

# THE LITTLE SNOW PLAW.

NEWETT & McCARTHY, Publishers.

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

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

NO. 35.

VOL. I.

**City Directory.**

ISHPEMING LABORATORY.

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MAKES ANALYSES OF ALL ORES AND MINERALS. FINE ANALYSES OF GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD.

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A Large Stock of  
**HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.**

Everything in my line sold cheaper than by any other establishment in Marquette Co. 177

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**DENTIST.**

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**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**

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**A. LIDBERG,**

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**

ISHPEMING, MICH. 1 MICHEL

All kinds of  
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Corner of Main and Division Streets, first sign in Town. Prices as low as the lowest.

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A fine lot of horses always kept on hand for sale. 177

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**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 first-class job of moving, done from the smallest article of glassware to a costly steel mountain, call on him or address him at his office in Book Store building. (0-177) ISHPEMING, MICH.

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Dealer in—

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PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, ETC.

Sample Rooms in connection, where the best brands of Imported and Domestic Liquors can be found. When you want a good drink call on Bill, and "don't you forget it." 177

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Also Dealer in  
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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, ETC.

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**J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,**

Dealers in  
**CARRIAGES**

WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.

ROBES, BLANKETS AND HARNESSES

Of all grades, at bottom prices never before cashed in Marquette County. Especial attention is called to the

Model Business Buggy, price, \$65.00.  
Portland Cutters, price, \$25.00 to \$45.00.  
Nickel Plated Single Harness, price, \$10.00. 177

**City Directory.**

**E. P. BIEGLER,**

**Shaving and Hair Dressing Parlors,**

Main Street, ISHPEMING, MICH.

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Dealer in  
**Furniture!**

Coffins, Etc.

**CONTRACTOR,**

And Manufacturer of all kinds of Furniture, Residing neatly done. Orders from outside attended to with promptness. Corner of Main Street and Cleveland Avenue. 177

**COMMERCIAL HOUSE,**

ISHPEMING, MICH.

Trading men and others will please call and examine new rates before leaving elsewhere.

**CALDER & FUNSTON,**

Manufacturers of  
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WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.

**REPAIRING**

OF ALL kinds, done on short notice. Blackship St. in connection, where all work in that line promptly and neatly done. 177

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Give us a Call. Shop on Pearl Street. ISHPEMING, MICH.

**C. A. FOHRMAN,**

Agent for the sale of  
**LYON & HEALY PIANO,**

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**BURDETT ORGAN,**

The very best instruments in the market, and which are being sold at the most reasonable prices. An examination of either of these instruments will convince any one of their superiority over all others. They are highly recommended by all who have used them. They are supplied with all the latest improvements, and combine purity of voicing, richness of tone and wonderful orchestral combinations. Instruments sold on easy terms. Any information in regard to their quality, price and terms of sale most cheerfully given by calling on or addressing

**C. A. FOHRMAN,**  
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**HARDWARE!**

**CUTLERY,**

**Stoves, Nails, Etc.,**

And Manufacturers of  
**TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER**

WARE.

The most complete stock of Goods in the Hardware Line to found in the City.

MAIN STREET. (0-177) ISHPEMING, MICH.

**THORNS AND ROSES.**

From moon till night, John's hammer rung. But on the morrow, with various eyes, Scire Henry's over dwelling. One day the square himself came by: "My horse has lost a shoe, John. And that's the least of all my cares. But cars don't come to you, John. The lightning struck my barn last night: My child near death is laid, John. My life is not what you suppose, 'Tis not of roses made, John."

And then the square rode sadly off. John watched him in amazement. And, as he watched, two faces bright Peered from the open casement. He heard his wife's voice, sweet and low, His hair's merry laughter. John gave an avil such a howl. It shook the smoky rafters: "I would not change with square," said he, "For all his land and money; There's more in my work than mine, But not such roses bonny."

**A COMPANION'S STORY.**

Had I been my own mistress I should never have served Marie Rosis. But poverty, need of food and raiment, the hungry mouths that must be filled, were too strong for me, and I engaged myself to her.

"You are poor, Louise," she said, with a slight French accent. "Money is of no account to me—I only ask you to be faithful. I said that I should travel; so you must supply your brother's and sister's wants before you go. I shall be liberal with you. Take this."

As she spoke, she reached out one or eight half eagles. I drew back my hand.

"It's too much," I said.

"Allow me to be the judge of that. I know what will be required of you. A little chill ran over me. What would be required of me? I looked up to see, if possible, what meaning lay hidden beneath her words.

"I shall travel as fancy pleases," she continued. "One spot is as pleasant to me as another. I go in search of something which I have lost. It may be here, it may be there. I have nothing to guide me in my search. 'It is all blind chance."

