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VOL. 1.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

NO. 9.

City Directory.

C. H. DeLONG,
DENTIST.
Office in Middle's Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING, (5-7) MICH.

M. H. CROCKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37
SWIFT & OSBORN,

ATTORNEYS,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

A. LIDBERG,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

H. HARDWOOD,
Dealer in
Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods,
Newspapers and Periodicals, Wall Paper,
School Books, Toilet Articles, Fine Cigars,
Blank Books, Binders and Cases.
ISHPEMING, (10-11) MICH.

G. S. M. LOTH,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
Tin, Sheet-Iron & Copper Ware,
ISHPEMING, MICH.
Stores and Cheaper than in any part
of the city. 1-37

M. SWENSON & OLSON,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS,
Window Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING,
PAPER HANGING AND CALCIMINO
NEATLY DONE.
Orders from Outside Promptly Attended to.
Shop on Division Street.
ISHPEMING, (10-11) MICHIGAN.
JOHN JONES,
Proprietor of

DRAY AND BUS LINE.
The Best Spring Wagons in the City.
—
THE BEST BUS IN THE STATE.

Parties carried to all adjoining locations at
reasonable prices. If you want a steady job
of moving, done from the smallest article of
furniture to a goodly stock mountain, call on
him or address him at his office in Block Store
building. (10-11) ISHPEMING, MICH.
E. L. LOSSELYONG,
Proprietor of

ISHPEMING HOUSE.
Has ample accommodations for Travellers
and regular boarders. Has also in connection
a first-class FEED STABLE, capable of accom-
modating any ordinary amount of stock.
Rates Low. 1-37 ISHPEMING, MICH.
T. HARRIS, JR.,
Dealer in

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CHOICE PATENT AND

FAMILY FLOUR
Buckwheat and Rye Flour,
Corn Meal, Oat Meal,
Crockery, Glassware,
Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Tea and Coffee
Of all Kinds and Grades.
Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Etc.
Goods Delivered in any part of the City or
Mines Free of Charge.
Store in Matthews' Block, Main Street.
1-37 ISHPEMING, MICH.

A WAYSIDE MEMORY.

A cottage standing under ancient elms,
Lushwood and covered eaves with trailing
ivy, the dusty roadway softly shines.
A cheerful voice humming an old, old tune,
With a babe, that to her bosom lies,
Was, white thing, with dimpled, rosy face
And pumpled mouth and very winking
eyes.

A shell of looks upon the pumpled wall,
A picture here and there, and wreaths of
leaves,
A quaint old vase of flowers and mosses rare,
And golden graces gathered from the shadows.
A quiet, home-like look on all around;
An air of comfort and of sweet content,
That makes one seek to be a part of it,
Wouldst of itself be robed in balm.

The moon, just rising up behind the hill,
Sheds silver lustre on the dark, across trees,
And on the seaward the trembling woods fall,
When the leaves more beneath the gentle
brezes.

Out in the field the gathered stalks of maize,
Like Indian wigwags seem in order ranged,
Over which sleep hath waved her magic wand,
And with her wraiths enshrouded all things
changed.

No sound of human foot, no voice of man—
Asleep in mountain all the landscape lies,
Save when some may cricket chirp calls,
And the dew-lily bud to him replies.
Or the faint trickle of the babbling brook
Behind the orchard, prattling on its way,
With ceaseless gossip, to the water-reefs,
That lead their heads to him replies.

A transient glimpse of heaven there seemed to
be:
As when where Tompeter yet has come;
Wherein might angels walk, as one of you,
Talking with men, when earth was Virtue's
SHEMENS.

A sweet stillness and a dove-like peace,
Came as the dew, through all the evening
hours,
The heart, as does the dew, full drinks it in,
Till we see it in the morning's flowers.
Such may be life, if God shall will it so,
With virtuous peace to thy heart's bosom,
Which some sweet river may life's current flow
But to the river with a current flow.

UP THE RIVER WITH A LU- NATIC.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had
gone up the river camping out; we
had done our second day's work. It
was early morning on the third day,
getting the steaming lines in order; Gif-
fard and Dixon were on the bank talk-
ing to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it,
the doctor was at the head of a private
asylum for lunatics. He was Gif-
fard's friend, not mine. He had been
taking a constitutional when he fell in
with us just as we were sitting down
to our open-air breakfast; the chance
meeting led to Giffard's invitation to
share our gypsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not 'soo
old and not too young. I liked him
exceedingly. We talked of things in
general and of lunatics in particular.
Something led to his mentioning—
I think I was speaking of the curving
of a certain class of lunatics, and the
difficulty of keeping them within four
walls—the fact that one of his inmates
had escaped a day or two previously,
and had not yet been retaken. This
was the more singular, as it was
totally certain he had not gone far,
and search had been made for him in
every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying
good-bye, preparatory to getting into
the boat, the doctor laughingly said,
"Should you happen to come across him,
I shall consider you bound to bring him
back safe and sound. He's a man of
forty-four or five, tall and lanky,
iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit
of showing his teeth and winking his
left eye. Don't look for a raving
lunatic; for on most points he is as sane
as any of us. He's wrong in two
things. Whatever you do, don't let him
lose his temper, for whenever he
does, though ever so slightly, he inevi-
tably goes in for murder—he's all but
done for two keepers already. And don't
talk to him of England or Eng-
lishmen, for if he should get upon
his native land, he'll favor you with
some observations that will make you
open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook
hands with him and got into the boat.
We promised if ever we should meet
him we should see him returned to safe
custody. Alf stood up and shoved us
from the shore; we sang out a last
good-bye and left the doctor standing
on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The
river was delicious, clear as crystal;
we could see the bottom and every
stone and pebble on it; just a gentle
breze fanning the water into a little
ripple. We lit our pipes and took it
easily. I am a good pip of a traveler,
know many nooks and corners in for-
eign lands; have lived abroad as much
as at home; but I will match the
higher reaches of our own Father
Thames for beauty and for charm
against any scenery in Europe. And
on an early summer morning, after a
spell of glorious weather, it is in all

its prime; the water so clear, so cool;
the bank so green, so charming; the
stately trees on either side; the man-
sions seen over the meadows; or peep-
ing out among the trees. You may
choose your Rhine, your Garry, or your
Maggiore, or your golden bay of Na-
ples, but leave Cook and old Father
Thames to me.

