

Blackwell Bros.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Gladstone and South Gladstone.

Until our North Side store is complete we will occupy the warehouse next to THE DELTA office.

Our Building is Small but Crowded Full

—OF—

CHOICE GOODS.

Call and See Us!

The Finest Locality in the Upper Peninsula!

LOTS

—IN—

✦SOUTH✦

GLADSTONE

Are selling rapidly.

If you want one, get prices, terms of sale and full particulars of

Blackwell Bros.,

Gladstone, Mich.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, \$1.50. Six months, \$0.75.
 Three months,40. Single copies,05.
 If not paid in advance \$2.
 Specimen copies sent free. Advertising rates made known upon application.
 MASON & BUSHNELL, Prop's.

THE Birmingham Age, a democratic paper, says two-thirds of the southern papers favor protection.

DAKOTA proposes to knock at the door of the union next winter with a battering ram.—Omaha Republican.

TWENTY-TWO and a half barrels of beer were unexpectedly seized by the authorities at Topeka, Kas, one day last week, causing much distress for a time among the principal citizens of the place, many of whom had mislaid their regular drug-store prescription.

THE Shingle Manufacturers association has just met and advanced prices. This action, following so closely upon the teachers' national convention, shows the intimate connection between the shingle industry and the common school system. The teachers' convention stimulates the development of this system, and the price of shingles advances accordingly.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX denies the report that she is to return to Wisconsin to reside. It is strange that Ella should prefer Connecticut, the state of wooden nutmegs and a narrow, sordid spirit of petty manufacturing, to the boundless, breezy, inspirational west. What kind of town is Meriden for a poet? Presently Ella's poetry will emit only the false ring of the britannia ware for which that town is noted.

THE great question now before the country is this: Did the scarred veterans fight to preserve the Union, or did they fight to get their names on the pension list. This is a very important matter.—Atlanta Constitution.

The scarred veterans did fight to preserve the Union. They preserved it, and a Democrat President, who took a left-handed interest in the job, and says they shall fight to get their names on the pension list.—Inter-Ocean.

SO NEGLECTED is our consular service that Preston L. Bridgers, United States Consul at Montevideo, Uruguay, resigned his office for the reason that his salary was inadequate to yield him not only just compensation for his services, but to defray his actual transportation charges to and from Montevideo, clerk hire and office rent. For all actual expenses other than official, including the maintenance of himself and family, Consul Bridgers was obliged to draw upon his private means.

It is said that E. W. Viall & Co., of the Oshkosh Times, presented to Congressman Guenther a bill for \$1,000 for service rendered by the Times during the last election canvass. This he refused to pay until the items were specified. After some haggling it is reported that the bill was cut down to \$640. It is claimed now that the bill is still unpaid on account of some dispute about it and that Mr. Guenther refuses to pay on the grounds of exorbitance. This is surely ingratitude on the part of Richard. He owes his election to the Times, and if an election to Congress is not worth a thousand dollars Dick wouldn't have it.

IF the Henry George theory of abolition of ownership in land could be realized to-morrow, and the land valuation could be equitably distributed among the people, the share of each person in the United States would be about eight dollars per year—a good deal less than is required to permanently remove poverty. According to Prof. W. T. Harris, the land held by private ownership in the United States in 1880 was valued at \$10,000,000,000. A 4 per cent. annual income on this valuation would be \$400,000,000 or \$8 per person. Something better than the confiscation of ownership in land must be invented or poverty will never be quite abolished.

MR. HOWELL, one of the labor representatives of the British Parliament, is evidently determined to bring into further ridicule and contempt the proceedings in that assembly concerning Mr. Hume Long's complaint against Dr. Tanner for having called him a blank snob. Long forced himself on Tanner, spoke to him

when the Irishman was angry, and did not want to be addressed by a Tory coercionist who had voted against Ireland. It was when thus goaded that Tanner called Long a "blank snob." Now comes Howell, who says that one Sir Robert Fowler, a Tory and an ex-Lord Mayor of London into the bargain, called him (Howell) "a blank liar" within the sacred precincts of Parliament, and all because the labor representative had exposed a lot of London boodle Aldermen, the associates at one time of Fowler. Howell wants to know now if Tanner is to be suspended from Parliament for a month for calling an offensive Tory a blank snob, how long Fowler must be suspended for calling an honest public servant a blank liar. The determination of this important question will surely puzzle the Speaker and the Tory Ministers. Must the choleric word of the Irishman be punished as treason while the truculent vulgarity of a London Lord Mayor is honeyed over with soft phrases?

HERE is something relating to the practical effects of free trade, which American workmen may ponder to their profit. James Keith, an Englishman, writing in the Nineteenth Century, an English review, has this to say in treating of England's food supply.

"Our great competitor, the United States, is even now still our best customer [for articles of export] but how long this will continue it is hard to say, seeing she is already supplying our colonies and ourselves with many of our own kind of manufactures. The United States again can grow everything in the shape of food which she may ever require within her own borders, and could supply all our wants in that respect besides. The only advantage we have over the United States is, as I have said, that we have cheap labor, and that only, can we send into her markets raw material and manufactured goods, despite her heavy import duties. The import duties of the United States however, are being gradually but surely lowered, and she is tending toward the adoption of free trade. When the U. S. adopts free trade or anything approaching it, the price of labor in America will come down, and the American people will then be able to compete with us in our own country and run us out of the race, unless we, in the interim, develop our resources, stir ourselves up, and show ourselves as progressive and far advanced as she undoubtedly is in the industrial arts and sciences."

No American-made arguments in favor of protection can be stronger than that English admission; and it has for its basis practical, tangible facts that are within the observation of every man who studies the English industrial situation.

IN the city of Atlanta, Georgia, prohibition seems to prohibit, not only, but to be a very good thing indeed. Former liquor stores are rented for other purposes. More men of small means are buying real estate than ever before; more houses rented; rents more promptly paid; there are fewer families under one roof; retail grocers sell more goods and have less trouble with collections; the street cars are better patronized; more coal is bought in the fall and stored away; more hats and bonnets are sold to the wives and daughters of laboring men; the men themselves buy more dry goods and groceries Saturday night and do their work better Monday and other days; are better contented with their wages; there are more children at school; they are better dressed; they buy more books; are far more regular in attendance and are therefore more rapidly promoted; and many go to Sunday schools who before were kept away by the poverty of their clothing. Gambling has diminished; the bucket shops are closed; the criminal docket is finished in two days which before took two weeks; the chain-gang is not large enough to do the work of the public roads; public drinking has been cut off 80 per cent. and the arrests for drunkenness largely reduced. This, according to the testimony of hitherto unwilling witnesses, is the result of wiping out 130 saloons. The Constitution says, "the bar-rooms have gone from Atlanta forever, and the people almost unanimously say amen." It would be impossible to restore it. On Saturday Rome, a city of 12,000 people, and Floyd county, in which it is situated, were carried for prohibition by a large majority.

THE idea of utilizing the vast water-power of Niagara, now going to waste, is nothing new. It has been suggested and discussed for years, but no practical plan has been offered and discussion has been limited to theorizing. For the first time the business men of Buffalo have taken definite action in the matter by starting a subscription and will offer \$100,000 reward "to the inventors of the world for the discovery or invention of the best appliance for utilizing the water-power of the Niagara River and one that will utilize it economically at or near Buffalo so that such power may be made practically available for various manufacturing purposes throughout the city." This munificent offer will unquestionable set the best engineers of this country and the world at work devising some method of solving the problem—some way of utilizing a small part at least of the millions of horse-power of force to be had for the harnessing. There can be no question that under the stimulus of a small fortune the inventive talent of our engineers will find some way of utilizing this unlimited water-power which is now thrown away over the brink of Niagara, and that enough of the obstacles in the way will be overcome. It may shock the sentimental lovers of the great cataract to think that it is to be harnessed and set to work at the plebeian task of manufacturing and doing service to mankind, but it is sure to come. It has run wild long enough. The world is moving ahead very rapidly, and the demands of man are keeping pace with it. Niagara is wanted, and science will find some way of impressing it into useful service without impairing its beauty. To the majesty of its natural functions it will add the dignity of labor.

SOUTH GLADSTONE.

What is Being Done and What Has Been Done in Our Sister Town.

Peter Houlihan is erecting an addition to his boarding house to accommodate his rapidly increasing patronage.

T. M. Solar is erecting a new house on the bay shore. He expects his family here this week.

P. H. Burns of Iron Mountain was in town on Monday.

Dr. C. G. Junkerman of Milwaukee, was in town this week the guest of the Blackwell Bros.

W. C. Conkey of Appleton, who is interested in South Gladstone, is spending a few days in town.

All our boards are dry and dressed, piece stuff sized and upper grades of flooring siding and ceiling kiln dried. Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co., Hermansville. 66

Real estate transfers in South Gladstone plat, by the proprietors, were: to C. G. Junkerman, lots 5 and 6 of block 5, lots 5 and 6 of block 16, and lot 6 of block 9; consideration \$1,500. To W. L. Conkey lot 5 of block four; consideration \$300. To T. M. Solar, lot 4 of block 4; consideration \$300.

Mr. Solar is building a small cottage on Wisconsin street for Mr. Al. Neff, the Kaukauna painter, who has decided to locate here.

From Gladstone to the first farms in the Wells settlement, those of Mr. Murphy and several others, it is just exactly three miles. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy drove over here Monday and told the writer that when they were as close to this place as that they would hitch up their horse immediately and drive over and buy some real estate. It is their intention to put up a fine residence and make this their home.

To avoid a collision on St. Claire Flats, the mate of the steambarge Geo. Burnham ran her out of the channel into the sand. She was towing the barges Wm. Brake and Johnson. The Brake found the sand alongside of the Burnham, but the Johnson crashed into the stern of the Brake, damaging her to the extent of \$2,000. The Burnham then swung around far enough to be touched by the consort of a passing steamer, which tore away a portion of her upper works on the fore-quarter. The damaged vessels are now at Detroit. They are all ore laden.

Wanted.

A row boat; one that will carry canvas, and live through a gale. Address B. care of THE DELTA, Gladstone.

DELTA COUNTY.

And now she is getting to the fore front of Peninsular Ballistics.

NAHMA.

James Gleason's crew came down Friday; the entire drive is now down.

Blueberries and plentiful and so are the gatherers.

George Farnsworth has purchased "The Carrie, of Ashtabula" from H. G. Merry of Fayette.

Schr. Lotus, Hattie Hutt, and Elgin have been in this week.

Tug O. A. Ellis arrived Wednesday.

James McGee went to Escanaba Friday.

F. D. Mead, of Escanaba, was in town Friday.

Miss Della Deloria went to Garden Thursday.

Miss Becker was over from Garden Thursday, giving instructions in embroidery, painting, &c. Any one wishing to take lessons will please leave word with Mrs. J. D. Budd.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis spent Sunday afternoon at Moss Lake.

Mrs. James McGee and daughter Miss Olive visited with Mrs. Daniel McLennon Saturday and Sunday.

James Gleason left for Oconto Saturday morning.

BRAMPTON.

Mr. W. H. H. Wellsted went to Escanaba on business Monday.

Mrs. Lloyd, of Escanaba, is visiting Mrs. Kane.

Mr. P. W. Peterson returned from Escanaba, Friday.

The Misses Bessie, Hannah and Maggie Kane took a trip to "Lillie Lake" on Thursday, to gather pond lilies, and judging from the large bunch they sent the writer they must have been very successful. Accept our thanks girls, and we hope you will soon go again.

Our summer term of school closed on Friday, and the teacher Miss Robertson gave the scholars a pic nic in the woods in the afternoon; quite a number of our young ladies were present, and said they had a very pleasant time.

Mr. P. Murphy, of Wells, was here on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Perry, of Escanaba, and the latter's mother and father Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of New York, spent Sunday here, and their many friends were very much pleased to see them.

Long live the DELTA.

WELLS

Louis Mayea, of Rapid River, was a caller here Sunday.

The Misses Nancy, and Excilda Jubin, of Escanaba, were visitors here the first of week.

John Daley, of Belle Plaine Iowa, and Ed. Daley, of Escanaba, visited at the Carroll farm last week.

Joe. LeMay and Cyrille Grenier with their families pic-nicked on the banks of the romantic Escanaba last Sunday.

Horace Malboeuf arrived from Canada last week and will probably take up his residence here.

Miss Annie Lawrence, of Escanaba, is in town and will spend part of her vacation with her parents here.

A piece of fine workmanship can be seen at Duranceau's sample room in the shape of a tumbler case. It is the work of Frank Furnier and is a model of skill and ingenuity.

Noel Bissonette, Geo. T. Burns and John Reno are township officials who are not ashamed to have their names appear in connection with every enterprise calculated to develop the resources of the township.

Dan. Carroll, the irrepressible and one of the most popular men in the country was called from the farm to take a position on the "Soo road." Leaving Mrs. Carroll, "master of ceremonies" at the old homestead.

The wagon road to Gladstone was laid out last week by the commissioner, and work will soon be commenced on it. Opposition to this road is dying out—and the road once built, every body will use it.

The principal officers of the township should be selected from among the most enterprising and public spirited men, and voters of this township should bear this in mind when election day comes around.

The great social event of the season occurred here Monday, being the marriage of Mr. Charles Cusson, of Escanaba, to Miss Nellie Lyman of this place. The Rev. Father Butterman officiating. The dance in the evening, in the honor of the event was largely attended by the friends of the contracting parties, and all unite in wishing them a life of unalloyed happiness.

Friday and Saturday, July 15th and 16th were the warmest days we have had this summer, and many prostration from the excessive heat occurred on the 15th. A shower Saturday evening, the heaviest we have had for two years, cooled the weather somewhat.

During the storm of Saturday afternoon, lightning struck a building belonging to Ed. Dausey, tearing off part of the roof,

struck a barrel containing syrup spilling the contents on the floor and instantly killing a 200 pound hog. Mr. Dausey's oldest son and a hired man were in the building at the time, but fortunately escaped unharmed.

A cow undertook to cross the river last Saturday, but the current was so strong that she was lifted from her feet and carried down the stream. Several men with ropes managed to get her out all right.

When the Hon. Isaac Stephenson of Marinette, visited the Wells farm a week, or so since, he expressed great surprise at the improvements that have been made here during the past few years. The wilderness of some 40 years ago, when he, as a young man commenced life in the lumber business, has given away to fine and well cultivated farms. And the Hon. gentleman would find it a difficult matter to locate the old supply road that he and Mr. Silas Howard cut up river, upwards of 40 years ago.

A Dude.

The effeminate man is a weak poultice. He is a cross between root beer and ginger pop, with the cork out; a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture, with hands filled with dandelions. He is a teacup full of syllabub; a kitten in pantalettes; a sick monkey with a blonde moustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a fly drowned in oil; fly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a cent's worth of spruce gum, and as a shirt button without a hole. He is a lazy as a bread pill, and has no more hope than a last year's grasshopper. He goes through life on tiptoe, and dies like Cologne water spilt on the ground.—Free Press.

T. H. HANCOCK,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

Will erect all kinds of buildings, large or small, on short notice.

Plans and specifications furnished.

Shop on lumber yard reservation.

61 Gladstone, Mich.

J. W. PENNOCK, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Teeth extracted.

66 GLADSTONE, MICH.

CLOTHING

Boston Clothing House.

Our entire stock of

SUMMER CLOTHING

Furnishing Goods and

STRAW GOODS,

has arrived and is complete in every department including the

Hanan's Walkingfast

Shoe.

Call and examine Goods and Prices while the stock is complete.

EXTRA LARGE SIZE CLOTHES

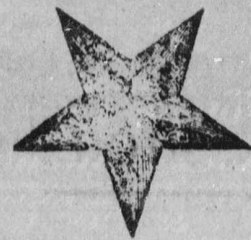
FOR LARGE MEN

A Specialty.

M. A. Asher, Mgr.
Escanaba.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box; sold by Geo. Frost.

E. H. WILLIAMS



HARDWARE STORE

Nails, Building Paper, Locks, Knobs, Butts, and all kinds of Builders' Hardware.

Stoves, Jewel Ranges,

Hand-made Tinware and first-class Iron Furniture for the least money.

Tin Work, Plumbing and Gas Fitting
And all kinds of Job Work.

Best of work guaranteed. Call and talk to a practical Metal Roofer about Iron Roofing—better and therefore cheaper than shingles. **E. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.**
54 501 Ludington, cor. Harrison.

F. D. Clark,

Agent.

DEALER IN

Heavy Harness

FOR

Railroad Work and Lumbering.

All repairing done promptly and neatly.

OLD STAND

TILDEN 3/4 AVENUE.

MISS WAGNER

317 Ludington St.,

HAS ALL THE

Latest Novelties

IN FINE

MILLINERY

AND,

Fancy Goods.

LATEST MODES

IN

Hats, Bonnets and

Trimmings.

Old customers are requested to call and new ones will find it to their advantage to do so.

DIRECTED BY

ROLPH

To remind you of the dollars you have saved by taking advantage of his low prices.

Now For The Future

ROLPH

Will sell you more and better quality Groceries for a Dollar than any other live man.

Rectify the errors of the past and money in the future by patronizing

ROLPH

617 Ludington St.,

Escanaba, Mich.

Full line of Pipes, Tobaccos and Cigars in stock.

ED. ERICKSON

Now offers great inducements for the purchase of Summer Goods, to make room for Autumn Stock. He must have room or

BUILD AGAIN.

He can't build because of the uncertainty of the weather therefore

HE WILL SELL!

507 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.

Frank H. Atkins

Wishes to announce to the public that he is selling Groceries and Crockery cheaper than can be found elsewhere, either retail or in large quantities, taking quality into consideration. You will be convinced of the above facts by giving him a trial.

Special attention given to mail orders.

Remember you can get what you want, and all you want at Atkins'.

Please bear in mind that I am not offering bait customers on a few staple articles. My stock is well selected and consists of the best brands of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Pure Teas, Choice Coffees and Pure Spices, Canned Canned Meats, &c.

New Lot of

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

—AT—

ATKINS'.

NEWS NOTES.

Brig. Gen. William M. Drum, U. S. A., retired, died at his country residence in Fairfax County, Va., on the 24th, aged 71.

A mob, composed chiefly of German farmers, entered and took possession of the jail at Nebraska City, Neb., on the night of the 23d, cut a hole through the floor of the sheriff's office into the cell of a prisoner named Shellabarger, convicted of the murder of his little daughter, pulled the prisoner out and hanged him to a tree.

W. J. McGarigle, one of Chicago's boss hoodlums, on the night of the 23d successfully attempted the scheme made famous by New York's only Tweed. He was taken to his home in charge of Sheriff Matson, and while the sheriff supposed his prisoner was taking a bath, skipped for parts at present unknown.

A big hail storm did great damage to crops in the vicinity of Lucerne, Switzerland.

News has been received of the sinking on Lake Erie of the barge Theodore Perry, with five of the crew.

Rev. W. H. Gathing, a colored preacher, was killed while resisting arrest at Starkville, Miss., on the 23d.

Two young children of Prof. F. R. Honey, of Yale College, died on the 24th from eating ice cream.

Mrs. Thurber, who has been backing the National Opera Company to the extent of \$32,000, has attached the property of the company for the amount of her claim at Jersey City.

Dispatches of the 23d report many of the striking coke workers in the Pittsburgh district returning to work.

Since Texas fever was reported at Greenleaf, Kas., a few weeks ago, the contagion has spread rapidly. One farmer in Washington County has lost 90 per cent. of his stock.

On the night of the 22d fire broke out in the building of H. C. Burbank, Third Street, St. Paul. The fire department succeeded in confining the fire to the building, but the stock of the Minnesota Spice Company was considerably damaged. Burbank's loss is \$150,000; insured for two-thirds.

Secretary Fairchild has rendered a decision to the effect that the silver bullion certificates issued by the Western Bank, of New York, are entirely legal.

Girard B. Allen, one of the most prominent citizens of Missouri, died at Richfield Springs, N. Y., on the 21st. He was 74 years old.

A jury has at last been secured in the great Chicago boodle case.

An elevator and malt house, the property of Gerhard Lang, brewer, at Buffalo, N. Y., were partially destroyed by fire on the 21st. Loss, \$75,000; covered by insurance.

While four ladies were bathing in the lake at Arden, Ont., on the 21st, one of them got beyond her depth. Two of the others went to her assistance and all three drowned.

The extensive bark extract works of J. S. Young & Co., at Baltimore, burned on the 21st. Loss on building, machinery and stock, \$250,000; fully insured.

James Weeden, a pugilist, died at Allegheny, Pa., on the 21st, from wounds received from a policeman's pistol.

At the age of 70, Peter Burkhardt, of Washington, Ind., got dissatisfied with his young wife, and on the 20th shot her dead and then took the same dose himself.

On the evening of the 20th William H. Laden, a carpenter living in New York, shot his wife, his mother-in-law and himself. He will die but the others will recover.

The rage for "Wild West" shows is in a fair way to become dangerous. At Clinton, Ia., on the 19th, a cowboy got hold of the wrong pistol and during the thrilling encounter of cowboys and Indians a number of bullets were scattered among the audience. One woman and one man were killed and two people seriously injured.

Croffet & Rabb's tea store, 173 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was damaged \$30,000 by fire.

Three lads lost their lives while bathing in the St. Joseph River, Sodus Township, Mich., Tuesday.

Parties charged with election frauds at Indianapolis have been placed on trial. One defendant pleaded guilty and was fined \$50.

The St. Anthony elevator, at Minneapolis, was burned with its contents on the 19th. It was the property of Peavey & Co., and held 1,150,000 bushels of wheat, which is an almost total loss. A million dollars will hardly cover the loss.

At Constable Hook, near Jersey City, N. J., on the 19th, the barrel factory, supply house and warehouse of the Standard Oil Company, together with a number of small buildings and tanks in the yard, were destroyed by fire. The loss will reach \$1,000,000.

Fletcher Hines, a wealthy farmer and married man, living near Indianapolis, Ind., disappeared on the 18th. As a young and handsome lady of the neighborhood has also disappeared, circumstances point to an elopement. Both went in the best society, and quite a sensation is the result.

Moritz Eckhardt, a farmer living near Joliet, Ill., committed suicide on the 19th by shooting. No cause is assigned. A search among his papers revealed the fact that he was on intimate terms with the Chicago Anarchists.

Hon. P. M. F. Hunter, for many years a prominent citizen of Virginia, died at his home in Essex County, that state, on the 19th. He was 78 years old.

At Oil City, Pa., on the 19th, John McNeer shot his son John. When the officers went to arrest him he shot one of them, and in turn was fatally wounded by another. It was then discovered that he had killed his wife.

Nine buildings burned at Owensboro, Ky., on the 19th. Loss, \$50,000.

Daniel Carlton committed suicide at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 19th.

The fish is the river at Pekin, Ill., are reported to be dying at an alarming rate, the banks in the vicinity being lined with tons of decaying carcasses. Slops from the Peoria distilleries are the supposed cause.

Striking miners at the Winthrop and Mitchell mines, at Ishpeming, Mich., to the number of 250, have returned to work, their demands having been satisfied.

The French Chamber of Deputies has rejected the amendment to exempt ecclesiastical students from enlistment.

A committee of the House of Commons has been formed to try to cheapen the telegraph rates between the mother country and the colonies.

The latest reports from the medical professors treating Crown Prince Frederick William is that the treatment adopted has proved absolutely successful. Dr. Mackenzie declares that a cure has been effected.

The excursion steamer Periwinkle was torn from her dock at Buffalo by a cyclone and narrowly escaped foundering. A large number of passengers were on board.

The treasury department has learned that large quantities of opium shipped from Victoria, British Columbia, by way of the Canadian Pacific are being smuggled into the United States.

The Green brothers, under arrest at Logansport, Ind., charged with the abduction and murder of Miss Mabitt, narrowly escaped lynching, a mob of several thousand men assembling to hang them.

Justice Harlan has decided that the federal authorities have jurisdiction in the cases arising out of the tally-sheet forgeries in Indiana. The cases will therefore come up in a few days in the federal court.

John Hahn disappeared from his home in Tama County, Ia., and two men were three times nearly lynched on suspicion of having murdered him. Hahn was in Kansas City on a business trip and has returned home.

A sensation has been created at New Haven, Conn., by the report that a man living at Holyoke, Mass., on his death-bed made the statement that he saw Jennie Cramer, for whose murder the Malley boys were tried, jump from the pier into the water on the night the girl was supposed to have been murdered.

A dispatch from New York of the 18th says the Baltimore & Ohio deal is fast approaching an end, only a few minor details being yet unarranged.

HEAVY FALL OF RAIN.

A Deluge in Pittsburgh Causes Great Damage to Property.