At first I was not happy in my migratory life. I used to long for home—or what had been home—and for the caresses of those I loved. But this did not last long. Marie Rosis soon grew to be the world to me and I her bond slave.

Sometimes we rested for two or three weeks from our travels, and then went forward, day after day, and week after week, without stopping. I did not know how long I had been with her, when I discovered that we were not traveling alone—that we had a follower who passed us from place to place with unwavering persistence. He did not seem to be conscious of us. He never addressed us—he only followed us like a shadow.

It was after the stranger came that I learned what Madame was searching for. A ring that had mysteriously disappeared from her finger one night while she was sleeping in a strange room, with a garnet heart for a center—all that she had left of Monsieur Rosis. I glanced at her in surprise.

"Was it your wedding ring?"

"Better than that. Monsieur Rosis gave it to me while he was dying. He came back to life to give it to me—just as we turn back when we have forgotten something."

"He gave it to me, and said that a curse would follow me if I lost it. I did not lose it—it went away from me; I am not happy. Monsieur Rosis was very hard."

"But you are not to blame for what you could not help."

"Ah! but if a lover took it?" she said, shaking her head slowly. "I had fallen asleep in the drawing room—Madame's heart was gone, and the air filled of shadows. I have been searching ever since for it."

She began pacing up and down the room. We were stopping for a week at a hotel in a large inland town. This conversation had been carried on in the parlor, a long, wide room, looking eastward. As Madame walked, I thought I had never seen her half so beautiful. While she went up and down restlessly, the stranger came noiselessly in and walked beside her. She did not notice him but looked straight out of the window to the green trees, and beyond them to the broad sunset.

For myself I grew angry and heated at the stranger's boldness. If he had anything to say to her why did he not speak? What right had he to dog her steps so persistently? At least I would tell Madame. As I started forward to speak, the strange gentleman raised his hand to his forehead and I saw something on it that glowed brilliantly in the sunlight. I looked at it ea-

gerly and saw the shape of a heart outlined on the slender finger. My heart rested to her, and once more she should know happiness. Ah, how frightened I got, though while my lips were parted to speak and my hand reached forth to touch his arm, he was gone, and I stood quiet alone with Madame Rosis.

"What makes you so white?" she asked, stopping short in her walk.

"Why, he has gone!"

"Who has gone?"

"The gentleman who walked beside you."

"Indeed, who so honored me?" she said, incredulously. "I was busy with my thoughts."

"A strange gentleman walked with you—near you—and as I started to ward him he disappeared."

Madame laughed a low, musical laugh, but I saw that the white hand that clasped her scarlet mantle over her heart was shaking. Her lips grew white and dry.

"I hope he was handsome."

"Very, with a mouth like a girl's." Her forehead grew puckered into scowls.

"And what else?"

"He wore a ring with a blood-red heart."

"I pray that I may never on earth see a face so fearful as was Madame's at that moment. I put up a quick prayer; for I thought she was about to kill me. She clutched both hands about my arm and held me closely to her."

"How dare you, girl?"

"I could not help seeing him," I said. "There he is now, outside looking at the window."

She bowed down at my feet and covered her eyes with my mantle. I do not know how long I stood there, or how long she knelt without moving. I know the figure stood motionless at the window, looking at us with steady, unaverting eyes. "Would he never go! Would he hold us forever with that quiet, unflinching gaze?"

At that moment I shrieked, and Madame sprang to her feet. A crowd came to see us, and I fell back fainting.

In the morning we started. It was summer time, and our way led through the richest of earth's gardens. All was beautiful from the sky downward—birds, flowers, fruit and velvet greenery. In spite of everything I was not happy.

"We will soon have a long rest," said Madame, as we were whithered along. "You shall hear from the brother and sister at home."

I was looking out of the windows as she spoke. As I turned my face toward her, I felt some one touch my shoulder. I turned quickly. The stranger was sitting near us in the train.

His presence seemed so real to me that I spoke out angrily:

"If you please, sir—"

"To whom are you speaking, Louise?"

I knew then that whatever I saw, whether man or evil one, Madame Rosis was conscious of nothing. I looked over the face—at the blue eyes and gentle mouth, down at the white hands and red ring, without a word.

"Monsieur Rosis," I thought. "But why does he follow Madame?"

We rode the day through with the fair, immovable figure beside, and the doctor in the next carriage. The one seemed to contradict the influence of the other. Nothing could harm me.

At night we came to our resting place.

"How we shall find the ring," said Madame, as we hurried out of the carriage. "It is like an inspiration. I feel through and through."