Presumably, we had come for river
beauties and the camping out party
assembled, but as a matter of fact,
there was a young lady lived not far
ahead, a natural friend, Lillian Travers.
Separately and jointly we had a
high opinion of Miss Travers; not only
of her beauty, but of other things as
well; and having come so far, we
loved we would not have to return till
at least had a peep at her. Unfortu-
nately, though we knew Miss Travers,
we had no acquaintance with
Mister—there was no Miss. We
had met the young lady at several
dances and such like, but on each occa-
sion she was under the chaperonage
of old Mrs. McKenzie. Apparently
Mr. Travers was not a party man, but
Lillian had promised to introduce us to
him whenever she got a chance, and
we were not unhopful she would have
the chance now. So you see that little
trip riverward had more in it than
met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the
oars in and out smoking, watching
the smoke curling through the clear
air. All thoughts of the doctor and his
parting words had passed from our
minds; we talked but little, and that
little was of Lillian and the chances of
our meeting. We had gone some two
or three hundred yards; we were close
to the shore; Alf could almost reach it
by stretching out his side. We were
dreaming and lazing, when suddenly
some one stepped out from among the
trees. He was close to us—not a dozen
feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than
under six feet. He was dressed in a
dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; had
a stick in his hand, wore a billie
cock hat, and his coat was buttoned
right up to his throat. He had light
whiskers, a heavy, drooping moustache
and hair unusually long, and of an
iron-gray color. He might be a soldier
retired from his profession, or an
artist retired from his profession; he
certainly was a gentleman.

"We were passing on, when he
raised his stick and shouted out, 'Stop!'
It was a regular shout, as though
we were half a mile from him. We
stopped, although it was an unusual
method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, at the top of
his voice, "would he oblige if you
could give me a seat. I have a long
way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other.
It was a free-and-easy style of asking
a favor; but he seemed a gentleman,
and an elderly one, too. Common
politeness and civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have
hardly room; she's only built for
three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said;
"you can put me anywhere, or I can
take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of ordering a
point-blank refusal, but Alf thought
differently.

"All right," said he, "we don't mind
if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we
near the shore, than he stepped in,
almost on my toes, rocking the boat
from side to side.

"Hang it," I said, "take care or you'll
have us over."

"What if I do," he said, "it will only
be a swim; and who minds a swim in
weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not
to say impertinence, of the remark, was
amazing. Begging a seat in our boat,
knowing it was full, and then telling us
he didn't care whether he stepped in
over or not. He seemed himself to be
m, setting the boat see-sawing again,
crushing me into a corner; and without
asking your leave or by your leave,
took the steering lines from my hands
and passed them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," said I, making a snatch
at them, "but if you'll allow me—"
"Not at all," he said. "I always like
something to do, and I expect you've
had enough of it."
His coolness was amazing; he was
impeccable. I know I regretted we
were such nines as to have had any-
thing to do with him. We waited in
silence a moment or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going
to start?"
"Perhaps," said Alf, "as you are in
our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let
us choose our own time."

"The stranger," said nothing; he sat
stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off
rowing; the stranger steered right
across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf.
"Keep us in."
"I'm going in the shade; the sun's too
strong."

He had the lines; we could hardly
fasten in his keeping one side if he pre-
ferred the other; he took us right to the
opposite bank, under the shadow of the
willow trees.

For some moments neither of us
spoke. With him cramping me on my
seat and rammung his elbows into my
side, my position was not pleasant.

"I don't know if you are aware you
are occupying all my seat."
He turned on me short and sharp.
All at once I noticed his left eye going
up and down like a blinking eye; his
mouth was wide open, disclosing a
ugly set of teeth as I should care to
show.

Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words came
to my mind; tall, strong, about forty-
five, iron-gray hair, a habit of showing
his teeth and winking his left eye.
Gracious powers! was it possible we
had a lunatic with us on board? I
knew the possibility, nay, the probabili-
ty, if made me feel more than other.
If there is anything in the world I in-
stinctively fear, it is mad persons. I
knew little of them, had never been in
their company. Possibly my igno-
rance explains my dread; but the idea
of sitting in the same boat with a man
like that was a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him
lose his temper, or murder will ensue,"
made me bound from my seat like a
jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped
right out of the water, but I didn't care.
The man was glaring at me with cruel
eyes; my muscles were strung, my fists
clenched; every moment I expected him
at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?"
said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"
"Excitable temperament, hot blooded
youngster," said the stranger.

"I can't have said something bad to
I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I
didn't like his eyes."
"N—nothing," I said. "I think
I'll sit in the bow."

I didn't wait to hear if anyone had
an objection, but swinging round, I
scrambled past Alf and tripped fall
into Tom's knees. The boat went
up and down like a spring; it was
a miracle he was not over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.
"At the word 'mad' the stranger rose
up straight as a post.
"Mad," he said; do you know sir—"
He checked himself and sat down.
"Foh," he only a boy."
In passing Tom, I whispered in his
ear: "The lunatic."