The protracted hot spell was broken at Pittsburgh on the 20th by the heaviest storm known there since the great Butcher's run disaster, thirteen years ago, when nearly 200 persons were drowned. Rain poured in torrents from 6 to 8 o'clock, 2 1/2 inches falling, flooding houses, causing many railway washouts and prostrating telegraph wires. The loss will be at least \$100,000. At Butcher's run the sewers became clogged and the water, overflowing, filled the houses to the depth of several feet. The occupants, remembering the terrible scenes of July, 1874, became panic-stricken and for a time the wildest excitement prevailed.

HE ADVISES RETALIATION.

Salisbury Speaks on the Protection of British Trade.

LONDON, July 22.—The Marquis of Salisbury, replying to a deputation which called to urge the government to take some action to protect British trade from the effects of foreign competition assisted by bounties, said it was impossible to speak too strongly of the injustice which the foreign bounty systems in fact on British workmen. A European conference, he said, would soon consider the matter, and in the meantime he could only say that there were two ways for Englishmen to deal with their assailants in this contest—if reasoning failed, Englishmen might return the blow.

SHE'S A CLIPPER.

The New Yacht Volunteer Gives Entire Satisfaction on a Trial Cruise.

Boston, Mass., July 22.—The Volunteer, Gen. Payne's new yacht that is to compete for the honor of sailing with the Scotch wonder, the Thistle, for the American cup, made her trial cruise last evening. She is decidedly the handsomest vessel seen in these waters. She behaved handsomely, and the Marblehead seafaring men who beheld the journey down expressed very decidedly the opinion that the Volunteer was destined to excel the Mayflower if not the Thistle. Gen. Payne, the owner, and Mr. Burgess, the designer, expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with the new sloop.

TAXING FOREIGN LABOR.

Proposed Memorial to Congress on Important Matters.

ERIE, Pa., July 21.—At the state convention of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, 300 delegates present, representing a membership of 100,000 in Pennsylvania, in this city, a resolution was adopted that a memorial be presented to the next Congress asking that a per capita tax be imposed on foreign emigrants landing at American ports. Congress will also be asked to prohibit the landing of pauper emigrants and to pass a law requiring that foreign-born residents shall live as citizens twenty-one years before becoming eligible to office.

HIT HIM WITH A BRICK.

A Chicago Milkman Held for Assaulting a Boy.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—Danny Quinlan, of 15 Twenty-fourth Place, with some other boys, began to joke Fred Dewitt, a burly milkman of 418 Twenty-sixth Street, this morning. He picked up a brick and threw it among the boys, striking Danny in the back and injuring him so severely that his life is despaired of. Two doctors are in attendance on the youth. Dewitt appeared before a justice and the testimony of the boy was that he deliberately got out of the wagon and slung the missile with the effect mentioned. The case was continued. Dewitt was held in heavy bonds.

CHOLERA IN SICILY.

The Disease Brought to the Island by Fugitives From Catania.

Advices from Sicily say that fugitives from Catania are spreading cholera throughout the island. Business is at a standstill everywhere. Several communes have been placed under quarantine restrictions. The heat is excessive, the thermometer recording 95 degrees in the shade.

SHOOK UP THE SHIP.

Disastrous Result of Firing Heavy Guns on the Atlanta.

NEW YORK, July 20.—The Sun to-day says that private letters from an officer and machinist on board the new steel cruiser Atlanta to friends in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, say that during the target practice in Gardner's Bay, the eight-inch bow and stern barbette pivot guns recoiled with such force as to tear loose the track on which they turn and also to rip up a portion of the heavy gun-deck. These guns are the heaviest guns afloat in the service and those on the Atlanta are the first of them to be tested on board ship by our naval officers. Just how serious the damage is could not be learned. No official report of it has reached the navy yard. The officers of the Boston are anxious to know the exact facts regarding the occurrence. The Boston is a sister ship of the Atlanta and the tracks for her eight-inch guns are laid in the same way. Her guns are not yet on board. The letters say that damage was done by a charge of ninety pounds of powder. During the firing a live sheep was used to ascertain just how near men may stand to the muzzle of these great guns when they are fired without being killed by the concussion. At one discharge, the letters say, the sheep was blown clear over a hatchway and killed. Officers on the Boston think this must have been done to ascertain whether an eight-inch gun can be safely worked while a six-inch gun next it is being fired almost across the eight-inch gun track.

ASSAULTED BY HUNS.

Pinkerton Men Prevent Miners From Being Maltreated by Strikers.

When the miners at West Leisenring, Pa., were on their way to work on the 18th, a party of Hungarian strikers assaulted them with stones. Pinkerton's men fell into line at once and the "Huns" fled, but not before one of their number had been knocked down and severely beaten with the butt end of a rifle by a detective. The wounded man was taken to Uniontown by his friends and an information for assault lodged against his assailant. Supt. Taggart says the prompt action of the Pinkerton guards alone prevented a serious riot. Warrants will be issued for the arrest of the Huns who participated in the fracas, and lively times are expected when the attempt is made to arrest them.

BULGARIA.

The People Do Not Take Kindly to the New Ruler.

The Bulgarian government is intercepting telegrams to and from the Bulgarian capital. There have been violent scenes in the Sobranje, the members of the opposition, including ex-Premier Hadzislavoff being forcibly expelled. The troops at Rustchuk made a hostile demonstration against Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. Led by officers of the army they paraded the streets uttering cries of "Long live Russia." It is reported that the troops intended to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria and Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, as king. France will not acknowledge Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as ruler of Bulgaria, because Roumelians were permitted to vote in the sobranje for his election.

AN INDIANA CYCLONE.

Great Damage Done to Crops by a Terrific Wind and Hail Storm.

A phenomenal wind storm visited the vicinity of Wabash, Ind., on the 18th, which had the appearance and form of a cyclone. The path of the storm was three miles wide, and it passed in a northeasterly direction just north of that city. Great forest trees were blown over, and the hail which fell in vast quantities riddled everything in the way of vegetation. Oats and corn were completely prostrated and driven into the ground. Vegetables of all kinds were destroyed, and many buildings were unroofed and the occupants exposed to the storm. The loss is roughly estimated at from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

WEDDED FOR PAY.

An Ohio Man Who Took a Wife as a Speculation.

CINCINNATI, O., July 22.—Louis Bond, an attorney of Cincinnati, has presented a bill of \$50,000 against the estate of John Renick, a wealthy farmer. The claim discloses a singular state of affairs. In 1862 Renick entered into a written agreement with Bond that if he would marry Eva Sexton, a relative of Renick, he would pay Bond \$50,000. The contract was signed by both parties and Miss Sexton became Mrs. Bond. Renick never paid the money, and if his executors refuse to do so Mr. Bond, who is a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, will sue for the amount.

BOYCOTTING A MARSHAL.

Residents of Taylor County, Kentucky, Get the Best of the Tax Collectors.

United States Marshal Gross with his large force of deputies, who left Louisville to levy on the property of the residents of Taylor County for refusal to pay taxes on railroad bonds, have been boycotted by the hotels of Campbellville. He, with his force, encamped in the open air and is not making much progress in levying on the property. All of the stores are closed up, most of the personal property has been removed and livestock has been taken out of the county. Suit was brought against the marshal for \$1,000 for unlawfully camping in the court-house yard.

FERDINAND A TRAITOR.

Charge that the Prince is Deceiving the Bulgarians.

LONDON, July 22.—According to a dispatch from Pesth, M. Fontchoff, the president of the Sobranje, has publicly declared that Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has grossly deceived the Bulgarians and that he has been an instrument in the hands of Russia.

Lemonade and Soda.

From the New York Times.
In all great down-town thoroughfares lemonade counters are to be seen, where a refreshing ice-cold drink,

"made while you wait," is sold for three or five cents, according to the size of the goblet. Some of these counters do a thriving business. As much as \$10 a day is made by one woman, who is in a certain good neighborhood. White powdered sugar is invariably used, although every housekeeper knows that the brown is the sweeter and, therefore, the better for the purpose. But there is much in appearances, and, no doubt, the drinker is better pleased when he receives his lemonade from a man or woman wearing a neat white apron, and has seen it sweetened with white sugar, stirred with a bright metal spoon. An idea of the profit in soda water may be gained from the fact that there are 156 glasses in a fountain. This costs seventy-five cents. A gallon of syrup costs sixty-five cents; profit, \$6.40. Of course rent, ice, attendance, etc., are to be taken into consideration, but money is to be picked up where there's a big crowd on a bitter hot day.

TILDEN'S ENGLISH ESTATE.

The Deceased Statesman Had Property Abroad Valued at Nearly a Million.

The announcement by cable that the executors of the estate of the late ex-Gov. Samuel J. Tilden had probated his will in England, in order to assume jurisdiction over his large English estate, was a surprise to all but a very few of the dead statesman's friends. It was not generally known that he had any English estate. The value of the English property, according to the London Illustrated News, is £138,000. A friend of Mr. Tilden's in New York says that most of the investments are in consols bought at low prices, and that they are now worth from \$600,000 to \$800,000.

PETTY JOSIE HOLMES.

She is Arrested Charged With Being Banker Harper's Accomplice.

CINCINNATI, O., July 21.—Miss Josie Holmes, who was the exchange clerk of the late Fidelity National Bank, and whose visits and consultations with E. L. Harper, late vice-president of the bank, caused his removal to Dayton jail, was to-day served with a warrant charging her with aiding and abetting Harper in his illegal conduct, for which he is awaiting trial. She will be arraigned this afternoon.

FIXED THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A Conductor Arrested for Causing the St. Thomas Railway Horror.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., July 23.—Evidence given at the inquest into the recent railway disaster went to show that it was caused through the failure of Conductor Spetigue to test the air-brakes before leaving Port Stanley. He was arrested to-day and the inquest has been adjourned till Monday.

WON BY THE ENGLISH.

Result of the International Rifle Contest at Wimbledon.

LONDON, July 20.—The rifle contest for Kolapoor cup took place at Wimbledon to-day. The English team won the cup with an aggregate score of 710. The Canadian team was second with 663. The second prize, which the Canadian team received, was £30 sterling.

LOST IN A CYCLONE.

The Ship Firth of Onla Wrecked in Java Waters—Twenty-five Men Perish.

The Scotch ship Firth of Onla, has been lost in a cyclone in Java waters. The entire crew, numbering twenty-five, perished.

CHOLERA'S VICTIMS.

Ravages of the Pestilence in Catania—The Inhabitants Fleeing.

At Catania forty-two cases of cholera and twenty-five deaths were reported on the 18th. Of 117 soldiers already attacked, sixty-two have died. An exodus of inhabitants is beginning.

THOUSANDS HOMELESS.

Three Hundred and Fifty Houses Destroyed by Fire in a Russian City.

Three hundred and fifty houses have been destroyed by fire at Svensjany, in the province of Vilna, Russia. Four thousand persons are made homeless.

She Tried the Soup.

From the Boston Courier.

The inadvisability of knowing too much of what goes on in one's own house was illustrated the other day by an incident which happened in a Back Bay mansion. The table girl was sick, and the doctor had ordered her taking broth. A daughter of the house moved by charitable impulse, herself carried the broth to the patient, but the invalid absolutely refused to touch it.

"Did Annie make it?" she asked, Annie being the cook. "Yes," was the answer. "She made it on purpose for you."

"Then I won't taste it," the sick girl insisted querulously. "I seen Annie Maguire put her finger in the soup every day since she's been in the house, to see now hot it is, and I can't taste it!"

And moved by the memory of a long succession of finger tasted-soups she burst into hysterical weeping. There was a vacancy in the kitchen of that house very soon after, and the first question the mistress asks of each candidate for the place of the cook now is:

"How do you tell when the soup is hot enough to serve?"

A Queer Crop.

From the Bangor Commercial.

The other day a salmon weighing ten pounds was found in a hollow in a field near the river bank at Orono, where it had been left by the subsiding waters. It is not every spring that the farmer can walk forth in his field after a storm and gather salmon from the puddles.

One Woman's Success.

Col. Higginson, in Harper's Bazaar, tells of a New England young married woman who has made a decided success of the manufacture of a very superior kind of blankets. Several capitalists have joined her in the venture, and the establishment, with their help, will now be enlarged. "Their verdict," writes Col. Higginson, "may be taken as establishing the fact that a woman has succeeded in taking the lead of all others in the Eastern states in a most difficult branch of manufacture, and this by her own energies. Such an example does not prove that it is the duty of all women to undertake business enterprises, any more than it is the duty of all men to paint pictures or open retail shops. There must be a proper consideration of special talents. In this case it appears my visitor had tested herself very carefully as she went along, had taken up the undertaking as a temporary matter only, and had been carried on by the interest with which it inspired her, and by her own evident adaptation to the work. The use of her example is not in its being followed implicitly or foolishly, but in the help it gives all women who dare. When Margaret Fuller, in answer to a question from one who wished to set limits to the sphere of women, answered: 'Let them be sea captains if you will,' she did not foresee that Capt. Betsey Miller of the bark Cleotus would ere long be doing the very thing which she had selected at random as an extreme instance. One of the very functions which have been often named as beyond the natural gift of woman has been the superintendence of a large manufacturing establishment, involving, as it does, three separate faculties—a knowledge of machinery, a business aptitude, and the capacity to control men. Yet here these three qualities have been combined, and have been tested by success. The result should surely encourage every other woman who hesitates before some similar opportunity. One such victory does not prove that every other success is certain, but shows that it need not be set aside as impossible merely because it is unusual.

Not So Very Funny.

From the Chicago Herald.
When Frank Lincoln was on his way to Canada a few weeks ago he was made the victim of a rather embarrassing trick. The train was slowing up at the station where the mimic wished to stop, when the conductor, who was passing through the car, stopped and grinned.

"How much did you get away with?" he asked, pointing at Lincoln's heavy satchel.

"Get away with what?" shouted the mimic, a little nettled and starting for the door.

"I say, how much have you got in the grip?"

The people in the car were snickering, and when the mimic alighted at the depot the loungers about the place began to giggle. Lincoln saw that something was out of joint. He felt of his raiment and found it all intact. Then his laughing eyes fell upon his grip. Lincoln is about the last man one would expect to see stirred to anger. But he was mad now, for across one end of the valise was marked in large white chalk letters:

BOODLER.

Some wag on the car had done the work.

His First Dead Indian.

Buffalo Bill.

I was 12 years old when I killed my first Indian. It happened rather sudden. I was walking out by the river near Fort Kearney one night about 10 o'clock. My companions had got on ahead somehow, and I was quite alone, when looking up toward the bluff bordering on the river, I saw, illuminated by the moon, the head and shoulders of a live Indian watching me with evident interest. Now, I had heard many stories of the doings of the red men, and had also been inculcated with a thorough distrust of their ways; so, quickly coming to a conclusion as to what I should do, I brought my gun to my shoulder and aiming at the head, fired. The report sounded louder than usual in the stillness of the night, for it was past 10 o'clock, and was followed by a warwhoop such as could only be built up by an Indian, and the next instant over six feet of dead Indian came down splash into the river.

Lassoing an Alligator.

From the Morgan City (Miss.) Free Press.

An alligator was seen swimming in the bay, in front of the ice-house, on Sunday last, and several shots from a rifle were fired at him from the little steamer Lizzie Evans, but without hitting him. Messrs. Charles Young and Frank Porter then took a skiff and went after him. Mr. Porter fired one shot at him, when he swam a short distance from the skiff; then turned and raising himself half out of water, made a break for the boat, sinking under the water just before reaching it, and came up on the other side, scraping the skiff's bottom as he arose to the surface. Mr. Young then shoved an oar under his head, and held it up, while Mr. Porter lassoed him, after which they pulled him ashore, and took him to Mr. Porter's house alive. He measured seven feet in length.

CANADIAN correspondents say that crops throughout the Dominion are in a very promising condition.

THE BABY.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

The little tottering baby feet,
With fluttering steps and slow,
With pattering echoes soft and sweet
Into my heart they go.
They also go, in girly plays,
In muddy pools and dusty ways,
Then through the house in trackful maze
They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck
With touches dear to me,
Are the same hands that smash and wreck
The inkstand foul to see;
They pound the mirror with a cane,
They rend the manuscript in twain,
Widespread destruction they ordain
In wasteful jubilee.

The dreamy, murmuring baby voice
That coos its little tune,
That makes my listening heart rejoice
Like birds in leafy June,
Can wake at midnight dark and still,
And all the air with howling fill,
That splits the ear with echoes shrill,
Like cornets out of tune.

A LOVE MATCH.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was a chilly November night when the train got into Hampden.

Hampden was one of those new, unfinished places which requires the brightest sun light, the greenest frame of quivering leaves to make them at all presentable. And in the gray, uncompromising medium of the November dusk, Hampden looked dreary enough, with the dark chimneys of the new silk mill rising out of the hemlock woods, the staring Queen Anne depot, the church, which bore a strong family resemblance to a child's wooden toy, and the stone quarry to the left, which reminded the thoughtful looker-on of a gigantic fortification in an unfinished state.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Nedley, as she looked around her. "A queer place!" Her niece, Phebe, was there to meet her, with a box wagon and a white nosed horse.

"Folks can't always choose where they're to live," said Phebe, who was always in a state of antagonism to Mrs. Nedley. "And Hampden is good enough for me!"

"How is Philip?" said Mrs. Nedley. "Philip is well," said Phebe, as she helped the depot boy to hoist Aunt Nedley's trunk into the wagon.

Philip Barrow was Mrs. Nedley's favorite nephew. She had paid his bills at school, superintended his fortunes, and finally purchased for him a share in the new silk mills.

"He's all I've got," said Mrs. Nedley, "except Phebe, and Phebe and I never did hitch horses together. And I want him to succeed in the world."

But within a few days a new claimant had risen to Aunt Nedley's protection and tender consideration.

"To be sure she is no relation to me," said Mrs. Nedley. "But her mother was my dearest friend, and I think I will adopt her for my own."

And it was scarcely an hour from the time in which she learned that Silvia Grey was an orphan, that she wrote a kind letter to the girl, inviting her to come to the East for a visit.

"If you like it, my dear, there need be no occasion for your going back," she wrote. "We are both alone. Let us be companions to one another."

She had waited and waited, and no reply arrived; and while she waited, a plan developed itself in her mind.

"If she is her mother's daughter, she can't help being pretty," said Mrs. Nedley. "Philip is a handsome lad. She shall marry Philip!"

And this explains Mrs. Nedley's presence at Hampden.

"I suppose you are still keeping house for Philip?" said she to Phebe, as they drove along in the chill twilight.

"No," said Phebe, skillfully guiding the old horse down a steep place in the road.

"He boards, eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"No, he don't board," answered Phebe. "His wife keeps house for him."

"What?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"He is married," announced Phebe, very much in the tone in which she might have said "It is a cold evening," or "The train is late."

"Philip married!" repeated the old lady—"married! Stop, Phebe—don't drive a step further! Turn around at once. Take me back to the station. I'll return to Concord."

"Ain't you going to see Philip?" asked Phebe.

"Not if he is married," answered Mrs. Nedley in a choked voice.

"He's got a proper, nice wife," pleaded Phebe. "You'll like her."

"No, I shan't!" said Mrs. Nedley. "Philip—married! Phebe, if you don't turn around, I'll get out and walk!"

Mrs. Nedley's will was like adamant, and Phebe Barlow was forced to succumb to it.

And so it happened that Phebe and the white nosed pony arrived, solitary and alone, at the little cottage of the mill superintendent half an hour afterward.

Phil came out into the porch, carrying a lamp in his hand.

Mrs. Phil ran after him with a pink apron tied around her trim waist, and her brown fringe of hair blowing back from her forehead.

"Where's my aunt?" said Phil, as Phebe jumped out. "Didn't she come?"

"She came," said Phebe curtly; "but she's gone back again."

"Gone back again?"

"Yes. She didn't like it because you've got married, so she's gone back by the eight-six train."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Mrs. Barrow, who was a round cherry-cheeked little

woman, with soft, hazel eyes and a mouth like a red rosebud, "what shall we do? Why didn't you consult her before you married me?"

Phil Barrow broke into a great laugh.

"My dear," said he, "it wasn't her consent I wanted, it was yours."

"Oh! But Phil, she has done so much for you."

"She's a good soul, but she's eccentric," said the mill superintendent.

"Go in, Phebe, and get your tea."

"I'm sure I can't eat a mouthful," said Mrs. Phil, despairingly. "And the biscuits I've mixed myself; and the fried chicken; and the White Mountain cake—Oh, Phil! oh, Phil!"

"Don't fret, dear!" said Phil; my Aunt Nedley has missed a very good supper; that I can tell her."

"But I've blighted your future!" said Mrs. Barrow, tragically seizing the sugar tongs.

"We'll go to Concord to-morrow and see the old lady," soothed Phil.

"She must surrender if she sees you, wifey!"

Phebe chuckled grimly.

"That's all very well," said she; "but you forget that an old lady and a young man don't look at a girl with the same eyes."

"Hold your tongue, Phebe!" said the mill superintendent. "Where's the use of always croaking?"

And then Mrs. Phil began to laugh, and Phebe, who after her crabbed fashion, was fond of her pretty young sister-in-law, laughed also. And, after all, the dainty little supper was eaten and enjoyed, even though Aunt Nedley's face was steadfastly turned toward Concord.

Her own fireside had never seemed so solitary and dreary as it did upon that November night.

The maids, gossiping in the kitchen, were called up to rekindle the dead fire. The tea, smoky and half cold, was served, and Mrs. Nedley was just resolving to go to bed, when Betsey brought a letter.

"Postman, mum, he left it a week ago," said she. "It had fell down back of the letter-box."

"Ah," said Mrs. Nedley, fitting on her spectacles and scrutinizing the seal and directions, "from Silvia Grey! Now I shall have someone to love in Philip's place!"

But she had not read three lines before she flung the letter indignantly on the sulking fire.

"Married!" she exclaimed. "That child! Is everybody crazy to get married, I wonder? And she hopes I'll excuse her, but her husband thinks—Folly and nonsense! What is her husband to me? Betsey, my chamber candle!"

"Bless me, ma'am!" said Betsey.

"Everything!" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Don't let me be called before 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. I almost wish I could go to sleep and sleep forever!"

And Mrs. Nedley, in the silence and solitude of her own room; fell to thinking to what charitable institution she could leave her money.

With the Psalmist of old she could earnestly have cried, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

"I loved Philip," she said, "and I had set my heart on Silvia Grey—and such a match as it would have been!"

She was sitting at her luncheon the next day, with the cockatoo on one side of her and the poodle on the other, when Betsey opened the door.

"Please, ma'am," said Betsey, "company—"

"Betsey," said Mrs. Nedley, severely, "I told you I was not at home to anybody to-day!"

"Please, ma'am," giggled Betsey, "he would come in!"

"Who would come in?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"It's me, Aunt Nedley," said Philip Barrow, "and my wife. 'Don't be vexed!'"

The tall young mill superintendent came in, with his pretty wife leaning on his arm.

"Won't you kiss me, Aunt Nedley," said Mrs. Phil, putting up her rosebud lips—"for my mother's sake?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Didn't you get my letter?" said Philip's wife.

"Letter!"

Mrs. Nedley was more convinced now than ever that she was asleep and dreaming.

"I wrote you all about it," said Mrs. Phil. "Don't you know? I am Silvia Grey. I met Philip when he came out to Denver to look at the new mill machinery, and he would be married immediately. He said he was sure you would forgive him. Will you forgive him, Aunt Nedley?"

"Yes, my dear, I will," said Mrs. Nedley, her face brightening up like the full moon peeping through mist-wreaths. "But why didn't they tell me you were Silvia Grey?"

"Philip wanted to surprise you," said Silvia, hanging down her head.

"Well, he has surprised me," said Mrs. Nedley.

She went back to Hampden with the mill superintendent and his wife, and slept in the pretty pink-and-white bed room which Silvia had prepared for her with so much pains; and she praised Silvia's chicken salad and prune pies, and she even condescended to approve of Phebe's half-completed silk counterpane; for life was all couleur de rose for her now.

It is a great thing for a woman of Mrs. Nedley's age to have her own way!

Mrs. BLOBSON—Don't you suffer terribly when there is a thunder-storm in the night? Mrs. Dumsey—Oh, no! You see my husband snores.—[Burlington Free Press.

FANTOMS.

BY AUGUST DE RUBNA.

As oft one catches in a child's pure face,
Some faint resemblance to one loved and dear,
And feels a strong desire to draw more near,
And touch caressing in a close embrace
That other which we see within its eyes:
Or hears; perchance, in ringing, happy voice,
Some tender note which makes the heart rejoice,
In echoes, lingering through sweet memories;
So I beheld in the fair face of Youth,
And hear in her bright gladness laugh and tone,
A phantom girlish face and voice—my own!
And seeing this resemblance clear, in truth,
It is this foolish fancy which to me
Makes loved and dear each girlish face I see.

THE BELL IN THE CANON.

An Uncanny Sound That Drove a Miner Away from His Rich Find.

There is nothing that shatters courage, chills the heart, and paralyzes the nerves as surely as some inexplicable sound. The brain that conceived "the Wonderful Voice" struck the key-note of terror. The story of John Whicher's bell is a case in point.