We did not go to a hotel, but to a house near the outskirts of the town. I knew the coachman of the fly started at Madame when she told him where to drive us. The night was very dark. Looking around for my friend, I could not see him, and I thought: "I was lost. 'Tis warm as the night, the place to which we went was chilly. Madame had fired started in the grates and ordered wine to be brought."

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Parson me for not saying. This is my home. No one dare intrude here."

No one? Was Madame sure? As she spoke, the pleasant-faced stranger, ghost or man, came noiselessly in, and sat down by the fire. He wore the same expression as when I had first seen him. Glancing at his hand I saw the blood-red ring glowing upon his finger.

"You do not drink?" Madame said,

as I sat holding the wine-glass. "What is it?"

I put down the glass with a shudder.

"Madame Rosis, I want to go home."

"This is your home. By day it is shadowed. Tonight, I know there are shadows—and it is cold. We can have more fire."

"That is not it—I want my sister. I seem to be stifling here."

"Well, well—I will play for you. I will sing."

She threw open the piano. Good heavens, what a wail came from it as her delicate fingers ran up and down the keys! Wild unrest, agony, despair, found voice in the melody which she awakened. Then her little hands trembled softly down, and her voice broke out softly to the wild accompaniment. Through it all I heard the falling of ghostly feet and the whispers from shadowy lips. The stranger listened at her side; so close was his face to hers, that in an unsteady light they seemed to mingle and waver together.

Where was I? The atmosphere was like that of a tomb? Was I among the flesh and blood realities, or had I been drawn into the charnel house to explore some sin which I had committed? Sin, indeed! What did I know about sin?

"Don't, Madame, don't!" I cried. "You are driving me mad! Let me go—in the name of mercy, let me go!"

"You need rest," spoke the stranger. "You are nervous. You shall go to your room and have support there."

She led me like a child. What could I do?

Up stairs it was more cheerful. The fire was fresh and the lamps gave out a clear, steady light. I drew a sigh of relief.

"How can I help it?"

"I am glad. My room is opposite. In the night, if you are awakened, you can come to me. But I think you will sleep. I will send your supper to you in a moment."

I did not wait for supper. Thoroughly exhausted, bodily and mentally, I sank upon the bed. I do not know how long I slept. I started up suddenly from my pillow, a fearful shriek entering through my brain. It was Madame's voice that aroused me. In a moment there was a sound of hurried feet in the hall, a murmur of strange voices, and some one threw open the door opposite mine. I stole across the hall and crossed the hall to Madame's room. There was a group of strange people standing by her bedside.

"A voice said, 'She is dead!'"

"What is it—what killed her?" I asked.

"I do not know; probably her heart was diseased. Some sudden fright did it. The detectives have been on her track for weeks."

"The detectives? Why?"

"She poisoned Monsieur Rosis, her husband. That is the portrait you've said the physician."

"You give me a glance toward it. I had little time to look at it, since the face was terribly familiar."

"She has escaped justice," some one said, solemnly.

"You are mistaken; she has gone to meet it."

"See! cried his mother in a startled voice, 'she wore her ring again!'"

I looked down on the little waxen hand, now clay cold. On the white forefinger the heart of Monsieur Rosis glowed and burned. It was plain to me, no matter what others thought. Madame had died of fright when the ring was placed upon her finger.

Her impression had been true. She had that night found her ring. Let us hope, too, that in God's mercy she found rest.

**A COLLEGE JOKE.**—"The difference," said Augustus Milwhiffles, sauntering into the library the other day, "the difference between the works of Capt. Marryatt and the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is, I presume, that the former are by far and the latter bit-men." Before he could cackle he was seized by the nape of the neck and thrust out of the building by an enraged professor, who said to him as he struck the door: "Do you know why you are like Noah's ark?" "No," said the bewildered Augustus. "Well, it's because you are piched without," said the professor, as he shut the door.

—Tale Record.

It is said that Olive Logan's twenty-ninth birthday comes around oftener than that of any other woman in America.

**ERRON BANGSOR'S ASSISTANT.**—Col. Bangsot was a weekly newspaper called the Union, up in Chokuk. Recently the Colonel was called away to New York on business, leaving the Union in the hands of an assistant who had been in his employ some little time.

Now the Colonel knew that said assistant had the check of a brass statue, and the audacity of New England, both indispensable attributes of the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week, he began to grow uneasy, and telegraphed to Chokuk—

"How's things?"

Back came the answer from the Union's whilom editor—

"Bully! Circulation of the old thing's gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red hot paper, and there's a gang outside that are weeping because they can't hold the shingles off the roof and knock the whole thing to thunder. Stay away as long as you like."

Bangsot didn't waste a moment after receiving this encouraging dispatch. He started home in the first train, and reached Chokuk before dark.