"Hold your row, you confounded
fool! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's!"
"The—"
He was going to say something
naughty, but he stopped short and
stared at him with all his eyes. Either
Alf overheard me, or else the same
idea occurred to him at the same
moment, for he stopped dead in the
middle of a stroke, and inspected the
man on the steering seat. Tom and
Alf went on staring at him for a mo-
ment or more. I kept my head turned
eastward, as if to avoid his eyes.

All at once I felt the boat give a
great lurch.
I turned.
There was the stranger leaning half
out of his seat, looking at Alf in a
manner I shouldn't have cared to have
him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insu-
lence," he said
The question was not unwarranted;
it could not have been pleasant to be
stared at as Alf and Tom were
staring them.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as
a cucumber. "To what insulence do
you refer?"
Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't
have chuckled for a good deal; it
seemed to me not only impudent, but
risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's
words about his homicidal tendencies.
He turned red as a lobster, I never
saw such an expression come over a
man's face before—perfectly demoniac.
To my surprise he sat down and
spoke as calmly and deliberately as
possible.

"Thank you," said he, "I shall not
forget this."
There was a sound about his "I
shall not forget this," "I did not re-
lax," said nothing. Tom and he set off
rowing as coolly as though nothing had
happened. I extemporized a seat in
the boat, and tried to make things as
comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom
were so cool, they hardly took their
eyes off him for more than a second at
a time. His behavior before their fur-
tive glances was peculiar; he saw he
was being watched; he couldn't sit
still; he looked first at one bank and
then at the other; his eyes traveled
everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands
glided and trembled; he seemed all
of a quiver. I expected him to break
into a paroxysm every second. If I
had not called on he would have run
us into the shore; when I called he
clutched the other string violently,
jerking the boat almost round. I
heartily wished him at Jericho before he
had near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly
along watching each other. At last he
said something.
"—I will get out," he said, in a ner-
vous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf "in a mi-
nute."
"Why not now? Why not now,
sir," he said, shaking from head to
foot.

"Where are you going to get? into
the river?"
"I only hoped Alf's coolness would
not carry him too far."

The man glowered at him for a
minute; he looked him full in the face.
I never saw a look in a man's eye like
that in his.

Alf returned him look for look. Slight-
ly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened
his stroke.

"A little lower down was a little
hamlet with a well known inn and a
capital landing stage.
When we came alongside the stranger
said:
"—This will do, I will get out here."
He turned the boat in shore.

No sooner had he sprang so than he
rose in his seat and dragged out the
beach.
Alf was after him in a moment; he
arose almost simultaneously and leaped
on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

"Now, come," he said, "don't be fool-
ish, we know all about it."
The other turned on him like a flash
of lightning.

"What do you mean?"
"But Tom was too quick for him; he
was on the other side and took his
arm.

The stranger rose to his full height
and shook him off with ease. He then
hit out right and left in splendid style.
Tom and Alf went down like ninepins.
But my blood was up.

I scrambled on the shore and ran
into him, dodging his blows, and clos-
ing with him.
I am pretty strong.
He was old enough to be my father.
But I found that I had more than
my match. He lifted me in his
arms as though I was a baby, and
threw me into the river.

It was a splendid exhibition of
strength.
Tom and Alf, finding their feet
made for him together, and scrambling
out as best I could, I followed suit.

You never saw such a set-off.
He got up as if he had been kicked
by a horse, and the whole air
with a tumult of noisy traffic. I de-
scended among the throng, where cus-
tomers were importuned on every hand,
and where sharp bargains were driving
in sprats and snails and in fractions of
the smallest loaf.

Entering a little square, shut in by
high houses, and the most Venetian
squares dominated by the unwhiskered
facade of a time-stained church, I not-
iced a singular activity among the
people. They were scurrying in from
every alley, and hastening from every
house door, with old-splashed copper
buckets on hook-ended wooden poles,
with coils of rope, and old men and
women, boys and girls, all gathered
closely about a covered well curbed in
the middle of the square; and still they
hurried on, until they stood a dozen
deep around it. Presently the church
tower slowly struck 8 o'clock, and a
little old man forced his way through
the crowd, passed his ponderous iron
key through the lid, and unlatched the
well. The bottles went jangling into
it and came slopping out again at an
amazing rate, and the people trudge
on home, each with a pair of them
swung from the shoulder. The wells
are deep cisterns, which are filled dur-
ing the night, and it is out of amiable
consideration for those who love their
morning nap that they are given a
good chance as their neighbors of
getting an unsold supply. It is the
first instance that has come to my
notice of a commendable municipal
restraint upon the reprehensible prac-
tice of early rising. Few, very few,
of those who are given the water had
time for their toilers. Their day be-
gins with this extension of their
early leisure.

Later in my walk I saw a cistern being
refurnished. A large filled with
fresh water lay in a canal near by, and
a steam pump forced the supply
through a hose to the square, where a
cutter carried it to the well. The
water is of excellent quality. It is
brought through conduits from the
Englewood Hills, near Palua, but its
distribution through the city is carried
on in the original manner indicated.
For a city where a salt sea is the sce-
nery, here abolitions are not de-
rigger, and where water is not a lever-
age, the cost of laying distributing
main is widely been spared.

MORNING IN THE CITY.—Little
business began to take possession of
the streets. Bakers' shops and fish-
shops were open; the din of countless
sells and coppermiths filled the
air at every turn, as though the
making of looks and chimney-pots
were the one usurping industry of the
world; loud-voiced women called all
the people to come and partake of
baked pumpkins, fresh bread; and
the melody of mingled street cries
grew to a chorus of supplication.

Lately risen maidens lowered baskets
from the balconies and fished up cat-
meat, or bread, or onions, or other
household supplies, lowered the coppers
for payment, gathered their scanty
raiment about them, and withdrew.
The vendors—we knew them at the opera
—pocketed his money, tossed his head
to his head, and yelled his noisy way
down the alley.

