

**WOMAN'S WORLD AND WORK.**

**Two Bites of a Cherry**

You know the old proverb  
(It's foolish—yes, very)  
That tells us we can't make  
Two bites of a cherry.

But when cherries were ripe  
I met a maid merry,  
Who was willing to make  
Two bites of a cherry.

Between her soft lips, then,  
She placed the red berry,  
And we proved we could make  
Two bites of a cherry.

You may have your rare wines,  
Port, claret or sherry,  
But give me for nectar  
Two bites of a cherry.

—[The Connoisseur.]

**A Shopping Departure.**

A new departure in the line of shopping for out-of-town families has been inaugurated in New York of late which bids fair to put a moderately profitable industry into the hands of women possessed of some taste, plenty of patience and a gift for bargaining. Women here and there have made purchases as agents for country bound customers and turned a few dollars' commission time out of mind, but the old idea is taking a new shape and bids fair to develop on a far more ambitious scale. The present plan is that of a shopping bureau, managed by a woman of business turn and gifted with tact with getting on with people as well as purchasing judgment. To her one may mail an order for silks, gloves, laces, jewelry, bonnets, anything that requires careful supervision in the buying, which order will be turned over to a corps of regularly employed purchasers, women all, whose business is to look to the interest of the far-away household, catch at personal tastes, sometimes with an instinct that seizes upon your color feeling and your various whims and caprices from a trick of the handwriting, and hunt up pretty things at reasonable prices, making use of opportunities that one could hardly come upon by sending direct to any firm.

The notion may have been imported from abroad, borrowed from the thriving French agencies that do Paris shopping for ladies in all quarters of the globe, or it may have sprung up independently in our soil. At any rate the first New York woman who systematized her business and established a bureau is doing a business that may amount to \$30,000 at the end of her first year, and I doubt if one doesn't hear of a multiplication of agencies and larger figures before long. A good share of the trade is necessarily in matching shades, obtaining one article to harmonize with another, looking up odd bits and fine goods which the dealers in small towns do not carry; and balancing commission against discount to the agency, the country cousin can buy at the same prices as her city friend. The business is one that calls for some small capital to start it, but given that and a little common sense and energy it may prove a valuable addition to the resources of the city woman with more leisure than money-making ways of employing it. The scheme has promise at any rate, but every new employment for women requires time to start it, and bring the business courage of the non-business sex up to the point of making any venture in an untried path.—[Brooklyn Times.]

**Josiah Allen's Wife.**

One of the guests at Park Avenue Hotel is a quiet, busy woman, with a cheery face that seems to look on the bright side of the world. Everybody knows "Josiah Allen's Wife," "Sweet Cicely," and their kin, and if friends count whom one has never seen, but who have led you, for the merry hours, the kindly common sense and pleasant thoughts you have brought into their lives, past the outer gateway of their hearts, past the formal reception room where they entertain the writers of most of the books on their library shelves and into the very living room, to the cosiest nook by the fireside, along with Miss Alcott and Dickens and their own especial clique of literary neighbors and friends, then Miss Marietta Holly has as many intimates as a human being could desire.

The author of the immortal "Samantha" is a woman of—well, the public has no especial concern with her years and the present writer doesn't know them. She has the best part of her life before her certainly, and has won success and a comfortable fortune at an age when most writers count themselves fortunate if they have made a fair start. She is of medium height, with regular features, dark hair, and large, expressive eyes. She has a fresh color, very pleasant to look on in these days when pallid, hothouse women are not wholly a thing of the past, and a face that lights up and

brightens wonderfully when she speaks.

"I have been hard at work during my stay in New York," she said the other day, "though I have taken a holiday trip this spring to Washington and Fortress Monroe. My new book, 'Samantha at Saratoga'—the manuscript brought her the neat sum of \$11,000, by the way—will be out, I suppose, early in the summer. Then I have two other books by me that I am working on."

"How do you write? Do those stories of yours come easily to the pen, and have you any favorite hour for work?"

"To the last question, yes. I write in the morning, sitting down at my desk pretty regularly when I have work by me, and letting nothing short of an earthquake, or one of those domestic catastrophes that all women have to yield to interrupt me till my days task is done. At 1 o'clock, when I have made the last penstroke, I am done with writing for the day. I do not let ink intrude into my afternoon and evening."

"Do you dictate your books to a stenographer or typewriter as so many authors are coming to do?"

