other, crossing Duck river, and on the bare shoulders of each were branded with a hot iron the initials, "J. K. P."—James K. Polk. As Mr. Polk lived near Duck river, and as these were the initials of his name, it was charged that Mr. Polk was the owner of the chattels, and that the branding was to show his title to his property. Soon after the publication some Democrat, turning to a book of travels in the United States by Mr. Featherstonehaugh, an English geologist, discovered the same pen picture of slave-driving, save that the location was different, being on New, not Duck river, and that there was no branding with a hot iron on the shoulders or other part of the chattels. Published side by side the forgery was apparent. No Mr. Roorback had published a book of travels in the United States and no man could be found who had ever heard of him. The *Evening Journal* was forced to confess the forgery, and for excuse claimed that it had been imposed upon by some rascally Democrat, but it never gave his name, and hence the Albany *Evening Journal* and Thurlow Weed got the full credit for the clumsy forgery, and for the injury it did the Whig candidate. Since that day political falsehoods are called "Roor-backs," and so common is it that the term has a place in Webster's Unabridged, where it is defined as "a forgery or fictitious story, published for purposes of political intrigue."

Camping Out.

We had camped out often enough to have the rough edge of our desire for such dissipation worn off. We knew that camping out meant a saddle for a pillow, for a bed "the yielding earth" that always develops extraordinary solidity and sharp-cornered stones during the night; for a covering "the star-besprinkled dome of night" and an old horse-blanket full of holes. We knew that it also meant getting up at about midnight, untangling your horse from the rope wound all around his legs; turning out again at 2 a. m. and prowling around in the dark looking for wood to renew the fire and keep from freezing to death. It meant getting ants in your ears, creeping things up your trousers legs, and finally getting up at daybreak sore and bruised, shivering over a camp-fire, getting smoke in your eyes, overturning the coffee-pot and getting cussed by all the rest of the party.—*Texas Siftings.*

The foundation stone of the magnificent Church of the Savior at Vienna, which has been under construction for twenty-six years, and is the expression of a national thanksgiving for the preservation of a monarch's life, is a block of marble, quarried on the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem. The church will cost $1,875,000.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, Charley, dear, but—" "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

"It was the finest dinner I ever sat down to—the finest that any man ever sat down to," said a prominent politician. "What did you have to eat?" asked Tom Murphy. "Why, nothing at all; we just drank and drank and drank." This illustrates one side of Washington life.—*Washington letter.*

Who said the inventive genius went unrewarded? A New Hampshire man who has invented a machine to make cloves out of basswood has been offered $50,000 for his patent. The cloves are sold to hotels by the bushel.

Violinist Remenyi defines genius as "the power a man has to kindle his own fire." It is on a cold winter morning that a married man is most willing to acknowledge his lack of genius.

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.—*Tillotson.*

In Oconee county, Ga., lives a family of white negroes, with yellow, kinky hair.

The Overgrowth of Cities.

All over the world the cities are growing faster than the country that must feed and clothe them. Population is rising everywhere, even in almost stationary France, nearer to high-water mark. It is running westward in strong currents through every open way it can find, and as it runs the whirlpools are getting deeper and quicker that sweep the yeomanry into the maelstrom of city life. The country feeds the city with its grain and meat, and with the fresh life its consuming energies demand. Its unceasing cry is, Give, give! This is an age of concentration—concentration of money, of power and, not by any means the least significant, of population.

The figures of this citifying of the population of this country, as given in the compendium of the census just published, are startling. In 1790 one-thirtieth of our people lived in cities; in 1800 one-twenty-fifth; in 1810 one twentieth. This was not changed in 1820. In 1830 one-sixteenth; in 1840 one-twelfth; in 1850 one-eighth; in 1860 one-sixth; in 1870 one-fifth; and in 1880 the city population is 22.5 per cent. of the whole, or almost one-quarter.

In England the population increased between 1871 and 1881 by 3,113,170. Of that the cities gained 2,860,079. Almost all of the increase was in the hiving centers.

The figures for France are still more striking. In 1876 the population of the whole nation was 24,945,064, and of this 11,960,724 were in the towns. In the five years that have followed the whole country has gained but 389,679, and of this Paris has absorbed 337,000. Out of an annual advent of 77,934 new souls the metropolis captures 67,400. The rest of the country gets only the remaining 10,500.

