

THE WEEKLY ACQUITOR.

Devoted to the Interests of the Lake Superior Region in General and the City of Ishpeming in Particular.

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NO. 21.

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ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

VOL. I.

City Directory.

C. H. DELONG,
DENTIST.
Office in Eldon's Building, up stairs.
ISHPEMING, (1877) 1CH.

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. MARWOOD,
Dealers in
Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods,
Newspapers and Periodicals, Wall Paper,
School Books, Toys, Articles, Fine Cigars,
Blank Books, Books and Cages.
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

G. W. M. LOTH,
Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
and
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

M. SWEYN & OLSON,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS,
Window Glass, Varnishes, Etc.
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING,
PAPER HANGING AND CALICOING.
180 DECATUR ST.
Orders from Outside Promptly Attended to.
Shop on Division Street,
ISHPEMING, (1877) 1CHIGAN.

JOHN JONES,
Proprietor of
DRAY AND BUS LINE.
The Best Spring Wagons in the City.
THE BEST BUS IN THE STATE.
Parries carried to all adjoining localities on
reasonable prices. If you want a first-class job
of moving done, from the smallest article of
glassware to a goodly stock on hand, call on
him or address him at his office in Rock Street
building. (1877) 1CHIGAN.

N. LOSSELY,
Proprietor of
ISHPEMING HOUSE.
Has ample accommodations for Travelers
and regulars. Has also in connection
a first-class FREE STABLE, capable of accom-
modating any ordinary amount of cattle.
Rates Low. 137 1/2 ISHPEMING, MICH.

E. CRONIN,
Dealers in
Groceries,
PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES,
CROCKERY, GLASS-
WARE, ETC.
Sample Room in connection, where the best
brands of Imported and Domestic Liquors can
be found. When you want a good drink call on
us, and "don't you forget it." 37

D. GIRZIKOWSKY,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
Also Dealer in
Plains and Organs,
UNICAL EXCHANGE, ETC.
Agent for all First-Class Sewing Machines.
137 1/2 ISHPEMING, MICH.

F. AUSTIN & CO'S
MEAT MARKET.
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.
147 1/2 ISHPEMING, MICH.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT IN AGE.

The seas are quiet when the winds give over;
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of meeting things, as certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our youngest eyes
Conceal that omphalos which age discloses.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decay'd,
Let in new light through chinks that time
And use have made.
Shrouds by weakness, wisers men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Loving the life, both with their eyes and view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.
—Ed. Waller.

THE HEROINE OF INDIAN GULCH.

BY CORNACUS STERLING.

Herman Cameron had met with so many reverses in business that at thirty years of age he was thoroughly discouraged. "I have heard of the women in those mining camps, who fasten themselves on to the most eligible fellows and marry them out of hand. We'll find you a wife here, Herman, when you come home with a pocket full of gold. So don't be taken in by any of those beauties at the mines," said Herman, rather gloomily. "And I don't suppose I'll ever be able to appropriate you, so there is no cause for worry."

Arriving in San Francisco, he took passage in a small schooner for Stockton, and from there started on foot for the mines, there being no mode of conveyance. He had decided that his destination should be Indian Gulch, for he heard many stories of the wealth which had been obtained there, and his imagination pictured a fortune easily acquired and a consequent return to friends and civilization.

Four men accompanied him on his journey. They were all great, burly fellows, rough and good natured; but one was rougher and brierier than all the rest put together. His name was Tim Smalley, and he had spent his life in the mining regions, and had never met a man like Luck was against him, he said, but he never went into the details of his misfortunes, probably not caring to state the fact that the gambling table had done more than anything else to ruin him.

One day he did Herman a great service, for he saved his life. The young man was lashing in the river and was seized with cramps, being able to give but one shout for help before he helplessly went under the treacherous water.

The call was answered by Tim, who jumped into the river, and rescued and brought the young man up as easily as if he had been a kitten.

Then for an hour the sturdy miner rubbed and worked over him, giving him brandy from his own flask and putting his own coat over him. A curious friendship sprang up between the two after this event. They walked side by side on their weary journey, and many were the promises Smalley made to help Herman to gain the fortune he was seeking.

Once Tim pointed to the large belt Herman wore, and asked if it contained money. "Very little," answered Herman, "for I am almost as poor as you appear to be; but I hope it will be full of bank notes when I come this way again."