"No, I don't think I could compose a line unless I had the pen in my own hand. Sometimes I write so rapidly I fall into a sort of original shorthand and often my manuscript is so illegible that I am glad to have a copyist at hand."

"Your books are put together quickly then?"

"Yes and no both. The first draught is written very rapidly. Then comes the drudgery. Finishing a volume until I am ready to let it go from my hands may take more months than the original composition called for weeks. I never wish to publish anything unless I am sure it is as well as I can do."

"Your last book, 'Miss Jones' Quilting,' that came out in February, seems to be in a different style from the rest."

"My last book? That was not mine at all, and it has caused me some perturbation of spirit that it should be issued in such shape as to seem to be under my name. The title story, a very short one, is mine. It was one of the first things I ever wrote and was bought from my publishers, I suppose, and put with the rest of the volume whose author or authors I do not know. The matter of which the book is made up is so totally different from anything of mine that it has been the occasion of no little trouble and vexation that my friends should attribute it to me."

Miss Holly will summer in her country home in Jefferson County. She may buy a house in the city in the autumn or she may cast in her lot in Washington. She is a farmer's daughter and for years has clung closely to the life in the country, but being one of those happy temperate mortals who look for pleasant things and always find them wherever they go, she appreciates, especially in winter, the town. She began her literary work some twenty years ago, and her history has been much like that of other writers, except that success has come to her more quickly and more easily than to some. She is a modest woman, given to blushing when asked about her books, but thoroughly enjoying the appreciative letters that come to her from east and west with almost every mail. The good words of "Josiah Allen's wife, daughter of J. Smith, Esq.," are as plentiful as her witty ones and may all literary women be as charming as she.—[Brooklyn Times.]

**A Boarding House Life.**

However prominently gossip enters into the life of the average boarding house elsewhere, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, in this city it is the characteristic that makes everything else subordinate. The people live on it, study it, cultivate it as an art, and make it the chief occupation of their daily lives. The interest of any friendly intercourse that exists consists chiefly in finding out things about one another or about somebody else in the house.

There is hardly a boarding house in Philadelphia where the private and domestic affairs of every one in it are not as well known to every one else in it as to themselves. What a woman is making or doing, what she bought yesterday, or is going to buy to-day, who she visits, who visits her, how much her husband makes, where he is if absent from a meal, how much he last dress cost her, or just what is the matter with her if she remains in her room, are affairs quite as well known to every woman in the house as to herself. There are in almost every boarding house one or more women, usually unmarried and no longer particularly juvenile, who

make this their business in life. To eat and know what is going on is all they live for. They seldom go out, have no interests or occupation, and gradually every feminine trait becomes subordinated until curiosity becomes a passion. Every time the bell rings they know it, as they do the contents of every bundle that arrives. They see the letters at the plates before the owners see them themselves, and cleverly draw out of the recipients who they are from if it takes six months to do it. They invite and cultivate the confidence of every new comer solely to minister to their absorbing passion.

Quite often the woman who keeps the boarding house is afflicted with this frenzy herself, and the case is well authenticated of the keeper of a fashionable boarding house in this city who opened and read, by steaming them, the letters of most of the ladies in the house for six months before she was discovered. There are a number of boarding houses where every letter and every package received into the house is taken to the mistress before they reach their rooms. In all such espionage as this of course servants have a share, and, as a rule, not only lend themselves easily to it, but in time become adepts themselves.

**Things "On the Quiet."**

The young man of the Boston Herald who goes around finding out things people generally don't care to have known tells this tale of economical gentility:

The fascinating prima donna of an English opera company who put mackerel and other fish to soak in the bath tub of the hotel where she was staying was not such an eccentric person as one at the first blush imagines. Hotel bath tubs are put to strange uses sometimes. Their legitimate purpose is pleasantly suggestive, but it doesn't do to inquire too particularly into the character of the most expensive \$5-a-day variety. The hotel chambermaid is capable of giving the bath tub dead away. I never see a certain rather fashionable family without remembering what a very popular landlord once knew of them while they boarded at his hostelry. There were five of them, and they occupy two rooms for which you can't blame them, considering what it cost to draw a long breath under that exalted roof-tree, and their laundry bills were in proportion to the number of rooms. The secret of this praiseworthy economy was they did their "wash" in the bath tub. I have often wondered if they washed their clothes on or off, or how they managed, and if the "hanging out" didn't make their apartment rather damp, and whether they ironed the garments or wore them in laundry parlance, "rough dry." But there are some things you can never know in this world.