The Whichers were a family of strong common sense and indomitable animal courage. One of the sons was a Pinkerton detective, and years ago went into Jackson County, Mo., to hunt down the James gang. He was captured by them, tied to a tree and shot to death because he stubbornly refused to turn informer. Another of the boys fell into the hands of Indians in Arizona and died at the stake. A third son, John Whicher, was a printer, and back in '80 was foreman of the Leadville Chronicle. He was a fine manly fellow, straight as a string, six feet high, and after a while he took the mine fever and went over into the Gunnison country on a prospecting expedition.

He was all alone, carrying his pick, shovel and Winchester, and a good deal of desultory wandering took him finally into a little canon where he found a promising "outcropping," and went to work to locate a claim.

It was a desolate place, but beautiful in a wild, rugged way. One either side of the valley that formed the bosom of the valley mountains sloped up and up until the blue tops merged into the blue sky, while on the rocky and granite-strewn acclivity no living thing found root. No game existed there; the very birds never flew across the place, and it was so sheltered from the currents of air that even the wind had no voice. This dreadful and unnatural stillness was the first thing that impressed itself upon Whicher.

Particularly at night time, when the stars, glittering and frosty as they always seemed in those altitudes, crowned the sky, he would sit in front of his cabin, and the silence would grow so vast and profound that the beating of his own heart would drum in his ear like a trip-hammer. He was not an imaginative man, but gradually an awe of this solitude grew upon him. And gradually, as he afterward told the story, another feeling crept in. The rock-ribbed gorge began to assume a certain familiarity, as though he had seen the place some time before and only partially remembered it, and he could not shake off a subtle impression that he was about to see or hear something that would make this recollection plain.

There was no human being within two hundred miles, and several times he was on the point of abandoning the claim and going to one of the northern camps. But before he could make up his mind he struck an extraordinary formation. It was a sort of decomposed quartz, flaked and flecked with gold in lumps as big as pinheads, and ragged thread that seemed to have been melted at one time and run through it. Whicher was enough of a miner to know that it wouldn't take much of this to make him rich, and he worked with feverish haste, uncovering the ledge.

On the second day after the discovery he was in bottom of his shallow shaft when he suddenly became aware that he was hearing a bell ringing. How long he had been unconsciously listening to it he did not know, but the thought struck him that there could be no bell within a week's journey of the spot. Still, he could hear it distinctly, faint and far, yet perfectly plain. It sounded like a church bell.

Whicher sprang out of the shaft and stood listening. The sound confused him and he could not tell exactly from what direction it came. It seemed now north, now south and now somewhere above him, tolling slowly, slowly and so faint that after each pulsation he was sure he fancied until he heard the next. While he stood there the tolling ceased.

The excitement of the mine had passed away from him like a fever from a sick man. A sort of inertia crept over him and he dropped his pick and idled for the rest of the day thinking about the bell. As yet he was not afraid, but when that night after dark he heard the slow, rhythmic tolling once more, he felt an icy creeping in his scalp and turned sick with dread. He was afraid of himself, afraid of the awful solitude, and afraid to be alone with that spectral sound.

The next time he heard it was in the afternoon. He stared about him, and the old sense of familiarity returned tenfold. The granite gorge seemed brimming with some horrible secret it was about to tell. He feared to look behind him, and some awful presence seemed to lurk in the very air. Still the bell kept tolling. Before it ceased Whicher was flying out of the canon, haggard, muttering to himself, and clapping his hands to his ears. He made his way to Gunnison City, starting up at night to hurry on, and pushing over the almost impenetrable country at such a speed that when he reached his destination he was broken down, and sick for weeks.

He often talks of the silent canon and the ledge of gold, and says that he will go back some day, but not alone. But when he speaks confidentially of it he admits that a cold horror seizes him at the bare thought of revisiting the spot. The story of the mine was verified by pieces of the quartz that he brought back, and many have searched for it unsuccessfully since.

A Shears Editor.

From the New York Sun.

At the Metropolitan Hotel Capt. William Ricketts, who was guide, philosopher and friend, as well as jailer of the 12 men who were trying Sharp, was not looking very well himself last Monday. His face was pale and there was a pathetic weariness in his voice as he told how Sunday had been spent.

"I got up at 5 o'clock to do the editing," he said. "I never knew what hard work it was to edit until I got to taking care of boodle juries. This jury takes eleven papers. One juror doesn't take any. God bless him. Week days I can stand it, but one more Sunday will kill me. Did you ever try to read eleven Sunday newspapers? Well, if you haven't, don't; if you have, you never will again. Great Scot, I thought I'd never get through all the triplets and quadruplets and sextuplets or whatever they call them. And the editors, bless them, I think they do it on purpose, scatter the stuff almost always over every page and half the columns in their papers, so that I have to shear things twice as much as I would if they'd only put the stuff all together so that I could get at it."

"Well I did get through with those cursed papers, even down to the last 'personal.' It was time to let the bars down for breakfast then, and at 8 o'clock I called them and gave them the last of the papers. At 9 o'clock what was left of myself went with them to the dining room. They are all in good health and spirits. They made up their minds at first that they were in for a tough siege and that they might as well make the best of it, which is what they are doing."

"Me? Well, I'm a wreck. I'm breaking all up. Say, do real editors have to get up at 5 o'clock and read all the Sunday papers?"

A Queer Scene.

Paris Letter to the London Telegraph.

A strange scene occurred this morning in the parish church at Clignancourt, one of the shady suburbs of Paris, best known by a song about it, which figures in the musical repertory of the favorite "comic lion," Paulus. Several little girls were kneeling near the altar, preparing to make their first communion, which was being administered by the parish priest. As the celebrant came up to one of the children, he suddenly stopped and regarding her attentively for a few seconds, passed on without giving her the sacrament.

The girl's mother and aunt, two powerful fish wives of Clignancourt, seeing what had taken place, instantly left their seats and going up to the cure belabored him most unmercifully with their umbrellas.

The priest taken aback by the violence and suddenness of the assault, fled for safety to the sacristy or vestry, followed by the gorgeous beadle of the church, who tried to keep the excited umbrella-brandishing females back. But his interposition was vain for the women, pushing him back as if he were mere carrion, dashed into the vestry and renewed their chastisement of the cure. They were joined by other women, who, having nothing about them which could be converted into weapons, actually took the long wax candles off the altar and hit the priest with them. In the meantime there ceives daily a most voluminous mail. Strange as it may seem, many of her letters relate to public business. Such communications are at once turned over to Col. Lamont. She is importuned for money, for influence, for offices, and is even asked to obtain pensions for mutilated heroes.

An Irish Girl Mated to an Arab.

From the New York Evening Sun.

A buxom, pretty-faced Irish girl, with bejeweled fingers, neatly dressed in white muslin, and wearing a yellow straw hat with a blue band, stepped lightly up the steps of the City Hall early Tuesday afternoon. She was accompanied by a sun-browned, lusty young fellow, with dark eyes and glossy black hair. They told a police officer that they wanted to be married. They were at once ushered into the aldermen's committee-room. The bride said her name was Julia Doyle. She was a native of Ireland, aged 20. The bridegroom was Hadj Tanger, born in Algiers, of Arabian descent. He is an acrobat. He wore a large diamond ring on a finger of his left hand and a diamond pin in his shirt front. He was dressed in dark clothes of a fashionable cut. As there were no aldermen around, Judge Nehrbas, of the city court, performed the marriage ceremony. The witnesses were Richard J. Fitzgerald and Tanger Mahommed.

HAND plows and cultivators are handy labor saving implements for garden use. With a cultivator one can get over at least ten times as much land as with a hoe in a given time. Still those who buy hand cultivators supposing that it is light, pleasant work to run them will be disappointed. It is just about as hard as any work the gardener is called upon to do.

HOUSEWIFELY MATTERS.

BAKED MACARONI.

Throw some clean macaroni into boiling broth or water; when it is soft and swollen take it off the fire and pour in a little cold water to prevent its boiling any more. Take out the macaroni and drain it quickly, mix with it a quarter of a pound of cheese to a pound of macaroni. You can mix the cheese half of each; always have good cheese; more cheese can be used if the cheese is mild. Season with pepper and salt, put it into a buttered dish, put in bits of butter among the macaroni. Put some grated cheese on top and brown in the oven.

BAKED FISH.

Clean a good-sized fish, either cod-salmon or shad; dry it well in a cloth, rub inside and out with a mixture of pepper and salt. Make a dressing of bread, butter, and a little onion if liked. Fill the body of the fish, fasten it to keep in the dressing, then dip the surface of the fish into beaten egg, and roll it in cracker crumbs. Put bits of butter, pepper and salt over the surface. Then lay a trivet in a dripping-pan, put the fish on, place it in a hot oven, and baste frequently. When done, take it up on a hot dish and serve with sliced lemon and parsley laid over the fish.

WATER POUND CAKE.

One pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cupful of boiling water, one pound of prepared flour, flavor with lemon. Beat butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from real pound cake, and will keep two weeks.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Stew a pound of prunes until they are soft, remove the stones, add sugar to taste, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Make a puff paste for the bottom of the pudding dish. After beating the prunes and eggs together until they are thoroughly mixed, spread them on the crust. Bake for half an hour or until you are sure the crust is done.

MARBLE CAKE.

Light part—two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, a half-cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs, 2½ teaspoons of baking powder, two cups of flour. Dark part—One cup of brown sugar, a half-cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one-fourth of a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, yolks of four eggs, flour to thicken, and flavor.

POTATO SALAD.

One quart bowl mashed potatoes, two finely minced onions, one teaspoonful made mustard, one scant half-teaspoonful pepper, three table-spoonfuls melted salt pork, ham or bacon fat, mixed with six table-spoonfuls sharp vinegar. Mix all well through the potato at least two hours before serving. A cheap and good salad.

BROILED POTATOES.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into slices of an inch thick. Dip them into melted butter and fine bread crumbs. Place in a double broiler and broil over a fire that is not too hot. Garnish with parsley, and serve on a hot dish; or season with salt and pepper, toast till a delicate brown, arrange on a hot dish, and season with butter.

FAGLIATELLI.

Make a paste of flour, salt and water, which roll out as thinly as possible to the size of a teasaucer, and cut it into strips the third of an inch wide. Throw into boiling water, and give a few boilings, then remove to cold water, drain on a sieve, and use as macaroni. It is also good in soups.

A Quaint Old Tombstone.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A correspondent of the Sun writes from Stafford County, Va.: "Within a few miles of the Potomac River, nestled among the hills of Stafford County stands a quaint old church, built in the early colonial times of brick brought over from England. It is known as 'Old Aquia Church.' The Federal armies camped around it, and the hand of a ruthless soldiery not only was laid upon the venerable building, but also desecrated the graves of the dead which lie in the graveyard surrounding the church. Many of the tombstones are exceedingly old, but having been so abused and broken by the soldiers the names and dates cannot be deciphered. There is one, however, which attracted the writer's attention and which is of interest to Marylanders, and to the Sewell family especially. The metal plate containing the name and date has been destroyed but lettered underneath in the stone is the following inscription: 'She was the daughter of Lady Baltimore by Henry Sewell, Esq., Secretary of Maryland. Her age thirty-five years.' This lady, no doubt married a Virginian, as in those days there was much visiting between the two shores; if not why were not her remains laid among her kindred over in Maryland? The early history of Maryland most likely makes some mention of the children of Lady Baltimore by the above-mentioned marriage. The Sewell family herein mentioned is probably the Sewell family of the present day."

According to the Journal of Education stationery and stationary are bore intimate relations to one another. Formerly stationery was sold at the corners of streets, or at the stations where horses were changed. The place was known as a stationer and the man who kept it as a stationer.

One of Parepa's Charities.

From the Domestic Monthly. The season of music was closing. Satisfied with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap about her shoulders, and stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand" was about to enter her carriage, when "Please, miladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft, Italian voice, held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea. "Well?" said the great singer, half impatient, but full of pity. "Would miladi please?" in sweet, broken English, and the slender, brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart. "Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?" "Miladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, miladi, miladi I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes aflame, and in the sobbing, broken words: "Oh, miladi, miladi, I could die!" "Child," and her voice trembled. "meet me here to-morrow at 5 o'clock;" and, holding the lily carefully to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away. It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook and a look so wrapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice trilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa's Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, Sweet Land." Accompany her came the low wail of Elfin's violin. There was silence in the great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes.

A Skin Game.

The London Shipping Gazette recently published a serious charge against the Russian authorities at Poti, relative to fraudulent averages. It says that "the bulk of the grain exported is placed in lighters, and shipped on board of steamers in the open roadstead. The result is that lighters are 'detained,' or meet with 'slight casualties' in transit, and affidavits are made before Russian notaries, in many instances grossly exaggerating the amount of damage done. In some cases, through slight stress of weather, the lighters run for some port of safety and return empty, alleging that they had jettisoned their cargoes. Insurance companies are aware of this to some extent, but the only step they have taken so far is to exact a higher premium."

Heroes and Heroines.

There are few who endure bodily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance, and that jaundiced aspect generally which the most unpracticed eye recognizes as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complain, and peevishly, too, of the soreness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was not using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters or he would not so have looked—so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion to its proper channel, to re-establish the regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headaches, and remove impediment to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this peerless alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder inactivity, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.

He Had the Doctor There.

At a certain debating society an English doctor recently argued that the Irish were naturally a depraved and dishonest race, and in support of his position he adduced his own experience. He remarked that he had at Manchester 800 Irish patients on his books, and out of this number only thirty paid him his fees. An Irishman rose when the doctor sat down

and said: "There is never an effect without a cause; there is never a phenomenon which does not admit of an explanation. How, sir, can we explain the extraordinary phenomenon to which the doctor has called our attention? He finds an explanation in the natural depravity of the Irish nature. I, sir, have another explanation to offer, and it is this: That the thirty patients who paid him were the only ones that recovered."

Brown's Little Joke.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is!" said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

EARLY closing on Saturday has developed an evil of misused leisure in New York, many clerks of careless habits abusing their privileges and causing complaints from their families that salaries do not come home as formerly. It is to the credit of the employers that instead of abolishing the half-holiday, they have now undertaken to make Monday the pay-day in houses where there are a large number of employes.

\$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Cathartic Remedy for years made a standing public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douché," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say, "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

A GEORGIA exchange states that "there is loafing enough done in the State to bring on a famine in a section of country less favored by nature than ours. Probably there are not far from 100,000 able bodied idlers in this State." A great place that for the personage supposed to be an expert in providing mischief for idle hands.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FUNCTIONAL derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

A curious will case is on trial in New York city. An effort is being made to have a portion of the estate of a wealthy deceased butcher made over to one of his grandchildren who had been left only \$50 by the butcher's will, while his other grandchildren were liberally provided for. It seems that the testator, who was an enthusiastic Democrat, was annoyed during his lifetime because the mother of the disinherited child persisted in naming him Chester Arthur, not only against the wishes of her father-in-law but of her husband also. The suit at bar is to recover a portion of the money willed to the boy's grandmother, who died before her husband.

They Rush For It.

It is said the women swarm after Moxie Nerve Food with a perfect furor. It is known to be customary for young men to use a mug of it to antidote the effects of a debauch, which it does within an hour so effectually, there is nothing left after to remind them they have had one. Some of our most eminent physicians say it is the only nerve food of any account, as all the others are actually only mild stimulants, and soon lose their effects, while this does not, more than common food. It has been but thirteen months on the market, and the druggists say its sale is the most extraordinary ever known.

THREE weeks ago J. F. Enrich, of Red Bank, N. J., placed a basket of eggs on his stove extension. He had no occasion to use any of them and inadvertently kept his stove at an even heat both night and day. The room served as shop and living room. Yesterday he was surprised at a "peep" from his egg basket. He found twelve as pretty little chicks as ever were hatched by an old hen.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, cost only 25c.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best. A trial will prove we are right.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Peculiar Taste to the Water. From the Boston Transcript. Little Nellie, 5 years old, went to walk Sunday afternoon with her parents. The party strolled along the bank of the reservoir, concerning the use of which Nellie asked many questions. While they were there they witnessed an exciting episode—a small boy's straw hat was blown off his head into the reservoir, and fished out with no little difficulty with the aid of a long pole.

That evening at supper, as Nellie was drinking water from a glass, she asked: "Is this water the same as the water up in the reservoir?" "Yes, dear."

Nellie smacked her lips in an experimental way, and with a slight expression of displeasure. "Well," she said, "I think it tastes some of a straw hat!"

A MURDERER in jail at Memphis, Tenn., was permitted by the jailer to attend a picnic in one of the suburbs of the city, a few days ago, escorted by a guard of one man. He was the hero of the occasion. The girls smiled on him, the band played "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and the men set up the beer.

Boils and Pimples

And other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives tone and strength to the whole system, and makes one feel "like a new man."

"I know Hood's Sarsaparilla to be good by the trial I gave it for eruptions on my face. I had a hard time to purify my blood, but succeeded at last with Hood's Sarsaparilla."—HARRY G. PARR, Champaign, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

WHITE BEAVER, (D. FRANK POWELL, M.D.) LA CROSSE, - WISCONSIN. Victims of Self Abuse will be glad to hang by writing to above address for information. Inclose stamp. COUGH CREAM Heals Diseased Lungs.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass. THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2366 Students last year. Thorough instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$5 to \$7 per week. Call for terms book, Sept. 8, 1887. For illustrated Catalogue, with full information, address E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamp) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

WHY IT PAYS? ENSILAGE AND FODDER CUTTING. Our 1887 pamphlet containing full descriptive price list of Smalley goods will be mailed free to any address mentioning this paper. Every practical Dairyman and Stock raiser should have this book. SMALLEY MFG. CO., Manitowoc, Wis.

WORDS' RAISE. The following words, in praise of Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' and had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative remedy. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas. As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and dependency. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. FOR HORSES. UVILLA, W. Va., Nov. 17, 1886. Recently I bought a young horse. He was taken very ill with Pneumonia. I tried to think of something to relieve him. Concluded what was good for man would be good for the horse. So I got a bottle of Piso's Cure and gave him half of it through the nostrils. This helped him, and I continued giving same doses night and morning until I had used two bottles. The horse has become perfectly sound. I can recommend Piso's Cure for the horse as well as for man. N. S. J. STRIDER.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for selling this medicine. Your "Fassill's Patch" cigars are getting lots of friends. Traveling men say to us every day, "Why, they are better than most the cigars." Our trade has more than doubled since we commenced to sell them. P. & A. L. MILLARD, Ellensburg, N. Y. Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago. MORPHINE HABIT CURED IN 10 TO 20 DAYS. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. OPIUM \$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Dr. Brewster safety. Rein Holder Co., Holly Mich.

WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, RHEUMATISM, Lamé Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and All Aches and Pains. The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but it Cures You. That's the Idea! Sold by Druggists. 50 cts. SONG BOOK mailed free. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

DR. McNAMARA'S MEDICAL ROOMS. Established in Milwaukee 1861, for the cure of Nervous and Sexual diseases, Nervous Debility, Exhaustion of Brain Energy, Physical Prostration, Kidney Affections, etc., treated with the highest success. 590 BROADWAY, opposite Blatz's Brewery. Open 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR CAMP FIRE CHATS CIVIL WAR. The most interesting book of the age; selling like hot cakes. For terms and circulars address STANLEY G. MILLER & CO., Chicago.

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Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a suspender most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. E. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

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Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a suspender most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

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YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY H. S. KELLER.

What is the use in glancing into the dead old past?
You cannot revive the embers whose spark burned out at last.
What is the use in longing for joys long since gone by?
The blisses long gone you buried—'twere better to let them lie.
What is the use in sighing for days you cannot forget?
The echo of love may greet again in the murmurs of vain regret.

You may reach for the taper fingers you clasped long ago;
You may breathe your love in a phantom ear, with murmurs soft and low;
You may hold out your hands awaiting the form you once caressed;
You may fold to your throbbing heart if you will, and pillow upon your breast
A dead, dead morsel of—nothing, for the lips you loved are still.
And the bosom once so warm with life is stone of the chilliest chill.

Let the loved dead then bury the loved of the sweet old days;
Attune your lips to a woe strain, and sing, if you will, new lays;
Look for to-morrow dawneth as fair as in times of old,
And the new-born sun is reflecting there the gleams of the self-same gold.
Muffle your heart's disaster, and still your deep sobs of pain—
The shadows that were laid away and they never may come again.

HER MISTAKE;

—OR—

Howard Thorndike's Loves.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

CHAPTER V.

MADEMOISELLE DUMOND SHOWS HER TEETH.

Winter waned and spring approached. Mr. Thorndike's investment through Sandy had proved a good one in more ways than one. The store was self-sustaining, and Sandy had already made several reductions in the amount loaned him by his employer. Although he was enthusiastic over the venture, he never neglected his regular duties as valet, and but few persons knew that Howard's Sandy and Alexander McPherson, florist, were one and the same person.

The beauty of Marie Insley, as the cool, calculating head of Sandy had predicted, had been the means of increasing the trade, and it was by far larger and more extended than when in the hands of the old proprietor. Marie held full charge and employed two assistants. The position had been a great blessing to her, for her mother's sickness had continued through the winter, and she was now growing rapidly worse.

Each day since the purchase of the store Sandy had sent the little landlady a small bouquet by Marie, and on Sundays he had brought a larger one to her himself. Throughout the time Effie had remained in New York Howard had nightly sent her a bouquet or a basket of flowers, and when she started on a strolling tour he wrote her manager a letter requesting that he should see she had received a floral tribute each night, and to charge the expense to him.

Thus the flower store had been of mutual benefit to all parties concerned. It was now a little over six months since Howard had received any message direct from Effie, and, somehow, he found she did not occupy such a large share in his thoughts as formerly.

In fact, he scarcely thought of her at all, save when he received a bill through the mail from her manager, and that came as regularly as the week rolled by.

There were, to be sure, other times when he would think of her. He could not pass by the Casino without a vivid recollection of the thorough surprise he experienced there the first time he saw her on the stage.

Another place which recalled her was Sandy's store, and for a time he never passed it without entering and purchasing a knot of flowers. What he did with them was a question. He never wore them; that was certain.

All of a sudden he ceased to patronize the place. He could not see Marie Insley without her bringing to his mind an unpleasant train of recollections about Effie.

He had never yet been able to dispel from his mind the illusion that he had met Marie somewhere previous to the night at the opera house; but where, he could not think, and he had asked that question of himself every time he saw or thought of her, which, somehow of late, had come to be quite often—too often, he began to imagine himself.

Yet frequently he found himself wandering in the vicinity of the store, when nothing had, apparently, guided his footsteps there.

One night he resolved he would solve the problem of the familiarity of her features to him on the first night he had met her.

Going into the store at a time when he knew Sandy would be there, he requested Sandy to give him an introduction to her—a proposition which made Sandy's gray eyes open wide. However, Sandy did as he was requested, and in a few weeks Howard was on very pleasant social terms with Miss Insley, so much so that he neglected his club and various other matters in which he had formerly taken quite an interest.

His actions were a source of intense surprise to Sandy, who could not fathom their import. Sandy would shake his head and look over the receipts to see if they had decreased any, as he thought they might if the girl centered her thoughts on anything but business, or, as he called it, "got a bee in her bonnet."

But everything went on apparently as before.

One evening Howard invited Marie to accompany him to the theater. He thought she looked as though she needed relaxation from business, and he was too thoroughly independent to care what any of his acquaintances might think, should she be seen in his box.

The same day he received a note from Effie, stating that she would arrive in the city in the afternoon, and would be pleased to have him call in the evening.

He sent her a note by Sandy pleading an engagement, and in the evening, as he sat in his box, he noticed Effie herself among the audience.

But somehow he felt that she did not interest him as she once could have, though he fell into a reverie and made comparisons between her and the girl by his side, toward

whom Effie had acted in such a selfish and heartless manner only a few short months previous.

He wondered if she would have been guilty of such petty jealousy as Effie had exhibited if she had been placed under similar circumstances. He could not believe it. She was of too frank and unassuming a disposition. A girl who was as loyal to her sick mother as Marie; a girl who worked hard all day and stood on her feet from morning until night to earn the money to pay the living expenses of that mother and invalid sister, and then came home at night and cared for them, would never have been envious of the amount of flowers received by another occupying an inferior position.

His comparisons were unfavorable to Effie.

Marie at first refused his invitation that evening, and had only accepted it at her mother's urgent request for her to go and enjoy herself as long as she had the opportunity, and had not been anywhere for so long. This she had told to Howard while they were being driven to the theater.

It was a pleasure to Howard to observe the changes of her countenance as she watched the play. Her face was all animation, and the warm air of the auditorium bloomed roses in her cheek which far outvied those in her hair.

Howard was rapidly acquiring the same opinion that Sandy had formed on his first interview with her—that she was by far the most beautiful young lady he had ever met.