He made no answer, but Herman imagined that to his face fell, and a gleam of suspicion came in his hard eyes; but then the young fellow depicted himself for harboring such a thought of one who had saved his life, and he dismissed all suspicion from his mind. He never for an instant imagined that Tim had the greed of a miser for gold.

The country through which they passed was very uninviting. The road was over a large prairie or plain for about forty-five miles, and the ground was so parched and dried up that the dust flew in clouds, making traveling very disagreeable. However, the little party succeeded in crossing the plain in about three days' travel, and the country then began to wear a new aspect, presenting all the variety and beauty of mountain scenery.

On the evening of the eighth day, they reached Indian Gulch, a settlement of about fifty log houses. There was a rough tavern, with a large bar-room, and here Herman found a small space for himself and his belongings.

Indian Gulch took its name from a small band of Indians who had formerly camped there. Now they were farther back into the mountains, being too much in fear of the white men to venture near their old home.

Their articles of food were principally what little game they killed, acorns and pine nuts. The principal animals in the vicinity were the coyote, or prairie wolf, the black and gray bears, deer, antelope and rabbits. Occasionally a wild cat or panther disturbed the quiet of the settlement, and excited its inmates to the hunt. Altogether, Indian Gulch was not able to boast of any great degree of civilization.

Herman was very tired, and lay down on the coarse straw pallet in the rough wooden bank which was the sole accommodation provided for sleeping. But the loud talking and loud swearing in the bar-room annoyed and disgusted him. He could hear it all plainly, as his room was just over the bar-room, and tired as he was, he left the tavern and went out to explore the settlement.

The doors of the houses were all open, and in two or three he saw common looking, homely women employed in preparing the evening meal. They were dressed in coarse garments much the worse for wear and tear, and were so unkind as to cause a thrill of disgust to run through the young man.

"I think you would have a good laugh at his fears if he could see these 'beauties of the mines,'" he thought as he walked away. "But I must get used to it all. It won't do for me to get on airs of being better than those about me, or I shall get into hot water. I have chosen this life and must make the best of it until—"

He raised his head suddenly and listened. His train of thought had been broken by the sound of a clear, sweet voice singing an old ballad. It was a voice which could belong only to some one who whose head the charm of youth still lingered.

Herman followed the sound, and found himself at the open door of a log house on the outskirts of the settlement. There was an air of refinement about it which the young man noted at once. Flowers were blooming in the garden, and had been cut out of the windows, which were void of glass. At one side of the door was a rustic seat, and a braided rag rug was on the threshold.

Anxious to investigate further, Herman rapped loudly on the door, and in a few moments a man came out of an inner room, a look of surprise in his dark eyes as they fell upon the handsome stranger, whose rough miner's costume did not disguise the fact that he was a gentleman by birth and education.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked, in a strong voice. "Yes, I wish to see you," replied Herman. "Your little garden looks so inviting, I was tempted to come in and ask the privilege of resting on this seat," he replied, removing his hat and holding it respectfully in his hand.

"You are a stranger, and therefore welcome to the place," he said, heartily. "Take a seat and let me give you a cup of coffee, you look so tired. Father has just finished his supper and gone out."

There was no restraint, no diffidence in her manner, yet it was free from boldness or lightness. Herman noted the coffee delicious, and before he had finished his second cup had told his fair waitress all about himself.

This was the beginning of his acquaintance with Elinor Sterling. He learned her history, and why she stayed in that rough California settlement. It was for her father's sake. James Sterling was a man who had his own way of all his life, but had been unsuccessful in everything he undertook.

When the gold fever broke out, he went gold hunting, dragging his wife and child with him. He drifted from one place to another, always meeting with poor luck, until at last he drifted to Indian Gulch, where he had now been a year. There was nothing bad in the man, but he was weak and vacillating, never keeping the same mind a day at a time.

He loved his daughter in an uncertain, weak way, but not sufficiently to strain every nerve to remove her from a life for which she was unfitted in many ways.

James Sterling stuck by her husband in all his misfortunes and sorrows, wept over his mistakes and rejoiced over his occasional promises of good fortune—which were never ful-

filled. She never blamed him during her life for anything, and dying wrong from her child a man pleading that she would cling to her father through good and ill until death did separate them.

Elinor never forgot that solemn promise to her dead mother, and though sometimes her heart ached when she saw how unambitious and lazy her father was growing, she did her duty faithfully, and tried to hope for better things in the future. Thanks to her mother's teaching, she had acquired a fair education, and was not devoted to her household duties, but busied herself to the study of the few books she possessed.

