

BOOTS & SHOES.



I have just Opened up a large stock of the Foster Shoes, for both ladies and gent's.

Ed. Erickson.



IRON PORT.

ESCANABA MICH., APRIL 24, 1886.

W. C. T. U.

BY THE LADIES OF THE W. C. T. U.

[Pledge of Temperance Union: "In the full belief of the existence and power of Almighty God, and acknowledging our accountability to Him, we solemnly promise that we will not make, buy, sell, use, furnish or cause to be furnished to others as a beverage any spirituous liquors, and by all just means in our power to banish the use of intoxicating liquor from our land and to advance the cause of temperance."]

—Do not forget nor neglect the Friday evening meetings.

—Regular prayer-meeting at the reading room Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—Sunday evening April 25th Mr. Wm. F. Davis will deliver a Gospel Temperance Lecture at the Presbyterian church, at 7:30. All are most cordially invited to attend.

—Mr. Wm. F. Davis, temperance evangelist, will speak Friday afternoon at the Reading Rooms, of the W. C. T. U., at 3 p. m. to all interested in the cause of temperance. Also Friday evening of the 23d at the M. E. Church at 7:30. An earnest invitation is given to all.

—A story is told of a clergyman who met a member of his congregation who was given to drink. He said: "Now Jones, you know drink is your enemy; why not give it up?" "But, sir," said the man, "are we not told to love our enemies?" The clergyman was at first a little taken back by this form of argument, which he had never heard before. A momentary pause, however, and he was equal to the occasion. "Jones," said he, "it is one thing to love your enemies, but quite another to swallow them!"

—"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee."—John 2:11.

If intemperance is a sin, why did Christ make wine at the wedding feast at Cana? We want the boys and girls to understand this question, and to know that nowhere and in no way is the Bible on the side of wine-drinking.

If you are writing a letter to an absent school-mate, and tell her about the mean tricks that were played by others in the school, or on the play-grounds, it does not follow that you approve of them, and she knows you do not, because you have said so, so many times. So the Bible mentions, as history, many customs and actions which it plainly says are sins; intemperance, or drunkenness, is one of these things, and it says that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

Many of the most learned scholars think there was a wine in Palestine in the days of Christ, which was not intoxicating—not fermented—but simply the juice of grapes kept sweet. Since this is so, and there is no proof that the wine he made was intoxicating, think of it as the sweet, unfermented wine of Palestine, which may have had a finer flavor and more delicious taste than that which would intoxicate.

Again, intemperance was not the great evil then it now is. Wine was the strongest drink they had, so the greatest danger growing out of wine-drinking to-day—the appetite formed for stronger drink—was absent then, there being none of these stronger and more dangerous drinks.

So it is clear that there is nothing, either in Jesus' teaching or his example, to justify the drinking customs in our land to-day, with its saloons, its beer-gardens, its strong wines and fiery liquors, and all that long train of suffering, poverty, disease, want and crime that follows intemperance. If Jesus were teaching to-day, he would warn against the wine-cup and the cider-glass as the first steps in the road to a drunkard's grave.

—"One of the queerest cases I ever heard of," said the story-teller in the smoking-car, "is down in our town. There's a man there who has a peculiar defect. I know him well. He's a draughtsman, and an accomplished man. He can draw anything he is asked to draw, with a solitary exception, and do as good a job of it as any man in the country. But that one exception lost him his situation, his wife, his friends, and his reputation, and now it is killing him. Isn't it strange?" "Very, but what is it he can't draw?" "A sober branch."—Chicago News.

—Of all the powerful execrations on rum delivered by the late John B. Gough, the most powerful has never been published. I came across it to-day. It is in Gough's own handwriting and was delivered by him twenty-six years ago. After its delivery a young law-student in the audience, Mr. T. S. Shepard, now a resident of this city, asked Mr. Gough to favor him with his words in writing. Mr. Gough consented, on the condition that the manuscript never be published while he was on the lecture platform. The conditions were assented to and Mr. Gough jotted down the following apostrophe on water and execration on rum as he had delivered them while holding a glass of water in his hand:

There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, wo, want, come not within its hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful, and bright, and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Now follows the execration of rum: Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and milderwing the noblest affections of the heart and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans, and orphans' tears, and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, and madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in obscurity the wrecks of what once were great, grand and glorious. Yes rum is corrupt, and vile, and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

Base art thou as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, wo and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy venomous tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shrieks echoed along the caverns of Hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum; through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the king's palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood, Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influences, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes. Others may call the child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I this night will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new honor, and the new name shall be the sacramental cup of the Rum Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth!—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the trader of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

RATHFON BROS.

