Negaunee Iron Herald.

VOLUME XXXII. NEGAUNEE, (L. S.) MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901. NUMBER 1.

A Farewell Reception

A farewell reception to Marquette county friends was given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hitch at their home in Ishpeming Wednesday afternoon. The house was crowded to a very capacity with our friends and doubtless everybody present has been long and intimately acquainted with the honored guests. Mr. Quinn will spend the winter at Madison, Wis., where he will be interested in the business of the family in that city.

The guests numbered a hundred or more, and as the majority of them came from the eastern portion of the county, special trains were provided for their accommodation. The Pickands house had been given a very dressed appearance, and autumn leaves and Boneblow's music contributed much to make about the occasion a pleasant one. Refreshments were served by a Milwaukee caterer, and at 6:30 a bountiful supper served, after which the speeches were made.

Those present from Negaunee were Mr. and Mrs. John A. Moyle, Mr. Gardrick Kreiss, Mrs. Amanda Stevens and John A. Wilson.

Mr. Hitch, whose prosperity is regarded with pride and satisfaction by our friends, is a couple of weeks again from the duties of general manager of the mine and smelter of the Colorado Mining Company. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hitch will be at home at Salt Lake City, Utah, and it is to be hoped the family, who expect to be there before the end of the coming month, will make their home permanently there. Mr. Hitch's family is one of the large contributions contributing to the Far West. It leaving here on and in 1882 with a small capital of $2,000,000. The position is now valued at over $20,000,000. Mr. Hitch will carry the experience of his annually to a mining man, and the success he has achieved gives him an assurance that he will perform very large duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to the company.

New Office Equipment.

The Cleveland Clubs from Company C, called to the general office of the Jones and Brownsford in this city some time ago, have a fine and dandy office, one of the latest ideas in office furniture and which will insure the work of the department as well as make it comfortable in considerable time. The office of the company has been equipped with the new appliances and the space will be occupied as the needs of the office require. The furniture is all built on the "unit" plan, so that the office can be enlarged, or alterations made, with little trouble.

The room, yet light the most fine, with their chief for keeping the papers in position further from the room or a handy it in the room, will prove joy to those who have to consult papers. For the weights columns in which some of the records are kept there are and adjustable, which may be adjusted almost at will to suit the particular size of books, and to facilitate handling the new rollers, not only at the bottom of such rooms as it is at the office, as well as at the top, which is to be hoped will be found to be impossible to tear the leaves.

As may be imagined, there is a multitude of valuable documents in an office which has a record of business for years and to those possessed by the Cleveland Cliffs Company in the Upper Peninsula, and the management has secured a unit equipment which will fully guarantee the preservation of the books and papers yet will prove them easy of access.

Assessor's Roll Ready.

The assessor's roll is all in readiness for the Common Council to deal with when the first of next month, which will be done at the meeting to be held on Thursday. The city assessment roll of real and personal property for the year is $5,097,745, as against $5,027,—[illegible] for last year, an increase of $70,067. The board also have on account of the assessor's figures had prepared $81,218, while this year they have decreased $6,200.

The principal changes which were made in this year's roll, on reality, were the development assessment of the Estate of Walter, Queen and Mary mines, and the large increase made in the Mary's furnace mine. The greatest change in assessment of personal property this year is that upon the Negaunee mine, the Steel Corporation last year paying $12,161, and the Cleveland-Cliffs company, which now owns the property, paying $66,920.

Hilold Stephens is building an addition to his residence property and has engaged T. W. Simcoe to do the plumbing work.

R. G. Quinn in the Firm.

R. G. Quinn, formerly of this city, who for the past five years has made Mr. Walter Hitch at their home in Ishpeming Wednesday afternoon. The house was crowded to a very capacity with our friends and doubtless everybody present has been long and intimately acquainted with the honored guests. Mr. Quinn will spend the winter at Madison, Wis., where he will be interested in the business of the family in that city.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS ABOUT FOLK YOU KNOW.

Mrs. H. E. Dupont, well known in Negaunee people as a Sunday visitor, completed a visit to friends here Monday evening. She is now with her daughter, Mrs. Ely, in Chicago, since the death of her husband something more than a year ago.

Mrs. Max Stiefel and daughters, of Marquette, spent Sunday in Negaunee.

Edward Pearce and family have moved from Ishpeming to Negaunee.

Mrs. Mary Stiefel and daughters, of Marquette, spent Sunday in Negaunee.

Joseph P. Wilder spent Sunday with his family here, returning on Monday morning.

Chris Wilke, who has been in Colorado for some time, is now in Negaunee, where he has been employed in the new mines recently added to the Negaunee of Dynamite Dick. He has been employed in the mines with the clerk for the last two years. Both mines are owned by Pittsburg capitalists who have decided to sell their property.

John J. Thibault Dead.

John J. Thibault, a well known and popular young man who had resided in Negaunee for the greater part of his life, died at the family home on Wednesday evening. He became ill while working in Negaunee last summer and was forced to return home. He went on the road to recuperate his health, however, when he became worse and brought on the old and some new complications. He had been confined to his home for about two weeks previous to his death.

Mr. Thibault was 21 years and 3 months of age. He was born in Steele Mills and it was during his family's residence there that the infant died when John was 1 years old. His mother died when he was 9 years of age to Charles Hedinger. Besides the mother and stepfather, a sister, Miss Ada Thibault, aged 12, survives. The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon, with services at St. Paul's Catholic Church at 2 p. m.

Mr. Thibault was a popular young man who in a fair way to make a name for himself in diamond drill work. He had his first experience under George Mitchell some five years ago, and for the past two years had been with the Sullivan people, his work having carried him practically all over the United States east of the Mississippi. In addition to having acquired a thorough knowledge of the operation of diamond drills he had within the past year or so learned to be a practical mechanic, and the loss of the work that he was engaged at Sudbury, Ontario, when illness forced him to leave and come home. He was a young man who was well liked and there are many expressions of sincere regret because of his untimely end.

Makes Change Quickly.

The First National Bank is making a test of a cash rack which is designed to facilitate the work of making change. A rack with a key for each denomination of coin, requiring several manipulations of the key to make up the desired sum, characterized the machine formerly in use, but it does now has a larger field of force, there being an additional lever for each denomination of coin, and for a single key being required to manipulate the proper sum, whether it consist of a single penny or a single assortment of coin, upon the counter directly in front of the teller and the patron. The test has hardly progressed far enough to fully demonstrate the practicability of the machine, but if it does all that it claimed it will prove a great convenience.

—The glow of happiness at Dr. Smith's residence was brightened yesterday morning by the arrival of a bright little boy.

—Jack Frost has work enough now of the plants which during the past summer adorned the yard about the Cleveland-Cliffs office and the garden. He is now busy at work removing the delicate foliage and transplanting to winter quarters each of the plants and bulbs as can be spared.

Gladstone Civilization.

A Gladstone citizens' Protective Association has been organized. This is because the men of Gladstone are tired of being overpowered by the brutal employees in the city. The bartenders will be organized under a separate license, at the cost of one dollar for the first and $2 for each subsequent year, per month. In this manner the goods stock and business of the city will be protected. In the grounds about the village are certain moneyless family. The men are well other city governments, the destination which should instead—Gladstone and old Sagamore of an unlikely person at. Hewitt Tilden.

Sons of St. George.

The members of the Sons of St. George will be the guests of Lodge No. 2, Sons of St. George, at a social to be held in the lodge rooms, which is probably the last of the season.