The creek, near which the settlement of Indian Gulch had been made, had once been very rich, and had afforded large fortunes to the men who had worked there first. But it had been pretty thoroughly scraped, though there were yet good spots a long distance up the country.

Herman Cameron and his rough companion, Tim Smalley, were nearly nine miles from the settlement, and after great deliberation, decided on a spot which Tim thought looked promising.

Side by side the two men worked day after day. The gold was mostly found on the edge of rocks, from one to twenty feet beneath the soil. This ledge appeared to encrust the whole region, for nowhere could a hole be dug in the ground without coming in contact with it. In some places it was hard and smooth, while in others it was tender and rough.

Herman soon learned the manner of obtaining the gold. The surface earth was thrown off until it was ascertained by experiment that the ground was sufficiently impregnated with the yellow ore to pay for washing. This process was performed by a machine called a rocker, extremely simple in construction and expeditious in working. The gold they found was mostly fine and scant, but occasionally a piece weighed two or three ounces was picked up. They worked hard and well, making occasional trips to the settlement for supplies, and thus the winter wore away.

Herman had found no reason to doubt Tim's fidelity and honesty. He was industrious and sober, and appeared more anxious to further his companion's interests than his own.

It was generally Herman who went to Indian Gulch for supplies, and he never failed to call on Elinor Sterling before leaving the settlement. Unconsciously to himself he was learning to love the bright, beautiful, fearless girl, better than any one else on earth.

One day she warned him against Tim Smalley. "Beware of that man," she said. "I know him well by reputation, and have seen him often. There is an evil look in his eye that frightens me. He was six months at Miners' Valley where we were once, and was known as the worst gambler in the place. He was crazy to be rich, and thought he'd get an easier road to wealth than by digging it. But he never gained much and had to leave the place in a hurry, cause suspected of robbing a miner. Do be careful of yourself. I wish you had chosen some one else for a partner."

But Herman paid little heed to the warning. He thought it but a girl's fancy, and that he had excited imagination had exaggerated things. How could he look with suspicion on the man who had saved his life?

In the latter part of May the two partners suddenly struck a rich lead, and in a few days were washing out gold by the handful.

In a few days there was a camp about their claim; a tavern went up; log houses were hastily erected; a store opened, and the river and creek were alive with anxious miners, most of whom came from the vicinity of Indian Gulch, while some were strangers from Stockton.

Shave in the "Amerion Mine" sold so rapidly that after a month had passed Herman retired from the field, sold out his last share in the mine to Tim, and with a belt full of bank notes and a bag of the precious ore, went back to Indian Gulch to await the starting of the first party for Stockton. It would have been madness to attempt the eight days' journey alone.

Elinor, while rejoicing at his success, seemed almost terrified at the thought of his carrying about him such a heavy pretence, and besought him to use every precaution against attack, for his life was in danger as long as he stayed in Indian Gulch.

"I fear that gold, villainous Tim, most of all," she said. "Father heard him say a week ago that he'd sworn to be the richest man in California, and meant to keep his vow, no matter whose head was broken."

"That was only one of his rough speeches," said Herman, not betraying the least alarm. "And he will have enough without corseting my share of the gold. I really think you do him injustice, Elinor." "I hope so," she said with a sigh, but grant me one favor. Leave that tavern and come here to stay until you start for Stockton. We have three rooms and can put you a bed in the kitchen. I have already spoken to father and he is quite willing."

"What tom-foolery is this?" he muttered, "he isn't there! I'll try for the other room and his or mine's."

"No!" cried a clear, ringing voice, "he isn't there!" and Elinor sprang to her feet. "Take that, Tim Smalley, robber and murderer!" and leveling the pistol she held, she discharged its contents into his breast.

With a groan the man fell heavily to the floor, and Elinor struck a light just as her father and Herman came rushing in.

"Great heavens!" cried Herman, "what is this? Elinor, my darling, are you hurt?"

"He caught her in his arms, and as he gazed on her beautiful face, from which all color had fled, he knew that he loved her—loved her better than life itself.

"I am not hurt," she said faintly, "but have I killed him? It is he, I know. I am sure it is Tim Smalley." "You are sure?" asked Herman, "for you saw my father's former partner who lay on the floor writhing in pain. He was not dangerously wounded, but it would be many a day before he could be able again."

"You see I was right, after all, Herman," Elinor said, when the wounded man had been carried away by the neighbors Mr. Sterling called.