The first that struck him was the ticket agent. "Look here, Colonel," he cried excitedly, "I've a darned good notion to punch your head; you brazen-faced old liar!"

"Why? I asked Bangsot."

"Read that!" and the ticket agent shoved a crumpled Union into his hand.

There was a paragraph marked, as follows—

"Railroad News.—The banty-legged pilot who robs the railroad company at this village has purchased a new pocket knife. More knocking down from the cash drawer."

Bangsot bit his lip.

"Bill," said he, "that's a calumny, and I'll see it righted in our next. It's my cussed assistant's work."

"I don't care whose work it is; you know your agent. 'But if it ain't contradicted, somebody's got to die; that's all!'"

Bangsot didn't reply, but sailed down the street to the Union office.

He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh.

The deacon seized him by the shoulder and exclaimed—

"What do you mean, Bangsot, by inserting that scandalous untrue item about me?"

"Didn't insert any item," replied the Colonel.

"Don't sneak out of it in that way. You know your duty. Why, I just cut it out of the Union!"—listen—

"Religious Intelligence.—That whitel supple, Deacon Marsh, was noticed, last Saturday night, trying to open the coal-hole in front of his residence with his night key. The deacon was full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese."

"Now that's in nice, ain't it, saying that I was intoxicated Saturday night, when I went to bed at seven with a raging toothache?"

"It's that reckless fool whom I left in charge," growled the Colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh, and Bangsot scurried on again, only to be confronted by Major Blim.

"Colonel," uttered Blim, in his deplorable voice, "this is villainous! It's my intention, sir, to call you and shoot you through the heart. What the fence do you mean by publishing this note in the Union?"

"Military Jottings.—Major Blim, the tattered old beggar, who hid in an oyster barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a halved apple."

"I can't help it," said Bangsot, wiping his forehead. "It's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red-hot paper. Just wait, Major, and I'll fix things."

Then Bangsot started again. By the post-office old Parker grabbed him. Oh, you unfeeling ghoul!" wailed Parker, "you ought to be rode on a rail. The idea of making fun of my poor dead child!"

"How! Have you the cheek to ask how? Maybe you didn't shove this into the Union," did you, you heartless hypocrite!"

**SHORTLY.**

"Little Bessie Parker Had a stomach pain. Rubbed and fussed. Both were in vain; Her mother's a regulation bucket. Her parents' hearts are sore; They'll bury him to-morrow. As a quarter of four."

Of course Bangsot had to explain, and promised the bereaved father a two-column notice of the dead Bessie's many virtues.

Hardly had he done so, before young Cooley appeared.

"Colonel Bangsot," announced he, "you're a lying scoundrel. This is a nice thing to put in your background sheet about a young lady—"

"Society Items."—Miss Cooley, the old hag on South street, walks around in a patent bustle in the hope of establishing a fellow. But she can't; not even if she lays the paint on twice as thick as she does now."

But Bangsot didn't stop to hear it. He flew across the square and into the Union office like a flash.

No one was there, that able assistant editor, warmly by friends unknown, had dashed forward. The citizens of Chokuk should congratulate themselves if the Colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide!

Bangsot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation, will find it healthy to keep away from him.—E. E. Ten Eyck, in Waverly Magazine.

**THE LITTLE SNOW PLOW.**—Mountain locomotives have two enemies—the falling rock and the snow slide. Both of these are successfully vanquished by means of a simple invention termed "the little snow plow." It consists of a triangular piece of boiler iron, which fits snugly over the pilot. It is perhaps two feet in height, with a sharp angle in front, and slides which backward and outward over the rails. It tosses aside with the utmost ease a foot or two of snow, and so demoralizes an ordinary driver that an engine has no difficulty in passing through. But the peculiar force of these iron shields is wrestling with huge rocks and boulders which these warm spring days have dislodged from the mountain sides. Rolling down the slippery banks and lodging squarely upon the track, these savage squares soon fully bent upon wrecking the trains and landing the passengers in the eddies of the river. The train comes sweeping around the curve, all unconscious of the perilous boulder, and the watchful eye of the engineer catches a glimpse of the fatal train-wrecker too late to avert the danger. But the little snow plow is wide awake and ready for business. Backed by the ponderous engines and swift moving train, it catches the rock and hurls it twenty, forty feet into the air. Rocks that weigh five hundred pounds are thrown as easily as the foot prints a pebble from the sidewalk. Engine 181, with one of these plows, cleared the track of a boulder which weighed over half a ton. There is no shock which is perceptible to those on the train, but when the next station is reached the heavy iron of the snow plow is found to be dented as if it had been struck by a cannon ball.—Trackee Republic.