Her short experience behind the scenes enabled her quick eye to detect anything which was not as it should be; and her observance of it was betrayed by a slight pursing of her pretty mouth, or a little contraction of the eyebrow—barely sufficient for one to see that she was annoyed by it.

Suddenly, between the acts, she drew back in the box, after looking through the audience.

Howard noticed the act, and cast a quick glance in the direction where Effie was sitting. She was looking at the box with a curl on her lip.

Evidently she had recognized them both; but, for some reason, it failed to disturb the equanimity of Mr. Thorndike's spirits as it once might have.

In short, he cared nothing at all about it, nor did he even think anything of it until he had reached his hotel that evening. Then he did think that perhaps a person of Effie's disposition might be inclined to make much out of little.

He was now thoroughly satisfied that Effie did not love him, and also he had slowly awakened to the fact that he never could have been actually in love with her. His valet could probably have given him a reason for this conclusion; yet Howard himself did not dream of the construction which Sandy put to his attentions to Marie.

He conjectured how he could gracefully withdraw from his engagement with Effie. Apparently it was an uncongenial one to both. He decided he would call and talk the matter over with her in the morning.

When morning came he called at Effie's address, and she was absent. He then strolled around to the flower store, where Sandy told him that Mrs. Insley was worse, and Marie had been suddenly called home.

He sauntered aimlessly down Fourteenth street to Eighth avenue, then leisurely walked up town until he reached Jones' dry-goods emporium, on the corner of Nineteenth street and Ninth avenue.

A carriage passed by, and he thought he recognized Effie's face within it.

Watching the vehicle, he saw it stop in front of the house where Marie resided, when a lady got out and ascended the steps.

It was almost too far for him to see; but he thought it could not very well be Effie, as she was probably unacquainted there, or even in the vicinity.

He crossed the street, intending to continue his walk up Eighth avenue, but he



She was looking at the box with a curl on her lip.

changed his mind by the time he reached the other side, and retracing his steps he walked rapidly down Nineteenth street.

He was soon near enough to recognize Effie's coachman, who sat on the box with eyes shut, awaiting the return of his mistress.

He hesitated a moment, then ascended the steps, rang the bell, and inquired for Marie.

Mrs. Campbell conducted him into the "little back parlor," which she reserved for herself, and told him that Miss Insley was engaged for a few moments, but would see him soon. He laid his hat, cane, and gloves on the center table, and inhaled a sweet draft from the bouquet which occupied its center. He was well aware of Sandy's interest in the little Scotch widow; also of his peculiar and systematic mode of procedure while laying siege to her heart, and therefore readily recognized the bouquet as one of Sandy's daily mute reminders that she was his preference.

As he sat upon a sofa that was placed against the folding door which divided the front and back parlors, he began to conjecture as to whether Marie's being "engaged" meant in attendance on her mother or with a caller, who, in the latter case, might be Effie. He had never heard either of them speak of the other, and he ques-

tioned if they had ever met save on the boards or at rehearsals.

He hardly understood why he had called on Marie, although he had spasmodically made up his mind to attempt to aid her, if she could be induced to accept his well-meant kindness, and he was trying to think of some reasonable excuse for proffering his assistance. What he had thought of doing, for several weeks past, was to get her consent for him to pay the family's expenses during a sojourn in the South, attended by a physician, for otherwise he



Your venom has failed to do its work.

could see no relief for the poor mother save death.

He could hear voices in the front parlor, and he finally recognized, as the voices became louder and more animated, the voices of both Effie and Marie.

He heard Effie, in sneering tones, make insulting insinuations to Marie about her association with himself, and was horrified to think that such a construction could be placed on his motives in seeking the young girl's acquaintance.

As Effie grew more and more excited she told the girl that she was "welcome to him," for she (Effie) had "made a better market elsewhere," and wound up her vindictive rillery by throwing the engagement ring, given her by Howard, at the feet of the completely astonished girl, who was then perfectly speechless with indignation.

"You had better put it on, for it is quite unlikely you will ever get a wedding ring from him," he heard Effie say, as a parting insult, when she opened the parlor door to go out.

He quickly stepped to the door himself, and called:

"Miss Desmond!"

Effie turned, and as their eyes met they positively glared at each other.

"Miss Desmond, this is not the time nor the place which I would have chosen to say what I shall say to you now," he said. "You have cruelly wronged that poor, innocent girl ever since you first met her. I overheard the conversation between you for the last few minutes, and will only refer to it by saying I hope you can meet your God with the consciousness of being as pure and innocent of contamination in this world as can the poor girl inside that room, whose tender feelings you have outraged by your base and unworthy insinuations. I called at your address this morning for the purpose of severing the uncongenial agreement existing between us; but you have severed it yourself, and I accept my freedom. That I loved Miss Insley I was not aware myself until I heard the infamous construction you placed upon the friendship existing between us; but you have awakened me to realize that I do love her with all my heart and soul. And I now know that I have never loved a woman before. I will do the best I can, and make all possible honorable endeavors to win her regard for myself, and if successful I will make her my wife. And now, Miss Desmond, your venom has failed to do its work. I trust never to be obliged to look on your treacherous face again. Good-day."

Howard turned to enter the front parlor as Mrs. Campbell came down stairs to show Miss Desmond to the door.

Effie passed out, entered her carriage, and was driven away.

The sound of a heavy fall greeted the ears of Howard on opening the parlor door, and both he and Mrs. Campbell entered at once.

The previously alarmed expression in her countenance increased. Marie had swooned away and lay unconscious on the floor, with the diamond ring firmly clinched in her right hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Preserved Game.

In an open sunny space, in Hampden Park, not far from the road, standing among the thick grass, we see two handsome birds as large as our ordinary poultry. They are pheasants, and do not appear to be in the least disturbed at seeing us. They probably know that no one will be allowed to harm them except in the game season, which will not arrive for several months. The laws regarding game are very strict in England, and even in the shooting season no one who does not "preserve" game, as the rearing and care of it is here called, is allowed to kill a rabbit, a partridge, or a pheasant, even on his own property. All such game is considered to belong to those persons in the neighborhood who have "preserves." If a rabbit should come into the garden of the house where we are staying, and be found eating the cabbages, it may be driven away, but if the owner of the garden should catch or kill it he would be subject to a penalty.

It must not be supposed that the great proprietors are always stingy about their game. On one of the estates of the Prince of Wales each poor man is allowed to come to the house every day in the shooting season and get one rabbit. It is perfectly welcome to the animal, now it is dead, for the Prince and his friends could not possibly eat all they shoot; but if he should presume to deprive the owner of the pleasure of killing it he would be a poacher and be put in prison.—*St. Nicholas.*

One of life's hardest lessons, from the cradle to the grave, is waiting. We send our ships, but cannot patiently await their return.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

She was a pretty lassie,
And he was a jaunty lad;
They sat upon the seashore,
And they watched the breakers glad!

He whispered to her softly
As he looked down in her eyes;
And her cheeks were turned to crimson
Like the tint of sunset skies.

And they kept it up all summer,
And each gossip wagged her head,
And bet that in the winter
These two would surely wed.

But they didn't; for the lady
Whom the lad wed months before
Came down and yanked her husband
By the ear from off the shore;
And he sat there nevermore. —(Clipper)

THE HUMOROUS PRESS.

A POET writes: "I am the saddest when I sing." So is a cat.

TELEPHONE girls are not saints, yet there is always a "hallo" around their heads.

THE Czar is called his August Majesty, because he reigns in a summary manner.

A BALTIMORE paper says mustaches are going out of favor. This will tickle the dude.

Of a French lady's shoe in the market it may be said that brevity is the sole of it.

A MINNEAPOLIS man has invented a dust collector. Jay Gould invented one years ago.

THIRTEEN is not an unlucky number when you hold all the trump cards in a game of whist.

THE oyster is like a man in one respect. He is of little use until you get him out of his bed.

LADIES are fond of base-ball games because they admire any one who can make a good catch.

WOMEN jump at conclusions—particularly the conclusion of a novel. They read that first.

It reads a trifle paradoxical to see a cargo of salt cod noticed under the head of fresh arrivals.

MEN lift their hats. Women no not, thank heaven! They are quite high enough without any lifting.

THEY may talk of cowboys as handsome as Apollos, nevertheless every one knows they are all plain men.

ICE is about the only thing that needs a blanket wrapped around it to keep it comfortable in hot weather.

THE New York World comes to us printed on linen. We don't want it. We have a shirt.—[San Francisco Alta.]

DIALOGUE between two blind men: "Do you know the gentleman who gave you a franc just now?" "Only by sight."

"MY stock is rising," said the toy balloon man as his bunch of balloons escaped from him and went sailing away in air.

HERR MOST says "the Anarchist will yet make his mark." Certainly, when he rubs up against anything.—[Texas Sitings.]

ENGLISH as she spoke: "Where do you take your vacation this year?" "I intend to take it with me when I go into the country."

A DECATUR man hitches up a goat and makes him run a lawn-mower. This is putting butter to a new use.—[Newman Independent.]

A ST. LOUIS woman woke her husband during the storm the other night and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

A CORRESPONDENT writes, "Can you recommend a really good book to take on a brief outing to the Thousand Isles?" With pleasure. The pocketbook.

ST. LOUIS now boasts of being the aeronautical center of the country. Come to think of it there has been no improvement in ballooning for the last 200 years.—[Omaha World.]

"Two lions and two elephants," was the answer given by an applicant for a teachership in a California town when recently asked to name four animals found in the torrid zone.

"Now, children," said a country mother who was going out, "be real good while I'm away, and be sure you don't go near the churn where I hid them nut cakes."—[Detroit Free Press.]

TRAVELLER: "One day, and only once, I saw the Mikado. It was at Tokio, and a sight it was." Boston lady: "Excuse me, cousin. But here in Boston we hear operas."—[Christian Register.]

FIRST theater man—"Have you seen Bernhard yet?" Second theater man—"Yaas, but didn't enjoy her."

F. T. M.—"Why? I am sure she's looks so S. T. M.—"Yaas, but she very fine." much like my wife."

ELDERLY FOSSIL (at club)—"John, is the Evening Post disengaged?" Club waiter—"Oh, yes, sir. Nobody reads it but you." E. F.—"Ah, let me have it then, and wake me up in an hour." —[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

THE CZAR: There were two more nihilists executed to-day, my dear. The Czarina: "You ought to feel happy, dear. The Czar: Happy? Why? The Czarina: Because you have always said that two heads were better than one."

MAMMA (to her daughter, who has just entered)—Mabel, dear, come and sit with me. We've had enough Wagner for this morning. I'm getting a little tired of it. Mabel—Ma, dear, I haven't been touching the piano; it's nurse and baby.

A MISSOURI editor referred in an article he wrote, to a local clergyman as "an able preacher and sterling Christian." He was mad enough to spill some body's gore the next day, when

he saw his well-meant compliment changed to "an able preacher and stealing Christian."

"WHAT'S the use of learnin' a lot o' languages?" said the father of the boy. "When I went to school, readin', writin', an' 'rithmetic was good 'nough for me. I don't care nothin' for languages." "You don't seem to care very much for the English language," commented the teacher.

THE New York Tribune says that at Viscount Cranborn's wedding the Marquis of Salisbury wore a shockingly bad hat. It is suspected that the Marquis was the last to leave the banquet, and he either had to take the only hat remaining on the rack, or go home bareheaded.—[Norristown Herald.]

THE Journal of Education says: "Never allow a child to use a short pencil, lead or slate. It spoils the handwriting." Pshaw! There's a man in this office who has written constantly with short pencils for thirty years, and he writes about as well to-day as when he was a child.—[Springfield Union.]

A LONDON paper says that the royal train in which the Queen travels consists of twelve vehicles, counting the two royal saloons and omitting the truck. A royal saloon must be very different from the plebeian article, then. A saloon without "the truck" in this country would be little better, for saloon purposes, than a prohibition council chamber.—[Burdette.]

COL. REDBEER went into a Park Row restaurant the other day, and calling a waiter to his table ordered a beef stew, two eggs, fried on one side, a piece of pineapple pie and a cup of coffee with plenty of milk. The waiter walked to a hole in the wall and warbled: "One life preserver! Pair o' white wings, sunny side up! Er South American gravestone! Cup o' yaller, with a choker on."

"I HAVE a dreadful temper," confided little Mabel to the new boarder. "Oh! perfectly dreadful, I get right over it, though. So does papa, I make right up again after I am mad." "Do you?" "Yes." "Have you been mad at any one lately?" "No, I haven't; but papa has. He was awful mad at Kitty, the servant girl, one night, but he was all over it the next morning. I saw him behind the door with his arms around her kissing her just as hard as he could and making up."—[Chicago News.]

How Sheridan Sent News to Grant.

From the Boston Traveller.

A former member of Gen. Grant's staff during the war said to the Traveller correspondent to-night, while chatting about the great commander: "I know a great deal about Sheridan's campaign through the Shenandoah Valley, about which so much has been said recently in the newspapers, on account of the attack of Gen. Rosser upon the lieutenant general of the army. I know exactly what Sheridan's orders were, because I wrote them from Grant's dictation. The valley of the Shenandoah was really the supply station for Lee's army, and Grant knew he could strike the Confederates a heavier blow by taking their food from them than he could by winning half a dozen battles. His orders to Sheridan were most explicit, and afterward he often spoke in words of praise at the manner in which the work was so effectually done. Of course, Rosser doesn't like Sheridan, although he is a splendid fellow, if he has slogged over in this affair. During most of the time that Rosser was in Sheridan's vicinity, Little Phil kept him on the jump, and naturally a man is a little rancorous in his feeling even twenty-five years afterward. I was with Grant when he got the first news that Sheridan had laid the valley a desolate waste. We were at City Point one afternoon when the guards brought in two of the toughest looking customers that I ever saw. They had on old Confederate uniforms and were a disreputable pair. Grant looked at them closely and then smiled. Both saluted, and he called them by name and shook hands with them. One of the men took a little ball of tin foil out of his mouth and handed it to the general; the other unscrewed a button on his coat and took out some tissue paper. They were Sheridan's dispatches to Grant, and the two Union scouts, for such the men were, had traveled over 200 miles around the rebel army, and sometimes through their lines, to reach the commanding general with the good news. Both men were rewarded with promotions for their brave and dangerous work. One of them is now a captain of artillery in the regular army—the other I have not heard from for a great many years."

The Pitcher on the Post.

From Labor's Stage.

Years ago, some say forty others thirty—a young girl was in the act of placing a white pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway, five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the white pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post that holds it is fast crumbling, with decay.

ADJ. GEN. DRUM is a man of medium height, about 60 years of age, and not at all distinguished in appearance. He is, it is said, an Englishman by birth. He entered the army away in the fifties.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in imitation with the multitude of low test, short alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

FULL MANY A GEM.

rest Ray is Seen in the Trade Review of The Delta.

novan, Flour and Feed.
 ifornia fruit at Gilson's.
 oice apple butter at Walter's.
 oice Meats at Hessel & Hentschel's.
 lies, preserves and jams at Walter's.
 e Derouin's announcement this week.
 to Gilson's for ripe and juicy California fruit.
 ll on Derouin and see the bargains in her goods.
 mmer goods are taking a terrible at Derouin's.
 novan's Extra Patent Flour leads all our in the city.
 e "only" Roller Patent at Donovan's and Feed store.
 ef, Fresh Killed, in any quantity at el & Hentschel's.
 t all your vegetables, fruits and choice eries at J. G. Walter's.
 t your Compressed Yeast at Peter Starrin's on the hill.

aches, plums, pears, and all the choice s of California at Gilson's.
 lies' and gentlemen's goods—summer going for a song at Derouin's.
 mmer goods have got to go from uin's. A very little cash takes them.
 sh and Salt Meats in large quant- it bottom figures. Hessel & Hentschel.
 he uncolored Japan Tea, 35 cents per d or three pounds for a dollar at rson & Starrin's.
 e Celebrated Royal Insect Powder do it. Kills 'em all in less than a minute, at Walter's.

ATTENTION TO THIS! The only practical ber and steam fitter in the city is at ace's who also keeps a full line of fittings and plumber's goods. in re- to plumbing or steam fitting it should rne in mind that work will be exe- day and night. GASOLINE AND LINE STOVES! Wallace's is the only where you can get real 70 degree gasoline. GIANT POWDER in any lity from 1 to 5000 pounds. Also k Powder. Parties desiring large ities can get same prices here as in go. OWING TO A RUSH of business an't talk any longer. WALLACE.

Most Excellent.
 Atkins, chief of police, Knoxville, Tenn.: "My family and I are beneficiaries of most excellent medicine, Dr King's New Dis- for Consumption: having found it to be all pu claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. ends to whom I have recommended it, praise very opportunity." Dr. King's New Discov- Consumption is guaranteed to cure coughs bronchitis, asthma, croup and every affec- of the throat, chest and lungs. Trial bottles Geo Preston's drug store. Large size \$1.

THANKS.
 behalf of the Jackson Iron Co., we to tender our sincere thanks to the en Fire Co., for the services rendered e fire at Deloria's kilns on Saturday 6th. Wm. PINCHIN, Supt.

D. I. Wilcox, of Horse Cave, Ky., says for many years he has suffered with Phthisis or Diabetes: the pains were almost unen- le and would sometimes almost throw him on his knees. He tried Electric Bitters and relief from first bottle and after taking six was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh ten pounds. Says he positively believes he have died had it not been for the relief af- by Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bot- Geo. Preston.

ng Paper, Pens, Ink and Pencils AT THIS OFFICE.

Choppers Wanted

To make Ties for the
 M., S. Ste. M. & A. R'y.
 Inquire of W. D. Rumsey at Oliver House,
 64 ESCANABA, MICH.

M. W. NAYLOR,
 DEALER IN
Drive Well Pumps—all Kinds
 Pumps put in or repaired on short notice and at reasonable prices.
 Steam fitting of all kinds done and satisfaction guaranteed.
 Can be found near THE DELTA office,
 65 Gladstone, Mich.

Steamer LOTUS

Leaves Escanaba every morning at 7 a. m., calling at
 Hunter's Point,
 Gladstone,
 Masonville and
 Whitefish,
 Returning at 10 a. m.
LEAVES ESCANABA
 At 3 p. m., calling at same places and returns at six o'clock in the evening.
SUNDAY,
 Leaves Escanaba at 9 a. m. for all points on the bay, returning at 12. Leaves Escanaba at 2 p. m. for all points on the bay, stopping at Gladstone 30 minutes and returning to Escanaba at 5:30 p. m.
 Chas. E. Burns, Capt.
 C. M. Thatcher, Clerk. 64

YOU WANT

Paints and Oils,
 Lime,
 Plaster Paris,
 Plows,
 Harrows,
 Lime and Brick,
 Fire Brick and
 Fire Clay.

HARDWARE

Stoves, Tinware,
IRON & STEEL,

Mechanical Tools

Of all kinds, descriptions and prices.

I HAVE

Them and many others "too numerous to mention"

Also,
Lubricating and Illuminating Oils

Gas and Steam Fixtures.

Special attention given to mail orders.

W. J. WALLACE,
 Cor. Tilden Ave. and Ludington St.

John Stephenson
 Has for sale on his dock a large quantity of
 Good Body Maple and Dry Pine Slabs
 At reasonable rates.
 ESCANABA, 63 MICHIGAN.

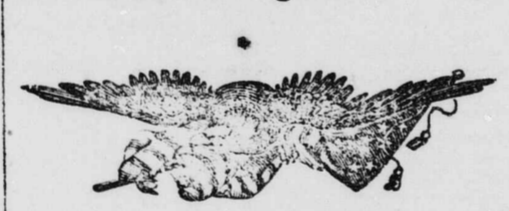
J. Tolan,
 Dealer in
Cigars at Wholesale!
 Cheaper than any other house in the peninsula.
→FREE LUNCH←
 Billiards and Pool.
 Next to postoffice.
 72 ESCANABA, MICH.

Kirstine



Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
 Silverware,
Musical Instruments

316 Ludington St.



Geo. English

Proprietor of the

Daily Stage Line

FROM
Brampton

Direct to Masonville, White fish, Ogontz, Nahma, Garden, Fayette, Thompson and

MANISTIQUE

Also Proprietor of the

Eagle Livery

Elegant Vehicles

Of all kinds at any hour a moment's notice, and low prices.

'Bns and Baggage Wagon
 T'n from all Trains.

GLADSTONE LOTS

FOR SALE.
 Apply to F. H. VAN CLEVE,
 Or RICHARD MASON, Escanaba, Mich.

PLATS MAY BE SEEN
 —at the—

Escanaba Land Agency
 of Van Cleve & Merriam, Escanaba. 64

ALL SUMMER GOODS

—AT—
H. J. Derouin's

Will be closed at cost for the next 30 days, Ladies and Gentlemen's goods, both. Don't Forget.
 420 Ludington St., Escanada, Mich.

PETERSON & STARRIN,

[Successors to Peterson & Linden.]

904 Ludington Street, Escanaba.
 Dealer In

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Orders by Mail carefully filled. Standard Goods in all Lines.

GLASSWARE, CROCKERY & CHINA.

The Old, Reliable House on the Hill.

John H. Hart

Wagons, Carriages and Buggies constantly on hand, which will be sold as cheap as you can buy

OUTSIDE.

The principal Blacksmith Shop in the city. Special attention to Horse Shoeing.

HOTEL MINNEWASCA.

This large new hotel is now open for the accommodation of guests.

The best of attention at reasonable rates. For rooms and board address,

SCOTT & MASON, Proprietors,
Gladstone, Mich.

DAVIS & MASON,

Lumber Manufacturers and Dealers,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

LUMBER,

Lath, Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Lime, Brick, Hair, etc.

Bills of lumber will be cut to order if desired, and dry dressed Flooring, Siding and Finishing Lumber in stock.

CHAS. W. DAVIS.

RICHARD MASON.

GLADSTONE, MICH.

THE

Coolidge Fuel & Supply Company

ARE BUYING

Cedar, Hemlock, Tamarack and White Pine

Railroad Ties for the

Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic R'y.

Those wishing to contract for ties for immediate delivery call for the agent

at the OLIVER HOUSE,

Escanaba, Mich.

64

GLADSTONE.

VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM,

REAL ESTATE

Agents and dealers in Peninsula Lands of all kinds.

Pine, Hardwood and Mineral Lands!

Civil Engineers and Surveyors, Townsites platted and Map Work executed.

VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM, Escanaba, Mich.

THE WEEK IN GLADSTONE.

As Nearly Complete a Record of Events as It is Possible to Obtain at Present.

The left fielder is one who does not get there.

Blackwell Bros. have painted their store building a subdued chocolate color.

We not only have milk, but meat is delivered at our doors every morning now.

Cutting rates is nothing more nor less than shaving prices, and is simply barbarous.

The City of Green Bay came in Sunday evening with a cargo of Depere flour on board.

The scow Lawrence, of Green Bay discharged a cargo of plank for the docks Monday.

Work on August Bergman's residence, south of Scott & Mason's store is progressing finely.

Work on Miller's flour and feed store west of THE DELTA office is being pushed as rapidly as men and material can do it.

Capt. Burnham, of the tug Thomas Spear, arrived here Sunday evening from Depere with a load of lumber for the docks.

The steamer Lotus has been receiving a coat of paint. Smith & Lightfoot, the painters applied it.

Mr. J. J. Miller of Gaylord, Mich., arrived here Sunday to make the final arrangements for opening his meat market.

Wilson & Siple's big building begins to show its size. Fifty-six by seventy feet, three stories, makes a fine business building.

Wilson & Siple's building has been improved by the addition of another story, making it the first three story building in Gladstone.

A cargo of dry maple wood has been ordered by a gentleman who proposes engaging in the wood business here. Particulars later.

The bridge at the Northwestern crossing was finished yesterday and the crew have gone to work on the Felch Mountain crossing.

Before purchasing elsewhere get delivered prices on lumber, sash, doors &c., from the Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co., Hermansville. 66

One young Gladstonian says he has played pioneer long enough and is going to be married. There's a whole sermon in that resolution.

"Two knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said a minister to himself just after he had united the second couple.

Keepers of boarding houses are rejoicing over the collapse of the corner in prunes. Their happiness will be complete when the berry season is over.

R. W. Davies' building east of Blackwell Bros' store was up and enclosed Saturday, and the coulters and shelving are now being made for his stock of drugs.

The Dolan Brothers of Bruce, Wis., have purchased lot three of block twenty-eight and commenced the erection of a hotel building twenty-four by sixty feet in size.

It is beyond the capacity of the mills about Escanaba to supply timbers as fast as they are needed in the construction of the new docks at Gladstone.—Oconto Reporter.

The man whose ulster is in the keeping of his "uncle" is just as happy these days as he whose fur-trimmed Newmarket is hanging in a beautifully carved oaken wardrobe.

Chas. Crass, proprietor of the Eagle Bluff stone quarries near Ephraim, Door county, Wis., was in Gladstone Saturday to see what he could do in the way of sellstone to our people.