In the Piazza beyond the Rialto,
early activity most centers. I took up
a commanding position at an out-of-door
table, and ordered my "white coffee"
and bread and butter. What a won-
derful place it was for breakfasting—
first for one! What pretty but cap-
tiously clad women in black and head-
dresses came from each street and went
toward the church; what a clatter the
wooden panned made, and what a gab-
ble the news boys; what loads of fresh
fruit and vegetables the women carried
pass; how the urethra gambled for
sells; how miles everything was to
what we ate home, and how unavail-
ing one grows to feel himself in watching
it all.

The cheap dealers of the Rialto were
taking down their shutters and display-
ing their low priced wares. Boys sat
on the broad steps munching loaf
and drinking in the yellow foam of
broad wheels of hot and sassy pump-
kin. The purveyors of the adjacent
quarters were clambering the steps with
head-loads of grapes, or fish, or vege-
tables. Over the hand-rail, filling the
whole width of the Grand Canal, lay
a fleet of barges unloading, with pro-
cess from beyond the lagoon, or stow-
ing away assorted cargoes of white and
purple grapes, peaches, figs, lemons,
chicory, radishes, shining white o-
nions, carrots, beets, potatoes—the
whole fresh colored assortment of a
green grocer. On shore the market
people filled the streets and avenues
rally a fresh and fresh, and a fine
fruit, and flowers, and the whole air
with a tumult of noisy traffic. I de-
scended among the throng, where cus-
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ing away assorted cargoes of white and
purple grapes, peaches, figs, lemons,
chicory, radishes, shining white o-
nions, carrots, beets, potatoes—the
whole fresh colored assortment of a
green grocer. On shore the market
people filled the streets and avenues
rally a fresh and fresh, and a fine
fruit, and flowers, and the whole air
with a tumult of noisy traffic. I de-
scended among the throng, where cus-
tomers were importuned on every hand,
and where sharp bargains were driving
in sprats and snails and in fractions of
the smallest loaf.

Entering a little square, shut in by
high houses, and the most Venetian
squares dominated by the unwhiskered
facade of a time-stained church, I not-
iced a singular activity among the
people. They were scurrying in from
every alley, and hastening from every
house door, with old-splashed copper
buckets on hook-ended wooden poles,
with coils of rope, and old men and
women, boys and girls, all gathered
closely about a covered well curbed in
the middle of the square; and still they
hurried on, until they stood a dozen
deep around it. Presently the church
tower slowly struck 8 o'clock, and a
little old man forced his way through
the crowd, passed his ponderous iron
key through the lid, and unlatched the
well. The bottles went jangling into
it and came slopping out again at an
amazing rate, and the people trudge
on home, each with a pair of them
swung from the shoulder. The wells
are deep cisterns, which are filled dur-
ing the night, and it is out of amiable
consideration for those who love their
morning nap that they are given a
good chance as their neighbors of
getting an unsold supply. It is the
first instance that has come to my
notice of a commendable municipal
restraint upon the reprehensible prac-
tice of early rising. Few, very few,
of those who are given the water had
time for their toilers. Their day be-
gins with this extension of their
early leisure.

The chief strength of the volunteer
forces lay in the very superior character
of rank and file. They were brave,
intelligent self-respecting citizens, de-
termined to master the new duties, and
determined to win. Mere drill they
learned rapidly, and to admirable per-
fection. They soon discovered, too,
the necessity of discipline, and actually
taught their officers in establishing it.
Of their positions under the enemy
of forced marches, and of their courage
in the field of battle, I cannot write
even now without a throb of emotion.
The fragment of my old company, in
its last bloody fight with a gallant
charge after charge under a corporal.
"You don't go into such a hole
because you like it," exclaimed a
trooper, describing a dash through a
cannon-sweep valley; "you go because
you are ashamed to go back on the
boys." "It is a burning shame that a
captain should be sent up without his
company!" exclaimed a private soldier,
when his officer was ordered forward
to rally a fresh and fresh, and a fine
fruit, and flowers, and the whole air
with a tumult of noisy traffic. I de-
scended among the throng, where cus-
tomers were importuned on every hand,
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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, DEC. 6.

Successors of one being kept up later in the season this year than ever before.

The late rains are a source of great annoyance to mining operations, especially in hematite mines.

The Cleveland mine is still shipping by way of Escanaba, and will continue to do so as long as they possibly can.

The diamond drill working on the Iron Cliff property, has attained a depth of about 400 feet without, as yet, striking ore.

The Lake Superior Iron company has lately received a diamond drill, which will be put to work on the property of the company.

The new hematite mine on the property of the Lake Superior company is developing much more daily, and steadily improving. This mine will work during the entire winter.

The work of removing the rock fall still goes on at Sellswood's pit, Cleveland mine, and it is thought that they will be hoisted from this place about the first of the new year.

The Lake Superior mining company have closed shipments, except to local furnaces, they furnishing iron for the Carp and Menominee furnaces, and have a contract to furnish some 3,000 tons for the latter, to be delivered before Christmas.