Mrs. Gilbert Hodgson, Hook Creek, was in town yesterday for a few days. Mrs. Hodgson is a sister of Mr. Hodgson, and for the school term, Mrs. Hodgson's Hook Creek home.

Mrs. Fred Tilden and daughter Irene, are visiting friends in Chicago. They left for the city yesterday morning.

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NEGAUNEE IRON HERALD

NEGAUNEE PRINTING CO.

NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN

Most of the Roosevelt Democrats think the way to get rich at farming is to sell the farm.

A dyspeptic has been discovered that lacks like a dog. Doctors advise a take it out in growling.

Harvest Moonshine said he read no new books. This confirms his title as the wisest man of his age.

If appendicitis is impossible in those who do much walking, then the Hikesta ate exempt everywhere.

Uncle Russell Sage has the satisfaction of knowing that on wrap-grace son of his ever dissipate his hard-earned wealth.

Henry C. Davis is worth $10,000,000, and Henry Green is probably wondering why he doesn't "lay low" and save his money.

A few more exhibitions of unspeakableness on the part of the sultan of Turkey will result in his making a discovery that he is not universal.

A Washington scientist has discovered a tuberous germ. It will be difficult to keep the bacillus of spitting a microbe so universally diffused as this one.

Hands Pomeroy Tobias for bringing on the war with Japan, and then proceeds to show that he is a foolish old man who preaching isn't listened to by anybody.

Russia is selling her convicts out to fight the Japanese. It will be a great night when they go forth to battle, the waving flags and hurrahing for "the fatherland."

"Little devils in the air" create the fear, says the eminent scientist, Dr. Beale. Perhaps he refers to the mosquitoes which frequently raise hell in her vicinity.

A Genoa professor has discovered that a blue light has a soothing effect on dental operations. Strange the blue feeling which prevents that tooth ache doesn't act in the same way.

The most expensive book in the world is a copy of Audubon's birds and bejeweled as to be worth $400,000. It never will be less a book worth more on the outside than on the inside, or a man either, for the matter of that.

Perhaps a time will yet come when our streets and avenues will be brownies, but it cannot yet be claimed that it is in sight. It will certainly not come as long as under our present present prices prices which manifest a tendency to increase rather than to decrease. Even when the cost of a good machine is low it costs a good shell over article doubtless we will continue to use Indian and the family claims the approved method of many for getting the air.

In China they do things differently. The governor of the province which has a missionary was murdered has been notified that he will be pardoned the murderers within ten days or he will be put to death instead. Quite a change. This method would ensure a safer enforcement of law anywhere, were it not for the simple equivalent adopted by the Chinese official. He chops off a couple of heads and sends them to Pekin by express, with a message saying that the sinners are forgiven to the murderers and an assurance of his unwavering loyalty to the throne.

It may be late in advance of what we are pleased to call civilization demands the opening up of Thibet, but there is something satisfactory in the spectacle of the grand lama fleeing from his people at Lassa, where his predecessors have lived in unknown seclusion for hundreds of years, just why the interests of civilization should necessitate the conquest of a people who ask nothing better than to be left to themselves is one of those questions which British statesmanship always answers with some plausible excuse. The "diplomatic" mission—which has slain some thousands of Thibetans will no doubt be as skillfully detailed by the British government as numerous avowedly "peaceful" expeditions have been.

The average manner of tobacco regards tobacco as a useless, noxious luxury. The user knows otherwise. But for the sake of argument it may be admitted that tobacco is a luxury and that it could be dispensed with without injury to health. But why should this one luxury be singled out for attack while others are left undisturbed? The idea is a luxury, is sugar, is coffee, is chocolate, and cocoa and tea and coffee and sugar and water. None of these is necessary to human existence. Pride on dresses, fashions on hats, gloves in summer are luxuries and they are not necessary to the proper clothing of the human form. As a matter of fact, the markets and marts are full of luxuries. It is the incentive that makes life worth living. It is the incentive that keeps the wheels of commerce and industry moving.

Get the Panama idea out of your head, if you have packed your trunk and thrown up your job, unpack it and ask your former employer to take you back. There are a few thousands of young fellows in this country who have no idea that in the construction of the great canal not jobs will be begging, and that it will be a long time or clean up the $30 a month price on the farm and drop $300 every 30 days on the great ditch. Applications for places are pouring the Canal Commission at the rate of 1000 a day already, in the face of the fact that there are no places at the commission's disposal. Some time there will be a lot of work, and perhaps by the rule of pay will be high. But you couldn't stand it. There isn't a mere gentleman hole on the ditch than that same canal site. The climate is as different from that of the United States as dare is from daylight. Strange to tell, that day almost in a night, absent, and disease is to be found everywhere. Undoubtedly, all that can be done to make the surroundings habitable will be done, but even then it is probable that the digging of the canal will be done at the cost of thousands of human lives. The men who work and survive will be physically the worse for the experience, if not mentally, and their ranks will be recruited above in the ever-of fresh men from the ranks of the American. If you have any kind of a position that pays you decently and has a future in it, you will be a fool to get the fever bug out of your head. If, when the time comes, you will go, and have a family, be justice to your best friends instead, if any insurance company will take the risk.

The Department of Labor for the State of Massachusetts has been making some studies as to whether it is most conducive to the welfare of wage-earners to pay them weekly or monthly. It was claimed that a certain proportion of the men when they receive their wages spend nearly half get drunk and waste or lose their money, while their families suffer and that weekly payments offer opportunities for their saving a dollar, while by monthly payments there would be only one such serve in place of four. The statistics gathered in the study of the question prove nothing. The investigation has shown that there will get drunk whenever they have an opportunity, and that the idea of log or steal in order to secure the dollar indulgence. Both men are so condom ship to hold responsible employers. They change places from one to another, until they are finally unable to keep a decent situation. It is a case of cause and effect. The drunkard inebriately is a sort of outlaw. But most American workingmen or otherwise, are much sober and have a family to care for, make no effort to save, and their wages goes, they scarcely know how. All honestly get accumulated wealth commanded with savings. The men who are sober, man whose father is family rich grows up with the idea that it is a disgrace not to be able to save, and he becomes a leader, employer and a curse to society. On the other hand, the son of a multimillionaire is commonly taught that he is specially required to take care of a great fortune, and as a rule, the descendants of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rockefellers and the like grow up shrewd and clean business men, than of the most important class which has given to the world its of his money, be it much or little.

NO WATERED MILK THERE.

The European housekeeper who uses condensed milk is certain that she gets fresh, for the animal is milked at the door every morning.

Admiral Dewey's Queer Map.

"I want to show you something that is of special interest to you," said Admiral Dewey the other day to a visitor. As he spoke he led the way to the foot of the bed and pointed to an old looking piece of wood work hanging on the wall. "It is supposed to be a map of Spain, or rather a Philippine map, though, I was given one just as I was leaving the Islands, and I was told that it was made by a native artist. You see how the design is worked on the wood. Silver used for everything over Luzon, and gold for everything over Mindanao. The "map" was about a yard square, and the different islands were hills, mountains, rivers, and so forth, all were worked in it in artistically contrasting colors of the most brilliant hues.

"Incidentally," said Mrs. Dewey, "the map also shows the Filipinos' conception of the relative size of Spain. See, it almost covers the entire space, while the little red morsel in the corner represents France; yet at the time the map was being made France was regulating the loan for Spain."—Wesleyan Home Companion.