John Walch of Escanaba, has purchased lot 3 of block 28 and commenced the erection of a building 24-40 two stories high which he will open about the first of August with a stock of wet goods.

If the front for R. W. Davies' drug store building arrives this week a dancing party will be given there the latter part of the week. A number of young people have promised to come up from Escanaba.

Reader, cast your eye over our advertising columns and see if you do not see something you want. This week Blackwell Bros', Aaron Miller, John H. Hart and J. J. Miller have a special word for you.

Timber, such as would be used in a large building, was placed on a lot about two blocks west of J. J. Miller's meat market Monday evening. What building is going up the writer could not ascertain.

Mr. McConnell, of Sands, Marquette county, Mich., accompanied by his wife and two children, arrived in Gladstone Monday, secured lot 18 of block 28 and will immediately commence the construction of a building in which he will handle general merchandise.

Tim Farrell, a track-layer on the "Soo" line at this place had two fingers of his left hand injured this morning.

Mr. McCarthy, of Appleton, Wis., has just put up a small building on Eighth street which he will use for a carpenter shop and in the spring he proposes to build a large building for commercial purposes.

Mr. Henry Henke of Republic, Mich., has about concluded the arrangements for the purchase of Mr. Wilson's building on Sixth street and may be expected here in a short time to occupy it with a first-class barber shop.

Brown, Pierce & Co., the builders, will erect a building for themselves this week or next which will be used as a boarding house for their men. Mr. P. Lenour, of Iron River, Mich., has been engaged to do the cooking.

The "John Todd" has been summoned to Gladstone, or Little Bay de Noc, to do some dredging. Capt. Daily, the managing engineer of the craft, went along to see that the work is pushed through lively.—Menominee Democrat.

Aaron Miller's stock of goods arrived on Saturday and he is now all ready for business. He is not done building, however and will add considerably to the building now up. He has a word for you in our advertising columns.

Four tin-types for a dollar and a brisk trade at that figure is being conducted here by a Menominee photographer. They come high, but the boys must have them to ward off malaria and keep their appetites down to a healthy standard.

Three of a kind. Aaron Miller, A. D. Miller and J. J. Miller; the first a grocer, the second a flour and feed dealer and the third a meat man and all within two hundred feet of THE DELTA office. There'll be fun in mail matters with that trio.

Mr. Donohue and his crew are turning the sand over on Delta avenue in fine shape and will have the job done in short order. For a while the street will make poor driving, but its level appearance will more than make up for that. The gravel comes next.

The tug Amethyst went to Escanaba Wednesday evening for a doctor for Mrs. Cook's little baby, returning home at about 2 a. m. Thursday. It was a nice thing for Capt. Brown and his crew to do and more that one mother will think kindly of them for it.

Six dollars per week is offered for a servant girl by a Gladstone lady, and she can find no takers. Girls who are holding back for husbands will wait a long time before they will find men to give them six dollars a week to cook and take care of babies for them.

Preparations are being made this week to open the Minnewasca Hotel. Mr. Scott, assisted by a couple of ladies' from Milwaukee were busy all last week and from their efforts it is expected they will be able to receive guests before another issue of THE DELTA.

The Oconto Reporter's man has been to Gladstone and this what he has to say regarding the place: "The streets are now being graded, and stores established. Even a newspaper, THE DELTA, has an existence therein. THE DELTA is no unpretentious one, and the paper itself shows fine evidence of talent and scientific labor."

If you know anything we don't know, and which the people ought to know, if it is worth knowing, don't you know that it is your duty to let us know it, that the people may also know, that it comes from you, you know, but they can't know, unless you let us know, the things which you know that will be good for all our people to know, you know.

Some people here are mean enough to express the idea that the immediate cause of Joseph Kornieczny's death was his name. They think that it must have got tangled up in his legs so that he could not help himself. Hereafter men with such names should leave two or three sections of them at home when they go out to interview nature in a row boat.

Mr. Thomas A. Mahar of Hastings, Minnesota is here looking for a site suitable for a planing mill and sash, door and blind factory and will probably have no difficulty in securing one. We hope to be able to state next week that he found everything satisfactory, and at the same time give the date of the commencement of operations on his buildings. He already has the greater portion of the machinery.

THE DELTA has embarked in the stationery business and hereafter will carry a stock of writing paper, envelopes, pens, inks and pencils, also time books, pass and memorandum books, scratch blocks and fancy box stationery. The front room of the office will be devoted to that business exclusively as soon as counters and shelving can be put in. So when you want writing material call at this office.

Visitors to Gladstone should never leave here without viewing the unsurpassed natural beauties of our neighboring townsite, South Gladstone, and partaking of the clear and pure cold spring water found there. In fact, if you wish to see Gladstone itself, or the harbor of Escanaba, no better place could be selected than the magnificent bluff at that place, standing close by the shore of Little Bay de Noc, the top of which is three hundred feet above the surface of the water.

Three or four weeks ago R. P. Mason's office was entered during his absence and everything in the room that was movable—even to Dick's boots—was strewn promiscuously about the premises. Since then everything has passed along smoothly until Sunday evening when the perpetrator of the diabolical outrage (the word diabolical is used in this connection partly for emphasis, but principally for ornamentation) was discovered in the lumber yard.

This afternoon, Tuesday July 26, 1887, is a memorable one in the history of Gladstone, for be it noted that at this time came in to the Gladstone dock the first locomotive engine to run within the city. This is an event worthy of record, since though it makes no immediate mark on the business of the place, it is the forerunner of business, rushing and boundsless that will flow in as soon as the gaps on the line are filled. October 15, is about the date to look for regular trains.

Mason's boarding house was entered and robbed on Friday night last to the tune of about \$240. James Mason is out about \$210, Mrs. Cook lost a check for \$35 and ten or fifteen dollars in cash (the check was thrown back, however when it was seen to be of no value to anyone but herself) and the servant girl lost \$22, all the money she had saved from her work. The job was undoubtedly done by the same party that went through the tents a few weeks since as a stranger could not get through that house so easily.

The race between the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic and the Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic railroads to see which shall reach the Soo first grows exciting as the time for the completion of the roads draws near. Each is making every exertion and bets are freely offered and taken on the race by the friends of the respective lines. The only difficulty seems to lie in the scarcity of laborers. The Minneapolis road has already taken several hundred men from lower Michigan and is now after five hundred more.

The new town of Gladstone, Mich., is having a great boom. The sale of lots began on the sixth. First choice business lots on Delta avenue, the main street, going as high as \$750.00. Good desirable business lots, however, were placed at \$600, \$550 and \$500 and less according to location. M. J. McCourt, of this city, has purchased three desirable lots, and a number of other Ocontoites have made similar investments. Gladstone is the new shipping town on the Sault Ste. Marie and Atlantic railroad and is bound to become the very active rival of Ashland and Duluth for all western business.—Oconto Enquirer.

Joseph Kornieczny, a Polander, was drowned in Little Bay de Noc on Saturday morning opposite Camp 4, on the Soo road, about three miles above Gladstone. Coroner McFall and Sheriff Provo came up from Escanaba Sunday morning and held an inquest on the body after which it was taken to Masonville for burial. The coroner's investigations revealed the simple fact that the deceased and several companions went to Masonville Friday night and returned to their camp the following morning in a row-boat; that when a few hundred feet from shore the deceased attempted to stand up in the boat, but being loaded by the head with a large quantity of poor whisky he fell over the side and was drowned in eight feet of water. His companions were in about the same condition and if they attempted to rescue him, which was not shown, their efforts were without success. The dead man was one of a party of eight who came here from Cleveland a short time since. He has friends at Alpena, Mich., of the same name.

The necessity for a telephone line around Little Bay de Noc is felt more and more every day. The present method of conveying information is too long drawn out for business purposes, for in nine cases out of ten from one to two days is required to send a message and receive an answer from any point on the bay, and the farthest place, Escanaba, is only about seven miles distant. Business of all kinds could be handled much more expeditiously and in many cases at a great saving of expense. Instruments could be placed at the several mills around the bay, in the business houses in Gladstone and at Escanaba. An exchange would not be required for some time and the expense of keeping the line up would be light. Will not the people on the bay interest themselves in this matter far enough to find out the cost of such an undertaking and then interview the people about putting one in. George Finch, being in the business would make a good committee of one to investigate the matter.

CHAT ABOUT PEOPLE.

of the People who Visit Gladstone During the Week and Those who Depart.

Aaron Miller arrived here Saturday and Danforth went to Escanaba Saturday.

Kellogg, of Kaukauna, was here Sunday.

Low D. Brainard was up from Escanaba Sunday.

Johnson and wife returned from Escanaba last Sunday.

Blackwell was in Escanaba a couple of days last week.

Celia Allger and Miss Whybrew Gladstone Friday.

Mr. M. Blackwell returned from New York and Ohio, on Sunday.

T. H. Hancock and family visited Gladstone Saturday.

Mr. McFall and Benj. Young were in Escanaba Thursday.

Dolan Bros. of Bruce, Wis., are here and commenced to build.

Geo. Drisko and Mrs. R. B. Leighten Gladstone last week.

McKeever was here on Sunday, in the beauties of Gladstone.

Pierce, of Brown, Pierce & Co., in Escanaba Monday morning.

Nelson, engineer on the tugboat, spent Sunday in Escanaba.

Donovan, dealer in flour and feed, was in Gladstone Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kratze and children were at the Whybrew residence Sunday.

J. Mead, of Kaukauna, Wis., was in Gladstone in F. M. Blackwell's party.

Mertz, of Juneau, Wis., is visiting here with her husband and son here this week.

Dore Shaw, brother-in-law of J. S. Blackwell, of Iowa, was in Gladstone Sunday.

Ever Townsend, Carl Rathfon and Sterling were up on the Lotus Monday.

Lord Baehrich, of the Oliver, Escanaba, was around Saturday on his regular trip.

A. Burns, Mrs. Burns, Misses McHale and Emmel were up from Escanaba Sunday.

Ed. Erickson and her mother, Mrs. Anthony visited here at the head of the bay Monday.

Mrs. Tolan, chief of the fire department in Escanaba visited our town Sunday last.

C. W. Davis, wife and mother, of Escanaba, were in Gladstone Monday, and at this office.

Among our visitors Sunday were Amos Hurst, James Davison and Mr. Willis, of Escanaba.

Walter Conkey, of Appleton, Wis., and the Blackwell Bros here and at Gladstone Sunday.

Mrs. Carr, Mr. Toney and Mr. Ray, of Escanaba, looked the town over Sunday and our neighbor Miller.

Mr. McFall and Sheriff Provo, made a call Sunday evening. They were not on business this time.

F. J. Lang, representing the Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co., of Hermansville, Mich., was here Thursday.

E. V. White, of Minneapolis, Minn., arrived in Gladstone and will open a state and insurance office here.

Mr. Beattie left his books in Langdon, Wis., & Co's office at Escanaba long enough to visit his friends in Gladstone, Sunday.

George English was here on Saturday.

Miss Loughley, Miss Fanning and Miss Bell were passengers up on the Lotus Sunday.

Thomas A. Mahara, of Hastings, Minn., called on THE DELTA Sunday, and expressed himself as well pleased with our new town.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Murphy drove over to Wells Monday, to look up a lot or two for a residence, and of course called on THE DELTA.

A gentleman from Ephraim, Wis., near Green Bay, was here Saturday looking for a site with a view to putting in a stock building stone.

Charlie Bishop came up from Escanaba Sunday, looked the town over. Just many corner lots he selected is not known at present.

William McCourt, of Oshkosh has pitched his tent in Gladstone and gone to work with the determination of doing his best towards making this place a large town.

Mrs. Brown left for St. Paul Friday, where she will visit with her father, while Mr. Brown remains here and looks—well, as all men look when their wives are absent.

John Walch, of Escanaba arrived in Gladstone Saturday morning and immediately

commenced the erection of a building on lot 3 of block 23, in which he intends opening a saloon as soon as it is completed.

Rev. Chas. T. Stout, the new pastor of St. Stephen's church Escanaba, called on THE DELTA Saturday, with our friends Jas. C. Morrell, Will Sensiba, Miss Villa Sensiba, Mrs. Tyler and the Misses Emma and Adelle Tyler.

G. W. Beaman, East Jordan, Mich., was here on Sunday looking the town over and is desirous of establishing a drug store. He has a fine store at East Jordan and a large stock of goods, but thinks Gladstone has a bright future and would like to make a change.

THE DELTA force went out to the right-of-way Friday and witness the methods of railroad building employed by the Sault people in building railroads by which they are enabled to put down rails at the rate of a mile and three-quarters per day with about a hundred men, a locomotive and a couple of flat cars. From the foot of Delta avenue, where they were then at work, the press gang took the new track to South Gladstone and captured engine No. 20, a monster 41-ton Baldwin of the latest improved make. On getting aboard we found Mr. M. Blair, late of Winona, Minn., on the right hand side and Mr. Wm. Farrell, from the same place, on the left. Mr. Blair pointed out all the new and important features of his machine and capped the climax by taking the printers for a short run in the direction of home, the inter-state law to the contrary notwithstanding. These new Baldwin's are said to be the finest engines ever brought to this part of the country and are a perfect fit for the gentlemen handling them.

MEN WANTED—To subscribe for the largest paper in the Northwest, THE DELTA, weekly, sixteen pages and only \$1.50 per year. Published in and for the interests of Delta county. Try it.

Paper, Ink, Pens, Pencils

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.

BROWN, PIERCE & CO.

Contractors and Builders.

We are prepared to furnish Complete plans in

DETAIL.

Drawings and Specifications for

Public and Private

Buildings on short notice and at

Reasonable Figures.

And we guarantee their accuracy.

Gladstone, Mich.

J. J. MILLER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Lard and Hams,

At Gaylord, Mich., will open his market here

On or Before August 1, 1887,

And will carry a full line of everything usually handled in a first-class market. Special attention will be given to large orders from Hotels, Boarding Houses and Camps.

← OPPOSITE THE DELTA OFFICE, GLADSTONE. →

Aaron Miller

Has opened his store opposite THE DELTA office with a full and complete line of

Fruits and Vegetables,

Butter, Cheese and Fresh Eggs,

Cigars, Tobaccos and Pipes.

He will run a

Restaurant and Boarding House

In connection with his store and will furnish first-class meals at all hours at living prices.

Pure Apple Cider in Stock.

Thos. M. Solar,

Contractor

—AND—

Builder.

Buildings of all kinds, public or private, erected on short notice.

Plans and specifications prepared.

61 Gladstone, Mich.

THE

DELTA AVENUE

HOTEL,

Now open

Board \$7 per week. Transient rates \$2 per day.

GLADSTONE, MICH.

Scott & Mason.

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, FURNITURE.

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

Beef, Pork Hams, Shoulders, Sugar, Flour, Butter, Canned Goods, Cigars and Tobacco.

HARDWARE.

Nails, Butts, Hinges, Pumps, Stoves and Tinware. Shovels, Hoes, Forks, Rakes &c. &c.

Persons contemplating building should call and get our prices on building material before making contracts.

FURNITURE.

Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Bureaus, Stands, Tables, Chairs, Sange's Rocker &c.

A full and complete line in the double store at the east end of the town.

Do not buy before calling on us.

EXTRA MESS CORN BEEF!

A CHOICE ARTICLE!

125 Barrels at \$8.50 per barrel, Cash, for sale by

A. & H. BITTNER,

47tf

City Market, Escanaba, Mich.

W. W. OLIVER

Has a Complete Line of

FARMING AND GARDEN TOOLS

CALL AND SEE THE GOODS.

Carroll Block

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408 Ludington St.

East End Grocer.

J. G. WALTERS,

—DEALER IN CHOICE—

Groceries and Provisions, Crackers, Ham, Butter, Eggs

EUREKA SPRINGS SOAP,

Cigars and Tobaccos, Pickles, Catsups, etc.

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

AT JOHN GROSS'

New and Fresh Goods!

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Goods delivered free to any part of the city.

Store "on the hill."

410 Ludington Street.

Wall-Paper,

Window Curtains,

Shades and Fixtures,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Putty

at low prices, at

Mead's old established Drug Store.

Jewelry and Watches, also.

SEE THE NEW AND GRAND DISPLAY OF

BUGGIES

At Van Dyke's Furniture Store.

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The assortment was never so good as now!
The time to buy is now

My Entire Stock of Crockery and Glassware

Is to be closed out.

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508 Ludington Street.

The Delta.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Hereafter The Delta subscription price is \$1.50 per year in advance. \$2 if not paid until the end of the year.

DOINGS IN ESCANABA.

Events of Interest From the Greatest Ore Shipping Port in the World—Escanaba.

R. C. Williams, of L'Anse, was in the city Friday.

Joseph Bitterly, of Iron Mountain, was at the Ludington last Friday.

Louis Schram left on Sunday for an extended outing, accompanied by his youngest son.

O. H. Hoffman, paymaster of the Soo road has been in the city on his business for a week past.

Patrick Connell has been promoted to the position of engineer and is stationed in the Northwestern's yards at Ishpeming.

It is strange that a rooster should crow, a crow hawk, a hawk fly, a fly flea, a flea bite, and by it fatten, and a fat hen roost her high.

George Porter, brakeman on Conductor Lloyd's train had two fingers of one of his hands badly squeezed while making a coupling at Iron River Tuesday. He came here and had Dr. Tracy fix him out.

Married at St. Joseph church on Monday July 25, at six o'clock Mr. Melville E. Main and Miss Mary E. Kelly. Mr. and Mrs. Main left on the afternoon train for a tour of a week or two in Wisconsin and Illinois.

Work began on the foundations of Coan's building on the corner of Campbell street, Monday morning. Whybrew will rush the carpenter work. He has Kirstine's building nearly done and Mumford & Thompson will put in their stock in a day or two.

There is a use for cats and a necessity for dogs, circumstances justify babies and throw a halo of extenuation about the milkman and the fishmonger, the "scissy grinder," and the mender of old umbrellas; but he that keepeth a parrot within city limits is utterly without excuse.—Toronto Globe.

Last Tuesday while Edward Mitchell was on the jury in the Peterson case some one entered his stable at Pine Ridge and stole a horse from him. The thief brought the horse to here and sold it to John Holmes for \$50. Sheriff Provo returned the horse to its owner and Holmes is out \$50. The thief gave his address to Holmes, as "George Martin, Brown county, Wis., Box 54."

The game of base ball between the Escanaba and Oconto clubs on Sunday last, was not a very interesting one and was won by the Ocontos by a score of 11 to 19. Had the umpire dealt more fairly with the Escanabas the game would have been different, as it was the boys did well, as it is a hard thing to beat a club and the umpire both. The two clubs will probably cross bats again in the near future and with a little fair play our boys will make a change in business all-round. Umpire, Walter Grunert of Oconto.

The Northwestern railway wants its trainmen to carry accurate time pieces and to that end every watch must be examined once in three months by a competent person and if they do not reach a certain standard they must be discarded and new ones purchased. Besides this every watch must be supplied with an anti-magnetic shield costing \$7.00. Its a good move, but the corporation imposes on the men shamefully. To the ordinary man a watch can not be bought every few months, and as long as the company wants such accuracy they should pay for it.

Saturday night Marshal McCarthy received a telegram from Conductor Oliver saying that three men had robbed a passenger and left his train at his place. The marshal secured a description of the men, and after some search Sunday morning discovered them on the bay shore near the lumber yard. They were smooth fellows, one, in particular, being very well-dressed and gentlemanly in appearance. The marshal searched them, but found nothing upon them which would justify their arrest. They were warned to leave town and did so on the next south bound train.

Fitching a ball is more difficult than it used to be. "The in-curve calls into action most particularly the pectoralis major, the biceps, brachialis, anticus, and flexors of the forearm. The out-curve effects the pectoral major, coraco-brachialis, infra-spinatus, teres minor, and ulnar muscles. The down-curve strains most especially the pectoralis major, trapezius, deltoid, and serratus magnus. The up-curve is mostly caused by the pectoralis major, biceps, and supinator brevis." This is why the E. B. B. C. requires occasional assistance from abroad.

Rail Gossip.

The talk among railroad men now is to the effect that when the Watersmeet extension is ready to operate, which will be early in August, two trains will be put on between Escanaba and Watersmeet and the Crystal Falls passenger will be retained. The plan will necessitate an extra train crew, but will not increase the number of trains running along the Menominee range.

It is reported that the work of extending the Northwestern railway from Metropolitan to Republic has been commenced. The extension has been talked of for quite a while, and a line was surveyed some time since, but it has not been generally expected that the work would be commenced this season.

The proposition for local aid which was submitted by the Wisconsin Midland Railroad company has been amended so as to make Frank G. Bigelow, cashier of the First National Bank, Milwaukee, trustee to hold the bonds that Florence county may issue.

It will probably be a couple of months yet before the Milwaukee & Northern Railroad extension to Republic will be in operation.

All of which is gathered from the wide-awake Florence Mining News.

Capt. Goldsmith Perhaps Fatally Ill at St. Clair, Mich.

Shortly before noon Saturday, a dispatch from Cleveland was received at the office of the Menominee Mining Company, in Milwaukee, announcing that Capt. L. B. Goldsmith, of the steamer Progress, was stricken with apoplexy at St. Clair, that morning. Capt. Goldsmith is one of oldest and best known vessel masters on the lakes. He was left at the Oakland House, St. Clair, for treatment. It is extremely doubtful whether he will recover.

Capt. Goldsmith is one of the oldest captains upon the lakes, have been in command nearly, if not quite fifty years, and during the years of great passenger travel, was deservedly one of the most popular men in his profession. For many years he sailed for Capt. E. B. Ward between Buffalo and Chicago, and was noted for his genial disposition, his faithfulness to duty and able seamanship. He has been in command of the Progress since she came out in 1881. His home is at Goochland, near Richmond, Va. He went to Goochland about a year ago. For several years prior to that he had lived at Kingsville, O., where he still owns a farm, and where several of his children reside. His wife resides at Goochland.

On our fifth page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

Mr. A. C. Longworth, of St. Johns, Mich., has been in the city examining it with a view of establishing a newspaper here. What he has learned THE DELTA does not know, but is informed that he has determined to move his office here at once. A word of advice THE DELTA offers its erring brother—pause.

Capt. Hart of the steamer Moore, is entitled to the best there is in the house when he is around THE DELTA office. Our galleys which were lost a few weeks ago, were returned to us last Saturday by him with the information that they had been found on his boat and he has been busy ever since finding them trying to discover what transportation company had lost them. Thanks, Captain, for your trouble. Such conduct is the cause of the Moore's prosperity.

Parties in lower Michigan who intend to locate a machine shop in this part of the state have been offered the old Ludington lumber yard site on long lease. The site is a good one and it is to be hoped that the gentlemen will conclude to locate here. One such established at work here would do more to add to the growth of the city and induce others to come in than anything else that could be done. Escanaba will be as well situated for rail connections, next year as any city in the state and the numerous mills, factories and other plants requiring machinery that are being built and in contemplation will make such a business very lucrative here.

The completion of the Milwaukee & Northern extension to Republic will probably be delayed a little on account of the company having decided to extend their line this fall to Champion, although 20 miles of the line is now ready for the rails. From conversation we have had with representatives of the road, we think it will be near the first of November before passenger trains are run through to Champion. When this line is completed it will reduce the distance from Milwaukee to Marquette and Negaunee by 23 miles, from Milwaukee to Ishpeming by 29 miles, Milwaukee to L'Anse by 56 miles, from Milwaukee to Republic by 73 miles, from Milwaukee to Houghton, Hancock and Champion by 61 miles. Three towns will be established on the new line between Iron Mountain and Republic. The new line will be a great advantage to the residents of the Lake Superior country.—Range.

THE BILLOWS AND BREEZE.

Boat Tidings from Every Quarter of the Lakes. Fair and Foul.

A Cleveland telegram indicates a slight decline from the \$1.60 Escanaba ore rate.

Vesselmen do not like to take iron ore to Buffalo. It takes too long to get discharged.

Capt. James Ash has about completed a contract with Quayle, of Cleveland, for one more vessel.

The inspectors at Grand Haven have refused the propeller Van Raalte inspection papers and ordered her laid off.

The captain of the propeller Oceanica is in trouble at Chicago for maltreating one of his crew. He was placed under arrest.

The Minnesota Iron Company will build a fleet of nine propellers for the ore trade at Two Harbors, at a cost of about \$1,000,000.

The tug Robert Weldman took fire at Bay City Tuesday, narrowly escaping destruction. Capt. Devanny had his feet badly burned.

The tug Challenge has gone to Isle Royal to recover the remainder of the machinery in the wrecked steamer Algoma and take it to Port Huron.

A round trip from Menominee to Buffalo was made recently by the propeller Saginaw Valley in 7 1/4 days, which is remarkable time.

The sale of the propeller Vernon came off at noon Wednesday, at Detroit, the purchaser being Captain Pridgeon, at \$23,300, for the original owners.