At the Peat farms we find work has been steadily going on since our last visit, although the weather has been rather rough for outside work the past few weeks. The heavy machinery has all been placed in position, the boilers are now in place, and a foundation is being put under the same. Two new boilers have been purchased, which are expected on the ground soon, and will be placed alongside those now in the building. Only one set of boilers will be used at a time, the other set being kept in reserve in case of anything getting out of repair. The stack has been raised some eight feet higher than it formerly was, and will be finished in a few days. The ovens, which were supposed to be in good condition, were found, upon inspection, to be much out of repair. The ex-low pipes were burned entirely out, which is something singular, as they were only in use about two months, and will have to be replaced with new ones, which are already finished. Besides the putting in of these pipes the ovens will be generally overhauled, as the old method of regulating gas, etc., was very poor. The frame for an elevator, which is to be erected just adjoining the west side of the existing house, is in readiness, and the structure will be raised some ten feet next week. It will be sixty feet in height. The addition to the existing house is finished and the roof protected with corrugated iron. A place is being prepared for the ore crusher (which will be forthcoming in a few days), adjoining the elevator building. The crusher and the elevator will be run by an engine which will be placed in the room with the air compressor and other machinery. A series of pulleys and belts being run from it to the machinery, which will be about twenty feet lower than the engine. A patch has also to be put in the hearth of the stack which will only require a few days' work. A considerable quantity of charcoal, which was manufactured at Greenwood, is now on the ground, and a large amount is now expected from the Klamon kilns, which are now being operated by the Carp River Iron company. In addition to those, several other kilns have been erected in that vicinity, and operations will not be retarded by a scarcity of coal, as the country in that section is well wooded. It was thought when the work of re-modeling the furnace was begun that it would be ready to go into blast by the first of the new year, but considerable extra work having presented itself, the furnace will not be in readiness for a charge until the latter part of January next. However, this is not far out of the way, as the work of re-fitting is tedious. Mr. Patrick Carol, who superintends the work, shows his ability as a furnace man in the way he is arranging the plant, and no doubt with him as a manager, satisfactory results will be given.

THE INDIANS OF THE MEMOIR.

[Special Correspondence.]

DEAR AGITATOR—Every day, in any town on our range, may be seen small parties of Indians from seventy years of age down to five, and even younger. Where they come from is a pretty hard question for a stranger to form a correct answer. They undoubtedly are descendants of that once powerful tribe the Chippewas. In writing about them I cannot give any

account of new glories which they have won, but can give you my experience with them so far as seeing and watching their habits and every-day life is concerned. Indians, as a rule, are naturally fond of hunting, fishing and trapping, and this is the only occupation I know of their being engaged in here. In hunting deer they excel, for they bring more to either Quincees, Norway or Wasecanah markets than all our white hunters combined. Deer meat is very scarce from six to seven cents per pound, and in a day's hunt an Indian experienced in deer hunting can kill two or three—sometimes more, sometimes less; but no day—that is if they keep sober and be attentive—need they go without one. Aside from that animal we have mink, wolf, bear and fox, and of the quadrupeds, partridges, geese, etc. Hunters are numerous, of all nationalities, but the Indians are a large majority, and consequently kill more than the others. I know it's their duty to kill all the game they can, but do you think it right for town authorities to allow men to sell them whiskey? I am sure it is a disgrace to see the poor wretched red man going around heavily drunk with clothing scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, and that torn in ribbons and splattered with mud, going through the streets yelling "mink ingun."

To a person used to such sights it has no attractions—no sympathies, but shouts of derision, contempt and hatred is heard on all sides when the poor wretched creature of poverty stricken and, I might say, God-forsaken red men of the forest pass by, laden with whiskey, beer, wine, and I don't know what else. Drink they do, indeed; in fact, all they can get, and it makes them worse than their white brethren, places them in a state of degradation that is almost beyond remedy. It's too bad to see in this civilized country a people so full of meanness as to give them whiskey of the worst description; but they do, and seem to defy all law, authority and justice. When they drink their whole thoughts are fight, and often their desires are gratified by pugilism of another color, and in the end the Indians are placed in jail. How the squaws are treated! I cannot exactly say, but judging from appearances they are treated meanly, disgracefully, cruelly, and in all cases bordering on a state of brutishness. When the day arrives for the Indian to sell his articles of trade—deer, muskrat, and other skins, and squaws and family come laden with baskets, moccasins, etc. Proceeding from store to store and home to home, he offers to sell at reasonable prices, and the squaws sell the baskets as low as 15 cents—baskets superior to those made in factories, and beyond a doubt worth in laboring or negotiating 40 or 50 cents. Poor Christians! God help them, for the noble Christianized Protestant or Catholic won't. No, but they let them sink gradually into oblivion and sink. Could they not take those little children and with proper treatment raise them to a higher rank? They could, but don't, and lay after the children are coming where our white families can see them, shivering with cold, weak often with hunger, and it seems they are to remain so while they sojourn in this wild world. It is sorrowful to see those poor creatures of a cold dreary day trudging homeward with the necessities of a scanty meal, to be seasons and spend the cold winds of northern Michigan, and none to protect them, but even those protect all, and knows all, he who those poor creatures of the wilderness. But the day is coming when they who are soiled at now and their white brethren will be placed in a position where the old problem of years will be definitely answered. And let us hope that when that day does come, they will be placed in an exalted position where the motto "Right will triumph," can be seen. Those Indians number on and around the range close on to six hundred or more, and when they are sober are good, upright, nervous, but are still wrapped in the gloomy atmosphere of ignorance and corruption, which can be erased by death alone.

Yours, W. A. H. MARQUETTE.

Lumbering terms are far short of the demand, at three dollars per day clear. The only ore shipped through here now is that consumed by the Carp River furnace, consequently railroading just at present appears quite dull, which indeed it is.

The old Indian female "Kotesh" left this city last Saturday morning for parts unknown, and contrary to the usual custom of Indians, left all the property behind her. The county buried her Monday last. The funeral was well attended.

The Fox will case, now on trial at the circuit court, is hotly contested by both parties. Many witnesses were examined by both sides, and when the case went to the jury the probability of the lot don't seem to have enough to ask an appropriation for this purpose. A snow plow is a necessity—one which the health of our people demand—and if the city authorities will not voluntarily provide one the citizens should move on the matter.