**Poor Mamma.**

From the Youth's Companion.

The moment of supreme dignity in a boy's life is when he first gets into trousers. Perhaps the feeling of triumph is due more to his now having discarded long skirts than anything else. This appears from the remark of one observant youth, who, upon that memorable occasion, glanced down over the new glories of his person, and exclaimed, "Now I've got two legs, just like Sam!"

Small Robin, when he had come to his first turning-point of life, showed himself under similar circumstances more of a gentleman. Arrayed in his new suit, he was at first speechless from sheer delight. Then at length his joy found tongue, and he burst out "O mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when?"

But the awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand against her cheek, saying, pathetically, "Poor mamma! poor mamma!"

**Boston to Have Police Matrons.**

A bill passed the Senate of Massachusetts April 21, and was signed by the Governor April 27, providing for a House of Detention for Women in Boston in charge of a chief matron and assistant matrons, matrons in outlying districts, also matrons in all cities of the state, having 30,000 inhabitants. Joseph Quincy, of Quincy, Mass., introduced the bill and carried it through the Legislature. No woman can be appointed matron in Boston unless recommended by twenty-five women of good standing, residents of the city, and in other cities ten women. There are to be matrons day and night. It is evident that the men of Massachusetts think that it is fitting that erring and criminal women should be cared for by their own sex. The committee to recommend matrons is composed of the most influential women of Boston.

**THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.**

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

The sailor's grave is the open sea,  
Where the spring tides ebb and flow,  
A sepulchre grand for the brave and free,  
Mid the brilliant pearls below:  
In the deep blue sea, 'neath the bounding wave,  
Where ocean glories shine,  
Oh, its trackless aisles are for heroes' graves,  
Let them rest in the sparkling brine.

His burial place is the ocean wide,  
That washes each rock-bound shore,  
Oh! calmly he'll sleep in the surging tide,  
Nor wake in the breakers' roar;  
Where the mermaid sings his funeral hymn,  
Across the white-curl'd foam,  
And the fresh breeze chants his requiem  
Above his wat'ry home.

Oh! lay him to rest in the waters bright—  
Where the tides of the ocean meet,  
Where he fought the storm and braved the fight—  
With a sailor's winding sheet;  
No stone may mark his place of rest,  
His grave no rounded sod,  
To the sailor the sea is a mother's breast,  
Let him sleep in the ocean broad.

**HE WOULDN'T BE HAZED.**

A Cadet Who Went Safely Through West Point on His Muscle.

From the Detroit Era

At the close of the war in 1865 a young captain of the engineer corps asked for and obtained an appointment as cadet at the military academy at West Point. It may be said there was nothing strange in this, as many young voluntary officers, desirous of having a West Point training, were doing the same thing. But the young captain in question was destined to make a record at the academy which was unheard of in the long eventful history of the institution, and which to this day stands out singly and alone. He was a handsome, sturdy-built, active, manly fellow with a bright complexion and looked the very picture of good health, good spirits and dauntless courage. His parents were wealthy New Yorkers, and he had enjoyed the benefits of a thorough gymnastic training. He had also made a courageous officer in the engineer corps, and demonstrated that he was able to care for himself in any emergency. But this, of course, was unknown to the cadets.

On first reporting the "plebes" are quartered for a few days in "the angle" of the barracks, and during release from quarters in the evening the old cadets visit the angle and amuse themselves "devilng" or "hazing" the plebes. As a matter of course, the room occupied by the young captain, with six or seven others, was visited by three or four of the old cadets. When they entered the door the occupants of the room, except the captain, sprang to their feet and assumed the position of "attention," knowing they were expected to do so. The captain was seated on a trunk reading a book, and merely glanced to see who the callers were and kept on reading.

"You plebe, there, on the trunk, what's your name?" thundered one of the old cadets.

"Wells W. Leggett, sir," quietly answered the captain.

"Why in —— don't you stand in 'attention,' Mr. Leggett?"

"I don't wish to, sir."

"You don't, eh! You plebe! Well then, I'll make you wish to."