The Anchor line has offered all of its smaller wooden vessels for sale. The list includes the propellers Gordon, Campbell, and Annie Young, and all the schooners of the line.

The schooner J. H. Stevens was struck by a heavy squall on Lake Michigan Sunday, carrying everything by the board and damaging her \$300 worth. She was towed Kewaunee.

The Tioga has completed ten round trips between Buffalo and Chicago, this being done in 85 days. This is the best time on record. With ordinary luck she will make 27 trips this season.

Notice has been given that after August 1, the light on the north side of the Sault canal, about 450 feet from the outer end of the north pier at its western entrance, will be changed from a fixed white to a fixed red light.

The last of the old shore steamer Geo. L. Dunlap, has disappeared. The hull which was run ashore near the mouth of the Saginaw river a few days ago, has been set on fire and burned to the water's edge.—Oscoda Saturday Night.

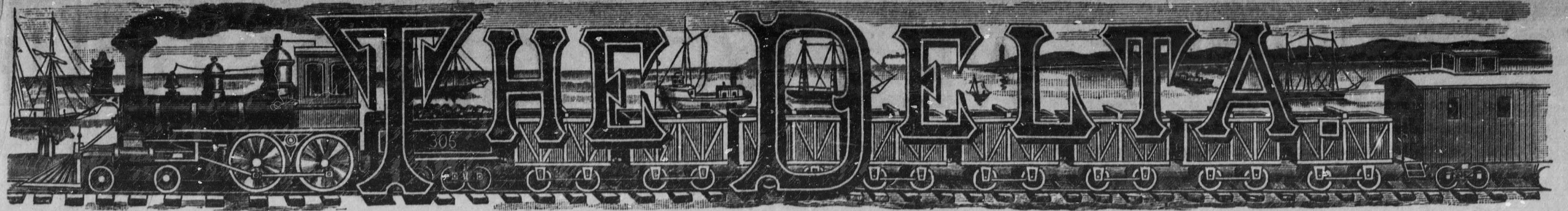
Sheboygan, Wis, July 22.—All the chains are now beneath the Chamberlain and they expect to raise the vessel early next week. They are very confident the attempt will prove successful, so much so that the captain has secured the dry dock at Manitowoc where the barge will be towed.

The injuries to the schooner Reed Case, which leaked on her way down with ore, are from former defective repairs. A broken plank had been left and filled with tallow. When that was gone she leaked again. A garboard streak was fastened with but one spike. Calking crowded it off, and she leaked at that point also. Only about \$100 will be expended in repairs.

Contracts have just been made for several new steel vessels for lake service. The most important has just been closed with the Globe Iron Works, of Cleveland, for a fleet of steel steamships for the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company. The contract calls for six boats, each to cost \$220,000. They are to be built after one model, 310 feet over all, 296 feet keel, 40 feet beam, and 24 feet molded depth, with triple expansion engines, diameter of cylinders 24, 38, and 60 inches, by 42 inches stroke. Steam will be furnished by two boilers, each containing three furnaces and with a working pressure of 150 pounds. The boats will form a line between Duluth and Buffalo.

The burned propeller Champlain, from Charlevoix, in tow of the tug Welcome, arrived at Milwaukee on Wednesday and was towed to the Milwaukee ship-yard, where she is to be rebuilt. She is a bad looking wreck. Her upper works are gone, down to the covering-board. From there down her outside planking is not burned, but inside she appears to be gone, her decks, deck-beams, ceiling, and many of her frames being burnt. When she comes out again she will be almost an entire new boat, with the exception of her machinery, which will require extensive overhauling and repairs.

PERSONAL.—Lizzie: It is to your advantage to buy your writing paper, pens, inks, pencils and envelopes at THE DELTA office, Gladstone, Mich. Special low prices on all stationery.



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MASON & HAYDEN,
Commission dealers in
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Will give especial attention to inspecting and shipping lumber at all points on Lakes Michigan and Superior and Saginaw river.
OFFICE:
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Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.
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Gold Filling a Specialty.
Parties living out of town may be sure of prompt attention by advising him of the day and hour of their visit. Ludington St., east of Harrison Ave.
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Proprietor of
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The only livery in Fayette. Fancy rigs at all times at moderate prices.

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Especially solicited.
FAYETTE, MICH. 29

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Fresh Meats of all Kinds.
Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Sauer Kraut, Game, Poultry, Sausages and Oysters in season.
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Of all kinds in the most workmanlike manner. Address orders to box 598, Escanaba.
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THE UPPER PENINSULA.

A Weekly Summary of Interesting Northern News Gathered From our Exchanges.

It is expected that Minckler's saw mill, which was burned a few weeks ago, will be rebuilt.

Ashland will pave her streets with cedar. Ashland is a good, all-round town to live in apparently.

The striking miners at the W nthrop mine have received their back pay and have returned to work.

Company I. of Menominee, will attend the state encampment at Brighton next week 60 members strong.

William Cramford, an aged Marquette recluse, was found dead in a basement in that city on Wednesday last.

A two-year-old son of Alexander Ethier living at Red Jacket, Mich., was drowned in a tub of water on Thursday.

Florence has a jail that is a little better than a tent. Chas. King, a lumberman, is the latest man to walk out of it.

The Jackson mine pay-roll for last month amounted to \$27,000. Nice little sum of money to drop in a town.

One hundred new ore cars have been ordered for the Duluth & Iron Range railroad for its Vermillion ore business.

The Marinette Guards will give a railroad excursion to Iron Mountain or Elkhart lake some time in the near future.

Thomas Pierce saloon at Ishpeming was burglarized to the extent of \$350 on Thursday morning last. His safe was ruined.

A young man, Charles Delaporte, died at Oconto, Friday, from the effect of a dose of laudanum, taken with suicidal intent.

Cascade Junction is becoming a hard hole. Toughs and prostitutes are flocking there in large numbers says an exchange.

The men at the Boston mine, Negaunee, have not received their pay for some time and have quit work until matters are adjusted.

Track-laying on the Northwestern extension, from Iron River to Watersmeet, is completed, with the exception of about two miles.

Will Harrington has reduced the size of his paper, The Duluth Journal of Iron, from a 6-column quarto to a 5-column quarto size.

Charles Newstrom, of Ishpeming, is crazy—wanders around for days—and for fear he will commit suicide he will be sent to an asylum.

The L. W. & V. S. Co., Menominee, Mich., has purchased nearly 30,000 acres of southern pine, nearly all of it lying in the state of Louisiana.

Mable Clare was burned to death in the Fremont House at Ashland last week and as W. H. Griffin occupied the room with her he is held responsible for her death.

The trustees of the Michigan Mining School at Houghton, have decided to accept the site offered for the school by Goodell & Van Orden in East Houghton.

The Marinette Paper Co. is turning out a carload of 48 inch webs for the Omaha Bee. The term "web" implies that the paper is in a continuous roll, instead of sheets.

Albert Bauer, a cookee at the Nelson House, Ishpeming, drank too much one day last week and attempted to cut J. P. Outhwaite with a carving knife. He was placed in jail.

Florence is to have a telephone exchange. And the citizens of that place will have an opportunity to vote \$20,000 to induce the Wisconsin & Midland railway to go there.

One day last week a loaded skip fell down a shaft at the Calumet & Hecla copper mine and did not leave the track until the bottom was reached, a distance of over one thousand feet.

The members of the Negaunee fire department wanted to go Escanaba, on the excursion but the Northwestern road would not give them reduced rates and the trip was given up.

John Rouchie and another man were drunk at Negaunee on Tuesday last and at the close of a heated argument Rouchie was the possessor of an ugly cut on his body and came near going to glory.

was thrown from his buggy on Friday last and sustained such injuries that he was unconscious for several days and it is feared that his whole body is paralyzed.

R. G. Peters, of Menominee has just sold to Ira A. Smith and J. F. Swan, of Muskegon, a tract of pine land, with an estimated cut of 110,000,000 feet, near Ashland, Wis., for \$354,000.

A couple of young ladies were assaulted near Hancock one evening last week, and it is thought the men were members of the crew of the United States steamer Warrington which lay in the harbor at the time.

Capt. Bundy with his gospel ship "Glad Tidings," is stationed at Grand Marais, on the north shore of Lake Superior, where he will preach to our friend John M. Millar and the Indians in that vicinity. Millar always did have the best the market afforded.

A motion for a new trial in the case of J. H. Soquet, convicted of murdering his wife in the town of Preble, Brown county in 1873, was denied by Judge Hastings on Saturday, and the prisoner was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Soquet's counsel will appeal to the supreme court.

A young man who has since been identified as Frank Webster, of Iron River, committed suicide in the Chilton House, Milwaukee, on the 9th inst., by poisoning himself. He had been on a prolonged spree, bringing about despondency, resulting in his death as above stated.

The property known as the "Marinette property," formerly belonging to "old Marinette," the mother of Marinette, was sold on Wednesday by Mr. F. Carney to Mr. J. I. Scott; consideration, \$3,500. The house on these premises was the first built in the city, being erected by "Marinette" some time in the thirties, and was occupied by her till her death, in 1863.

The depth of the shafts of the Calumet and Hecla mine are as follows: Calumet branch No. 1, 3,900 feet; No. 2, 3,800 feet; No. 3, 3,800; No. 4, 3,800 feet; No. 5, 3,400 feet. Hecla No. 1, 3,800; No. 2, 3,800 feet; No. 3, 3,300 feet; No. 4, 900 feet; No. 10, 800 feet; No. 11, 200 feet; No. 12, 1,100 feet. The total depth of the above twelve shafts will aggregate 33,700 feet, or about six and one half miles.

L. A. Gustafson, of Menominee, Mich., a young man 27 years of age, in company with several companions, went in bathing in the slip at the L. W. & V. S. Co's mill last Sunday, and venturing into deep water was drowned, not being able to swim. The remains were found on Tuesday and placed in charge of M. H. Kern, the undertaker. The deceased was lately from Finland and has no relatives in this country other than a sister in Boston.

"Maggie Brown is a shrewd young German girl, who struck Sault Ste. Marie about 10 years ago, and went into the peanut business. She invested her savings in real estate, and when the boom struck the town she prospered. Now she is worth \$150,000," says the Detroit Evening Journal. A somewhat similar case is that of Peter McGinnis, a bright, quick-witted Italian boy, who came to Marquette two years ago and established himself in the chimney sweeping business. He invested his savings in Shouldice mining stock and the Smith Moore gold mine, and rose on the top of the boom. Now Mr. McGinnis is independently rich, and yesterday he took the afternoon steamer for the Sault, to woo the fair Miss Brown.—Mining Journal.

The vicinity of Cascade Junction is covered with persons—men, women and children—who are employed by the men who export huckleberries. The sudden increase in population has resulted in an immigration of hard characters, and the place is becoming very lawless. An officer was telegraphed for yesterday to preserve the peace. The authorities here turned the message over to the sheriff. Sheriff Adams left on an ore train late last night for Cascade.

At that place Monday night some unknown person threw revolver, cartridges into the camp fire of a party of Negaunee boys. It was reported that three young lads, named Toomey, Scanlon and Smith, were badly injured by bullets from the exploding cartridges. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the outrage.

As a good deal of interest is taken by the public in the recent gold find at Ishpeming, Mich., THE DELTA publishes the following report from the Iron Ore, fur-

nished by Mr. Julius Ropes, to the secretary of the Lake Superior Iron Company: C. H. Hall. Dear Sir:—I have completed the examination and assay of the average sample (12 oz.) of the rich gold quartz we selected at the company's office the 7th inst. and herewith give the result:

The 12 oz. were pulverized and an average taken out for assay, and the gold pounded out of the balance.

The assay gave 2,446.99 troy bulion per ton of ore.	The bullion is 863 fine, gold,	137 fine, silver.	This gives 2,112.35 oz. gold per ton, silver 334.64.
Value of gold at \$20.67 per oz	\$43,662 27		
" silver " .95 "	317 90		
Total value per ton ore	\$43,980 17		

Value of bullion per troy oz. gold	\$17 83
" " " silver	14
	\$17 97

The gold from the portion assayed added to the amount pounded out (less 12 grains chipped off for assay) gives a button of bullion herewith enclosed weighing 346 grains, 301 grains of gold and 45 grains silver.

Value of gold in button	\$12 96
" silver "	10
Total value of button	\$13 06

Very respectfully,
J. Ropes.

Wednesday's Mining Journal furnished the following interesting item about the largest iron mine deal ever consummated: According to published reports the Gogebic mines, now owned by the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron company, and henceforth to be operated by that corporation, brought pretty stiff prices in the transfer sale. Here are the figures given: Bessemer, \$480,000, or \$12 per share; Sunday Lake, \$400,000, or \$10 per share; Iron Chief, \$250,000, or \$6.50 per share; Bourne, \$240,000, or \$6 per share; Moore, \$200,000, or \$5 per share; Prospect Hill, \$200,000, or \$5 per share. Moore, Benjamin & Co. receive 25 cents per share commission on these sales, a net profit on the 360,000 shares of \$90,000. The total purchases, including 5,000 acres of land and other property, make the investment \$4,500,000. Of the seven mines above enumerated, only two are represented on the shipping list to date this season, these being the Bessemer and Sunday Lake, the former of which has shipped 1,303 tons, and the latter 1,083, a total of 2,386 tons. Plainly the firm of brokers who negotiated this sale earned their \$90,000. They did a clever stroke of business for themselves and the sellers, however it may turn out for the purchasing syndicate.

It is further announced that the syndicate corporation will build ten iron steamers with a carrying capacity of 500,000 ton a season to transport to market the product of the mines that it has acquired. The figures above given denote that a fleet of that size and capacity will be abundantly able to handle the output of the great consolidated group of mines unless their productive capacity should be put to a much severer strain in the future than it has been subjected to thus far.

Erastus Winan has, it is said, bought the large and famous steamship Great Eastern. The price agreed upon is rumored to be not far from \$100,000. Those who are acquainted with the facts say that Mr. Winan is to bring the leviathan over to New York and anchor her near Staten Island. The Great Eastern is then to be turned into a monster place of amusement and will include within its bulwarks a theater, museum, variety show, and restaurant.

The Black Diamond, published at Chicago, Ill., in the interest of coal miners, shippers and merchants, puts THE DELTA on the back in the following artistic manner:

The bright, wide-awake paper, the Escanaba DELTA, has removed its publishing offices to Gladstone, Mich., a town some seven miles distant from Escanaba, and located on the line of the Minneapolis, Sault St. Marie & Atlantic R'y, the future great through route from Minneapolis to the Atlantic. The DELTA has the true spirit of the Northwestern pioneer, which is shown by the new movement to capture both of these growing lake points in the most approved diplomatic style. The DELTA is bound "to get there" and the Black Diamond, thoroughly relishing pluck and enterprise, proposes three cheers and a tiger in support of the good work the DELTA is doing.

WHERE WE LIVE -- GLADSTONE



Gladstone

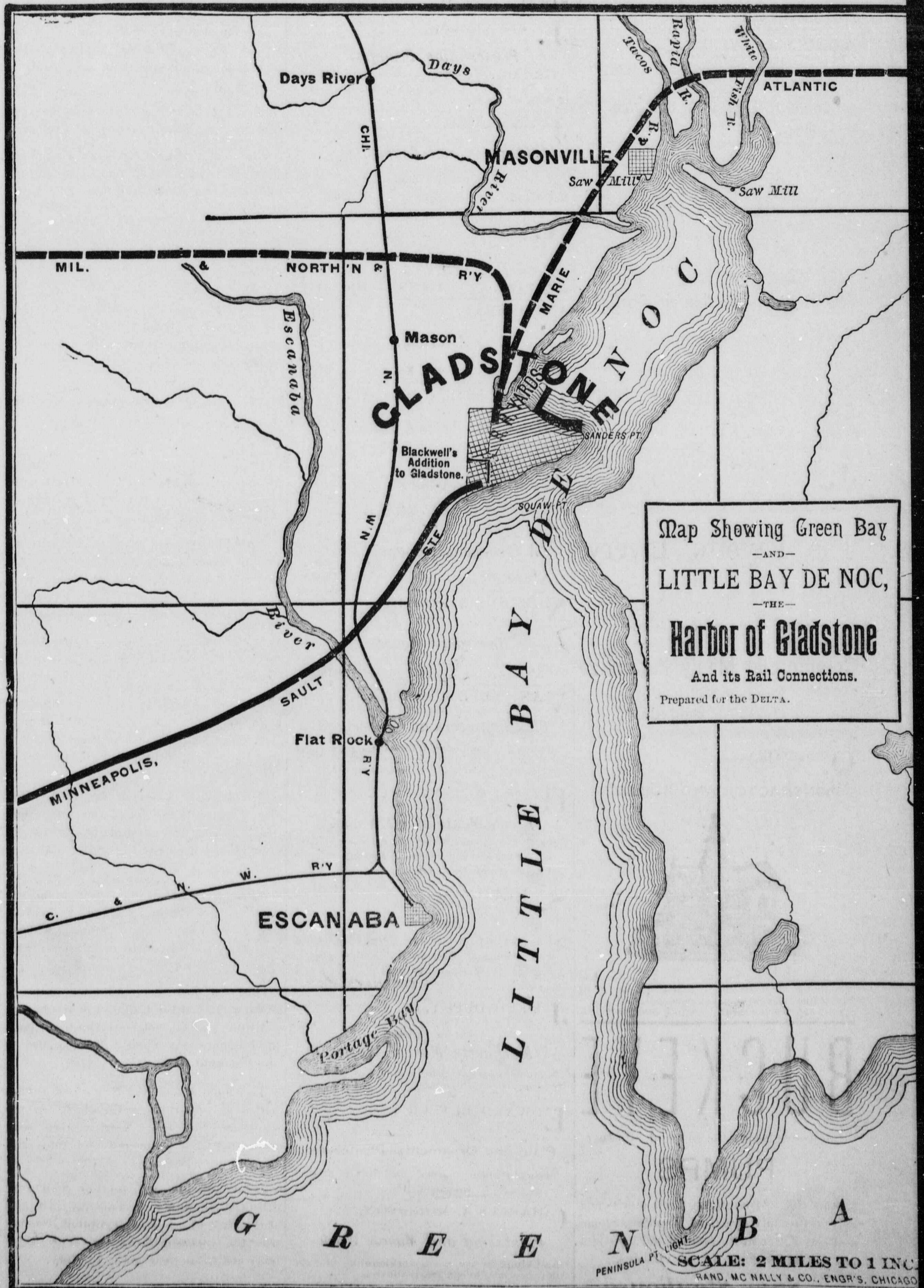
Lots are now in market and selling freely. Come and establish yourself in a live, growing town sure to be a big one, with limitless prospects and on the most beautiful sheet of deep water on the lakes. Information furnished by

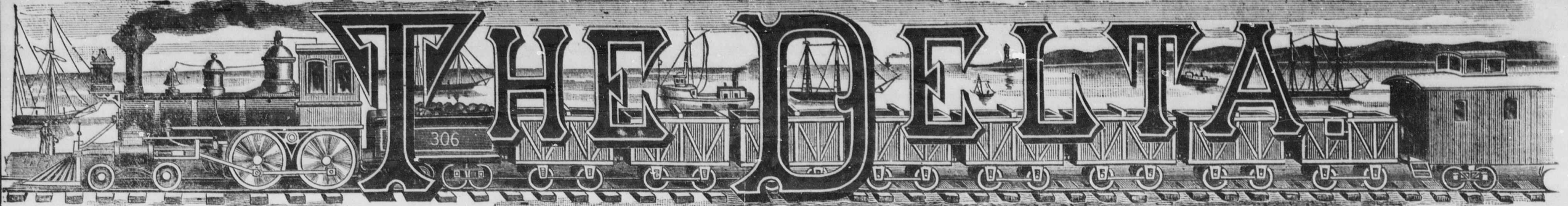
THE DELTA

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.





WOMAN'S WORLD AND WORK

Woman. Most flattered and least trusted of the race, loved for their follies, their devotion scorned in presence slighted and in absence mourned.

Result of Idleness. There is as much danger in hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. According to a writer in Faith and Work, Dr. Farquharson argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives.

How Some Girls Live. They go to bed at night and fall into a sort of stupor. Why not? Is there one breath of fresh air in their sleeping box? Do they ever, except in the heat of summer, have so much as a crack of the window open?

They "don't even lace tight." I never knew a woman who did—mean who said she did. I have had a stout woman of fifty tell me the same thing, adding triumphantly—"and I wear the same sized corset I did at sixteen."

Tea time brings cakes of various sorts, probably more pie, cheese, fruit preserved and so ill-done it is fermented, or canned fruit, which is comparatively harmless, strong tea and hot biscuit. Repasts fit for "A cassowary."

Then to begin the day again. After breakfast they run up stairs, spread up their bed with all exhalations of their bodies during the night still imprisoned in it; they perhaps sweep the floor and dust the furniture; then they go down stairs and sew a little, or practice half an hour if they are so unfortunate as to own a cheap piano or parlor organ.

Dinner over, they go up to their rooms again to dress for the afternoon. They lace up their corsets tighter, put on boots with heels two inches high, twist their hair into an unnatural fluff which covers their foreheads and gives them the aspect of a

skye terrier, put on a dress which is so "well fitting" that the cannot raise their heads in it, and go out to walk about to see what they can see. After tea another girl comes in and they giggle and whisper together for a while, and then go out together, perhaps with a young man, to some third-class show; or to a ball, or to a drive. They have latch keys and come home when they get ready, slip into their unaired beds after hanging the dresses they have worn eight or ten hours in that tight-shut closet, and repeat the experience of the night before.

Now they have sown the seed. "What will the harvest be?" First—If it is winter, a heavy cold; the misused lungs forced to breathe over and over air that has no vitality in it. Air that is absolutely noxious becomes congested more or less, and they begin to cough and sneeze. If they have scrofula hidden in their constitutions—and how few people have not—the harvest of this planting will be bronchitis or consumption.

The next crop is dyspepsia. They put into that delicate organ, the human stomach, already disgusted by the hard labor of its next neighbor, the lungs, and weakened by the slow circulation of vitiated blood, vitiated by the bad air, a mass of indigestible stuff that they call food. At first they do not notice any special effect; they are young and strong, and can bear a good deal of physical mistreatment without much trouble, but after a time food begins to distress them, life gets very tiresome, they have acid tastes in their mouths heart-burn, flatulence. Yes, I know these are unpleasant things to talk of, but they are a great deal more unpleasant to have.

Then they lose their rest, their appetite, strength, courage, cheerfulness. This is a bad crop; it realizes the primeval curse. "Thorns and briars shall it bring forth unto thee."

So they begin to diet; but there is a harvest from that corset that abrogates the good of diet.

I have every reason to suppose she thought I was a fool. I must be, to believe that thirty-six years had not altered the size and shape of a woman. I must be not to see the abrupt angle her hips made with her waist, the immense size of those hips and whole shape of her figure, much like a wasp and bumble bee cut in two and the wasp's forehalf spliced to the other half of the bee, the open secret that she gradually forced her ribs together above her lungs and stomach, till the natural spread of her figure had been ruthlessly jammed downward.

However, for the sake of argument we will say they don't lace; but they do press on all those soft muscles about the organs of life an unyielding of bone and steel that takes all their strength away by supplying artificial support.

Tie your arm up in a sling for six months and see how helpless it will be, and do you think their stomachs and livers can bear the stiff pressure of a corset without harm?

"Oh!" say a host of voices, one after another, "I can't live without my corset! The minute I leave it off I am just as weak as a kitten—all gone; I can hardly sit up!"

They have told the story now! They have disabled themselves; they have ruined the wonderful work of God in their bodies, and the result, the harvest is fearful; their interior organs are all forced out of place, crowded, weakened, congested. Then to all this they add high heeled shoes. Possibly they do not know that the most delicate organs of their frames are only kept in place by muscular attachments, hung, as it were, on the edge of those wonderful muscles that do the work of life; when they wear high heels they throw these organs forward, where they do not belong; they produce displacement. Do you know that means one kind of torture? That grows into ulceration; another anguish; and their lives, their usefulness, their comfort, are all ruined.

Now, when these are gone what can money do for them? What help is marriage? A sickly wife, a helpless mother! Will clothes, however gorgeous, alleviate a backache? Or assuage dyspepsia? Will education do their ailments one particle of good?

No! Not one atom. Let them learn to live in fresh air, open their windows, wear flannel night gowns, and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold; but at night open the windows, and air all their clothes and their room daily. Eat simple, wholesome food; wear boneless waists and button their skirts onto them; take the heels off their boots; be rosy, hap-

py, healthy; a comfort to themselves as well as everybody else.—[Rose Terry Cooke in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Midsummer Fashions.

FEATHER fans are again coming into fashion. GOLD buttons are worn on white waistcoats for full dress.

TULLE and lace hats and bonnets are again in high favor. GOLD beads are again worn arranged as necklaces and bracelets.