A writ of habeas corpus has been issued to the sheriff, commanding him to bring up the body of Hattie Wil-

liams, colored, now by him detained in the common jail of the county, that the legality of her detention may be inquired into. Hattie's regular occupation is said to be "washing." She is an old resident of the city, and since her residence here has had two great enemies to contend with, viz.: poverty and whiskey. She stood up against poverty all right, but whiskey toppled her over many a time. The last time she was overcome, it is alleged that she lay on her back on the principal thoroughfare of the city, with her head resting on the edge of the sidewalk, one foot on the top of the water hydrant, and the other on the upper edge of a dry goods box standing near. She was brought before the justice, was regularly convicted of placing her feet in a position unauthorized by law, and was sentenced to a term of one year at the state reformatory at Ionia, or until she could keep her feet where they properly belonged. While languishing in jail awaiting the transfer to the reformatory, she sent for an attorney who is, she says, under no obligations to her for past services. The attorney searched the statutes through, and, greatly to Hattie's satisfaction, discovered that the law-makers had placed no restriction on the free use of the feet of any man or woman, in this state. In consequence of this oversight on the part of the legislators, we may expect again to behold Miss Williams staggering along our streets this side of Christmas.

The following are the proceedings of the circuit court since our last report up to Friday of this week. All the jurors, with the exception of those empaneled in the case pending, have been discharged, and the court will adjourn for the term to Tuesday, Joseph Worth of Okla. vs. M. H. Crocker; issue of law; court; judgment for plaintiff. Mike Johnson vs. Edward Breitung; discontinued without costs in open court. John Olson vs. Edward Breitung; discontinued without costs in open court. Lake Superior Iron company; discontinued without costs in open court. Catherine Larson, administratrix, etc. vs. The Lake Superior Iron company; discontinued without costs. Andrew Gibson, Peter Olson and Ole Berg admitted to citizenship. Aeneas Hansmann vs. C. M. Wheeler and James W. King; discontinued by consent without costs.

George Brewer vs. Samuel —; discontinued by consent without costs. Albert Fitch vs. M. A. P. R. M. company and Luther Boehmer; motion to set aside the verdict of the jury rendered in the case, postponed until next motion day. Edward Fitch vs. M. A. P. R. M. company and Luther Boehmer; motion for the purpose proposed in the same manner. James McQuillan vs. Joseph Crocker; issue of law; court; judgment for defendant, affirming judgment in justice court with costs. John B. Grossman and Michael Urtich vs. John Mathew; appeal dismissed without costs. William Houtman admitted to citizenship. Bridget Foley, administratrix, etc. vs. The Chicago & Northwestern Ry. company; after occupying the attention of the court for one full day, all other contentions of the plaintiff voluntarily submitted to a non-suit. Albert Fitch vs. M. A. P. R. M. company et al.; motion to set aside verdict and admit into, and time for setting bill of exceptions deferred thirty days from last day of term. Edward Fitch vs. M. A. P. R. M. company et al.; disposed of in the same manner. The People vs. Mary Ann Mitchell; verdict, not guilty.

The First National Bank of Negaunee vs. James Freeman et al.; judgment for the defendants on the verdict. Charles Fabel vs. Edward Fox; contest of will; jury trial pending.

Another shooting match will take place at Teal Lake on Christmas day. This time Angus proposes to give the shooters a fair chance having fitted up one of the boat houses and will furnish it with a stove, from which they can fire from the windows.

We are to have another wood yard in town the present winter. Mr. Wm. Allen proposes to establish a wood yard on Silver street, where he will sell both hard and soft wood, cut into stove-wood lengths or otherwise.

Colin is out with raffle tickets for a raffle and dance, to take place at Wintor's hall, January 9th. A gold watch and imported shawl will be disposed of.

Mr. Otto Harro, the architect of the new hotel, left for his home in Green Bay, Wis., on Wednesday last.

The Clement Bros. concert troupe played to a crowded house Wednesday evening last. The entertainment was one of the best that has visited this section of the country for years.

Everett and Frank better stop and meditate before undertaking to capture one of their "pards" while sleigh-riding.

Wm. Christianson, the victim of Gylling's carrying, is again at his post, dealing out Tom & Jerry behind the bar of August Olson.

Engage your toys for Christmas. The M. H. & O. R. R. pay-car stopped here a few minutes Monday on its mission of scattering greenbacks.

Michigan is in full dress for the holidays. Every business house has its windows decorated and filled with choice toys.

Chris Olson is leading a quantity of soft wood on rails at this time, which he is shipping to the Republic Iron company.

Pat Powers is again in full blast in his new saloon, in the Smith house, opposite

the post office. Free beer till Christmas, boys.

John Ryan, a wood chopper, cut his foot so badly Wednesday that he will be unable to be out and at work again for some time.

S. Knauer, Esq., contemplates leaving Michigan about the 20th of the present month for Red Jacket, Mich. It is rumored that he is going into the printing business on a large scale.

On Saturday last, Nov. 29th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Halstrom and Miss Mina Astren were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. May they live a long and prosperous and happy life.

EVERYTHING in the way of jewelry, silver and plated ware, pianos organs, sewing machines at A. A. Anderson's.

HOUSES, HOMES, HOMES.—Those wishing to purchase anything in the line of heavy draught, or light roadsters, will do well to call at the livery stable of Gil Hodgkins, corner of Main and Division streets, Ishpeeming, Mich., about the first week in December.

You can give up the search if you can't find what you want in the way of jewelry, etc., at A. A. Anderson's.

Do you know Anderson? He keeps the best stock of jewelry, silver and plated ware, etc., on the Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan, and can undersell everybody.