All the tendencies of modern life have been toward the development of the agencies of exchange and production. Prices that used to be fixed in thousands of local independent markets that hardly ever heard from each other are now regulated either by some of our giant combinations or by the cosmopolitan influences of boards of trade and stock exchanges. The spinners who once drove their wheels by the fireside of home with one foot on the treadle and the other on the rocker of a cradle have been consolidated into mammoth factories. The weaver is no longer a village figure in the landscape of England. Our artisans, once their own masters, have had to enlist in the service of steam, and are massed by the railroads at the strategic points of trade and commerce.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Salem, Mass., *Register* mentions: Mr. J. S. LeFavour, artist, surprisingly benefited by St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism twenty years.

The Grenadier and the Turkey.

A story is told of Charles XII., which illustrates the eccentric hero's peculiarities, characteristics which were afterward strangely emulated, if not imitated, by the famous Russian soldier, Marshal Suvarof. During a forced march toward the foe, a grenadier of the King's guard stole a spitted turkey from the hut of a poor peasant. The latter sought audience of the King and made complaint of theft. Sending for the soldier, a huge fellow six feet and several inches in height, Charles sternly regarded him for a moment and then asked: "Is it true, comrade, that you have stolen this poor man's dinner, you a great brute big enough to eat him and his whole family, body and bones?" The grenadier, probably thinking that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a goat, rudely made answer: "Sire, I have done him less harm than you did his master, Augustus. You took a kingdom from him while I have only taken a turkey from this fellow." "But, my friend," returned the King, "I perceive a difference between us. I can hang you for stealing a turkey, but you have not the power to punish me for seizing and giving away an empire"—a fine and forcible illustration of regal authority. It is added that the grenadier was granted a pardon in view of his spirit and wit, upon making payment to the peasant of his exorbitant price for the turkey.—*The United Service.*

The Albany, N. Y., *Argus* observes: Judge McGowan, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

A Model Home.

One of our exchanges has a column headed "Our Home," and at the top it gives an illustration which is supposed to represent that hallowed retreat. The husband and father is represented as reading a bread board; the mother, dressed in a bunting dress with an overskirt two feet longer than the dress proper, is reading a cigar box or a checker board, and the rest of the family, some thirteen or fourteen souls, cluster around the table reading different kinds of things, while a daughter in one corner of the room is climbing up on the key-board of the piano with her feet, and her face is wreathed in a smile that wraps her rosebud mouth twice around her Grecian head and buries itself in her clustering hair. One of the boys has dropsy of the brain and his pants are too short. Another is trying with great difficulty to tie the cat's tail around the table leg, and a little daughter is pouring the sawdust vitals out of a rag doll down a knot-hole in the floor. It is a perfect picture of home contentment and perennial joy.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Mr. Jonathan Bowers, of Blanchester, O., writes: "I am 72 years of age. I keep Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla always in the house. A dose now and then makes me feel like a boy. It gives me a good appetite and keeps me from having dyspepsia."

Monkeys' Tricks.

The tigers of India are fond of monkey-meat and the monkeys are not fond of being eaten. They, therefore, match their brains against the tiger's cunning and strength in this way: The monkeys drive away tigers and leopards by assembling in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking, shaking the branches with might and main—and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs and leaves that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity.

Vitality of Seeds.

A French journal records some important experiments which have been made to show the effects of various conditions upon the vitality of seeds. It appears that farmers had been in the habit of keeping seeds hermetically sealed. The experiments showed that but 45 per cent. of the peas and 2 per cent. of the beans kept in confined air germinated when planted. On the other hand, of peas and beans exposed freely to the air, 90 per cent. of the former and 98 per cent. of the latter proved fruitful. The experiments were made for the benefit of farmers, and covered a period of about three years.

Indorsed by the Clergy.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to the public, especially to any public speaker who may be troubled with throat or lung diseases.

Rev. M. L. Booher,
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Reading, Mich.
Rev. J. T. Iddings, Albion, Mich.
Rev. V. L. Lockwood, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Sold by all druggists.

When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella, they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half, they are married.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what a slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

When is a man like the woman of Samaria? When his wife tells him "all things he has ever done."

Good health is the greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored this prize to the suffering as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

The Shadow Hanging Over New York City and the Entire Country—A Tribune Opinion.