One of these days the wind will catch hold of the roof of that long well a girl waste and twist it around her neck and choke her to death.

A woman who has six lovers, intends to go to a great market for beauty seats' worth of steak.

WOMAN'S REALM

The Beautiful Sex.

Discussing the question "Which is the Beautiful Sex?" in the Woman's Home Companion, Henry T. Finck, having proved that in beauty of body the man is the more beautiful, says:

"But how about those women who do not happen to be beautiful in the eye? Do they belong to the beautiful sex? Many of them are sweet to think they do not, and in despair try to become artificially so, but this makes a great mistake. They will still belong to the beautiful sex, though their faces and figures be not beautiful to the eye. But as some men, for the very reason that they are physically weak, become the stronger mentally and morally, so it is with weak women's souls, so women who look physically plain may be relatively spiritual beauty, excel their more favored sisters in the art of fascinating men.

"Spiritual beauty follows the same lines as bodily beauty. Sinfulness makes it up in four ways when he ugly, or rather, when it is:

Why are our bodies soft and weak and fragile?

Dust to soil and wasting in the world.

Why are our souls strong and hearts hard?

Shall we agree with our external parts?

In man woman's minds, like their bodies, should be soft, smooth, delicate, never angular, hard, robust, coarse, or masculine. The charm which comes from mental beauty is much more powerful than bodily beauty a pretty face. Some of the most fascinating women have neither a little or no physical beauty. Given two fine features, one face is plain-faced but gentle, tender, sympathetic, self-reliant, patient, sweet, blind, modest, cheerful, considerate, in a word, a woman, the other pleading to the world, the world, the special interest, just named, and very few men would be so unpleasant as to disagree with her. There is deep philosophy in the lines, "Beauty is a snare, Beauty is but handsome does."

It is of the utmost importance that women should recognize clearly that they were predestined to be the beauties of the sex, and that they should be in fields of strength for which they are specially adapted by nature. They should remember that "men are made to be the highest citizens of nobility."

"Not modern men have a sense of chivalry, and will fall before beauty and vulnerable and easy to endure, but women, without great intellectual charms, physical and mental, above all, spiritual, are helpless and have no strength at the cost of beauty."

Women and Matrimony.

Matrimony, or married life, the making of a home—a home, mind you, is the greatest, finest, most dignified, most happiness in the world for a woman. The Almighty has plainly said so, but we twentieth century women, who know so much more than our grandmothers, are only out for a career, for the bachelor girl, for woman's rights and everything else, but the thing which is calculated to take the place of a husband and a home, a true woman's need for a husband's assisting and comforting love, and the feel of a dimpy head pressed against a woman's bosom. Don't go on. Don't you, if you like. Feel the world if you can. I know your secret, you have a lot of relations around you, you have hours of wishing all your time, all your spare time, you have been swallowed up for just the limits of your mind since my woman's life was lonely? The grandeur of you, the hour, relations, the sort self-supporting, the most one-sided independent, would at times, be lonely times, the wonderful life, the life, the lifetime times, give everything on earth you have for the sake of your own and a husband and a child. No matter if you are the subject, the queen, the wife's and a mother's assignment is unbearable to non-sympathetic, and by business or friends so cold-blooded on meaning, oh, even the most independent, the most independent, would at times, be lonely times, the wonderful life, the lifetime times, give everything on earth you have for the sake of your own and a husband and a child. No matter if you are the subject, the queen, the wife's and a mother's assignment is unbearable to non-sympathetic, and by business or friends so cold-blooded on meaning, oh, even the most independent, the most independent, and spinsters or bachelor girls or widows—how much permanent would be the sacrifice of your own and the happiness of being interest for the world, should be some single—Harper's Bazar.

The Way Into Society.

Let the young girl who has taken the pauperized to take one within the native society. Tell me what is the case? So that is some one thing one thing, and the other thing, and the other, one is socially safe. The story of the age displays this. Cosmo Jackson, a Jamaica negro, was pauperized by his extravagance. He gains 700 gold pieces in place of the loss of a single show; he saves $5,000,000 before he is twenty-five years old. Society. Lucifer, given money and life, and the world, and the world, and the islands, hangs gardens in the air, and the world, and the world, and the world

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

I was a private in an infantry regiment and we were always engaged in the battle of Bull Run's Run, in 1861-1865. If you are one on what part of the field we fought, my answer would have to be that it didn't. The least idea. Pretty much all I can remember about what went before my capture is that there was a good deal of fighting and quite a number killed and wounded near me. But when and like, or that part of it that I could see, fell back, there were only men left on the ground, only dead men and myself, the wounded being in the rear some way. Even those who were badly hurt had got off. I was now that I never should have reached there, and if the thing were to be done again—as Jack says, it will—I will be—you may be certain that I would find some way to retreat. Why I did not is the most of the story what I ought to say being taken prisoner.

As to why our line fell back you will have to find out from some of the war histories. I couldn't see any reason for it, though there may have been reasons for it that did not appear to me. We did not seem to me to be hard pressed when we were losing men all the time, but, as I learned afterward from what I saw on the ground in front of us when taken over it, he must have had reasons too.

But the order was given, and we retreated; all but me. I scanned with the others, but I guess he accidentally prevented me. We were going through quite a stretch of woods, and I got my foot wedged between an exposed root and the ground. In my efforts to get it out, pulling and twisting it, the ankle got turned so that I could not stand on the foot or bear it on the ground. It was dreadfully painful, too. Some of my comrades looked back, shouting me from the ranks, and one of them called out asking what the matter was. I replied that it was nothing; that I had hurt my foot a little, but would be on right off. Of course, but I called for help they would have been on back of it, and my mistake was to take it for granted that I could get off alone. I was a mistake that cost me four months in Libby prison.

The pain increased, and so long did I sit there on the ground, holding my ankle, that every soldier in the line disappeared before I made an effort to get up. I sat down again, groaning. I was no more able to stand up than I was to fly. Long afterward, when telling this experience, remarks said to me: "Well, you must have expected what was coming, and couldn't you endure the pain of moving long enough to get as far to the rear that you would be safe?" I can only say that I did, of course, expect what was coming; but if there had been reason to believe that Rosecrans, instead of captive, I could not have moved a rod from where I was. The pain was so intense that I could not bear the idea of anything jolting. A cooperate effort might have saved me, but I was no more capable of making the necessary effort than as though a mule bullet had gone through my body.

It was not easy to measure time in such a situation, but it must have been half an hour at least that I sat there before I saw a living creature. Then I began to catch glimpses of soldiers in gray and blue, alternately, in the woods. It was a Confederate skirmish line, advancing very cautiously, and deeply expecting to be fired on. I saw that they were dispersed all through the woods, moving in such a way as to keep sheltered by the trees as much as possible. As they advanced, one of them discovered me at the distance of perhaps two rods, and promptly covered me with his musket.

"Halt!" I said. "Don't fire! I am hurt, and couldn't get off."

He was suspicious of some Yankee trick, and came up with his gun ready for instant use. I told him my story in a few words, lightly touching upon slows upon the fact that I could not walk a step or even stand upright.

He shouted to a sergeant, who also came and examined me. By this time my ankle was considerably swollen, and I had no difficulty convincing the sergeant before the truth of my story.

"I reckon it's as you say," he remarked. "Well, I thought you was a—— deserter; but, all around, you don't look one at like it. Mind, I'll stay with this till we get back."