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One PRODUCE OR LOSS.—One chief reason for the present extravagant advance in the price of iron is that so many furnaces have been out of blast and are not yet fairly started on their new career of production. These idle establishments are getting under way as fast as possible, but it takes time. Meanwhile, however, the railroad speculation, especially, is imperious in its demands. It can't and won't wait. New roads are to be pressed forward at all hazards, and almost any cost, while old roads are to be relaid and refurbished.

This, supplemented by the large demand for iron for other purposes, while production lags, explains the advance in the price which can only be characterized as extravagant. The American Manufacturer publishes a table which gives in detail the condition of our furnaces. From this it appears that 677 furnaces reporting at the close of the year, 384 were in blast and 293 were out. The nominal weekly capacity of those in blast is 72,642 tons, and of those out 41,285 tons per year, and that of all 113,927 tons, equal to 2,146,820 tons per year. The total nominal yearly capacity of the furnaces reporting is therefore 5,923,104 tons. The average weekly capacity of those in blast is 189 tons and of those out 141 tons. This is probably a larger proportion still out of blast than is generally supposed, but as has been said, a great many furnaces are restarting and many others are being prepared for making iron, so that by the 1st of April the number will be largely increased. It should be considered, too, that this season of the year there is always a larger proportion of charcoal furnaces in blast than at any other season.

THE WEST UNRAILED IN STORY-TELLING.—It is no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story, that there is a western man about. Canoe has tried it and got beaten, beaten clean out of a year. He thought he could spin a yarn that would test anyone's credulity, but he always found that a western man could go him one better. "When I was a young man," said Col. B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat on the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a man drew since over. One day I found a stump in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and if you'll believe it, they just walked up plow right through that stump as though it had been a cheese."

Not a soul expressed surprise. But Maj. S., who had been a quiet listener, "Thanked you very much," he said, "I had a similar experience to that myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the state. One day I had just plowed through a white-ack stump in the way you speak of, Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give, you know."

Too HONEST.—Some locomotives are made with a capacity for running 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour, and at even higher speed. But that engineer who with an engine capable of running only forty miles an hour with safety to itself, should put it to a speed of sixty miles an hour, would, unless in unusual circumstances, be severely reprimanded and probably discharged. Locomotives are too costly to be unnecessarily destroyed—to be unnecessarily ruined. But young men and women often have an idea, in which their teachers do not discourage them; that a high rate of speed is more desirable; or, what amounts to the same thing, a long train of studies carried along by them is proof of superior ability; so every hour of the day is filled full, every convolution of the brain is set at work, every nerve is strained, every resource is taxed. It is not enough to set this matter out! Need we go further to argue it further? The best teacher in this country could not enter the great contest at Cincinnati because he had overstrained himself. He undertook too much. Will not other teachers learn a lesson by this?

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Too HONEST.—Some locomotives are made with a capacity for running 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour, and at even higher speed. But that engineer who with an engine capable of running only forty miles an hour with safety to itself, should put it to a speed of sixty miles an hour, would, unless in unusual circumstances, be severely reprimanded and probably discharged. Locomotives are too costly to be unnecessarily destroyed—to be unnecessarily ruined. But young men and women often have an idea, in which their teachers do not discourage them; that a high rate of speed is more desirable; or, what amounts to the same thing, a long train of studies carried along by them is proof of superior ability; so every hour of the day is filled full, every convolution of the brain is set at work, every nerve is strained, every resource is taxed. It is not enough to set this matter out! Need we go further to argue it further? The best teacher in this country could not enter the great contest at Cincinnati because he had overstrained himself. He undertook too much. Will not other teachers learn a lesson by this?

THE WEST UNRAILED IN STORY-TELLING.—It is no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story, that there is a western man about. Canoe has tried it and got beaten, beaten clean out of a year. He thought he could spin a yarn that would test anyone's credulity, but he always found that a western man could go him one better. "When I was a young man," said Col. B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat on the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a man drew since over. One day I found a stump in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and if you'll believe it, they just walked up plow right through that stump as though it had been a cheese."

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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

CITY AND COUNTY.

Shredding isn't good as it used to be.

A slight fall of snow occurred last night.

And still the sidewalks are covered with ice.

Trick price of coal still keeps ahead of the times.

The variety show is open at Gylling's saloon to-night.

The pay-car of the M., H. & O. R. R. company passed over the road Saturday last.