The nation has been horrified at the burning of a Milwaukee hotel, whereby over seventy lives were lost. This event carried terror because it was sudden and appalling; but had the same disastrous results to life and limb come silently they would have been unnoticed, not only by the people of the land but also by the very community in which they occurred. Fatal events of a far worse nature have taken place in this very city, but they have attracted no attention, nor would they now did not the Bureau of Vital Statistics bring them to our notice. "Figures do not lie," whatever else may be uncertain, and the report on the *deaths* of this city is a startling comment on its *life*. During the past year the enormous increase of certain maladies is simply appalling. While the total number of deaths has diminished and the death rate on most diseases has decreased still it is far greater in one or two serious disorders than was ever known before. More people died in the city of New York in 1882 from Bright's disease of the kidneys than from diphtheria, small-pox and typhoid fever all combined! This scarcely seems possible but it is true, and when it is remembered that less than one-third the actual deaths from Bright's disease are really reported as such, the ravages of the malady can be partially understood.

The immediate query which every reader will make upon such a revelation of facts, is: What causes this increase? This is a difficult question to answer. The nature of the climate, the habits of life, the adulteration of foods and liquors, all undoubtedly contribute; but no immediate cause can be certainly assigned. Often before the victim knows it the disease has begun. Its approaches are so stealthy and its symptoms so obscure that they cannot be definitely foreseen and are only known by their effects. Any kidney disorder, however slight, is the first stage of Bright's disease. But it is seldom that kidney disorders can be detected. They do not have any certain symptoms. Mysterious weariness; an unusual appetite; periodical headaches; occasional nausea; uncertain pains; loss of vigor; lack of nerve power; irregularity of the heart; disordered daily habits; imperfect digestion—all these and many other symptoms are the indications of kidney disorder, even though there may be no pain in the region of the kidneys or in that portion of the body. The serious nature of these troubles may be understood from the fact that Bright's disease is as certain to follow diseased kidneys as decomposition follows death.

It is high time the doctors in this land, who have been unable to control kidney troubles, should be aroused and compelled to find some remedy, or acknowledge one already found. The suffering public needs help and cannot await the tardy action of any hair-splitting code or incorrectly formulated theories. If the medical world has no certain remedy for this terrible disease let them acknowledge it and seek for one outside the pale of their profession. For the discovery of this remedy and for its application to this disease, the people of this city; the people of the whole land; not only those who are suffering, but those who have friends in danger, are earnestly and longingly looking.

The above quotation from the New York *Tribune* is causing considerable commotion, as it seems to lift the cover from a subject that has become of national importance. The alarming increase of kidney diseases; their insidious beginnings and frightful endings and the acknowledged inability of physicians to successfully cope with them may well awaken the greatest dread of every one who has the slightest symptoms. It is fortunate, however, that the surest relief is often found where, possibly, least expected, and that there is a specific for the evils above described we have came to fully believe. Within the past two years we have frequently seen statements of parties claiming to have been cured of serious kidney troubles even after hope had been abandoned; but in common with most people we have discredited them. Quite recently, however, a number of prominent and well-known men have come out voluntarily and stated over their signatures that they were completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Most people have been aware that this medicine has an unusual standing and one entitling it to b classed above proprietary articles generally; but that it had accomplished so much in checking the ravages of kidney disease is not so generally known. Its great worth has been shown, not only by the cures it has effected, but also because a number of base imitations have appeared in the market, fraudulently claiming the valuable qualities of the original Safe Cure. If it were not valuable it would not be imitated.

The above may seem like an ultra indorsement of a popular remedy, but it is not one whit stronger than the facts admit. Whatever assists the world toward health and consequent happiness should receive the hearty indorsement of the press and all friends of humanity. It is on precisely this principle that the foregoing statement is made and it merits the careful consideration of every thinking reader.

The man who was "six feet in his stockings" probably wore the garter around his neck.

Free to All Ministers of Churches.

I will send one bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, gratis, to any minister that will recommend it to his friends after giving it a fair test, and it proves satisfactory for coughs, colds, throat or lung diseases.

Respectfully, Dr. C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich.

Sold by all druggists.

"I dess I know what memory is," said a little 4-year-old. "It's de ting I fordet wid."

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

Personal!—To Men Only!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, have been sold, and from all over the land comes one universal cry, "Carboline, as now improved and perfected, is the best hair restorer ever used." Sold by all druggists.

Ladies or gents out of work furnished with steady, lucrative employment at home. Send 3-cent stamp, for particulars, to Agents' Furnishing Co., P. O. Box No. 1066, Topeka, Kan.

The Howe Scales have all the latest improvements. It is true economy to buy the best. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Rheumatism Quickly cured! Send stamp for free prescript'n, R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Try the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

Dose Cup. Advertisem't in another column.