The cadet made a rush for Leggett, but there was a sudden change in the combination. It was loaded and something happened, but the old cadet could never tell just how. He knew that Leggett's book dropped on the floor; Leggett arose from the trunk, and he struck against the wall ten or twelve feet distant, falling to the floor. His friends raised him up, and in a very few minutes his eyes were black and swelling fast. It is probable that the party might all have assaulted Leggett and used him up, but cadets do not do such things. They are gentlemen, and believe in fair play. So they led their damaged friend away, remarking to Leggett, "You will hear from us again, young man."

The next day an old cadet appeared and told Leggett he was the friend of Mr. Blank, and would be pleased to be referred to Mr. Leggett's friend, so they might arrange the preliminaries for a meeting. This proceeding was in accord with the unwritten law of the institution. No rough-and-tumble fights on the spur of the moment are permitted by the cadets, but when one of them is struck or insulted he sends his friend or second, who contends with the other's second, and the time is fixed for a visit to old Fort Clinton, where behind the ramparts a twenty-four foot ring is pitched or marked in the ground and the dispute settled in those days according to the rules of the London prize ring—the Marquis of Queensbury not yet having been heard of.

The affair of Leggett was so settled, and his opponent went to the hospital for repairs, while he came off without a scratch. He was successively challenged by nearly a score of the

best men in the corps, all of whom had occasion to visit the hospital, but from all the engagements he only received a couple of slight scratches in the face, and was not incapacitated for duty at all. It then became evident that he was the best man in the corps, and as he maintained this position during his four years' course, he graduated with the record of being the only man who went through West point on his "muscle."

**Shamed by a Good Example.**

It was the upward bound car at four in the afternoon. A young woman got in briskly, paid her fare, and turned back the cover of her magazine. The car filled up until the seats were taken, and then the conductor rang to let on a woman. It was an old lady this time, some sixty or more, slim and frail, with white hair and an old fashioned bonnet.

She had got an extensive parcel in her arms, and there was no seat for her, so she stood directly in front of the girl with the magazine. The young woman read on for a page and then looked up and seemed astonished to find the old lady still there.

She laid down her book and glanced around. There were four or five women in the car; all the rest of the passengers were men. She waited a minute, and then got up and said to the old lady, "Won't you be good enough to take my seat?"

The elder lady refused, deprecatingly, but the young one insisted.

"You must, you know. You're so much older than me, that I'd be ashamed to sit while you stand."

Then she caught a strap with her gloved hand and smiled resolutely. The old lady sat down, and the men began to retire behind their papers until nothing could be seen but their hats. At the end of the third block one man had such a desire for a little light conversation that he went out and stood beside the driver and said he thought it was going to rain.

The conductor came and tapped the young lady, who was deep in her book again, on the shoulder, and told her "there was a seat."

Pretty soon another woman got in, and three men offered her sitting room. The car was up near Twenty-third Street then, and women dropped in faster and faster; not one of them stood up.

The men grew emulous about it, and whenever a female appeared at the rear door they rose in a body and disputed as to whose seat she should take.

It was a complete masculine rout. The young woman in the blue gown seemed to have found something very funny in her magazine, for she was quietly consumed with laughter behind its pages.

**Not the Governess.**

People who judge others merely by external indications are not infallible in classification. Lady Chatterton, a clever literary and society woman of the middle of our century, quotes what she calls "an amusingly provoking incident," which occurred during her stay in Paris. She says, "We had scarcely finished breakfast when my English maid came to say that a person wished to see me, and was waiting in the outer room of our apartments."

"Is it a lady?" I inquired.

"No, my lady."

"A gentleman?"

"No, my lady."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, my lady, I'm no judge of foreigners, but I think it's a female."

"Probably the French governess," I thought.

"I was delayed for some minutes, but when I did enter the next room, I saw a lady with a most benevolent and fine countenance, dressed very plainly in a thick brown cotton gown and unfashionable bonnet.

"What a delightful governess she will make!" I thought, and I immediately put some questions in regard to the lessons.

"But my lady," she said with an amused look, "I have only come from my brother Monsieur Guizot, to invite you to his receptions. You left a letter of introduction at our door yesterday."

"So this was the sister of the great historian, and, what was still better, a lady of such true dignity that she did not in the least resent having been taken for a person or a female."

Blue-blooded Boston likes a B in her bonnet and she has it nowadays, what with banquets, bridals, Bunker Hill Day, battle flags, Butler Clubs and Barnum, and she can always fall back upon Baddishness, Boston "Bargains," or even brown bread and baked beans.—[Boston Commonwealth.]