**BO GIRLS IN A FRONTIER SCHOOL.**—A number of my pupils were "big girls." A big Jimtown girl was a "trivial." You couldn't discipline a big Jimtown girl in those days as easily as possibly may be done. Girls were very scarce then; single, young and old men very plenty; girls were very much sought after; they came out an early age; the tropic sun of Jimtown boomed them early into a precocious maturity; even at fourteen or fifteen they were acknowledged powers in society; they went to balls and parties; they rode to Sonora, Columbia, Springfield, Shaw's Flat, Montezuma and Chinese Camp along those roads by night, with dusty miners in dusty buggies. Each one had a half dozen of the boys "all on the shoot, and the boys" were all on the shoot, and if a unruly girl chose to say that the school-master had been rude or severe with her, her cavaliers might take it, and then what are you going to do about it? The "Bella Union School" was but a few rods distant from my sanctuary; at 12 and 4 o'clock half the chivalry of Jimtown congregated there to see the girls let out. The "boys" envied me that I was shut up with the beauty of the camp six hours a day. The relations of a young school-master that period with a pretty girl of the "most difficult, delicate and perplexing character,"—San Francisco Chronicle.

A vein of rich argentiferous galena ore has been found twenty miles north of Arizona.

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, JUNE 5.

The diamond drill has been started in the exploration shaft sunk by the Cleveland company in the swamp just southwest of the company's office...

might have been an important industry, under a wise management, sinks into oblivion, with its title clouded...

A SWEDGE, whose name we did not learn, was badly injured by a fall of rock at the Cleveland mine yesterday morning...

MARQUETTE.

Gilmore has his restaurant in complete working order, and is having a good run of patronage.

John Crowley has moved his stock of drugs, medicines, etc., into the store recently vacated by Markwell, the clothier.

James Glasgow, a ten-year-old lad living at the Rolling Mill, was badly hooked by a vicious cow Tuesday morning last.

The old Everett bank building, at the corner of Main and Front streets, is being fitted up by the Carp River Iron company for an office.

Markwell has taken the store lately vacated by S. M. Levy, where he is exhibiting one of the largest stocks of goods ever brought to the county.

We understand that Mr. Schall, Esq., has for the present suspended operations at the Mangense mine, and will await a more settled condition of the iron market.

The Fresh electric light, which has been in operation at the Cleveland mine for the past two weeks, is giving the best of satisfaction to the management.

On Saturday night or Sunday morning last a light-fingered male lifted some \$25 from the till behind Wm. O'Brien's bar.

At present, however, only half the inclined number are in operation. During the past week some changes have been made in the underground lights.

On Monday last the body of an unknown man was found lying on the beach about a mile south of the business portion of the city, who is supposed to have come to his death by drowning in the lake.

The street commissioner has a party of parties of men at work in various portions of the city, making needed improvements on the different streets and thoroughfares.

Best cash prices paid for good L. S. specimens, at Wetstain's Nogname Museum of Minerals.

New Advertisements.

AUSTIN'S HALL WEDNESDAY, EVE. JUNE 9

SOMETHING NEW—PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.

Prof. Anderson WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

In his elaborate and grand entertainment, two hours in Wonderland...

Admission, 25 and 50 Cents. Doors open at 7. Wonders commence at 8.

\$20 Reward!

Will be paid to the person bringing to the undersigned...

First publication for the State of Michigan, County of Marquette...

J. H. Steere, Esq., of the Chippewa County, was one in the city a few days during the past week...

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For Sale.—A desirable building lot, situated on the corner of Pine and Barnum streets, Ishpeeming.

For Sale.—House and two lots, situated on the corner of Pine and Barnum streets, Ishpeeming.

New Advertisements.

Watches! Clocks! Jewelry!

A. A. ANDERSON,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

Light Running Domestic SEWING MACHINE.

J. MALLANNEY

WANTS

3,000

MEN,

LISTEN TO THIS

RACKET!

J. O. ST. CLAIR & CO.

Groceries and Provisions,

DRY GOODS, CROCKERY AND GLAS WARE,

MEAT MARKET,

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Boots & Shoes.

SPRING GOODS!

FINE GOODS

BEATTY, FITZSIMONS & CO.

MEAT MARKET,

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Boots & Shoes.

SPRING GOODS!

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MEAT MARKET,

PAPER

HANGINGS.

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MEAT MARKET,

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Boots & Shoes.

SPRING GOODS!

FINE GOODS

BEATTY, FITZSIMONS & CO.

MEAT MARKET,

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Etc.

NEW ASSORTMENTS,

ROCK STORE.

TASTY! GOOD! CHEAP!

STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL

CONTAINS ALL STYLES

WILL FIND THE STOCK BETTER

Fine Fruits and Vegetables!

STYLISH DRY GOODS.

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Boots & Shoes.

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SPRING GOODS!

FINE GOODS

BEATTY, FITZSIMONS & CO.

MEAT MARKET,

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Etc.

NEW ASSORTMENTS,

ROCK STORE.

TASTY! GOOD! CHEAP!

STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL

CONTAINS ALL STYLES

WILL FIND THE STOCK BETTER

Fine Fruits and Vegetables!

STYLISH DRY GOODS.

PAPER

HANGINGS.

Boots & Shoes.

SPRING GOODS!

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PAPER

HANGINGS.

May flowers, after Monday next, will give way to June buds.

Yes, 'tis 'tis, 'tis we are to have a street sprinkler, and no mistake.

Two new crosswalks have been put in on the intersection of First street and Cleveland avenue during the past week.

A man whose name we have not learned was quite badly hurt at the Lake Avenue bridge Wednesday last by a kick from a horse.

A public meeting in the interest of the proposed new Tenu-Verein society is called to meet at the Nora hall, tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The pay car of the C. & N. W. R. Ry company visited this city on Monday last. It is one of those monthly visitations that never fails to give passengers, at least to the employees of the road.

To-morrow, the 30th inst., is the day set apart for the decoration of the grave of dead soldiers, but on account of its falling on Sunday the day will be observed throughout the city on Monday.

W. C. Dyer now displays a neat and attractive sign in the gratification of his business, calling the attention of the passer-by to the fact that he is wholesale and retail dealer in V. Blatz's Milwaukee lager beer.

On Saturday last, a dog named, while crossing Main street, pulled with a horse and buggy, and was knocked senseless. He was picked up and full of water thrown over him, which brought him around. The a. m. was a trifle drier.

Forest fires have been fortunately few this spring, much to the gratification of our suburban residents. The season of clearing and brush-burning for gardening is heavily over, therefore there is no longer any danger of our being troubled with such, this spring at any rate.

Dexter Jones returned on Saturday last from a visit to Philadelphia and other eastern cities, and has since entered upon the discharge of his duties as engineer of the city fire station. Jones is a first-class mechanic, and will undoubtedly make a good and faithful public servant.

T. F. DONAHUE has commenced the erection of a handsome residence on Ridge street, which, when completed, will be one of the finest in the city. It is to be a frame structure, two stories and a half above basement, 28 feet wide by 38 in length, and is to be built in a very neat style of architecture.

By reference to another column it will be seen that G. A. Weinstein, proprietor of the Negamuse Museum of Minerals, offers to pay the highest cash price for Specimen specimens of any description. He is a dealer in extensive specimens dealers in the county, and must needs keep a full stock to meet the wants of amateur tourists.

BREWSTER THOMAS and fifty persons availed themselves of the opportunity, on Wednesday evening last, to witness a special train to Marquette to hear the best Remenyi and his troupe of vocalists. The execution of the Remenyi himself upon the violin is highly original, and while the vocalists took part in the entertainment are considered far inferior to those who accompanied Camilla Ursi in her tour of this region a year ago.

It is being whispered about, Oh, so gently, that a certain young lady, well known in certain circles here, will enter into a life partnership about the hour of 8 o'clock this evening. Not being positively certain in regard to the matter, and the prospective worse being very remote regarding the affair, we withhold names and congratulations for the present.

DEATH.—At her former residence in this city, on Sunday, May 23, Mary, wife of James Bigelow, of consumption, aged 23 years. The funeral services were held at St. John's Catholic church at 10 o'clock, at which the remains were taken to Negamuse for burial, being followed by their first resting place by a very large number of relatives and friends. Deceased was the bride of a year, and leaves beside the stricken husband, a large circle of friends to mourn her untimely death.

"The latest number mentioned in connection with the position of 'The' at the State institution, and during the past several years, is that of the editor of the 'Herald,' who, though he has never served in any capacity, has eluded it only because his lunacy is harmless. Deveraux has nominated his mind, and has been elected a candidate for congress, and other positions of honor and trust, we know; but great Julius Caesar! what impression prompted him to make use of the last one?"

SHALL we, or shall we not, have a street sprinkler this season? During the early part of the week, when Mayor Swift circulated a paper in which the question was submitted, we felt sure that we would, but now it seems doubtful. It appears that the pipe from which water has heretofore been pumped into the sprinkler is either broken or stopped up, and it will cost an even hundred dollars to replace it. On the other hand, water can be had from the shaft being sunk on State street, but the water will not be pumped to the surface more than a month longer, but through an art well, now being built, instead. And here the question arises, in question first till the other question of "What shall we do for water?" is solved, will probably be solved in next month, though, on water obtained from the shaft mentioned above.