BEAR IN MIND that this is the only Eye-Glass ever invented that curls carefully and cuts around the crookedest nose in creation.

For sale in this city only by A. A. Anderson, Jeweler, corner Main and Pearl streets.

General Merchandise.

50 BBLs. RE-PACKED APPLES At \$2 Per Bbl.

FRESH—JUST IN—SUITABLE FOR

HOLIDAY and Midwinter Trade,

—AT THE—

Old ROCK STORE

AND AT OUR CLOTHING STORE.

MYERS, WRIGHT & CO.

FOR SALE

also your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

Don't forget the place. We deal in Everything.

J. O. St. CLAIR & CO.

HERE I AM,

On deck, as usual, and as Big as Life, With decidedly the Largest and Best Assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Ever brought to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

My Stock of

Presents, Toys, Etc.,

Have in former years been large, but a look into my establishment now will convince you that this is the "Boss."

Everything selling Dirt Cheap. Give me a call. You will not regret it.

C. H. KIRKWOOD, 9th Prop'r B. P. (Boss Place).

FITS!

If you want good ones, call on

G. H. ARTHUR & CO.

Merchant

Tailors!

ISHPEMING, MICH.

The Best Goods and Workmen in the Country. Good in your Orders.

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CITY AND COUNTY.

FROM A FULL ACCOUNT OF CIRCUIT COURT PROCEEDINGS...

THE CHANCES ARE FAVORABLE FOR THE COIN TO BE...

THE GENERAL HEALTH OF THE CITY WAS BETTER...

THE NEW BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY ARE BEING...

THE PASSENGER TRAIN OF THE C. & N. W. RY...

THE GRAND TRUNK LINE HAS BEEN EXTENDED...

THE FURNAL OF SAMUEL JARVIS, WHO WAS KILLED...

SIMON CRAB HAS LATELY PURCHASED THE SALOON...

THE REFORM CLUB HAS SUSPENDED ITS MEETINGS...

THE CHANCE OF A CHANGE OF TIME IN THE RUNNING...

MR. HENRY BARNETT HAS BEEN APPOINTED...

THE FIRST CROWD ON THE DIVISION OF THE C. & N. W. RY...

MR. H. KINWOOD, PROPRIETOR OF THE CITY DRUG STORE...

THE FOLLOWING, TAKEN FROM THE APPROVED...

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MR. H. KINWOOD, PROPRIETOR OF THE CITY DRUG STORE...

THE FOLLOWING, TAKEN FROM THE APPROVED...

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE CHAMPION HOUSE...

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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

PORCUPINE MOUNTAIN MINING DISTRICT.—It is so long since we had a word to say in reference to this famous mining district, that it seems to us that we had awoke from a Rip Van Winkle sleep as we looked over some of our old notes and maps of the district this week.

The world of mineral wealth embedded in those mountains have hardly received the notice that it deserves from the hands of our mining and scientific men. Its vein phenomena and geological formations are different from those of the great trapezium range on which many of our mines are situated, and on whose characteristics our mining men have based their calculations, and even derived much of their mining and geological information. For ten long years the mines of this district have lain idle; and during that time much has been learned; many of the old ideas and theories have been explored; new formations examined and proved, and in the light of these we can unhesitatingly say that the Porcupine Mountain district is one of the richest copper mining districts on Lake Superior, and when we say this we know whereof we speak, and can show facts and specimens from the different veins and formations to prove it.

There are four leading mines there, from the fact that they have done more work than any of the other mines in the district, and represent four different veins and formations; they are the Carp Lake, LaFayette, Nonesuch, and Union mines.

THE CARP LAKE MINE is situated near the highest peak of the mountains, and has a very rich stamp lode in the sandstone or brown trap formation. The vein is a peculiar one and the only one on the lake of the kind that we know of. Much of the copper rock we have seen from the vein being fully equal to the Calumet vein. They have considerable ground open, a good stamp mill and territory, and facilities for making a large mine.

THE LAFAYETTE MINE is situated at the western end of Porcupine Mountains, at the base of the sandstone formation, in a rich stamp and barrel copper vein of amygdaloids, trap, spar and epidote. As a stamp lode it could undoubtedly be made to pay if treated on a large scale, and with proper facilities for mining and handling the rock.

THE UNION MINE is situated on the eastern declivity of the Porcupine Mountains, on the Union river. The vein is a very soft chloritic amygdaloid trap, carrying small barrel work and stamp copper, and although considerable mining has been done, not enough practical mining has been done to prove its value. It is a four per cent. lode.

THE NONESUCH MINE is situated on what is known as the Slate Range, on the south side of the mountains. It is an exclusively stamp vein, very rich in fine stamp copper, and is favorably spoken of by some of the best mining men on the lake; it is easily mined and treated, and can be made very profitable if worked on a scale commensurate with the vein. The mine is now being worked under a lease by Capt. Thos. Hooper, and as the power used for running the stamps is water, there is but little doubt that he is making fair returns on his investment.—*Ontonagon Miner.*

HEARING BY THE TEETH.—The deaf can hear by means of their teeth! The audiophone, an instrument invented by a western Yankee for alleviating the misery of deafness, is simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1-22 of an inch in thickness, set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes, through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet, to the handle, through a slot in which it passes. By pulling this cord the sheet is bent over at an angle which the user may desire. Each person has to ascertain for himself what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear the best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though apparently the curve must be. When made, the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan, or audiophone, against the teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker strikes upon this tensile sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which are in turn imparted to the teeth, and then, pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do; the delicate machinery through which sound passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly through the audiophone is applied to the teeth. It is necessary to use the teeth of the upper jaw, for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make much difference whether the teeth be the ear's own or arti-

ficial, so long as those artificial teeth are tightly fitted, for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth. The inventor is deaf himself. He happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth, and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him to thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve throughout the medium of a tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been.

