

IRON PORT.

A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN PAPER.—J. C. VAN DUZER, Publisher.

VOLUME 19, NO. 21.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS,
Surgeon Dentist.
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 6 to 7 p. m.
GAS ADMINISTERED. The sign of the Golden Tooth.

J. H. TRACY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

W. W. MULLIKEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Ludington street, over Frank Atkins grocery store. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m., and after 7 o'clock in the evening.

H. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Homoeopathic school of practice. Office over Erickson & Bissell's store.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Mead's drug store. Office hours 8 to 10 a. m., and 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

E. P. ROYCE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

EMIL GLASER,
Notary Public.
Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes oaths for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of western Europe to any part of the U. S., buys and sells real estate, and loans money on real estate security. Office, Tilden ave., Escanaba.

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in second story Semer building.

A. R. NORTHUP, LAWYER.
Practices in all Courts, Attends promptly to Collections, etc. Office on Harison Avenue, east side, between Ludington and Thomas streets.

CITY CARDS.

ESCANABA LAND AGENCY.
VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM,
Civil Engineers and Surveyors.
Pine, Mineral, Hardwood, Hemlock and Cedar lands for sale. All kinds of Engineering and Surveying in Michigan and Wisconsin promptly executed. All kinds of Map Work on short notice.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOSEPH HESS,
BUILDER.
Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—frame, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement.
Residence and shop on Mary St.

FRED. E. HARRIS,
Contractor and Builder.
Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description.
Retawing, Planing and Matching at the mill at the foot of Ludington St. Store fronts, counters and inside work, sashes, etc., a specialty.

INSURANCE! INSURANCE!!
LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE.
Northrup & Northrup, Agents,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
Issues Policies in old, well known and reliable companies, at rates as low as are consistent with safety.

J. B. SWEATT, CONTRACTOR,
Late of Chicago, now located at Marquette, will build
New Buildings
On short notice. Large or Public Buildings a specialty.
MARQUETTE, MICH.

HOTEL MINNEWASCA.
RICHARD MASON, Prop'r.
Thoroughly heated by Steam.
The only strictly first-class hotel in the Village.
GLADSTONE, MICH.

**HORSE SHOEING
AND BLACKSMITHING**
I am now ready, at my shop on Harrison street, just off Ludington, to shoe horses (and guarantee satisfaction), and undertake any other work in my line.
Prices Moderate. Give me a trial!
JAMES R. MACDONALD,
Escanaba, Jan. 15, 1888.

**SUPERIOR PRINTING
AT REASONABLE RATES
AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE.**

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Wall Paper at Preston's.
—Carpets at Greenhoot Brothers'.
—Hercules Powder at Wallace's.
—Sportsmen's Goods of all kinds at Mead's.
—Wall Papers and Borders at Mead's.
—Order seed wheat of Bittner Wickert & Co., now.

—Flour, any kind you want and any quantity, at Wickert's.
—Atkins has a full line of Bird Cages, of all sorts and sizes.
—Waterproof Goods, for river drivers, at Greenhoot Brothers'.
—Curtains and fixtures—better and cheaper than ever before, at Mead's.

—Everything to renovate your dwelling, inside and out, can be found at Preston's.

—For rent, a furnished room for a gentleman, without board. Inquire at this office.

—Kolle, at Mead's, will sell a watch and warrant it or repair and regulate the one you have.

—And Preston's stock of Reading matter—Books, Periodicals and Dailies—is larger than ever.

—Buy oats, Ground feed and hay of Bittner, Wickert & Co., and keep your stock in good order.

—Wallace's spring goods—Rafting and Driving Tools, Paints, oils, Brushes, etc., are now ready.

—Goods for the spring trade—a big house full of them—at Greenhoot Brothers', and prices way down.

—Dress Goods for ladies' wear, household and table Linen, and napery, very low, by Greenhoot Brothers.

—Atkins' east room, the China and Glass room, is full of beautiful and serviceable wares and well repays a visit.

—Until somebody offers a better, the best light possible is given by a Rochester lamp which can be had only of Atkins.

—Habitual constipation can be entirely cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup after all other remedies have failed. 23

—Drop in at the old place, boys, for your summer outfits. Greenhoot Brothers always did and always will give you the best deal possible.

—Atkins is now offering Diaper Services—Decorated China, in two colors—129 pieces in the set, for only sixteen dollars—cheaper than ever before.

—A Blood Tonic.—Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is the greatest purifier in the world. Reason teaches the lesson. Read their formula, found in their medical pamphlet. 23

—Cathartic.—Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is one of the finest laxatives in the world, moving the bowels effectively as well as mildly, without pain, griping or weakness. 23

—Headache can be cured by Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It removes the cause by regulating the stomach, correcting improper digestion and general flow of the blood. 23

To Rent.
Two furnished rooms, possession at once, no children. Inquire at this office. tf.