HEMATICTE.

The fountain of youth—the soda fountain. It has been thought essentially the past few years. It is a man who will be a poor first-rate cent cent.

How low big strawberries would surprise you if you saw them. The oldest in our "right arm of the nation" is a very average pair.

People are crazy about a sprinkler. Just now they don't want to "put up" with it. After an era has had two legs taken off by passing trains, they do not want to have a sprinkler.

Striped gossamer becoming quite fashionable, and makes every town look as if it had a state prison.

The buzz-hum of the mosquito now strikes terror to the heart of the inhospitable inhabitant of the city. It is a pest which we do not wish to see, and we think there will be a very brilliant exhibition of life. We presume the game is gotten up more for the purpose of getting the city interested, and bringing them down to regular practice, than anything else.

The Ishpaning branch of the Marquette Chessers, company G, Third regiment, M. S. T., has recently undergone thorough reorganization, and is now in splendid condition. The army has been removed to the hall in McKay's block, where semi-weekly drills are had.

Don't get wrath, business and know you are in the system and take things to your heart content. He who complains suppose anybody would waste a whole hour of his life in getting the papers.

Jim Jones says Remenyi needs a bow about as much as a horse needs a tail. He is not a little bit of a horse, and he is not a little bit of a horse.

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An exchange has recently taken place between a young man in Lake Superior during a storm, a few days since, and saw a man in a boat on the lake, and saw a man in a boat on the lake, and saw a man in a boat on the lake.

Two young men and a smaller number of young ladies were walking along Cleveland avenue, when a horse, driven by a man, came upon them, and the horse, driven by a man, came upon them.

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The fishermen, with a 25¢ pole, click, click, click, and the fishermen, with a 25¢ pole, click, click, click, and the fishermen, with a 25¢ pole, click, click, click.

Lispening is a pretty bad town for two weeks ago, and Lispening is a pretty bad town for two weeks ago, and Lispening is a pretty bad town for two weeks ago.

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ment till they brought up on the outbuilding he occupied a seat astraddle of the wagon road, but how he kept it is something of a mystery.

All right, my boy; if you don't receive the AGITATOR regularly hereafter you may drop us for a year.

The Ishpaning branch of the Marquette Chessers, company G, Third regiment, M. S. T., has recently undergone thorough reorganization, and is now in splendid condition.

On Saturday next, 4th, 10th, the Ishpaning and Negamuse base ball clubs will open the playing season in this country by a match game which is to take place at Negamuse, at 2 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

The Ishpaning branch of the Marquette Chessers, company G, Third regiment, M. S. T., has recently undergone thorough reorganization, and is now in splendid condition.

On Wednesday morning John Hogan, a novice, who had more money than good sense, was run in on a charge of drunkenness.

On the same evening, about 8 o'clock, about 8 o'clock, about 8 o'clock, about 8 o'clock, about 8 o'clock.

A serious accident occurred in No. 10 pit of the Superior mine about 11 o'clock yesterday morning, though it will probably be remembered as having occurred on Friday.

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they went, spent their money with our neighbors, had a good time, and returned home more than satisfied.

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at the mill were he to make complaint against the captain. Many addresses were made on both sides, all of whom have a distinct knowledge of everything that transpired during the day of the 22d of November, but singularly enough scarcely any of them recall a single fact from forming a true estimate of the merits of the case, and who have heard any part of the mazy proceedings during the trial.

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mons demanded by every resident north of Peck's bluffs, and one that if consummated would contribute largely to the growth of the city in that direction.

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the erection of 20 houses, but, as soon as those were finished more were commenced, and it now looks as though they would continue building for an indefinite period. One of the reasons why they could not occupy among their employes for more houses than they now have.

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**THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.**

**THE LIFE SAVING SERVICE.**—Our life-saving service, which had such a small beginning eight years ago, has come to be of great efficiency and value in promoting the interests of commerce, and especially in the saving of human life. There are now 180 stations, distributed as follows: on the Atlantic coast 138, Pacific 12, Lakes 30. At these stations crews are maintained during the most inclement seasons of the year—the longest period being from September 1st to April 30th. During the fiscal year 219 disasters occurred to vessels within the reach of the stations. On these vessels were 2,105 persons, of whom 2,049 were saved and 56 were lost. The total value of the ships and cargoes was \$2,857,886. Of this sum more than one-half was saved, although more than one-fourth of the ship-wrecked vessels proved a total loss. The entire cost of this service, including the salaries of officers, the pay of crews, and the building and repair of houses and apparatus, amounted to only \$303,578 during the year, while the actual value of the property saved amounted to \$1,445,086.