There has been considerable business transacted at the police courts the past week.

First paper is still going up, but as the attraction can be purchased for a little extra.

Mr. Wm. Bell was the loser of a valuable horse, yesterday, in this city, it being of distemper.

W. M. Colwell has been suffering from a severe attack of cold and sore throat during the past week.

Not a firm starts this for the present week! To what an execrable community are we degenerating?

If you wish to enjoy yourself hugely for a few hours attend the fancy dress ball next Monday evening.

PERSONAL.—Wendy Overhate took the train for "Bellevue" Monday on a business visit, and is to be absent until Tuesday next.

We were a little faint last week in stating that the Kulgites of Pythias had purchased a new carpet for their hall. The carpet is the property of the order of Free Masons, of this city.

Don't forget the fancy dress ball, at Gylling's hall, Monday evening. Tickets can be procured, by those in possession of the required invitation, of F. M. Sackrider and Scott Nelson.

The pay-car of the C. & N. W. R. company arrived in the city Monday evening last, and made happy the hearts of the employees of the road by the disbursalment of the monthly stipend.

NOTICE.—As I intend leaving the city in a short time, those parties who are indebted to me, either on Iron Horse account or otherwise, will confer a favor on me, and save trouble to all concerned, by calling on me at once and settling.

W. M. SARGENT.

REAR.—The Commercial house full of rear for tomorrow (Sunday), the hungry mortals, and prepare to set up a wall of chagrin and disappointment if anything should turn up to prevent you from being there at the proper hour to consult it. Only 24 hours left to make a "play" for an invitation!

DEATH.—On Tuesday morning last, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Broy, of Humboldt, a daughter. Anthony says that this is the seventh, although he says that he is the happiest man in Humboldt, but at the same time thinks it's decided funny in the matrimonial deal he can never turn a Jack—nothing but queens.

A CAR load of French horses passed through this city Thursday and were consigned to Herbert & Thayer, L.A. They were placed in single stalls, in the car, and were as comfortable as if in a stable. The horses were healthy, and surplus anything in the way of horse-brought to this district this week.

THE DEPT. FREE PRESS says the Lake Superior company can furnish ice for the whole winter and can furnish gladders for the Free Press. The company, however, there isn't enough ice on Lake Superior, anywhere in the neighborhood of Marquette, at least, to make a good-sized lemonade, and no prospect of being any, either.

Two drunks and disorderlies on our streets Monday, and quite a number on Tuesday. They were arranged before Justice Kennedy and required to pay over an aggregate of about \$0 and costs, which they did, and went on their way rejoicing to get drunk again next pay-day. Times are beginning to improve, and no mistake.

BROKE HIS LEG.—About 8 o'clock last evening, just before the Axtor went to press, James Nesbitt, of Negamue, while walking along the sidewalk on Main street, in front of St. Clair's store, slipped and fell, breaking one of his legs below the knee so badly that one of the bones stuck out through the skin. The unfortunate man was at once taken to his home at Negamue by Wm. C. Uren.

The eastern hotel passenger train on the M., H. & O. R. R., Saturday, at 4:40, four hours late in passing here. The cause of the delay was the breaking off of the wheels of the baggage car, the accident occurred at Saultaug on the way to L'Anse, where the car was set out on a track and another wheel put on by the time the train arrived there on its return trip.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement, in this issue, of Prof. C. A. Fisher, who is at all times prepared to fit you out with anything in the way of a piano or organ. Mr. Fisher handles the best, and only the best, instruments of the market—the Lyon & Healy, the Steingway and Fisher pianos, and the Bennett organs—and as a consequence he is holding up a splendid record in this city in this particular line.

HEMATITE.

Best hematite mines all the range.

Who carries his flag under his left eye?

The Rock of Ages may not be disesteemed as the name implies, but it is not so much so when women wear leeches with it as it is to talk of extravagance in dress.

Parfaits are being dug all over the Marquette range in which to catch the big fish.

It was a more-fish-like to see them four years being led to the lock-up on a charge of being caught in the net as a result for 40 cents while hanker after a Free Press.

Jones will be putting a barometer under Grit's nose, and the fact is that he does not like his paper.

If a town is known by the first company it keeps, it is known by the second and favorably spoken of.

Long trails are going out of date. This will be interesting to young men not much schooled in woodcraft.

Foley isn't of the same opinion regarding so many of the facts in this jobbing outfit after it is broke.

Lives of grand men still read us.