HINTS ON CALLING.—Do not stare around the room.
Do not take a dog or small child.
Do not linger at the dinner hour.
Do not lay aside the bonnet at a formal call.
Do not fidget with your cane, hat or parasol.
Do not touch the piano unless invited to do so.
Do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day.
Do not turn your back to one seated near you.
Do not handle ornament or furniture in the room.
Do not go to the room of an invalid, unless invited.
Do not remove the gloves while making a formal call.
Do not continue the call longer when conversation begins to lag.
Do not remain when you find the lady on the point of going out.
Do not make the first call if you are a new-comer in the neighborhood.
Do not open or shut doors or windows after the arrangement of the room.
Do not open a room without first knocking and receiving an invitation to come in.
Do not walk around the room examining pictures, while waiting for the hostess.
Do not resume your seat after having risen to go, unless for important reasons.
Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.
Do not prolong the call if the room is crowded. It is better to call a day or two afterwards.
Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances, with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.
Do not tattle. Do not speak ill of your neighbors. Do not carry gossip from one family to another.
Do not, if a gentleman, seat yourself upon the sofa, beside the hostess, or in near proximity, unless invited to do so.
Do not, if a lady, call upon a gentleman, except officially or professionally, unless he may be a confirmed invalid.
Do not take a strange gentleman with you, unless positively certain that his introduction will be received with favor.
Do not, if a gentleman, leave the hat in the hall when making merely a formal call. If the call is extended to a visit, it may then be set aside. Whether sitting or standing, the hat may be gracefully held in the hand.

SPARKS OF SCIENCE.
Aristotle, Davy, Dalton and Scheele were all druggists.
The use of the varicis sea weed botanically known as fucus vesiculosus for relieving obesity has obtained recognition in professional circles abroad.
In the purification of hydrogen, oxide of copper in the cold arrests all combinations of hydrogen that may be present as hydroperoxides, except the hydrogen carbide.
Glass is made indestructible by exposing it at a high temperature to the fumes of a stannic chloride, to which barium or strontium nitrate is added when deep colors are required.
According to the *Bergman*, Mr. J. Turabridge has extracted \$34 worth of gold from a ton of the residues from petroleum stills. The source of the petroleum was not ascertained.
Hemp plants are recommended to be cultivated in vineyards, orchards, etc., for the habitation or destruction of noxious insects. It is said there are no harmful insects in hemp fields.
Nothing can live on Saturn with more brains than a fish. Galileo first discovered the rings which are probably clouds of gasses too small to be seen individually. Its moons are ten times as large as ours.
Prof. Liebe contends that in the second glacial period the hills of Southern Bohemia and Boreas were the starting point from which the virgin forests invaded the great diluvial deposits of Central Europe to the north of the Alpine chain.
Prof. Klinkerfries, of the Observatory of Göttingen, is said to have invented telegraphic device by which eight different messages may be sent by one wire at the same time, and printed separately and simultaneously by means of an apparatus at the receiving end.
The distance from Paris to Marseille is 600 miles, and by a recent arrangement, a train of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway makes this long journey in fifteen hours, leaving the capital at 8 A. M., and reaching the shores of the Mediterranean at 11 P. M., an average continuous speed of 40 miles per hour.

In a letter addressed to the French

Academy of Sciences, the minister of agriculture and commerce desires that body to indicate a practical means of detecting the adulteration of olive oil with oil having very different sources. This fraud in oil has become so common that it is prejudicial to the cultivation of the olive.

Ishpeming Advertisements.

D. McPHERSON,
Groceries,

PROVISIONS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

I respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the people of Ishpeming and vicinity.
Motto: Good Goods at "Live and Let Live" Prices.

Store in Mullins' Block, Cleveland Avenue, two doors west of Brasatt's general store.
Yours truly, D. McPHERSON.

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WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

Also Dealer in Pianos and Organs.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, ETC.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

Everything you want at lowest figures. Call and examine. Corner Division and Pine Sts.
ISHPEMING, MICH.

EVERYTHING

—IN THE—

HARDWARE

LINE!

—AT—

I. E. SWIFT'S,

Corner of Main Street and Cleveland Avenue,
ISHPEMING, MICH.

SIGN OF THE

BIG PAD-LOCK.

—OR—

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Laying lately removed my Bindery into better and more commodious rooms, though in the same building, I am now better than ever enabled to execute all orders for

J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,

Dealers in

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Having lately removed my Bindery into better and more commodious rooms, though in the same building, I am now better than ever enabled to execute all orders for

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At prices fully as low as the same class of work can be had in Chicago or other large cities. Give me a call.

Very Respectful and Re-Published. Rates reasonable. A Trial Solicited.

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Ladies' and Childrens' Wraps,

Flannels, Woolens, Dress Goods, Waterproofs, Scarfs, Shawls, Furs, Etc.

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OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

The largest, best and noblest stock ever brought to the City of Ishpeming. Just Received and now on exhibition at

NORTON'S.

This line of goods has been given our special attention, having been made expressly for us from piece goods selected by ourselves. Quality considered, they are undoubtedly the CHEAPEST lot of goods in the City, and we are prepared at all times to give better satisfaction than any other house on Lake Superior.

Our Stock of

MENS', YOUTHS' AND BOYS' SUITS FURNISHING GOODS.

Hats, Caps, Etc., is also complete. Before purchasing anything in our line do not fail to give us a call. We are bound to "suit" you.

T. & P. J. NORTON,
Mathews' Block, Ishpeming.

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TO THE

LADIES

MAGAZINES

—OR—

PERIODICALS

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Letter Heads, Note Heads,

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Business Cards, Circulars,

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