The skirmish line passed on, and it was about an hour before I saw it again. In the meantime my guard, a solemn-faced, silent man in an old butternut suit, sat down on the ground with his musket across his knees, and for some minutes stared me in the face. His relieved at last, and found vent in this wise:

"Say, don't you wish you was a Rebel?"

"Indeed I do," was my prompt and hearty reply.

"Wish he—d if I don't, too. Fact, I wish both of us were. Hand on that hoss."

Thatching was my harvesting, consisting at least one day's ration of hardtack and bacon. I passed it over to him, and his homely face lighted up joyfully when he discovered the contents. Then and there he devoured the whole, never asking me to partake. I was not hungry, and as he certainly was, the discretion was overruled. Perhaps there was nothing else for me to do but to overtire it.

I was taken up by four of the Confederate soldiers later in the day, and carried back more than a mile. A doctor set and dressed my ankle, and the next day I reached Richmond, but not yesterday in the way the Northern newspapers were predicting we would attempt to enter that capital. I did not see any refugees passing with the following February.—American Tribune.

Little Uncle's Adventures.

When we of the Confederacy were falling back before Lee as he was headed for "Dearifly and Dull Bum, a sequel, one of us that had been detailed to bring a wounded soldier from the house that would soon be in the possession of the advancing Confederates and found ourselves shut up in front and rear. We unnoticed almost thirty men, and had a treehouse sanitarium in which the wounded men had been carried for convenience in case they had, indeed, advanced about a quarter of a mile before we discovered the fact, we were in. The Confederates had come behind us were ours, gray, and owing to a turn in the road, had a bit of woods, land and pasture. The detachment in command consisted of two the major whom we were bringing away, and an explanation he advanced.

"Course me as well as you can for the ride, give me a receiver, and then form your men by fours and have them on the rebs and cut your way through," was the order of the major.

I was in the advance set of fours, and the men on my right were in the highway ditch. All of a sudden, men as we were waiting the order to advance, a little maiden, two, one three years old and six black as the darkest for ever made, appeared in her sixth alongside of Parker. He turned to have been hiding in the weeds, and I think he must have fallen out of a car or get parted from the family as they were hurrying into the Union lines before Lee's advance. In my note, he was there and alone, and so was we, Bim, Parker and.

"Good lands! but here's a nigger baby right under foot and all alone! What shall we do with it?"

At that moment we got the word to go ahead, and Parker heard over, picked up the child, and placed him in front of the saddle. "Let me throw off in called to him to drop the boy, but he didn't do it. As we moved forward "Pick" was there and hanging on for dear life, his eyes as white as our mouths and very nearly half to be counted. We were right on the rebs before they saw us, and it was half hand! shoot! and we opened a lane and went through, every loose on the keen run and the wounded major fleeing away whatever he found a target for his bullets. When we finally got through "Pick" was with us and all right, and he had seen the first battle of the war. One would have said that he had lived in it, for he was braver than before and he did not seem a bit afraid.

During the bloody days that followed the little fellow was with a company wagon, and I did not see him for a week. Then Parker took him down to Alexandria and left him with a colored woman, but a few months later, being made company commander and having the use of a wagon, he brought Pick back to the regiment, a tailor to make him a suit of clothes, and then the boy was a fixture among us. He took to army life, and every one of the company took to him, and had any one ridiculed Pick it would have gone hard with him. He was with us to the very last, and I now think nothing of a hard tack and bacon on while Lee's ragged old veterans held down their arms at Appomattox, and he came to Parker alone all the time and although the prospect was a rough one, and he was only three years old, $100 for his little nigger, which was made over and over, was an impossibility.

When the war closed Pick was taken north to Ohio, sent to school and then put in a trade, and he was only a month later that I walked in on him in a Cincinnati copper shop and found that a very big fellow had a home and a wife and two children. He had gone west from Ohio to Virginia, and though he had made much efforts to find his father and mother, not a trace of them had ever been secured.

"I reckon I did get too soon to be hurry," he explained, "as' de family had so many older relations dat I didn't think it wort while to stop an look for 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard Language.

"Yes, sir, she turned out to be a regular sieve; bent her children and made her husband miserable."

"Well, she certainly don't look like kindof."

"Heavens, man! You don't call that kind, do you?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Punctilious.

"Don't you know you could get at least a dollar for a day's work?"

"Sight," answered Meandering Mike, "I couldn't take de chance. In every I'd do in a day wouldn't be worth 50 cents, an' I ain't goin' to invite no proceedin's for false pretenses."—Washington Star.

Hard Lines.

"Woman," cried the big, burly husband, shaking his finger wildly, "I can read you like a book."

"That may be," retorted the little wife, with a quiver smile, "but you can't make me up."

And then she spoke volumes.

Gunnery practice at Newport had frightened away the fish.

POLITICAL COMMENT

Parker and New York.

Hill, Sheehan, August Belmont and the rest of them insisted on the nomination of Judge Parker on the grounds that he can carry New York as against Judge Cleveland; that he is "pleasant-tempered and vote-getter." The only bit of evidence that Parker ever had in his favor after McKinley swept the State by 268,452 plurality, Parker was elected to his present judicial position by 16,000 plurality. The only time since Parker was a State candidate that there is a quite exceptional reason for this pleasantness that year. The plurality in the State of New York ever by a democratic nominee was 1884—Governor ..... 155,108 Rep. 1885—President ..... 206,649 Rep. 1887—Judge Parker ..... 60,960 Dem. 1890—President ..... 154,775 Rep. 1893—President ..... 142,006 Dem. 1896—Governor ..... 8,803 Rep.

Put down in a table giving the total votes of the two leading parties for those years, which shows an interesting fact:

	Rep.	Dem.
1884	819,838	551,369
1885	536,791	654,600
1886	601,707	642,661
1890	577,056	422,281
1892	805,150	806,537

It will be noticed that the Republican vote was 940,000 less in 1897 than in 1884, when Morton was elected Governor, and it was 300,000 less than the vote the next year, 1898, when Roosevelt

UNFAVORABLY IMPRESSED BY THE SIMILARITY.

was elected Governor. Judge Parker's total vote in 1897 was only 47,000 less than the Republican vote in that year, when Harold R. Hill was defeated. The Republican vote was less than the Democratic vote in the counties for Governor in 1896. These figures show an astonishing variation, which is explained as follows:

"I reckon I'd get the most votes in Mayor, Gen. Tracy was the Republican candidate. Judge Parker, a Democrat, and Mr. Seth Low was nominated by the Citizens' Party, the name of Judge Wallace, the Republican candidate for Governor, appeared on the regular party ticket, but was not placed on the Low ticket. Parker's name was on the Van Wyck ticket."

The result was that while the total vote for Mayor was 607,491, the total for Governor was only 547,000. There were 24,851 votes, presumably Republican votes, for Low who did not vote for any candidate for Judge, and 60,000 votes were polled in that ticket. Had Wallace's name appeared there, he would have defeated Parker by 12,000 plurality.

With these facts given due weight, it is clear that the claim is sound that Parker showed phenomenal popularity as a vote-getter in the only State campaign in which he was a candidate. He has no reason to assume that he can carry his State against Roosevelt.—Sun.

Tickers and Dingaers.

The Democratic party, including Hill, is doing all in its power to concentrate on the issue of honest money. So it is proposed to fight this year on the issue of the tariff.

The Democratic Democratic party has fought the honesty of the tobacco trust's sugar trust in against the sufficiency of the laborer's work. The people have voted for Bryan in 1896 and in 1900 the fifty-cent dollar in the gunwalage, and will remain in the Democratic party. Hill is a Democrat.