JOHN F. ANDREWS, of Massachusetts, is spending the summer in rural England.







**FULL MANY A GEM.**

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Lemons, Oranges, Bananas and all the fruits at Walters'.

Roller Patent Flour at Donovan's who sells only the best.

Upholstered goods in every style and color at P. M. Peterson's.

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Do not go down hill for your groceries when Peterson & Starrin are at the top.

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Go to Gilson for your fruits. He has the best variety of fruits all fresh and luscious. Buy of Gilson.

The largest, finest and cheapest stock of furniture in the Peninsula is at P. M. Peterson's. Look at it.

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Save the Freight! Retailers can buy fruits and vegetables of the Chicago Commission Company and should do so.

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You can buy your fruits at wholesale of the Chicago Commission Company as cheaply as in Chicago. Try them and see, merchants.

The Chicago Commission Co., C. S. Bellows, Manager, will sell at wholesale, daily, all fruits and vegetables as cheaply as they can be bought in Chicago.

THE DELTA office is now about completed and in such condition that it can turn out work on time. The office is filled with a fine assortment of job type and presses and is capable of doing any kind of work usually called for outside of cities. This material was bought for use and to attend the proprietors will say that if you have any work to do bring it along and prices will be made low enough to satisfy any one. Our prices now are lower than have ever been placed on work in the upper peninsula before and it is proposed to hold them that. Should there be a change they will drop a hole, not raise. In fact of the matter is, we are fixed for doing a large amount of work and are going to do it if there is any virtue in low prices. Our material was bought to be worn out, here goes.

H. D. Cary, manufacturer of safes, bank vaults etc., Buffalo, N. Y., has been here for several days in pursuit of business and pleasure. He came here in his own private yacht, the Vera, and has in his party besides himself, Mr. F. P. Almour, as traveling companion; Mr. H. Darrow, sailing master and Ed. Miller, steward. The little craft in which they came is undoubtedly the fastest and finest appointed that ever ploughed the waters of Little Bay de Noc. The writer had the pleasure of personal inspection of the handsome little craft, but not being a sailor can not describe her more than to say that she is roomy, safe and comfortable. She has a large cabin with ample standing room, four large berths and a kitchen and steward's quarters. Lockers are provided in every corner of the boat for provisions, and hunting and fishing materials and a large soap-stone ice box is in the rear of the cabin in which is kept fresh meat and vegetables on ice. The dimensions of the little floating palace have slipped the memory of the writer, but she has somewhere near 40 foot keel and beam accordingly. To look at her from the deck she is small but a visit to the cabin will soon convince a person that such is not the case. A spurt with the yacht Nameless at the head of Lake Michigan a short time ago, over an eight mile course, she came in a file and a half ahead. The Nameless is considered the fastest on the lakes of her class. Mr. Cary is a pleasant gentleman to meet and anyone interested in yachting will find a welcome always on board the Vera. The party may be here for several days.

William Finnegan, of Escanaba, has taken Ed. Clark's place as fireman on the Iron River passenger locomotive. The next change will be promotion to the position of engineer, and it won't be long in coming, either. He is a steady faithful young man and deserves success.—Iron River Reporter.

Mrs. Peter Schils died on Thursday, July 14, of puerperal fever. She leaves a husband and five small children to mourn her sudden calling off.

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**Envelopes and Fancy Box Papetries**

**Time Books for Laborers.**  
*A stock of these goods has been received at this office and will be sold cheap for cash.*

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**Good Body Maple and Dry Pine Slabs**  
At reasonable rates.  
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*Our entire stock of*