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Does not directly imperil life, it is a distressful, vexatious and resolute complaint. Patient endurance of its numerous very small watery pimples, hot and smarting, requires true fortitude. If the discharged matter sticks, itches, and the scabs leave underneath a reddened surface, the disease has not departed, and Hood's Sarsaparilla, in moderate doses, should be continued.

FAMOUS CASE IN BOSTON.

"My little four-year-old girl had a powerful eruption on her face and head. Under her eyes it was regular scalding red and sore, like a burn. Back of her left ear we had to shave her hair close to her head. Five or six physicians and two hospitals gave up her case as incurable, save that she might outgrow it. When it began to maturate I became alarmed. In three weeks, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores began to heal, two bottles made her eyes as clear as ever. To-day she is as well as I am."

JOHN CAREY, 164 D Street, South Boston.

ATTEST: I know John Carey. He is an honest, good man, whose statements are worthy of entire credit. I believe what he says about his child's sickness.

CLINTON H. COOK, Milk Street, Boston.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist at Austin, Texas, writes "I have been handling Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer."

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is the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the Stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver.

Durno's Catarrh Snuff cures Catarrh and all affections of the mucous membrane.

The Excesses of Youth are drafts upon Old Age, payable with interest. Sufferers should immediately use Allen's Brain Food; $1; 6 for $5. At druggists and at Allen's Pharmacy, 315 First Avenue, New York.

A Chinaman who had been helped by a missionary showed his gratitude by praying that Buddha would turn him (the Chinaman) into an ass, so that the missionary might ride on him in the next life.

An English woman who refuses to live with her husband is still liable to imprisonment for her obstinacy.

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Hogs	7.00	@ 7.40
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Flour—Superfine	3.60	@ 4.00
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No. 2 Red	1.21	@ 1.22
Corn—No. 2	.72	@ .73
Oats—No. 2	.48	@ .50
Pork—Mess	19.00	@19.25
Lard	.11¼	@ .11¾
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Good to Fancy Steers	6.15	@ 6.25
Cows and Heifers	3.25	@ 4.50
Medium to Fair	4.85	@ 5.10
Hogs	4.75	@ 7.25
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.50	@ 5.75
Good to Choice Spr'g Ex.	4.75	@ 5.00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1.06	@ 1.07
No. 2 Red Winter	1.07	@ 1.08
Corn—No. 2	.55	@ .56
Oats—No. 2	.38	@ .39
Rye—No. 2	.63	@ .64
Barley—No. 2	.84	@ .85
Butter—Choice Creamery	.34	@ .36
Eggs—Fresh	.30	@ .31
Pork—Mess	17.75	@18.00
Lard	.11	@ .11¼
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 2	1.06	@ 1.07
Corn—No. 2	.55	@ .56
Oats—No. 2	.37	@ .38
Rye—No. 2	.54	@ .55
Barley—No. 2	.74	@ .75
Pork—Mess	18.00	@18.25
Lard	.11	@ .11¼
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1.10	@ 1.11
Corn—Mixed	.51	@ .52
Oats—No. 2	.38	@ .39
Rye	.62	@ .64
Pork—Mess	17.75	@18.00
Lard	.10¾	@ .11
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1.09	@ 1.10
Corn	.64	@ .65
Oats	.41	@ .42
Rye	.67	@ .68
Pork—Mess	18.00	@18.25
Lard	.10¾	@ .11
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1.10	@ 1.11
Corn	.57	@ .58
Oats—No. 2	.41	@ .42
DETROIT.		
Flour	4.75	@ 5.00
Wheat—No. 1 White	1.07	@ 1.08
Corn—No. 2	.56	@ .57
Oats—Mixed	.42	@ .43
Pork—Mess	18.00	@18.50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1.06	@ 1.07
Corn—No. 2	.53	@ .54
Oats—Mixed	.39	@ .40
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
Cattle—Best	5.25	@ 6.25
Fair	4.75	@ 5.75
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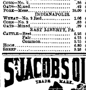

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Young Men learn Telegraphy here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

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is unfailing and infallible in curing Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus' Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Scrofula, and all Nervous and Blood Diseases. To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, Samaritan Nervine is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. For sale by all Druggists.

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(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY! STRICTLY PURE. Harmless to the Most Delicate!

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION has been CURED when other remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

William C. Digges, merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4, 1881, that he wants us to know that the Lung Balsam *has cured his mother of Consumption*, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

William A. Graham & Co., wholesale druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal. For Sale by all Medicine Dealers.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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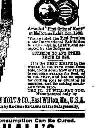

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