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TRAINS BUTTERFLIES.

California Woman Can Do Many Things with Her Pulse.

Miss Mabel Adams Ayer, of 1023 Clay street, a prominent Sunshine Club worker and a member of the Forum Club, has succeeded in training butterflies.

At first the idea seems almost absurd, but if one can see the way Miss Ayer handles her pets it seems the most natural thing in the world. Speaking of them to-day Miss Ayer said:

"Why, it doesn't seem at all strange to me. They are just like any other trained pet. They have their likes and dislikes, and they are just as much little things when you come to know them.

"The first thing that started me to studying them was when I was asked to deliver a lecture before the Forum Club, I chose for my subject 'Butterflies and Bumblers,' and, wishing to give something more than could be learned from books, I went into the gardens and captured one or two of the big beauties of the land. Right, the more I loved them, and now they are almost like people to me.

"When I first got one I unroll his tongue and feed him with sugar and water, and the poor—well, I don't know; they just come to know me, and, of course, I have to feed them, six legs, and the two front ones be uses to wash his face and paws him off, much as a cat would.

"They like a sugar and water, and I always keep plenty of dissues in the room for them. One big fellow, called a 'Morning Cloak,' I was unable to do anything with. He seemed to have no feeling. They are sensitive, and nervous temperaments affect them also. When I have a nervous headache I can and ten or three would run after and try to catch the end of a sti-kpin when I drew it in front of them.

"Can everything be taken off from on my shoulder as an ornament, of course, it was in my own home, but they stayed on my gown all evening.

"I have lived in all over forty butterflies, yes, many, they live from two or three weeks, and most of them are dead now.

"No, I do not use a net for catching them. I simply go out and pick them up. I always breathe on them, and that seems to quiet them, and I can get so they will sit all around me and perhaps one will on my hand"—San Francisco Call.

Details All in my part of the World.

INTEREST
Paid on Savings Deposits.

Telephone for labor line—Sunset 1 ...

NEGAUNEE AND GREEN
Fruit and Ornamental
Grape Vines, Shrubs
House and Bedding
FLORAL DESIGNS
The public is invited to visit our Fruit trees, Shade trees
SEND FOR CATALGUE.

YOU
FOR TRADE AND EXPORT USE
Send in Your
Sure you will be more
Everywhere. Both ...
A Glass is necessary.

"How the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and bigger every day, I suppose."

"He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's growing strong enough now to suit me. You know I spent a tremendous value he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's worth a dollar a day to me to have the little fellow around."

"You are right, yours said," a young said to his boy, "but you have already had more school books, more sizes and more profile than I had all my life."

Science and Invention

A new Swiss watch contains a tiny hard rubber phonograph plate which calls out the hours loud enough to be heard twenty feet away. Sentiment has not yet had to be lavished on watches, but it may be if the music recorded on the plate in the house of a dear friend as those of a mother or children.

The amount of silicon necessary in man's food has been proven by French physiologists to be much less than has been supposed. From three to five ounces daily was thought to be required, but later investigations found that tree and starchy and even some meats contain sufficient silicon. In the new experiments, continued for forty-eight days, the test rats were shown to be less than one ounce per day.

Exactly the new local anesthetic is adapted for many operations where cocaine formerly was used on account of heart weakness. It is injected under the skin to the point of incision. Cutting may begin in a few moments without pain, and the effect of the drug is dissipated in at intervals of a few minutes, so that a second dose can be injected. A recent successful operation in London was continued an hour and a half.

A recent French invention is a ship's compass so mounted that it will remain found with the variations in the position of the vessel, and so constructed locally, through electric connections, a short, or a long, distance from the ship, by which the ship's officers can see what the course was at any moment by turning a key. The electric connection registers the speed of the vessel by recording the number of revolutions of the screw, each stroke of the piston being counted in the record.

The pneumometer, designed for measuring the pressure exerted in steamers by the wind, is a simple device for measuring the speed of the wind. It consists essentially of two glass vessels connected by a tube and containing liquid, such as mercury and red alcohol. As the wind blows the liquid passing from the forward glass to the latter or rest from my hand"—San Francisco Call.

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MARQUETTE DAILY HERALD.

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Friday, September 20, 1901.

NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
WILLIAM McKINLEY.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ALEXANDER MALCOLM, Marquette.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
FRANK S. GILBERT, Calhoun.
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
FRED A. PETTIBONE, Grand Rapids.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
WILLIAM V. ROWE, Marquette.
FOR TREASURER:
THOMAS D. ROBERTS, Lapeer.
FOR COMMISSIONER OF LAND OFFICE:
E. P. ALLEN, Detroit.
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
H. A. MONTGOMERY, Detroit.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:
DELOS FULLER, Bay City.
FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF LEGISLATURE:
ALBERT E. SUTHERLAND, Marquette.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FOR CONGRESSMAN, 12th DISTRICT:
HARLES VAN DE WALKER, Ishpeming.

LEGISLATIVE.

FOR SENATOR, 29th DISTRICT:
M. H. BERRY, Ironwood.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. S. PETTIT.
FOR COUNTY CLERK:
JOHN DUFAU.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS:
LEONARD STANDEVEN.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MARK TAMMEN.
FOR PROBATE JUDGE:
JOHN C. BELL.
FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM FOLEY.
FOR CIRCUIT COMMISSIONER:
GEORGE CUMMINGS.

PRAY, WHO IS FOOLED?

The majority by 6,37[illegible] has lost a little further of late. Democratic calculators now claim that they have been fooled by over-sanguine reports. It may be the proposition that there is a wide margin of difference between the possible majority against the Republican ticket and the half-hearted hints now volunteered by the Democrats.

But the statements of the Democratic committee, Democratic bosses and Democratic newspapers, outside of Democratic constituencies, have the possible or probable majority against the Republican ticket at from 20,000 to 40,000. Of course, the Democratic committee, bosses and newspapers are not fooled. They are not fooled because they are not trying to be fooled. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be a very small one, if there is any majority at all. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be decidedly reduced from the majority given last November. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be much less than the majority against the Democratic ticket in 1900. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be much less than the majority against the Democratic ticket in 1896. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be much less than the majority against the Democratic ticket in 1892. They know that the majority against the Republican ticket will be much less than the majority against the Democratic ticket in

[illegible]

[illegible] Cure Dyspepsia.

Several years from my time I was a sufferer from dyspepsia. I had some stomach troubles, constipation, and kidney troubles. I tried many remedies and spent much money for medicine. I commenced to take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and soon found myself improving. I continued to use it and I am now in good health. I recommend it to all sufferers.

L. E. Hollingsworth.

REPUBLIC.

Henry Ellenbaum, [illegible] Republic, was in town Tuesday. Fellows & Co. [illegible] Republic, Tuesday. Dr. Lewis Leeds is a guest at the Commercial House. Mrs. Ed. Ellenbaum is visiting at Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Lizzie Leeds is visiting at Republic, Ohio. Mr. Ed. Ellenbaum was out Sunday afternoon. Mr. Ed. Ellenbaum was out Sunday afternoon. Mr. Ed. Ellenbaum was out Sunday afternoon

NOT TILL DAY IS OVER.

Thou shalt not praise the day till night is falling,
However late its dawn and noon may be;
Offtimes at eventide some storms uprsiging,
Setting the lightning and the thunder free.

Thou shalt not blame the day till it is ending,
Though it has brought thee food and heaviness;
Full oft at nightfall the sky grows unbending
In sunset gold and roses, glorious gain.