"DRAGON fly's wing" is a new French fabric much used by Worth. ROMAN sash draperies with white wool dresses are fashionable and effective.

The combination of velvet with all species of tissues will be a feature of costumes the summer through.

ULSTERS of English homespun, with cap to match, are worn by young ladies on long journeys by steamer or rail.

The old-fashioned single-buttoned cut-away, known as the "English walking coat," is struggling into favor again.

BEBE ribbon of black velvet is worn about the throat and tied behind. This ribbon is of the narrowest width that is sold.

NARROW shaped lace fichus in black, white, or pale tints of colors are again worn with summer dresses cut V-shape in the neck.

The new broche gauzes, with lace designs or raised figures, make very elegant dresses over the soft-repped silks known as Bengaline.

He Was in a Hurry, But—

"Look here; you can't run against me in that kind of a way!" exclaimed a large, red-faced man, with bristling hair and whiskers, to a meek-looking fellow of average stature who had accidentally brushed against him in hurrying across West Madison Street, near Halsted, Saturday morning, and was overheard by the Chicago Tribune.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the meek-looking man, in a deprecating-looking way; "if I ran against you it was accidental."

"Well, it didn't look like it to me," blustered the red-faced bully; "and I tell you right now you don't want to do it again."

"I have apologized to you for it, sir," was the reply; "what more do you want?"

"I don't want any more of your lip! That's what I don't want," vociferated the bully, crowding the inoffensive and apologetic man almost off the walk; "for two cents I'd chug you one right now."

"I'm in a hurry," pleaded the smaller man; "I have an engagement—"

"You'd better have an engagement, I can tell you—"

"I have to meet a person in ten minutes," persisted the meek-looking man, glancing at his watch, "but I think I can make it in about eight, and unless I am mistaken, I can convince you in two minutes that to take an apology is the best and some times the safest way to settle a matter of this kind."

With this remark he shot out his right fist, with the air of a man accustomed to making gestures of that nature, and landed it with precision and much force on the nose of the big bully.

"I can generally spare time for an engagement," he continued, as he planted a blow with his left on the big man's jaw and adroitly dodged a heavy lunge in return, "to polish off a chap that needs it as badly as you seem to. I think I'll give you another one right there," said he, meditatively, as he delivered a crushing blow on the nose again, "which will be accompanied by the claret, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

The big fellow, taken by surprise, and dazed by the vigor of the attack, struck out awkwardly, but without effect.

"I have less than a minute to spare. I must hurry," said the smaller man, and he planted a blow under his bully antagonist's ear, stretching him at full length on the sidewalk. Then looking at his watch again he was off before a crowd had had time to collect. The big man slowly arose to his feet and slunk away, with every indication of a disposition to let the matter drop.

Odd Work for Bachelors.

From the Dover (N. H.) Times. There is now \$23 on deposit in the Strafford National Bank to the credit of the "Old Ladies' Home." The home is chartered, and the house will be built when the needed funds are raised. The movement was started a couple of years ago by the members of the Dover Bachelors' Club.

REPORTERS AS MASHERS.

The Difficulties Encountered by News Gatherers.

Linn B. Porter in the Boston Herald. Probably the ingenuity of reporters was never taxed to a greater degree than in the famous Downs case, which resulted in closing the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church in Boston. It was at times a close race between the deacons and the newspaper men, but in spite of all efforts on the part of the former, the papers appeared each morning with substantially accurate descriptions of the "secret" conclaves.

At first the scribes managed to get admission to a part of the church vestry which was separated from the main room by glass doors, where they posed as an "infant class" and were able to hear without difficulty. One reporter donned feminine apparel, including a thick veil, and succeeded in remaining through one meeting.

C. S. Howard one day received a personal note from one of the church members, informing him that any attempt to secure a report of the meeting to be held that evening would result in his arrest. This determined him to get it if possible. He entered the Chardon-Street hall, passed Mr. Downs' study door, took off a catch on a door leading upstairs, and found himself in the church. A large sheet was spread over the pulpit and three chairs behind it, and he saw that his only chance was to get under that sheet. It was 11 A. M. on a December day, and he had six hours to wait. The lonesomeness of his situation was relieved about 3 o'clock by the sexton and deacon, who searched every pew, after which the sexton swept and dusted, even brushing the cloth over Howard's devoted head. When he could hear the meeting beginning, the reporter went in the darkness to a ventilator, exactly over the presiding officer's seat in the vestry, and recognizing most of the voices, made an excellent report. Before he had finished he heard somebody coming stealthily down the aisle, and had hardly time to move a few feet when an employe of the society lay down at the aperture which the reporter had just quitted and began a little eavesdropping on his own account. Presently he recognized Howard, and with an exclamation of astonishment, demanded in a hoarse whisper that he leave instantly on pain or exposure. But Howard knew that his discoverer had no more right to listen than himself and soon convinced him that silence was the best policy.

Of all the dodges resorted to in this famous case, the one which proved the favorite was to work upon the susceptible feelings of the female members of the congregation. The amount of "mashing" done during those trying weeks can be but faintly imagined. No matter if doors were locked, no matter if dozens of policemen and constables guarded each entrance, the "sweethearts" of the newspaper boys conveyed to their temporary adorners everything of importance. One girl used to cover both her white cuffs with pencilings during each meeting, and after the services she would decipher them to her devoted admirer, as they sat in a neighboring restaurant punishing oysters and ice cream at the expense of the journal which engaged him. The vows of constancy which were plighted on these occasions are something terrible to contemplate, and can only be considered excusable under the proverb that "All's fair in love and war—and news getting."

How He Was Himself.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A dapper young bookkeeper living in Minneapolis thought he was going to be married a short time ago. His affections rested upon a beautiful young lady, and when he popped the question she shyly replied, "Yes, if papa is willing." The young man lost no time in repairing to the old gentleman. The latter was disposed to be very particular as to the character of the young man who should come and ask the hand of his daughter in marriage. He questioned the suitor closely as to his habits. The young man declared that he neither drank nor gambled, and as the old gentleman had previously looked up his antecedents to some extent, he expressed himself satisfied with these avowals. Then he invited his prospective son-in-law to dinner. As the old gentleman looked around he noticed the young man was toying with his salt box in a peculiar way. "Please pass me the salt," he said. The young man gently pushed the salt box toward pater familias with the ends of his fingers, at the same time making a slight forward movement with his head. "That will do," said the girl's papa; "you can't marry my daughter." The careful and discerning father

had discovered from the way in which his Juliet's Romeo had pushed forward the salt box that he was familiar with the handling of poker chips.

Quite a Story.

A reporter of the Safety Valve recently paid a visit to the fire hole of a New York ferry, and was told the following story by a fireman:

"Now that you're down here, I'll show you how hot it is in a fire-room when it's hot, and then I'll tell you a little story, which I know you won't believe." So saying he picked up a large iron hook, and giving it a smart rap under the latch of the furnace door, swung it open. For an instant the white heat nearly dazzled the visitor's eyes, and his temples set up such a throbbing that to faint would have been sweet relief. As if to further enjoy the discomfort, the fireman passed a cup of water from a pail which bore in white letters upon its side "Ice Water"—it was steaming hot! With a laugh the fireman threw the water upon the iron floor, where it continued to steam for an instant and then vanished before the intensity of the heat. Closing the squeaking iron door he continued:

"I'll make that story short, for we're nearly in. I used to have a thermometer hanging on that peg behind you, and one day Jim, my partner, had his red flannel shirt hanging on the hook near the coal bunker. That hook is just seven feet from the furnace door by actual measurement. Jim was coaling up one afternoon and in his bare pelt, too. When he began to rake his fire the shirt blazed up suddenly, and when he turned around to put it on, nothing could be found but a black bone button from the neck-band.

"No, this is the way to the ladder—now I tell you—remember that railing—a man gets hardened to it, and I was a going to say that he could stand anything but the hereafter. Good-bye."

Inflammable Breath.

From the Swiss Cross.

There is a brief reference in a recent number of Science to a remarkable case in which the breath of an individual, or rather the eructations from his stomach, took fire when brought in contact with a lighted match. This case, which was reported in the Medical Record, has called forth communications from physicians, by which it would appear that the phenomenon is not such a rare one as was at first supposed. In one case of disordered digestion the patient emitted inflammable gas from the mouth which, upon analysis, was found to be largely composed of marsh gas. In another case the gas was sulphuretted hydrogen. A case is reported in the British Medical Journal, in which, while blowing out a match, the patient's breath caught fire with a noise like the report of a pistol, which was loud enough to awaken his wife. One evening, while a confirmed dyspeptic was lighting his pipe, an eructation of gas from his stomach occurred, and the ignited gas burned his mustache and lips. The origin of these gases is undoubtedly the undigested food, which in these cases undergoes decomposition.

An Unfortunate Family.

From the Louisville Commercial.

A poverty-stricken family, of immense proportions, hailing from Rockcastle County arrived in the city yesterday afternoon. There are fourteen of them, consisting of Jesse Dickinson, his wife and nine children, his mother-in-law and her four daughters. The eldest Dickinson child is 9 years of age, and the two youngest are a pair of twins 2 months old. They were given a room in the basement of the city hall, until the head of the family could make application for them to the charity societies of the city. At the office of the Charity Organization Society Dickinson, though admitting that he hadn't a cent, talked very hopeful and thought if the society would find his family lodgings for the night, that he could attend to them to day. When asked why he had left home penniless and with such a charge, he stated that he wanted to get his children where they would have the advantage of churches and schools, and thought that he could work a way for them into Illinois, and there, perhaps, "get him a farm."

Some Things That Were Missed.

There are some careless people in the world yet. Among the articles left by passengers in the trains of the elevated railroads last year were 1,700 umbrellas and parasols, 4,000 packages of clothing of all sorts, 800 pairs of shoes, 400 pocketbooks, 270 satchels, 150 pairs of gloves, 70 fans, 150 hats, 300 linen collars, 260 pairs of linen cuffs, 20 bracelets, and 5 watches. Several babies were also surreptitiously disposed of in this way.

THE DELTA.

GLADSTONE, MICHIGAN.

Tuesday, July 26, 1887.

THE hoe now comes to the front as an instrument of death. A West Virginia mother literally hacked the life out of her 5-year-old girl with a utensil of that sort. The murderess is colored.

FATE seems to be pursuing boodlers all over the country. Every man in a public position who has been guilty of corruption must tremble in his boots. But the new extradition treaty with England has never been ratified and Canada is still a haven of refuge.

THE jubilee contributions to Queen Victoria amounted to \$400,000 in hard cash. Just why the English people should present money to the Queen is not very clear, but that Victoria might very properly employ it in endowing a hospital is as clear as can be.

AMERICAN education, like other things American, is progressing. The graduating classes of the colleges have been larger than usual this year; the applications are larger still, and a number of institutions have received very rich endowments during the past year.

CHARLES C. BARRY, a trusted cashier of a Boston bank, did not run away to Canada with the bulk of the bank's funds one day last week, but he celebrated the fiftieth year of his service in the bank. It was confidentially declared that he had never stolen a dollar.

HENRY GEORGE's pretensions as a political economist and social philosopher have been pretty completely exposed by many writers in the past few months. It must be conceded, however, that George has been successful in abolishing poverty—for himself—while this work was going on.

NEW YORK's latest contribution to the colony in Canada is a young man who was intrusted with \$20,000 by the lobby at Albany to divide among corrupt members of the Legislature, and who took flight immediately thereafter. This a severe blow to the patriots at Albany, but nobody else will weep much.

RATHER a famous young woman just at present in England is Miss Agneta Ramsey, who, though but 20 years old, distanced all the male students in the classical examination at Cambridge. Miss Ramsey is comparatively wasted in England, where the intellect of women is much under estimated. She should come to America.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, in a recent speech delivered at a meeting of the Yale alumni in New Haven, said: "If the woman agrees with her husband, her suffrage is useless; if she does not her suffrage is fatal to the family." But what about the suffrage of the maiden who never will be 30, but who obtained her majority a generation ago?"

THE effects of the new Minnesota high license law are shown in Minneapolis. In that city last year 334 saloons paid \$167,000 into the city treasury. The \$1,000 license law has just gone into effect, and if the whole number of dealers who have applied for licenses take them at \$1,000 apiece, it will bring \$24,000 more money for 143 less saloons than last year.

THE fact that there were but 39,000 interest checks for the 4 per cent bonds sent out from Washington at the end of the fiscal year, as compared 41,000 twelve months ago, shows that the small holders have been selling in the past year, and that these bonds are steadily drifting into the possession of the banks. This is the best form of security for circulation, as it will not mature until 1907.

COMPTROLLER TRENHOLM's scheme to secure a corps of supervising bank examiners may or may not be the best means available for rendering such crimes as Harper's impossible. That the present system of bank examination can certainly be improved upon nobody doubts. It is comparatively easy for dishonest bank officials to have the affairs of the institution to which they belong in good shape at the date of the visit of the examiner, as the time of the appearance of that gentleman is usually known, at least with an approximate degree of exactness. After his departure, under the present condition of things, men like Fidelity Bank wreck-

ers can generally count with confidence on being free from any outside interference with their plans for several weeks. Any system which would, as the comptroller's measure contemplates, have examinations more frequent than now, and at unexpected times, without creating suspicion of a bank's standing, would make such swindles as that at Cincinnati much more difficult to accomplish than they are at present.

REV. DR. MCGLYNN having said at Chicago that a Legislature in New York composed of the right kind of men could put the Henry George land project into operation without difficulty, the New York Times invites his attention to the provision of the constitution of New York which vests the entire and absolute property in lands within the state in their owners, according to the nature of their estates. It pertinently suggests that he "will perhaps, perceive that no Legislature could, though its members were chosen from the lunatic asylum, get over this provision so long as the courts continued to exist and so construe the constitution."

Building Up a New Scalp.

From the Hartford Times.
Several months ago Miss Emma Neuman, of Bristol, had her scalp torn from her head by her hair catching in machinery in the mill where she was employed. Dr. J. Wilson, of Bristol, has been diligently engaged since in building up a new scalp by grafting on the head minute bits of skin taken from the arms of various persons. Probably he has exhausted the list of Miss Neuman's friends who were willing to contribute to her relief, for at this time he calls for outside aid, in the following card:

Young persons, not over 30, who are willing to confer a favor on Miss Emma Neuman, will greatly oblige her and her friends if they will allow for seeds of grafting in the new scalp to be taken from their arm. The family and friends have furnished material, and a good scalp is being made, but the lack of sufficient material is now the greatest obstacle in covering the entire head. The piece for grafting is pinched up and slipped off without pain or bad effect on the person. Those who will assist the recovery of Miss Neuman may call on Dr. Wilson at his office at 9:30 A. M. or notify him, and arrangements will be made for the convenience of parties.

DR. J. WILSON,
Bristol, Conn.

"Yum-Yum" Was Mad.

From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.
The platform of the Union Depot last night looked like the stage of a theater with the opera of the "Mikado" going on in full blast, the uniformed depot employes acting as ushers. The reason was the presence of about fifty Japanese, who strolled leisurely up and down the platform, the men smoking cigarettes and the women nursing their dark-eyed and very pretty-looking little babies. All of the women were attired in the costumes of their native country, and the fine silks with their gorgeous trimmings, excited the envy of the ladies who were waiting on their trains. An amusing incident occurred before the party left. One of the Americans of the party, who has a Japanese wife, left her for a moment after they had taken seats in the train. He went back to the gate to bid good-by to a woman who kept out of sight of the Japanese. While he was talking to the Pittsburg woman his wife realizing the situation, got out of the car and came toward him with threatening looks. He saw her coming and tried to hide, but she was too quick for him, and with a volley of Japanese lingo ordered him back to the car, which request he lost no time in obeying.

They were the people who have been running the Japanese village at the Grand Central Rink, and are on their way to Atlantic City.

Things One Doesn't Like to Hear.

From the Los Angeles Tribune.
"No, Mr. Smyth; but I will be a sister to you."
"Good morning, I am introducing a work which should be in every library."
"Sorry, dear boy, but I can't let you have the amount, for I am dead broke myself."
"Charles, it is half past 3 o'clock. Where have you been until this hour?"
"Mr. De Browne, your services will not be required after Saturday next."
"You want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, young man, what are your expectations?"
"Here is the milliner's bill, Algy—only \$75."
"I say, Jenkins, I heard a good story to-day, and I must tell you."
"Oh, Alfred, what do you think? I received a letter from dear mamma this morning, and she's going to spend a month with us."
"When will you be ready to return that \$10, Robinson? This is the fifth time I've asked you for it."
"If ye please, sorr, Miss Heavyswell told me to tell you she's not at home."
"And fifthly, dear brethren—"
"You are a moderate drinker, eh? Now, my dear sir, let me direct your attention to a few statistics."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SMALLPOX is making a stir in Cuba. The advance in the price of tobacco is general.

KNEE breeches are becoming popular on the Eastern Coast.

THERE are now less than 700,000 slaves in the empire of Brazil.

THE total production of coffee in the world is about 650,000 tons.

MORE than 3,000 persons in New York make a living by street music.

LONGOKE COUNTY, Ark., has a red oak tree that would split up into 2,000 rails.

THIS country consumes about \$22,000,000 worth of patent medicines every year.

EIGHTY-FOUR different languages and dialects are regularly spoken in New York City.

THE New Orleans Picayune says that it is a lucky child that looks like its rich aunt.

NEWARK, N. J., expended \$500,000 on a sewer, and now finds the scheme to be a failure.

NINETEEN millions of the 60,000,000 of people in this land are members of churches.

ELEVEN acres of land of San Jose, Cal., have been leased as the site for a new Chinatown.

THE latest fad in French medicine is "ginesitherapy" or treatment of disease by gymnastics.

THE whole length of mail routes in operation in the United States amounts to 375,000 miles.

EASTERN mountains are now being visited by the peregrination-covered residents of the great cities.

IN New Jersey many farmers are doing their mowing by night to spare their horses and themselves.

THE anti-treatment movement recently organized at Macon, Ga., is spreading rapidly through the state.

SINCE the heated term set in at New York a large increase in the number of suicides and crimes has been noted.

THERE are said to be thirty-two summer resorts along the Atlantic coast between Cape May and Long Branch.

A CHURCH in Birmingham, Ala., has female choristers, who wear tastefully designed surplices of Scotch lawn and violet caps.

AN Englishman writes to Henry Labouchere that he wants to enlist, but is unable to do so because his teeth are bad.

MRS. A. B. COULTER, of Fairbanks, Ala., has made a bed quilt containing 16,000 pieces less than the size of a man's thumb nail.

THE Weekly Courant, of Hartford, Conn., is the oldest newspaper in this country, having had an uninterrupted career since 1764.

THE transcontinental railroad companies give it out that 60,000 persons are booked for California during the coming fall and winter.

THE largest nugget of silver yet obtained was dug in Arizona, and weighed 43,200 ounces, valued at the same number of dollars.

A NEW club house now being built by the Arion Society, of New York, will cost when completed, \$400,000. The society is 33 years old.

MASSACHUSETTS men charge only \$3 to certify to a public certificate that they were cured of consumption by somebody's patent medicine.

A CITIZEN of Syracuse, N. Y., claims to own the largest dog in the world. The animal weighs 203 pounds and measures 6 feet 8 inches from nose to tail.

A PETRIFIED pine knot was a curiosity lately found in Georgia. It was about one foot in length and had the shape and appearance of an ordinary knot.

A PLEASANT device for ornamentation at a French garden party was a fountain, at the base of which were blocks of ice mingled with ferns and flowers.

MISS BERTHA L. Wilson, who graduated at the Milford (Mass.) High School, is said not to have missed a single school session during the past ten years.

LUMBER is in great demand in San Francisco, the supply not being equal to the wants of the buyers. All coast mills are running and new ones are being built.

OF the 1,900 members of the American Association for the advancement of science, about 1,200 are expected to be present at the August meeting in New York.

A \$20,000 granite monument recently erected in Calvary Cemetery, New York City, by a blind man bears this inscription: "To outlast the British Monarchy."

PERSONS having trade dollars should present them to the banks or send them to the treasury department in Washington before September 1, if they wish to have them redeemed.

THE colored people of Washington are preparing to give Fred Douglass a rousing reception on his return from Europe, which is expected to take place some time during the month of September.

THE births recorded in London every week exceed the deaths by more than a thousand, and during the next ten years the increase in the number of inhabitants will probably be nearly three-quarters of a million.

"A POINT," as the term was used frequently in connection with the recent coffee flurry, is one one-hundredth part of a cent, this being the fraction in which dealings in options are permitted on the New York coffee exchange.

ENGLISH manners are not always

polite, even in the best society. The guests at the lord mayor's last banquet coughed, talked loudly, and were inattentive all through McCarthy's speech. They behaved apparently as if they were in the House of Commons.

THE troops who followed the raiding Apaches through the mountains of Southern Arizona, recently, say that in crossing the San Pedro Valley the hostiles traveled nearly fifteen miles on tiptoe to hide the trail, but the Indian scout who accompanied the soldiers held the track just the same.

A SHREWD Bostonian has been making a mint of money lately by selling a large number of counterfeit historical documents supposed to be from 200 to 500 years old. Among the lot are a number of military orders by Cromwell, for which he got \$60 apiece, and he offered to produce a letter from Judas Iscariot for \$75.

THE Ouray (Col.) Muldoon calls upon "the refined and wealthy of the over heated East" to come out to Ouray. "We have," it says, "walks where lovers can kiss without detection and embrace without discovery. We have densely shaded grottos, where the overhanging boughs shield the susceptible and unsuspecting, and a constituency the male portion of which is accommodating beyond belief. Come early and avoid the rush." At Kingston, N. Y., one day last week, a female typewriter was unable to perform on the epistolary instrument while hearing the strains of a hand-organ, and it was not until the music had ceased that she could continue writing. The rhythm of the typewriter was all out of tune with that of the hand-organ, she explained.

A CLERGYMAN at Camden, N. J., tells a good story. A few days ago a stylish couple called at his house and were married by him. On retiring the groom handed the minister a large official envelope, marked "A present, with thanks." Upon opening the same the minister found 10 cents was found inclosed.

AMERICAN invention is now engaged out in the Wild West in tackling a long felt want. Says the Heppner (Oregon) Gazette: "At Walla Walla H. S. Brantford's experimental garden is crossing strawberry plants, sugar cane, and milkweed to produce a new species of vine which will grow sugar and cream in connection with strawberries."

NEAR Chico, Cal., the other day a cat attacked a nest of quails, and seizing the mother, was carrying her off, when the male bird put in an appearance and made such a sharp attack with his beak and wings upon the cat that she was obliged to drop her prey and scamper. The two birds got upon the fence and witnessed her flight with evident pleasure.

OWING to the arrest of the Chinese fishermen, who have been for some time the chief suppliers of the shrimp market, says the San Francisco Alta, there has been a dearth of that delicacy during the past week. Italian and American fishermen do not engage in this industry to any extent. The San Quentin and Poreo Districts are the principal shrimp beds in this vicinity.

THERE is a suit at present on trial in a Baltimore court under the majestic and impressive title of "William H. Perkins, Worthy Ruler of St. Thomas' Lodge, against Augustus Thomas, Grand Royal King of the United and Consolidated Order of Brothers and Sisters and Sons and Daughters of the Knights of Four Men, and the Members of the Supreme Grand Royal House."

A GEORGIA paper relates that a fortnight ago Mr. Hopkins of Brunswick, discovered his wooden sidewalk on fire. No sooner had he put out the flames than he noticed other places smoking. Whenever he drew his foot across a plank it would take fire. A dog's track on the walk would immediately become a blaze. No place would ignite from this friction except where the sun had full power.

A CURIOUS advertisement appears in the paper of a German town. "N. M., of Martinette, informs his readers that he is convinced that a second flood, not less terrible than that of Noah's generation, will devastate sinful Europe before very long. He is consequently resolved upon building an ark as large as Noah's if possible. The estimated cost will be about 60,000 marks. He asks if there is any young lady, pretty and about 18 years old, who is in possession of this sum and willing to accept the projector of the new ark as a husband, adding that his advertisement "is not an idle joke, but is serious and honest."

How He Got the Work Done.

THE Berlin restaurant keeper who recently invented a new way of getting a piece of hard manual labor done without paying for it was a keen observer of human nature. In his garden lay the stump of a tall acacia, which he intended using for firewood. This could only be done by chopping the tough wood—a task which could not be done without incurring some expense to the parsimonious owner. His garden was much frequented. Why not save the money and make some of his sturdy visitors do the work? "Practice in cutting wood may here be had without payment," appeared in large letters on a board near where the acacia and an ax lay invitingly on the ground. The result was instantaneous. Nearly every visitor who saw the board tried his muscular power on the stump, and before many days were over the enormous task was done.

Progress of Art.

From the China Decorator.