**SUMMER CLOTHING**  
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**LEAVES ESCANABA**  
At 3 p. m., calling at same places and returns at six o'clock in the evening.  
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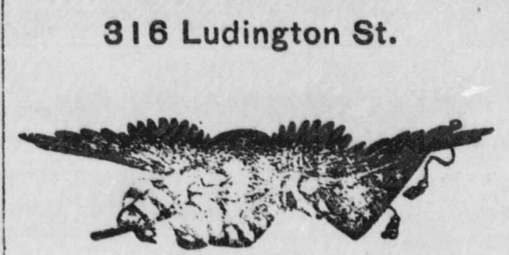
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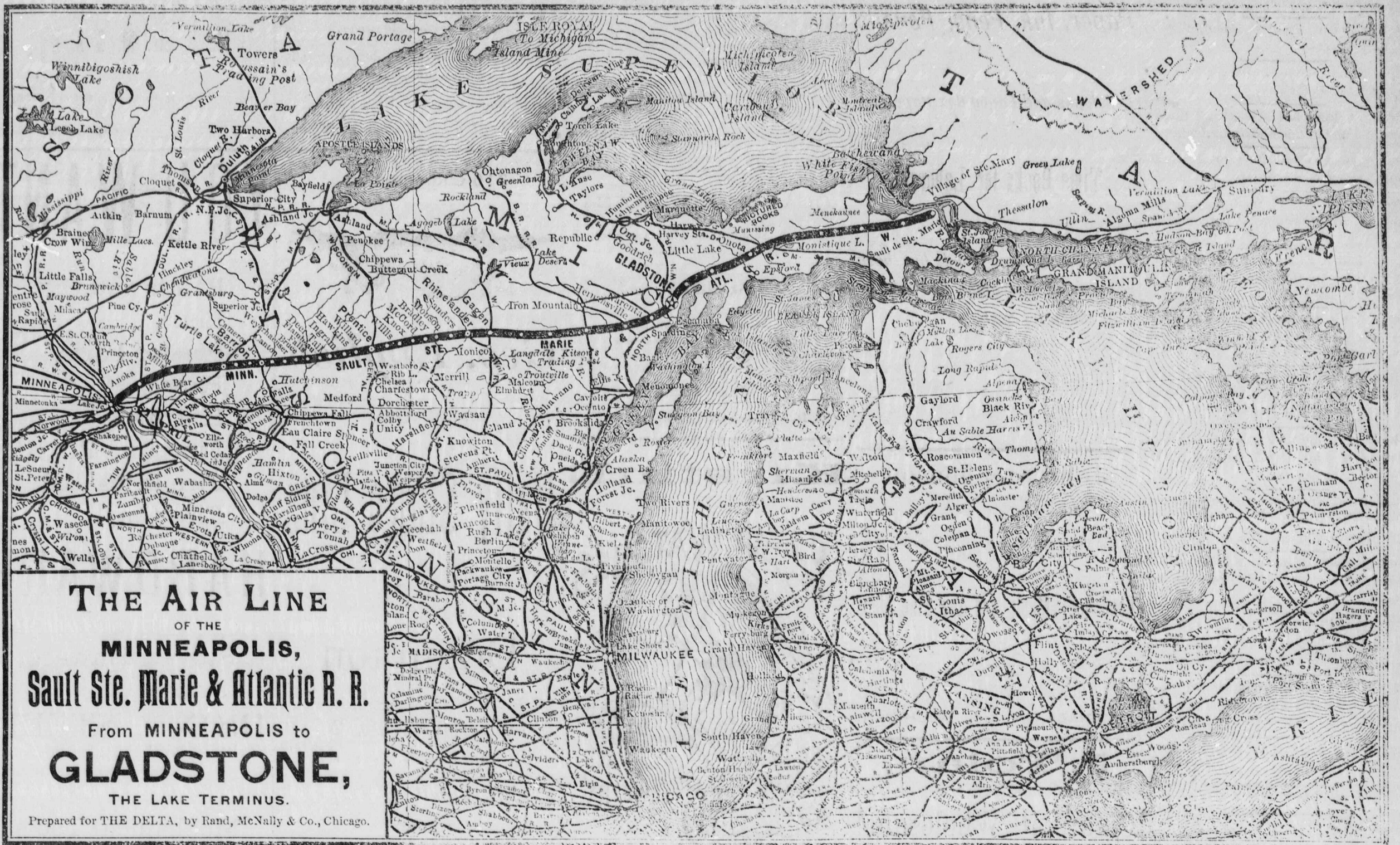
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THE DELTA

or by R. Mason or F. H. Van Cleve, Escanaba, Michigan.

Gladstone occupies the whole of the peninsula indicated in the map, lies high and level, has miles of water front, all available for shipping. The Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic railway is nearly completed to this point. Large docks are now building for coal shipping. Flour docks will be built this season and ore docks will be added during the winter. The Milwaukee & Northern R'y will build to this point and establish ore docks, also. Other railroads are certain to build here within a short time. In short the prospect of Gladstone's becoming the principal northern lake port

IS GOOD.