Praise each fair morn that calls thee up from sleeping,
And through the hot day bears with all its might;
Then leave the evening hour in heaven's keeping,
Which sent both winter cloud and summer light.

—Westminster Gazette, From Germany.

How the Old Man Outwitted Them.

BE quiet, Sarah! Don't disturb poor old grandpa," shouted Mrs. Owen in a response of bedroom paragraphs, who were evidently celebrating for a brief session with tarts and fudge.

"Let them enjoy their children pranks today," said the aged-bearded grandpa, smiling.

"But they thought together the whole carpet, the beasts!" screamed Mrs. Owen, on her appearance, pretty showing and heeling the youthful group out of the room.

"What's the matter? I've never before seen you so angry with the children," said the old man.

"Don't mind the child. I was well enough here to enjoy them, if just only not interfere."

"Humph!" muttered he, reflectively. Mr. Owen, who has here been introduced as an old man living with his daughter-in-law, had recently been a wealthy dealer in real estate. Feeling, however, that the activity and responsibility of commercial life was acting injuriously on his enormously nervous, he had let himself be persuaded by Mr. William Owen, his son, and Mrs. Amelia Day, his daughter, to retire from business and make their home a portion of his property. On the very morning of his

HE WAS DRESSED IN A COSTLY NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

the day on which the foregoing colloquy was held a notary public had acknowledged the deed which Mr. Owen, as he was now called, had signed, and his scarcely, thought had freed him, once and for all, from the apparently endless, exhausting labor attendant on maintaining a position in the vortex of a modern large business house. During now been treated by his children with high deference, and repeating sentiments in their stately magnificent style, and as he fancied, little regardfully tried filial devotion, he was certain of living benefactors as unprecedently and happily as a dove, until, the day came when which may be traced to the basal gall rifles, his dingy, restless life should expire in calm felicity and undisturbed meditation.

"These were his anticipations. Mr. Bo-miles, arrogant owner of his daughter-in-law's rights, contrasting with her former gentleness and indulgence, surprised him disagreeably, and all at once he recollected the story of King Lear. His fanciful day dreams vanished instantaneously, and, notwithstanding his severe efforts in the contrary, the appalling idea of that history remarkably haunted him so decidedly that he went and took from the household library that famous drama of the hard of Avon. He perusal now scarcely calculated to serve as a soothing balm in his present situation, and he wished that it were yet unwritten and a certain act unbroke.

Not were his apprehensions to be unfulfilled. Day after day his children's behavior grew more and more gruff and imperious, while their conversation revolved on alarming degree. Coming one afternoon to the library for King Lear, which, recognizing the unseemly thought of its author, he was good almost deeply, he found the door locked. The English of Mrs. Owen's what was the matter, saying he desired the tragedy of King Lear. Also presumed crossly, "that she did not care to be in the house day and night allowed; besides," she continued sarcastically, "he might spoil his eyes if not also his mind, by reading so much."

"Why! indeed! mere have been in the order for quite a time," replied he, bitterly, "where I made a certain deed of gift."

"What! ingrate!" Mrs. Owen burst out in a terrible rage. "Is this the way you reward me for lending your troublesome old person? Is not our making you take your home and feeding you ample repayment for any paltry

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Country and City.

A PITTY, one of the southern boundaries of Missouri speaks of the great advantages to farmers at the suburban towns it has been in the habit of calling "country." The impression, it is remarked, "places city and country in immediate contrast, and implies, evidently unnecessarily, that there is no time that have been made on country roads." Highways may be easily and swiftly secured, but the world can be rung up according to the necessities of the moment, facilitating business, saving time, and saving an immense amount of time and effort. A marked tendency of the age is to bring the country into closer touch with the centers of population. Trolley roads are multiplying and make their way into neighborhoods that could not hope for seven lines. Rural free delivery of the mails is moving onward with great strides. Over 20,000 routes are in operation. Measures more than 1,200. Farmers get their letters and the daily newspapers delivered almost at their doors. Each day's errands reach the country promptly, and the old rural isolation is disappearing. Means of ready travel grow better and keep on extending, and the good roads organizations gain constantly in active support.

Within a dozen years electric transit in the cities has more than doubled the area available for home residence. Cities themselves are spreading farther into the country, of which suburban sections are a pleasing modification. Labor on the farm has been rendered easier by improvements daily. All these measures bring back to farmer days can hear witness to the enormous advance toward betterment of country life. Consequently, Congress is that respect proceeds at an accelerated pace. Going to the city or taking a run into the country is a commonplace business. Over the same between self-reliance and be annihilated is beyond the range of conjecture, but the and hope of success in the country. Let it be remembered that the future relations of country and city are full of hopeful interest.

There is a robber side to the drift of population to the cities. Land values are inflated, and the general feeling. The merchant who comes to the city as a youth to make his fortune often returns to the country when he retires, and dissatisfied with the city, he ends his career. He would hardly be willing to admit the deep tenderness of the sentiment of the old man. All the more successes of that quiet nook has passed away. You can read up in a day, or a week, but be at home, be familiar with the current news and that he has it in printed details, comes to the rural delivery carrier.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Leap Year Over Half Gone.

WE do not wish to urge anyone to rash and precipitate action in this matter, but we do call the attention of young ladies, and, indeed, of all unmarried ladies, to the exceptional privileges and opportunities which are theirs in the quadrennially period through which we are so happily passing. The number of weddings above so increase over ordinary years, and it is to be feared that the fruitfulness would not be realized in the proportion which there is in water which has passed the mill. The decay of the peculiar customs of Leap Year is accompanied by the almost complete lack of jokes on the subject in the newspapers, since it is well known that implies humor degrees long after the vanishing of its cause.

So far from Leap Year sinking into nations desuetude, it might be expected that its peculiar privileges would be more widely used than ever before, now our young misses are becoming more adventurous and also more bolder to suit. The requirements for admission to matrimony imposed on the male by the Leap Year code are so rigorous as to be regarded as the standard of scholarship in the university, and a young man who possesses the requisites of a Leap ago would have been considered sufficient to qualify him for the position of master of a household would nowadays have to be content with the lower degree of bachelor.

Really, it is not at all certain that women do not do most of the proposing every year. Very little is known about this mysterious though important topic, anyway. Each proposal is considered to be a comparatively rare few instances, and these are always regarded by both parties as exceptional in all respects. Novels are also

"AND YE VISIT'D ME."

"Your letter reached me even in my grave," wrote the invalid to her friend in Paris, "and I read it with the tears and painfully need her loved parent. "I have been out of sight so long. You can never know how good it seems to be looked up and visited."

Mrs. Gladden, who had was what every one called her who remembered her—Mrs. Gladden, nee Mary Wise, "Mrs. George William Osgood" was the name on her visiting card. But she referred her "old House Work" after an absence of nine years, and the return was a joyful being, a joy and a pleasure. A pleasure it was, in many ways greater than she expected, but the changes were many, and some of them sad. She was so young when she left, and child-hood so vivid, or say healthy where he the spent much of his life, without the mind experience, the gift of interesting acquaintance which were thought, and the selection of friends those whom he loved less prosperous than strong or healthy. He is in with Miss Graham. The "work" was not for her, and she left it for the one. There were relations to visit, old friends to be renewed, and pleasures to be taken. But the thing which Julia Graham did that endeared her most and friends was the giving up of those whom she had known in her days who were sickly, or dying, or disabled, to look her up. The "work" was not for her, but she had learned that this old friend from a feeble town, and with now and sickly in the world, which her friend had sold. "I know how why our Lord blessed those to whom he said, I was sick, and ye visited me!"