But still more important is the saving of human life. In these eight years the service has rescued 8,000 lives of 8,392 imperiled by shipwreck, and saved \$9,510,408 of the \$16,046,127 of property involved by sea accidents. Of the lives lost by shipwreck during that time—392—the accidents occurred so far from the stations that the services of the crews could not be made available. Indeed, the wrecks of the Huron and Metropolis resulted in the loss of 197 lives of the total above given.

**METEORIC IRON IN SNOW.**—Observations of snow collected on mountain tops, and within the Arctic Circle, far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron float in the atmosphere, and in time fall to the earth. By some men of science, these floating particles of iron are believed to bear some relation to the phenomenon known as Greenman, of Gettysburg, for instance, holds that streams of the particles revolve around the sun, and that, when passing the earth, they are attracted to the poles, thence stretching forth as long filaments into space; but, as they travel with planetary velocity, they become ignited in the earth's atmosphere, and in this way produce the well-known luminous appearance characterizing auroral phenomena.

Professor Northrup, who examined snow in the far north, beyond Spitzbergen, says that he found in it exceedingly minute particles of metallic iron, phosphorus, and cobalt.—*Scientific American.*

It is commonly supposed that the royal family of England have the surname of Guolph, but this is a vulgar error. Guolph was a Christian name conferred in honor of his grandfather, a duke of Bavaria, best known to fame as the father of "Henry the Lion." From this great warrior the royal family trace their lineage through Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, who was his direct descendant. The family has been prolific in warriors. In the thirteenth century it produced an Albert, Duke of Brunswick, who defeated and captured the King of Hungary; in the fifteenth century, Otto, surnamed the Magnanimous, Ferdinand, the famous general of the seven years' war, was one of the race. Of a better generation was the Duke of Brunswick, in revenge for whose death at the battle of Auerstadt, in 1809, the corps of Black Brunsvickers assumed the emblem of the skull and cross bones.

F. BRAASTAD & Co have just received full and complete spring and summer stocks in Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods. An examination of any and all of these goods is solicited; if tried, their quality cannot fail to suit, and having all been purchased previous to the recent advance in prices, they will be sold at the old and popular figures. Give us a call if you would "make hay while the sun shines."

F. BRAASTAD & Co.,  
121st  
Ishpeming, Mich.

HENRY CLEMENT, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried everything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for cramp, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

**EPITAPH.**  
Here lies I and my three daughters,  
Killed by drinking 'Yucky' waters;  
If we had stuck to Brown's Sarsaparilla,  
We shouldn't be lying in these bare vaults,  
Or if Electric Oil we'd used instead,  
We never should have gone and died.

He kissed the tip of his fingers at a girl across the street,  
And the boot of her big brother raised him clean from off his feet.  
He picked himself up and went straight home,  
Though his bones they ached with pain,  
He rubbed Electric Oil well in—he's well, but won't kiss his fingers again.

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Laying loosely around your homes, and becoming worn and dilapidated? If so, you should lose no time in sending them to

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**CAUTION DON'T BE DECEIVED**  
See who try to imitate of new Tolu and Rye in shape of our TOLU ROCK RYE, which is the only medicine that TOLU ROCK RYE has a GUARANTEED REFUND on each bottle.

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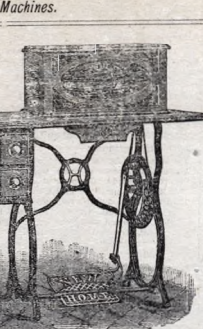
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Cures Sore Throat, Cures Diphtheria.  
CURES LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS.  
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FOR SALE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE, ISHPEMING.

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The Boss Clothiers of this or any other county, have just received the grandest stock of

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Ever brought to this Peninsula, from the best markets of the country, combining the best material with the very latest styles, which they are enabled to sell at old-time prices, and guarantee to fit you out with as noble a suit of clothes as you can had anywhere. In

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The stock is more complete than ever, and sufficiently large to furnish the whole county. Any Hat or Cap, of any desired style, not found in the stock will be cheerfully ordered from the most experienced Hatters of Chicago or New York. The stock of

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Now on the shelves eclipses all previous efforts, and there is no article in their stock but what will add to the elegance of the toilet. Dealing exclusively in the above lines, our stock will be kept full at all times, making our store the most desirable in the county to select from. Our

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Remember the place, and call while the stock is new and complete.  
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We respectfully invite the people of Ishpeming and vicinity to call and look over our

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Which we fully believe eclipses all our previous efforts, and is equal to any to be found in the county.

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