Farm For Sale
Containing 80 acres, more or less, in the township of Fairbanks, near the furnace location. Price low and terms easy. Inquire at this office. tf

For Sale Cheap
At the Pump-house, Escanaba, a large sized, locomotive fire Boiler, suitable for a saw mill or other manufactory. It is in perfect order and ready for instant use. Inquire at the office of
ESCANABA WATER WORKS CO.

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. For sale by J. N. Mead. tf

Cheap Land Excursions.
To enable all parties interested to make a trip to the country reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway system, and familiarize themselves with the splendid opportunities offered for settlement and investment, that company will run a series of cheap land excursions during the months of March, April, May and June. Tickets for these excursions will be sold from all principal stations to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip, and will be good for return passage at any time within thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars apply to agents of the C. & N. W. Ry., or write E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

E. P. WILSON,
General Passenger Agent.

SAND.

HENRY OLIVER is still very ill, but is enduring well and will probably pull through.

PAUL KELLEY is making more room for himself—putting an addition at the rear of his building.

J. N. MEAD and Ed. Erickson were drawn as jurors to serve at the May term of the U. S. district court at Marquette.

THE LADIES of the M. E. Church give a "dime social" at the residence of Mrs. C. E. Brotherton Friday evening.

MARRIED in this city on Friday, April 6, by Emil Glaser, Esq.; Frederick Rajevski and Louise Grzanna, both of Metropolitan.

THE Gogebic Iron Record announces the sale of 120,000 to 150,000 tons of Norrie ore to the North Chicago works. The ore will come this way.

JOHN McNAUGHTAN has made sale of his stock to Erickson & Bissell who will take it and the stand—Semer's corner—on the first proximo.

THERE was fire when the bells rang out last Saturday morning but only in the chimney of Mrs. Appleton's house, at the west end of Ludington street.

JOHN STEPHENSON will repair the "Oliver" deck and be ready, soon after the opening of navigation to receive, store and handle all kinds of freight at moderate charges.

EX-MARSHAL MCCARTHY is still a guardian of the peace, a special policeman, in the railway service. Took the place Wednesday, Marshal Stern having relieved him the previous day.

SAMUEL ELLIOTT was chosen supervisor of his township, Sack Bay, without a dissenting vote. He is to be congratulated, both on his restoration to health and on the esteem of his townsmen.

THE "Pathfinders" played, acceptably, to a full (and critical) house last Thursday evening. They make a pleasant evening for their patrons, always.

JOHN GAFFNEY, an employe of the North-western company, got a bad tumble and bruises by the breaking down of a trestle upon which he was at work. No bones broken, however, and he is around again.

HIGH WATER in the Ontonagon was damaged the track of the Northwestern that it was impassable Thursday morning and the Chicago train came over the track of the M. & N. road from Fort Howard to Menominee, arriving here a couple of hours late.

THE LODGE of Good Templars last Tuesday evening passed a vote of thanks to Geo. Harris for his kindness in furnishing conveyances for the ladies of the lodge to and from the cemetery upon the occasion of the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Paul. We do not get the action officially but state the fact, substantially.

A WOODSMAN named McDonald was seriously injured at the siding at section 4, on the Metropolitan branch, Thursday morning. He put his head out of the window of the car just in time to be caught by a car standing on the siding and his skull was broken. He was brought here on No. 1 and taken to the hospital.

THE CASE against Jo. Monahan was settled on Wednesday, by dropping it, and a new one brought under the city ordinances to which Jo. pled guilty and paid the fine imposed—\$100 and costs. The stuff seized by the sheriff is ordered to remain in his custody subject to the order of the circuit court at the next term, when it will doubtless be condemned and destroyed.

U. P. TERRY of the order of the Maccabees was organized on Wednesday evening, with a membership of twenty-six, by the choice of Lew. A. Cates as Sir Knight Commander, A. Warn as Recorder, and a full set of officers. No number has been assigned to the new tent as yet. We have no knowledge of the value of the order other than common report which says that "there's bushels of fun" in it.

JOHN FURGETTE was arraigned before Judge Glaser Wednesday on charge of assault with intent to kill and held for trial. The occurrence on which the charge was based took place at Lancour's saloon at Perkins and the assault consisted in three shots from Furgette's Winchester, he having hoisted in sufficient of Lancour's fighting booze to put him on the war-path. Nobody was hit by the shots but the shooter was beautifully frescoed in black, blue and yellow by the crowd before being arrested. Joseph Miron was the complainant.