There was another old friend, a schoolmate, who had married a drunkard, and who did not appear at any of the festivities of the week. "I shouldn't call on her, she might be sensitive," said Julia's cousin. But together unstable, and the government has not added question concerning the methods of matrimonial negotiations to the census queries, although many more personal and less important statistics are procured. It may even be doubted whether matrimonial engagements are necessarily or even commonly preceded by formal declarations, any more than are military engagements.

However that may be, we do not recommend our readers, no matter how desirous they are, and should be to obtain the best men for husbands, to adopt the unwonted form of proposal. Breaking the ice is a dangerous process. It is better to take it. And let no one attempt this such suddenly measures as she can accomplish one for her first ten man should, through gallantry, accept her unfortunately. It is rare that a man is persuaded into doing anything he does not want to do, much more rare than women think. A man's affection for the opposite sex is in the beginning general and diffuse. A man is naturally so altruistic that he normally loves all women, and on which one of them he ultimately focuses the full force of his affection depends on circumstances—and on the woman.—New York Independent.

Fraud Orders.

WHEN a business concern in the United States begins suddenly to receive a large number of letters daily, it may be sure that, although no ripple should disturb the surface, a quiet investigation is going on, and if there is anything dishonest in the business a notice will soon appear from the postmaster, to the effect that the Department at Washington has ordered the return of all letters addressed to that man or company.

The dishonesty which is held to justify the issuance of a fraud order may not be a mere barefaced attempt to steal the money sent to get something for nothing. The charging of an excessive profit, or misleading advertising, are called forth such an order. A recent case in point is that of a company which advertised to Europe wood for sale as special, product and to buy the product at market prices. In the order against the concern it was found that it was in small quantities, for a total of $500, being which it would cost to bring the wood to market. It represented the product as easy to raise, when, in fact, it is difficult.

This fearless attitude and action of the Government is of the greatest possible benefit to the country at large in two ways. It checks, crushes, and prevents dishonesty, one kind of fraud, and it protects innocent persons from loss through that fraud. The thing on which stress should be laid is the availability of this strong arm of protection.

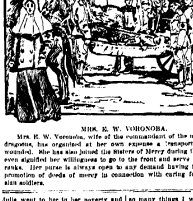
There is always a large number of fraudulent schemes afloat, dependent upon the publicity which they get through advertising. Unless one's attention is attracted by such an advertisement, he has only to call the attention of his postmaster to it, and to ask him to notify the Department at Washington. In this in every suspicious case is a duty which every honest man owes to his neighbor as well as to himself.—Youth's Companion.

Japanese Inventiveness.

IT has been suggested that the capacity for imitation is the characteristic of Western nations alone. According to some leading anthropologists, as one goes Eastward, it is said, he finds this capacity disappearing and the capacity for imitation taking its place. The Chinese and Japanese are imitators, not inventors.

But the present war in the Far East and the Japanese is rapidly proving the lies to be mere assumption. It is the Eastern rather than the Western nations, in this contest, are exhibiting the capacity for imitation and inventiveness. Their arsenals are turning out their own. Their artillery is astonishingly destructive, and, in some of its most deadly features, is the product of Japanese invention. Their naval tactics have been so unexpected and successful as to promise a revolution in the future methods of naval warfare. When peace comes and the Japanese carry their genius into the industrial world, they will demonstrate perhaps in a more telling way than the capacity for imitation does not diminish as one travels toward the rising Sun.—Dry Goods Standard.

A RUSSIAN HEROINE.



MRS. E. W. VORONOBA.

MRS. E. W. Voronoba, wife of the commandant of the maritime province of Kamchatka, has organized an hospital for the care of the wounded. She has also joined the Sisters of Mercy during the war. She has been appointed her chief assistant in the Red Cross ranks. Her purse is always open to any demand having for its object the promotion of deeds of mercy in connection with caring for wounded Russian soldiers.

I want to be in her poetry and sorrow, and her visit was like a ray of sunshine to her sad heart.

Most pathetic of all was her leaning up on old aunt, feeble now and sickly in her old age, and the tenderness with which she treated her, and which that aunt had bestowed so readily, but with a mind that cause have when revelled by suggestions of former years, and whose life was brightened for many a day afterward by the memories of the visit of "little Julia Graham."

"The pleasantest things about Old House Work," said Julia, to her husband, "were those which I was most afraid to undertake. It cost me a little effort sometimes to go, and there were many things I wanted to do. I'm afraid I did it just because it was my duty, and because it was greater than my than I gave."

The transformation of one woman into be a suggestion to other people, recording her Old House Work. Christ, too, can be the blessing of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—Youth's Companion.

When a woman puts on a black silk dress she hasn't worn in months, somehow it doesn't cause the sensation she expected. It is full of crease, and doesn't hang right.

Miss Hagwood tells how she escaped an awful operation by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for four years with what the doctors called falling(ulcer)inflammation, in a fallopian tube and ovarittis, which is a most distressing and painful ailment, affecting all the surrounding parts, and nothing seemed to cure me, or stop the life forces. I had been sick a year, see before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and had noticed the ankles, eyes, sallow complexion, and general unhealthy condition, and compared that person with that as I was today, robust, hearty and well, you would not wonder that I feel thankful to you and your wonderful medicine, which restored me to my life and health in five months. And never an operation! I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's, 1021 Sandwich St., Windsor, Ont.—*copy letter of original of above letter giving permission to publish.*

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries or fallopian tubes which affects the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The significant indication of trouble with the ovaries, indicated by dull throbbing pain, at the side, accompanied by heat and shifting pains, should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation, with all its risks and horrors, may easily result from neglect.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative Question.

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years and now want a new one, and I want the best that money can buy, so I want a Tower's the best. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a spaniel is ahead of nothing."

(Name on application)

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

A. J. TOWER CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats Only.

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

Wallace's Thompson's Eye Water
Druggists Sell It.

900 DROPS

WASTE

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

INFANTS CHILDREN

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

Recipe of Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Apperm Salts
Peppermint
Bicarb Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor

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

Fac Simile Signature of
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
DOSES—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 205 FARM STR.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" BLACK POWDER SHELLS.

It's the thoroughly modern and scientific system of loading and the use of only the best materials which make Winchester Factory Loaded "New Rival" Shells give better pattern, penetration and more uniform results generally than any other shells. Ask a special paper and the Winchester patent corrugated head used in making "New Rival" shells give them strength to withstand reloading.

BE SURE TO GET WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BACKS TELL CHARACTER.

Temperament of Metal Lunch Counter Tells in Their Attitude.

You can tell them by their backs—the men who have an happy home, or have left them to eat in chop houses. There are all kinds of backs in a row at a lunch counter when the rush is on and they show all kinds of character and temperament and all stages of the lunch counter habit.

The man whose back is a round hump is an old singer in the place. He drops into a seat without looking behind and without any attempt to preserve the human form divine in any of its proper dignity. Naturally, his head droops down near the counter. Just over the place where his plate will be. He gives his order without any more than a glance at the list of delicacies hung on the wall. He to one he has a favorite dish, and the waiter doesn't need more than a number from him to know what he wants.

This man never seems to be in a hurry. He may not have much time to spare, but he knows that he cannot save any time by sitting bolt upright in the chair and looking nervously at the waiters after the manner of the man who only occasionally takes his family to a chop house.