When the Chinese

Make an advance in battle, or when they enter an engagement, it is the custom of that mikadoized country to dress the warriors in ridiculous and hideous apparel in order to frighten the enemy. This custom reminds us of some merchants in Delta county who make astounding announcements in order to scare their competitors, and when called upon to show their strength have nothing to reveal.

Rathfon Bros. are just the reverse, their advertisement is modest while their stock is simply enormous.

A visit to their store will convince you that they have the best Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods in the country at the Lowest Prices.

Fine Merchant Tailoring a Specialty.

GROCERY.

NEW GROCERY!

Lewis House Block,

LUDINGTON + STREET.

Full line of New and Choice Staple and Fancy Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Dried Fruits, Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Fish, Pot- ted Meats, Sauces, Horse radish, Catsup, Olives, Capers, and in fact everything usually found in a well ordered and First Class Grocery. No dime Museum or side show attachments.

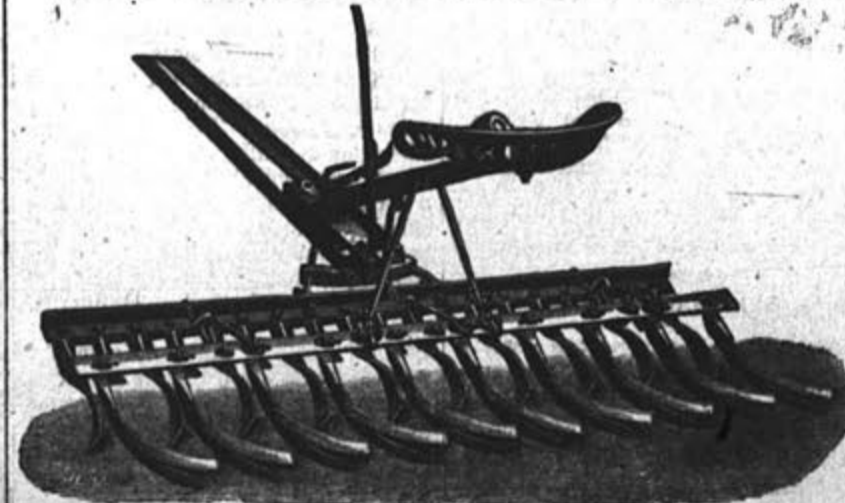
Soliciting a share of you patronage,

Respectfully,

A. H. ROLPH.

HARROWS.

'The Best Harrow Made'



Acme Pulverizing Harrow,

Azel Lathrop, of Lathrop,

is agent for the two counties of Delta and Marquette. If you want a harrow, send to him for circulars describing it. If you have seen it and know about it send him an order.

SOLD ON TIME

For approved Notes.

ED. ERICKSON.

LEADS THEM ALL!

—With his Spring Stock of—

Fine Dress Goods

Gros de Londres, Cachmeres, Gros de Almas, Broadheads, Robes, Toile du Nord, Berbers, French Gingham, Tricots, Seersuckers.

I have without doubt the BEST line of DRESS GOODS in Delta County.

Carpets!

All-Wool Extra Super Carpets at 75 cents a yard and other grades proportionately low.

JUST OPENED!

A FULL LINE OF

JERSEYS

—AND—

JERSEY JACKETS.

ALL NEW STYLES, AND WILL BE SOLD CHEAP ENOUGH TO SATISFY ANY ONE.



Ed. Erickson.

DRUGGIST.

Preston's Drug Store!

Is the senior in years and stands at the head of the trade in Escanaba.

IT CONTAINS

Drugs, the best that skill can produce or money buy; Tobacco & Cigars, to please every taste and fancy; Proprietary Medicines, of every description; Choice Wines & Liquors (in spite of threats); Paints and Oils, in every state of preparation for use; Cutlery and Fancy Goods, a large assortment.

Books, Magazines and Papers:

Special Attention to the Jobbing Trade.

PRESCRIPTIONS PERFECTLY PREPARED!

Prices in all Lines 'Way Down.

Escanaba, Sept. 3, 1885.

GROCERIES.

EAST END GROCERY.

JOHN G. WALTERS,

Successor to John A. McNaughtan,

CORNER TILDEN AVENUE AND LUDINGTON ST.

GROCERIES ONLY.

But every article of a grocer's stock at rock bottom prices. Don't pass the old place without calling.

HARDWARE.

W. W. OLIVER,

Successor to DIXON & COOK,

HARDWARE

And Stoves,

Store in Conolly's Building, Ludington Street.