And do not mean to be trifled with.

There would be need of the application of fresh paint every morning on the cheeks of the Margate girls, and the old lady Kunkle the beauty and help of the old lady Kunkle the beauty.

Little drops upon the face.

Upon someone or your nose.

Is found, if winter's long enough.

Yes, no doubt many a man has become rich by attending to his nose. Business is slow, but many more have sold their noses for a few dollars than have made their money by selling people who probably don't live in this city.

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A. P. Johnson, violinist, has left this city and is now residing in Marquette.

WASHINGTON'S birthday occurred on Sunday last, but owing to the falling of snow, the day was generally celebrated throughout the country, wherever it was celebrated at all, on the following day. No celebration was held in this city, but the Liberator's office was decorated with a few flowers, and the Liberator's office was decorated with a few flowers, and the Liberator's office was decorated with a few flowers.

A SPECIAL meeting of the common council was held Tuesday last, at which the annual report of the auditor and city treasurer were presented and referred to the proper committee—on the finance and taxation. The reports are gratifying, the auditor and treasurer credit unimpaired upon the gentlemen who, during the past few years, have controlled the city's affairs. It is more than probable that the Auditor will have a little more to say on this subject at an early day.

THE AGITATOR is constantly increasing in public favor in and out of the city, and the number of extra copies, outside of the regular subscription, aggregate to five or one hundred per week. This won't seem as large to the publishers of large metropolitan dailies, but in this edition, almost, is sold on the streets, but will take around the country, and it will be a credit to the city for very many. Advertisers will please take notice.

THE Scandinavian Singing society prepared a grand concert at Austin's hall on Tuesday evening, March 30th, Tuesday evening following Easter Sunday. The concert is to be miscellaneous in character, and the program is prepared by the society, and long and varied. Prof. Johnson, Cavis and Johnson are to participate in the rendition of the concert, and a pleasing entertainment is to be expected, though it is the first one ever given by this society. Posters, giving full particulars, will be placed shortly.

THOSE who have not visited the fair, grain and feed warehouse occupied by Ed Nelson, situated on the corner of Cleveland avenue and pine street, will be surprised upon entering it, at the way in which things are arranged. Elevators and other labor-saving contrivances are in place and working smoothly, and are in place and working smoothly, and are in place and working smoothly.

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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

GOING TO CHAIRMAN.—No cat could have walked into the Central Station more softly than did a long-waisted, low-crowned stranger about 40 years old, whose hands were encased in badly worn cotton gloves, hat brushed clear down below the nap, boots wanting new heels, and dress coat showing a cotton edge all around. He was neither a great general, statesman or orator. He simply desired to make a few inquiries, and he softly said: "My arrangements are such that I shall be in Detroit until after Washington's birthday. I am a great admirer of the lamented gentleman and I always make it a point to celebrate his birthday."

"Which is patriotic and all right," replied the captain of police. "I want to ask what latitude the police would allow me on such an occasion?" continued the man. "I shall certainly get drunk; but will I be allowed to tear down stoves, smash up bars, break windows and kick in doors?"

"Certainly not. The first move you make in that direction will result in your being run in."

"Would, eh? Well, I simply inquired for information. I suppose it would be doing the lamented gentleman full honor if I simply got drunk?"

"I think so."

"Very well, I don't want to seem captious in the matter, nor do I care to get into any trouble. I think I will get drunk early in the morning."

"Yes."

"And wave the American flag from the window of my boarding house—wave it gently."

"Yes."

"And make a speech to my landlady on the goodness and greatness of the lamented gentleman—make it very gently and quietly, without any cheers or applause."

"Yes, that would do."

"And then go down in the back yard and hurrah about three times— not yell like a Pawnee Indian, but softly and quietly hurrah for George Washington, the father of his country."

"Well, don't disturb anyone."

"No, of course not. After hurrahing will return to my room, take another drink, read the Declaration of Independence, and make a speech to myself—not a ranting, blatant oratorical effort, but a soft and mild sort of peroration, ending up with the song entitled, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee, and so forth."

"Yes, that's good."

"Then I'll take another drink and go to bed and lie there during the remainder of the day, unless the landlady insists on another speech, and I don't think she will. Now, then, are my terms perfectly satisfactory?"

"Yes."