Art has crept into all divisions of the surroundings of our daily life. The chair on which we sit, the paper wherewith our walls are covered, the carpets that hide our floors, may all minister to the taste of aesthetic surroundings that has become general. But it is in our cups and platters, above all, that art may revel at will. The skill of a painter is called into play to decorate our saucers and dishes. A sculptor may mold the graceful handles or supports of our vases or drinking-vessels. And the delicate penciling of the graver is as apparent on a crystal goblet as on a cameo of *pietra dura* or an *agate intaglio*. What satisfaction there is in the thought that the delicate porcelain cup, apparently so perishable, from which we drink our morning coffee (and which may have been decorated by the hand of some dear one) will endure when the "chairs on which we sit, and the carpets that cover our floors," have decayed and disappeared! When the walls of our houses and cities have crumbled into ruin, when the very hand that holds this fragile bit of clay has turned into dust, and both individual and race have been forgotten, could but one ray of light illumine the dark future and show us the fortunes of this cup, how interesting it might be—all, providing it eludes the servant girl grip.

Some Make Money; Some Lose It.

THE New Orleans Picayune's New York correspondent thus tells how actors and actresses get rich:

Annie Pixley's earnings on the stage for the past season may be put down at \$25,000. Joe Jefferson made nearly \$40,000 in fifteen weeks, not acting steadily. Lotta whooped up \$35,000, while Fanny Davenport worked much harder for \$15,000 less. Denman Thompson coined between \$60,000 and \$70,000, nearly all of it out of "The Old Homestead" here. Mrs. Langtry's balance to the good will not be less than \$75,000. Adonis Dixey can be reckoned up safely on a basis of \$300 a night for say eight months. Sarah Bernhardt will get \$300,000 out of her tour on this side of the Atlantic, and Abbey Schoeffel and Grau \$200,000 to divide. Patti's notes came back to her to the tune of \$250,000, and brought Abbey and Schoeffel \$100,000. We find a profit of about \$300,000 credited to Edwin Booth's season, Booth's share being \$200,000, Barrett's \$75,000, and Manager Chase's \$25,000. Wilson Barrett visited America at a loss probably exceeding \$20,000.

Didn't Scare That Butcher.

From the N. Y. Mail and Express.

LARRY Jerome's story this week is going the rounds rapidly. The aristocratic Mrs. Snugpurse has a telephone in her house, and as the meat had not arrived for dinner up to five o'clock, she telephoned to the central office, and was put in communication with the butcher.

"Wall?" drawled the butcher over the wire.

"Where is the meat that was ordered for Mrs. Snugpurse this morning?"

"I'll be at the house in ten minutes."

"I'm afraid you will disappoint me."

"Waal you can bet your sweet life, me daisy, dat I won't disappoint you, for I'm dead struck on your shape."

A shriek and then the query. "Do you know to whom you are talking, sir?"

"Of course I do. I'm talking to th' cook."

"No you're not; you're talking to Mrs. Snugpurse."

"Well, in that case," was the cheerful response, "all bets is off."

It Is Vulgar, Moreover It Costs.

From the New Haven Palladium.

THERE is an idea abroad in the minds of altogether too many that it is mean, or close, or stingy for one man to drink anything when friends are within call without asking them all to join him. This absurd sentiment has its corollary in the breast of the friends thus treated who assume that they will each and all be considered mean unless they will at once reciprocate the treat by treating the original treator to another drink. The vulgar, commercial, *quid pro quo* element which is thus forced into the thing known as social drinking is in itself much more deserving of the epithet mean than the thing which it is supposed to avoid. Nevertheless, it is a custom, and is yielded to by thousands of men, young and old, who know better but are afraid of being misunderstood and criticised if they ignore it.

A Convenient Customer.

From the New York Tribune.

"I sent for you to try on your coat because I promised to do so; but it is all right." Thus an up-town tailor addressed a customer the other day. "Why are you so sure of it?" was the response.

"Because I tried it on myself last evening," replied the tailor. "I've made my clothes by your measure for the last four years, and they have fitted better than any I ever had before. You know I can't measure myself, and you are just my size and shape to the fraction of an inch."

The customer looked at the corpulent form before him in surprise, not unmixed with indignation; but happening at the same instant to catch his own reflection in the pier-glass, concluded to say nothing. The coat fitted well.

THE LYRE.

She touched, and, lo, each silent silver wire
Won soul and music from her finger tips,
And trembled like some convent maiden's lips
Pallid with holy passion and desire!
The evening shadows gathered, and the fire
Flickered and struggled on unseen with death;
Yet still I sat and hushed my very breath
To catch the palpitations of her lyre.

Dead pictured eyes smiled strangely from the wall;
The lyre's wild chords with dead lips were so
Told
That every shadow seemed to grow a shroud.
Low echoes fell like voices from above,
And ever and anon there came the call,
All tremulous with triumph, love! love! love!
—[The Academy.]

PERSONALITIES.

SENATOR FARWELL will go to Europe in August.

W. D. HOWELLS has given up his trip abroad.

MME. MODJESKA is now at her California home.

KEELY expects to live to see his motor finished.

HOGARTH'S house at Chiswick is in a state of sad neglect.

SARAH BERNHARDT calls her manager "Henry of ze Abbey."

NOVELIST HAGGARD considers himself a great sportsman.

MRS. LOGAN will realize \$10,000 from her husband's books.

QUEEN MARGHERITA, of Italy, is a proficient Hebrew scholar.

LOUISE ALCOCK has a weakness for the society of young girls.

CARTER HARRISON will soon start on his trip around the world.

THE statue of Gen. Lee for Richmond will cost only \$12,000.

THE Brooklyn fund for the Beecher statue amounts to \$25,000.

THE remains of M. Thiers have recently been removed to a new grave at Pere La Chaise.

JOHN DONAGHUE, the Boston sculptor, is making a life-sized statue of John L. Sullivan.

QUEEN MARGHERITA, of Italy, has all the latest works on Jewish literature. She is proficient in Hebrew.

COL. LAMONT says that a day's sojourn in the Adirondacks cost the Presidential party only \$2 per capita.

A MONUMENT to the Czar Alexander is to be erected at the spot where the Russians crossed the Danube in 1827.

MARSHALL P. WILDER'S photograph has been taken by Vauder Weyde, of London, and is now a rival of the portraits of royalty itself in the shop windows and in the albums of collectors.

ALLAN G. THURMAN was recently the guest of Robert C. Winthrop at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Thurman and Mr. Winthrop were colleagues in the Twenty-ninth Congress, which held its first session in December, 1845.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, the poet's brother, who was for several years in charge of the Unitarian church in Germantown, keeps up a regular correspondence from his Boston home with his friends in other cities.

REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN, the new rector of Holy Trinity, New York, who has been "called" from England, is the son of the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," the legal novel which caused such a sensation some years ago.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT LYNCH, of California, is editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles Herald, and R. M. Pulsifer, proprietor of the Boston Herald, has been elected President of a Southern railroad. The newspaper men seem to be "getting there."

BEN HOLLADAY, the pioneer Oregon railroad magnate, arrived in Portland a short time since from the East in poor health. He is in St. Stephen's Hospital for treatment. He is suffering from a complication of diseases, which have somewhat affected his mind.

SENATOR HEARST says of San Francisco: "After traveling all over the United States and going into nearly every important city, I give you my word that no city a quarter the size of this (except perhaps New Orleans) is so far behind in the way of improvements."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY is suffering from insomnia brought on by overwork. He was to have read an original poem at Henry C. Bowen's Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Conn., but he was compelled to put away the poem uncompleted and to tell Mr. Bowen that he could not attend the celebration. He has also canceled several other engagements.

GOV. HILL, of New York, is thus described by a correspondent in the Washington Herald: His pictures do not do him justice. The face is much finer in its lines than the photographs suggest. The eye, although quite small, indicates calmness, thoughtfulness, alertness. The brow is high, and the clear-cut nose shows firmness. In manner he is easy, quiet and dignified.

A WRITER in the San Francisco Chronicle was once present when Mme. Patti was handed a lot of photographs for her autograph. She looked over them just to see what kind of pictures had been sent before writing upon them. One she looked at was very bad. "Good gracious! What an abominable picture! I can't sign that." Then she turned it over and wrote on it: "Who is this? I don't know. Adeline Patti."

MRS. CLEVELAND, of "Donna Frances," as she is popularly called, was a stampee among the congregation. The children were screaming with fear, and a cry of "Fire!" was raised which caused a general rush to the door. Some of the children were hurt in trying to get out, but the per-

son who suffered the most bodily injury was the unfortunate cure, who had to be protected in his vestry from the vengeance of the two furies who were thirsting for his blood.

Does it Pay?

The London Standard in speaking of "The Philosophy of Longevity" says:

To make yourself miserable at 40 in the wretched ambition to add a few worthless years to your score after you have turned 70 or 80 is surely a poor, spirited sort of game. To spend one's life feeling one's pulse, looking at one's tongue, and asking one's self if one is treating one's constitution quite fairly, is not life at all. It is to live in a hospital, or, at any rate, an infirmary. Still, there are some persons who are congenitally cautious, congenitally cold, congenitally calm. It is their nature to take things quietly, never to be in a hurry, never to excite themselves. They are content to sit in an easy chair for so many hours, read an agreeable book for so many hours, drive in a carriage for so many hours when the weather is favorable, and after this manner to regulate their exercise by clockwork. They may live to 100, they may live to 1,000, but in truth they have not lived at all. The man who really gets the best that can be got of life, is the man who, with a fairly good constitution to begin with, is ready to squander at any moment and on every occasion in a sufficient cause. He keeps no account of profit and loss with his vital energy; he sees work to do, and he does it; he sees pleasure to be enjoyed, and he enjoys it. He is alive all his life save when he sleeps, and he awakes from each fresh slumber looking the world cheerfully and courageously in the face, and ready, and even eager, to be a combatant when there is a good, honest fight, and a runner when there is a good honorable race afoot. He may not live to be 100, but he may well live to be 70, 75, or even 80. He may have a good career, if not so conspicuous, yet as active, as varied, and as restless as that, say of Mr. Gladstone, and yet not be really old when time registers him among the aged. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and twenty years of uncalculated activity than the slow pulse and measured step of the circumspect snail that creeps surely on to 100. We are not denouncing centenarians. They are like angels' visits, few and far between and they are too rare not to be welcomed. Moreover, we doubt not that they deserve their length of years. But it would be a misfortune if it was ever thought an object of life to live very long. The object of life is to live, live generously, live bravely. As Shakespeare says, "ripeness is all."

Women in a Drug Store.

From Interview with a St. Louis Druggist.

The men are bad enough, but the ladies are worse. They mean to be sweet and gentle, but they worry the life out of a business man. You must keep a boy especially to run their errands gratis, for they will, with the utmost simplicity, leave messages with you; and what can you do but send them? They will use your public telephone and thank you in their most naive way, never saying a word about the necessary 10 cents plainly posted on the notice over the telephone. They like to look at your toilet articles and use your best perfume; and then the stamps! You might offer a postage stamp with every article sold, and not lose more than you do by the sweet borrowers, who will not ask for more than one, and, of course, be without the necessary two cents. One Sunday a lady came into my place and asked for a stamp to put on a letter she had. I handed her a one cent stamp and two two-cent stamps, thinking I would thus outwit her by making her pay five cents. She handed me a nickel and then asked me to lick the stamp, as she said it made her sick to taste the glue. "Now, I'm going to church," she added, "and so I wish you would have these stamps sent home for me." It is seldom you can get ahead of a woman.

The Crocodile Farmer.

From the New Orleans Times Democrat.

Alligators are brought into town in every stage, from an embryo state in the egg to great angry monsters a dozen feet long, tipping the scales hundreds of pounds. Men hunt their hideous game after dark, stalking the swamps, dragging lagoons and wading through low, oozy marshes, where vast numbers of alligators abide. Several methods of capturing them are resorted to. Those caught with hooks are only fit for immediate killing, as they sicken and die in short order. The big ones are lassoed and smaller fry snared in heavy seine made for this purpose. The hunter realizes he is after dangerous game, with lots of vicious habits, and so besides blinding their stupid eyes by a lamp worn in his cap, he is prepared to send a soothing bullet whenever necessary.

After bringing in his find of eggs, the crocodile farmer heaps them in boxes and simply depends on time to do its perfect work. In the course of weeks the infant gnaws and claws at the hard shell until he finally squirms his way into the world. There is as much difference in the skin on the young and old ones as in a baby's complexion compared with a grown person's. Their hide is as brilliant as though polished, a bright black and yellow, which grows dingier and rustier every year they live.

TOOLS OF TORTURE.

Implements Used to Make Men and Criminals Suffer.

In one corner of the room occupied by the president and state agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, on Prospect Street, is a collection of unique interest to the student of humane nature as well as to the general public, says the Hartford Courant. In it are formidable clubs, cruel-looking whips and straps that have been the means, in the hands of brutal men and women, of causing untold suffering to man and beast within the limits of our commonwealth. The walls too, of the pleasant office, are covered with photographs that, to the initiated, recall incidents of barbarity that seem impossible of occurrence in these enlightened days of advanced civilization. Among the pictures is one of a pleasant-faced little fellow about nine years old who had a mournful history. When quite young his parents died and he was turned out to the care of an aged pauper and his wife, living in a town in Litchfield County, by whom he was treated with great cruelty. Among other things, they tied him to a chair and actually left him there until he was three years old! Things went on in this way until, one day, a burly tramp entered the house, and with unparalleled effrontery took possession of everything belonging to the old man, not excepting his wife, who was by many years her husband's junior, and was withal quite comely. The tramp became a terror to the community, and none cared to interpose in behalf of the lad, when stories of the man's cruelty became rife. He had a loaded gun and frequently threatened to kill anybody who interfered. Mr. Thrall, the state agent of the society, was sent for and at once went to the town where the parties lived. It was dark when he reached the house. Upon entering, a stranger met his eyes. The tramp and the woman were playing cards; in a corner was the dispossessed husband meekly watching the game, and in a chair near by sat the boy also watching the players. To make a long story short the lad is to-day in good hands and gives great promise for the future.

Near by hangs another photograph that has behind it a pathetic story. It is of a boy—a cripple—who lived with his miserly father in the eastern part of the state. The little fellow was maimed for life in consequence of a severe fall, but nothing was done by his father to alleviate his sufferings and he was compelled to hobble about with a pair of crutches he had himself made out of a couple of broom handles. The unnatural father went off to work at 7 o'clock each morning after turning him out of doors in order to save fuel; and the boy was forced to shift for himself during the day, summer and winter alike, as best he could, without dinner and insufficiently clad. The lad was brought to this city where a peculiarly constructed boot was made for him at Dr. Sweet's suggestion: and under proper treatment he soon became able to walk aided by a cane. He was sent to school at Simsbury and made rapid progress but his father, who was a man of considerable means, threatened to advertise him as an outcast unless he returned. The frightened lad gave up his school and went home—an act that he afterward bitterly repented. Yet another photograph represents a little girl who was the first child to be officially taken charge of by the society. Her parents dying when she was but four years of age, left her in the care of a dissipated uncle and aunt, who treated the child shamefully, often leaving her locked in the house in the dead of winter for ten days at a time without drink and with hardly any food, while they went off on a spree. The child was six years old when found by Mr. Thrall, and was a perfect little beast, being wild, unkempt and totally ignorant of everything with which a child of that age is usually familiar. She was alone in the house when Mr. Thrall entered, and was greatly terrified at his approach. He endeavored to reassure her by telling her that he would be kind to her and would take her to a good home. The poor little thing, unaccustomed to kindness, hugged a dilapidated little doll to her breast and whispered in its ear: "Dolly, don't be afraid of this man. He'll take us home where we'll have good things to eat and won't be hungry any more." She was brought to Hartford, 40 miles distant, in Mr. Thrall's arms wrapped in an old shawl, and found kind friends in a family living not many miles from the city. A new world was opened to her. She had never before seen a railroad train, and familiar domestic things were to her previously unknown. She would, for instance, stick her finger directly into the eye of the family cat belonging to her new-found friends, to see what it was! She called on Mr. Thrall a few days ago, bringing with her the rag doll, to tell him how happy she was and to thank him for what he had done for her. Mr. Thrall is the frequent recipient of such expressions, and hardly a week passes without his running across some child who remembers him whom he may have forgotten. Among the instruments of torture in the collection is a whalebone whip with which, some four or five years ago, a man in this city whipped his 17-year-old step-daughter for no reason whatsoever. She was in her night-dress and her body was cruelly cut. She only saved her face by thrusting her head out of the window. The woman is now in a good home and is self supporting.

Home, Sweet Home.

F. S. Saltus writes to the American Musician concerning the above named melody:

Allow me to settle at least one part of that "Home, Sweet Home" question which is becoming a nuisance. Sir Henry Bishop heard it in Sicily, and nobody knows who composed it. Sicilians living to-day in New York have told me that their grandfathers said their grandfathers knew it. Bishop introduced it into his *Clari the Maid of Milan*. Pasta, the great Pasta, the original Norma, liked it and took a copy of it. In 1830 when Donizetti was composing his *Anna Bolena* for her, she asked him to introduce the melody. He did so for the final scene, but made a variation of it. The second part differs almost entirely from the song as it is sung to-day. That is all. Vale.

Somewhat Qualified Luck.

From Puck.

Miss Edith: "Why, mamma, here is a notice in the morning paper of the complete failure of the Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Insurance Company! Wasn't that the company poor dear Uncle James had his policy for our benefit in?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear." Edith: "And it was only two days ago you collected the amount in full?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." Edith: "How very fortunate that poor, dear uncle died—or, I mean, how lucky that, that—he if he had lived a few days longer, we—that is—well, he always was such a considerate man."

man in Ledyard who had been cruelly beating a little girl, whom he had adopted. He had for months been inflicting savage blows with it upon her nude body—but the facts in the case have already been published in the Courant and I need not repeat them. This same strap reminds me of a case that came under our notice several years ago. Two wanderers, boys, nine and ten years old, poorly clad, hungry, not knowing or caring whether they went, were found by the police, sixteen miles from home, in a strange city. The story of abuse and starvation was sufficiently corroborated by their emaciated appearance, and the scars that covered their bodies. Investigation was made of their home and previous treatment, and a more wicked case of continued cruelty has never been brought to the notice of the society. To see the boys now in their pleasant home, to which they were removed, one would fail to recognize them as the two wanderers." "The majority of cases brought to our notice, however," continued the agent, "concern cruelty to animals." "Here is a stick of wood," he added, producing a knotted club five feet long and as large as one's wrist, "with which a fellow beat a smooth-shod yoke of oxen because they refused to cross a piece of glare ice. The dumb creatures knew more than the man did. The sound of the blows was actually heard one-eighth of a mile away. The man ran off when our local agent came up and has not been seen in the state since. I saw the oxen nine months after and they still bore the marks of the blows. This mild looking whip, with a stock two feet long and a lash one and a half feet long, was used upon the worst whipped horse I ever saw. There was not a spot upon his side or flanks that you could not put your finger on that was not raised in furrows by the blows. The flesh was a jelly." "Here," he added, picking up a heavy, knotted rawhide, "is something with which a man inflicted fifty blows in going fifty rods upon a horse that was blind and so foot-sore that to hurry was impossible. This pronged stick was used on as poor a pair of horses as one sees in a lifetime. The driver sat on an elevated seat and actually made sores on the horses' flanks and backs the size of a silver dollar, into which he struck the prongs when trying to urge his team. He refused to come down when ordered to do so, and had to be pulled off the box. The horses I shot."

Why She Wore the Trinkets.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The girl had grown to be a monstrous lad with the girls. This morning, in an elevated car, I found myself beside an acquaintance who has some pretense to social position. Her slim figure was encircled by a huge silver girdle, from one side of which dangled forty-six little chains. At the end of every chain was a trinket. We fell to talking about them and I looked them over, while she chatted about the history of every one. There were fourteen Roman coins, a latch-key, penholder case, vinaigrette, skating medal, button hook, glove-buttoner, silver address tablet, tiny silver bon-bon box, a corkscrew, a miniature cimeter, chatelaine watch, a small oxidized iron parasol which when opened became a fan, a bullet with which she had killed a bear on her brother's ranch, a card case, a lock of hair in a locket, two miniatures—one of Herbert Keley with a drooping mustache and the other of Osmond Tearle with his eyes turned heavenward—a chain purse, a compass, a small paper-cutter, a dozen odd trinkets of every conceivable shape, and a double-barrelled dog whistle.

"Where did you collect them all?" I asked.

"Everywhere," said she, with a shrug.

"Don't you find them troublesome?"

"Oh, no; they're vastly useful."

"How so?"

"They supply subjects of conversation to men who are a little stupid in the morning," she said, sweetly.

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Somewhat Qualified Luck.

From Puck.

Miss Edith: "Why, mamma, here is a notice in the morning paper of the complete failure of the Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Insurance Company! Wasn't that the company poor dear Uncle James had his policy for our benefit in?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear." Edith: "And it was only two days ago you collected the amount in full?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." Edith: "How very fortunate that poor, dear uncle died—or, I mean, how lucky that, that—he if he had lived a few days longer, we—that is—well, he always was such a considerate man."

Bandits in Mexico.

From the Santa Cruz Sentinel.

On Thursday C. W. Waldon received a letter from Ed. H. Terry, brother of H. M. Terry, of this city, dated Mazatlan, May 29, and from it we are permitted to give the following interesting account of an unpleasant adventure he met with in Mexico: "I left Santa Cruz on April 8 for Mazatlan, taking with me provisions sufficient to last me six months, for there is nothing here for a white man to eat. I carried with me canned beef, bacon, pickled pork from Santa Cruz, and flour, butter, dried fruit and tea from San Francisco.

"At Mazatlan I paid duty on the provisions, which were considerably more than their original cost. Then I paid 3c per pound to get the provisions packed to my mine, which is located about 120 miles from Mazatlan. As soon as I got them nicely stored away, along comes a band of Mexican robbers, and cleaned me out of all my good California grub.

"About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May 12, two of these black, half-naked, murderous looking devils jumped in at my door and, with cocked pistol in hand, demanded to know if I had any firearms in the house. I told him that I had a pistol, and started to get it for them, when they told me to stop, as they would rather handle it themselves.

"Then they took my pistol and two rifles, and also were examining my shot gun very closely when the gun accidentally went off in my hands and came near costing me my life, for when the gun went off inside, those outside thought we were shooting inside. I jumped to the door as quick as flash and saw the bandits with drawn pistols in their hands, but the chief stopped them with one wave of his hand. I then stepped outside and saw that the house was surrounded by twenty-six bandits, all armed with pistols, rifles and bowie knives.

"When the bandits came they took all the people in the neighborhood along with them, holding them as prisoners, so that none could escape to inform upon them. They remained four hours, carried with them my flour, sugar, tea, coffee and beef, built fires, cooked and ate, and ransacked the place to their hearts' content. They also sent for mescal, which is the Mexican whisky.

"They had a violin and guitar and gave a dance in front of my door, and when they went away they did not forget to ask me for what coin I had. They stole my horse and the new saddle I had brought from California, but they returned me the horse the next day, as they did not dare to keep it, for it would be evidence against them.

"I returned to Mazatlan, where I purchased more supplies, and sent them to the mine. Last night I heard my pack train had been robbed on the road. There is no protection here—it is a hard country for an American citizen."

Buying a Diamond.

It seems that fairies are still to be met with in Ireland, if we may credit the story which Mr. Doyle tells of his friend, Mrs. Brooke. The family lived on the banks of Lough Erne, where pearls of more or less value are found, as they are at places in England. Mrs. Brooke took to collecting these pearls; and children from the neighboring villages got into the habit of bringing her any that were picked up, receiving in return a shilling or two for their find.

One day a little girl arrived from a greater distance than usual, offering not a pearl, but a pebble. Mrs. Brooke, who was only seeking after pearls, declined to buy it. Shortly afterwards the butler, a good natured man, came up and suggested she should change her mind.

"The little girl," he said, "has had a very long walk, and is crying bitterly at having to go home empty-handed."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Brooke, "take the stone and give the child what she asks for it."

This he did. A month or two afterwards, a friend, a great traveler, who knew South America well, after ogling the pebble for some time, broke out thus: "Do you know, if I were in Brazil, I should be certain that in that bit of stone you had got hold of a real diamond."

The bit of stone was submitted to a competent jeweler in Dublin, who entirely confirmed this suspicion; and the Lough Erne pebble is now set in one of Mrs. Brooke's diamond rings. Unluckily, all traces of the little girl and her whereabouts had been lost.

A Warlike Frenchman.

A rich and eccentric Frenchman, who was recently shot and nearly killed by the English girl whom he calls his wife, had cannons, revolvers and rifles in his house instead of bells. A six pounder brass cannon fired once summoned the butler; fired twice it called the cook; three times, the coachman. Five discharges of the revolver in rapid succession brought the chambermaid; seven shots meant that the chambermaid should appear with hot water. No candles were allowed to be blown out, but were to be extinguished by pistol shots. All the servants were provided with revolvers, and from morning till night there were constant cannonading and revolver shots.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