The man whose back is just as straight in the chop house chair as it is on the street is either imbibing over with energy, or, two-thirds, in bad health or he is generally not a fat man nor inclined to be at all stout, and he is easy to serve.

Next to backs, the most interesting thing in the ordinary chop house is the manner the waiters have for the different orders. They are always away a genuine mystery than the tales of the parks tell. Among them, "Hide o' beef, to come a-running." It is believed to have some connection with a roast beef sandwich, with lots of radish, but no one has yet volunteered an satisfying explanation.—Chicago Tribune.

Afraid to Hink It.

"Will you have a piece of the apple pie?" asked the landlady of the little boarder.

"Is it either bein' healthful?" asked he.

"Of course it is," she replied. "Why should you think it otherwise?"

"Faith, an' I'd had a uncle wunst who died a-eatin' apple-pie," explained the son of Erin, "an' I'd thought this night he mightin' ave the same kind. Or disease."

All Mothers Are Interested.

In another column of this paper will be found the advertisement of Mrs. Winslow's Old Chair Company, Shelburne, Ont., in which Mrs. Winslow's Old Chair Company Walking Chairs, which will be of interest to all mothers.

Quack! Quack!

A stranger entered the postoffice the other day, and, approaching the ladies' general delivery window, asked:

"Any letters for Brian Dreary?"

"No, sir, no letters for Dreary," replied the prim postmistress. "This window is for ducks only."

A perverse temper, and a discontented, fretful disposition, wherever they prevail, render any state of life unhappy.—Fenelon.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"LAZY LANE."

When the year turns summer warm,
Then comes my most pleasant days;
Then I can lie in the sweet
Where the sunlight sifts and falls,
And I hold my cheek warm
On the pine-tree bill.

There I lie in "Lazy Land."
Where the shadows are cool and
Not and idle and crazy;
Not and tell my fairy tales.
Tell them till the sunlight falls
And I fall asleep.

All the crickets all the bees
Are talking to me there;
As they slowly pass.
Oh, it's so lazy in there!

Sun to stretch and grow and thrive
Thing in the ordinary chop house is the manner the waiters have for the different orders. They are always away a genuine mystery than the tales of the parks tell. Among them, "Hide o' beef, to come a-running." It is believed to have some connection with a roast beef sandwich, with lots of radish, but no one has yet volunteered an satisfying explanation.—Chicago Tribune.

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Japan's Place Among Nations.

By adopting a constitutional form of government we have given to the whole world the strongest evidence that it is our earnest desire to follow closely in the footsteps of civilized nations; and the record of the last forty-two years of our Parliament has proved that, in addition to this desire, we have shown that we possess the capacity to master the mechanism of liberal government; that Japan, by her earnest study of modern science, has been appreciation of the benefits of civilization, her strong perception of national responsibility, and her perseverance in adhering unswerving to the principles of right conduct accepted by civilized nations, has justly earned a place in the family of nations.—From Baron Kentaro Kaneko's "The Magna Charter of Japan" in the Century.

Mistaken Identity.

The woman thought that she recognized the cheerful little boy sitting next to her in the street car, and when the conductor made a long stop at an open bridge she undertook to make the waiting pleasant for her small fellow-passenger.

She was heard to ask sweetly: "How is your little sister today, Tommy?"

"Huh!" snorted the offended small boy. "I'm an Indian—don't remember that was not Tommy's, "whoever I get my sister, I'd like to know what I haven't ever been married!"

FROM MISERY TO HEALTH.

A Prominent Club Woman, of Kansas City, Writes the Praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a Quick Cure.

Mrs. Ella Dyer, of 1216 Michigan Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., recently lost her husband, and she writes: "I can say in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they effected a complete cure in a very short time. I was suffering from kidney trouble, and was very nervous, and could not sleep. I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am very thankful that I did so. I feel as well woman, without an ache or pain, and I feel confident that I owed this reliable remedy."

(Signed) NELLIE DAVIS.

A TRIAL FREE.—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

Silent Helpers.

"What good are the boys, fellows, any?" asked the farmer of a deep hole in pond fishing in his lot.

"What good are we?" echoed the knight of the rod. "Why, we're dig'n' weeks bein in de farmers' barn dig'n' fertilizer, an' bringin' money to pay de mortgages off de rest yo' de farm."—Cleveland.

I cannot praise Piso's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing my child.—H. Heidel, 2206 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 18, 1895.

Distance saved in a sailing trip around the world from New York by the new route through the Panama canal, 2,708 miles.

C. E. Bentz, of Tres Piedras, New Mexico, through Lindauer stores in Apache Indian, has succeeded in securing their second consignment of Lilac.

Tree pulleress consists in treating oils are just as good loss to be treated yourself.—Cleveland.

Many who formerly masked 10c cigars now smoke Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Lost in England in week 300 times stock as it was 200 years ago.

A Journalistic Danger.

Lady—I am the wife of the editor of the Daily Bottler, and he promised me that he would see you about the baseball ball to call?

Jr. Hardcash—Yes, madam. I fear that he is suffering from brain strain.

"Had he any work?"

"Oh, no. All he need do is to mean trying to write on both sides of a quarter in the same article."

Scotch Blood.

Mr. O'Cosh—I'm going to run to make my acquaintance, Mr. McCallum. Of the Scotch blood in our veins.

Mr. McCallum—Here you, really?

Mr. O'Cosh—Indeed, didn't the fair lady told me yesterday that I'd say her family is Highland Mary?

Wiggle-Stick
Wash BLUE
For Sale By
ALL WIRE GROCERS
DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
Wiggle-Stick around in the water.

"From the cradle to the baby chair"
HAVE YOU A BABY?
If so, you ought to have a
PHOENIX WALKING CHAIR
PATENTED
"AN IDEAL SELF-INSTRUCTOR."
OUR PHOENIX Walking Chair folds for carrying, thus saving the painful falls and bruise which are so frequent in the baby learning to walk.
"BETTER THAN A NURSE."
The chair is pronounced by the medical profession, sanitary cloth seat, which supports the child under the chin and prevents bow-legs and spinal deformity. It is a great relief to the mother, which enables baby to find amusement in its own way, without any attention.
"Its indispensable as a crutch."
It is so constructed that it can be used on any floor, even on carpets and door sills, and is recommended by physicians and mothers for baby's health and safety.
Combines pleasure and utility. The baby should be without one.
Call at your furniture dealer and ask to see one.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
PHOENIX CHAIR CO.
Can only be had of your furniture dealer.

C. N. U. No. 37—1904.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY you saw the advertisement in this paper.

60-CENT CATALOGUE COST YOU NOTHING
THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE
IT CONTAINS 416 PAGES—YOUR PAGES
QUICKER SHIPMENT
OURS IS THE LARGEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
THE ONLY MAIL ORDER HOUSE
OUR FREE BIG No. 114 CATALOGUE
SEND FOR OUR FREE No. 114 CATALOGUE.
DON'T BUY A CATALOGUE.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.
THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

RUBBER
... GOODS

Hot Water Bottles
Fountain Syringes
Atomizers
Nipples
Breast Pumps
and all kinds of Rubber Articles.

Prices The Lowest,
Quality The Best.

A. M. PERKINS,
DRUGGIST.

NEWS NOTES OF A WEEK

NEWS CONCERNING LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

[illegible] Tuesday afternoon [illegible] Tuesday afternoon [illegible] Tuesday afternoon [