ALMOST PERPETUAL MOTION.—Engineers who examined the machine invented by Albert Pietrowski, a Pole, say that it comes nearer to doing the problem of perpetual motion than any contrivance as yet devised, and that for practical purposes it is likely to work a revolution in machinery. It consists of a pair of hollow metallic wheels, which revolve in opposite directions on the same axis. The moving power is nine metallic balls, placed within the wheels so as to beat the rim down at first and then gravitate toward the axis, whose a side groove runs them off to a grooved radius of the wheels running in the opposite direction. To the axis of smaller grooved wheels, that regulate the speed of the machinery to which the shafting is attached.

"SERLEY," says Mr. Trelawny who knew him intimately, "wrote his poems in the open air; on the seashore, in the pine woods; and, like a shepherd, he could tell the time of day exactly by the light. He never had a watch. And I think Byron never had; but if the latter had one he never wore it."

SENTIMENT AND SENSE. Love, faith, patience—the three essentials of a happy life. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence or indolence.

When one is fagged, hungry and depressed, the worst seems most probable. As large a demand is made on our faith by nature as can be made by miracles.

Proud earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart where no error grows. Drunkenness places man as much below the level of the brute as reason elevates him above them.

Humility is the Christian's greatest honor; and the higher men climb, the farther they are from Heaven. One who is contented with what he has done, will never become famous for what he will do.

The beautiful is a manifestation of the secret laws of nature, which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little indulgence of the small coin of benevolence. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have hearty.

Wealth may minister to the best part of man, but only minister—not master. When it usurps the throne and becomes monarch it is of all things most pitiful and unjust.

The powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

No language can express the power, beauty, heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not when men cover, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its queenly fidelity like a star in Heaven.

COMPRESSED FOOD FOR ARMIES.—The horse-lieutenant which continental armies have used with success is a portable invention which enables the soldier to carry in his haversack a week's ration for the charger, and thus on a sudden emergency makes himself independent of all other forage. In the case, Kopf's compressed preparations, which were used with signal service in South Africa, supply a long-felt and much-needed want. Kopf's preparations are inexpensive, they are nutritious and are extremely portable. In Zululand the British soldiers spoke most highly of them, and even in England they are not despised in the barracks.

A small tin of Kopf's compressed compressed vegetables in greater or less quantities, are the preparations most appreciated, but compressed tea, milk or sugar are luxuries which campaigners will not pass by. Three minutes' boiling in a soldier's canteen is all the cooking necessary for a meal. One ounce can carry 2,800 times of Kopf's soups, or rations for a whole battalion for the day; a can can in like manner carry over rough ground more than two days' rations. Each man without much difficulty could hold a supply for two or three days into his haversack. Here then we have the whole secret of wagging war with minimized transport and consequently at a reduced expenditure.

TAKING OATH UPON IT.—The London Sporting Times tells this good story: A clergyman who lately left Liverpool in one of the huge ocean steamers began to feel rather uncomfortable soon after leaving the mouth of the river, and having had an introduction to the captain, sought him out, to learn if there was any danger. The captain did not answer immediately, but led his passenger to the forecastle and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked to hear a party of sailors cursing vigorously, and expressed his horror to the conductor. The captain merely remarked: "Do you think these men would sever in such a manner if there was any real danger?" whereupon the parson seemed satisfied and retired. A day or two afterward, when they encountered rather a severe storm, the clergyman, remembering what he had been told before, managed to make his way with great difficulty to the forecastle, and was overhauled by the captain, as he came away, exclaiming to himself, "Thank God, they're overboard yet!"

"Thank God, they're overboard yet!"

HAYS OFF.—Olive Logan got mad the other day and got off the following: "A

woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to "hande off." He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future tenfold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give you arm many loving squeezes and shy twirls that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and then close. Keep your girls off the street, except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the postoffice every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—provesh not excepted."

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ROBES, BLANKETS AND HARNESSES. Model Business Huggy, price, \$50.00. Fur-lined Calfskin, price, \$25.00 to \$40.00. Nickel Plated Single Harness, price, \$40.00.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—THE GREAT BRITISH REMEDY, DR. J. B. SAMPSON'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE is a positive cure for nervousness, depression, weakness and all diseases resulting from self abuse, or excess of the brain, indigestion, irregularity, mental anxiety, languor, lassitude, depression of spirits, and functional derangement of the nervous system generally. Pains in back or side, loss of memory, poor attention, nervousness, and all other ailments, are cured by this medicine. It is a positive cure for all these ailments, and is a positive cure for all these ailments, and is a positive cure for all these ailments.

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

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