STYRON'S "Unk Tom" company will give that threadbare old drama (which everybody goes to see and will, as long as its rags hold together) at Opera hall next Tuesday evening. The Mining Journal of the 5th says that the company is the best that ever visited this region and (it was after the play was over and the company gone) that had it given a second representation the house would have been as full as at the first, that is, as full as a sardine box or the shell of an egg. It is a "double" company—two of a sort all through the funny side of the cast—and gives a gorgeous street parade with its two bands in the afternoon before the show. Prices 35 and 50 cents—diagram and tickets at Mead's.

IT WILL BE noted that the council again deferred action upon the ordinance granting to the Water Works company the privilege of putting up electric light wires in the streets for the reasons that a home company is in the field and that the members of the council desired time for consideration. The gentlemen who will compose the home company, if one is formed, are busy with the study of the plan and the consideration of the proposition of Mr. Higgins, which is that they shall take three fourths of the stock of a new company (he and his friends taking one fourth) which shall purchase the plant now in operation here belonging to Higgins & Hunt and add thereto such other machinery and appliances as may be needed to enable it to meet the demand for light. They called to their aid, on Tuesday last, Mayor Fleishheim, of Menominee, who has had three or four years' experience in the management of the electric light plant in use in that city, and we are informed that they will be ready to present to the council, at its next meeting, a proposal as favorable at all points as that of the Water Works company, in which case there is no doubt as to the action of the council.

AN ADJOURNED meeting of the Delta county republican club was held at Music hall last Tuesday evening. As the attendance was small no business other than routine was taken up, and as the hall was wanted for another purpose on the evening of the next regular meeting, Tuesday next, an adjourned meeting was taken "subject to the call of the president." So much "by authority," and now, as a member of the club—a rear-rank private thereof—we have a word for the republicans of the city and it is this: Your duty is not done when you have, each of you, put your names on the roll and paid in your dollar. The club was organized for work—there is work to be done—work necessary to the success of the party next fall—work which can not be done by half-a-dozen or a dozen men—which must not be left to be done hurriedly (and so half done or worse) after the tickets—national, state and county—are made up if we expect to elect those tickets. This work the club is intended to do, can do if those whose zeal led them into it do but keep the fire alight and their zeal warm. If the cause is worth it, gentlemen, turn out and help: rally on the colors.

WIDE AWAKE for April greets us with eighty pages overflowing with beautiful pictures, delightful stories and poems. Mrs. Sherwood's serial, "those Cousins of Mabel's," enforces the usages of good society by the experience of the heroine. The frontispiece, "The Lilies," is a charming illustration; a lovely girl, her arms filled with the lilies. Lieut. Fremont's breezy Indian story for boys, a paper on "Old Ballads of London Bridge" (the London Bridge famous in the nursery jingle), an article on Landseer the famous animal painter, beautifully illustrated, are all thoroughly entertaining though written with a serious purpose. A tale of two children and a lion, thrillingly illustrated by Sandham, gives the exciting element this month. Gregory meets with an unpleasant surprise in Sidney Luska's serial "My Uncle Florimond." Your newsdealer has this issue for 20 cents, or it will be mailed by the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston. A sample back number of any of the Lothrop magazines costs but 5 cents.

NOTICE the call of a convention of the republican electors of the county on Wednesday, May 2, and let us have a full one—every ward and township represented. The business thereof is first to select three delegates to the state convention to make up the state delegation for the national convention at Chicago, and it will probably be thought best to select delegates at the same time to represent the county in the convention to nominate for governor and other state officers, yet to be called, and to attend to the county organization. Send delegates, not proxies.

McKINNEY & Co. do stir up the trade in real estate and facilitate exchanges. Since our last they have sold from the Selden addition three lots to William B. Cline, one to Mrs. Mina Sederland, three to John C. Norton, one to Morris Anderson, one to Carl Kositzki, four to T. L. Gelzer, one to John Lamphear, one to E. F. Riley, one to M. C. Shea, one to Daniel O'Neil and one to S. S. Connors. Through them, also, John A. McNaughtan sold lot 3 of block 73, of the city plat, to Edward Denayer.

MR. ROUNTREE, who has handled the business of the express company here since it "set up for itself," has been promoted, and we are told, to the agency at Duluth and will soon go thither. Sorry to lose him but glad the company recognizes his worth.

GOV. MACDONALD is absent, in Canada, we believe, on business connected with the enterprise he has in hand.

For Sale.
An 80 acre farm four miles from Gladstone, two miles from Brampton, on line of the C. & N. W. railroad. Town road on east line.
A 180 acre farm, eighty rods from Brampton station, Days River and state road through it. Both farms well improved, good buildings. Immediate possession given. For price and terms inquire of S. D. Perry, Brampton, or IRON PORT office.
L. J. PERRY.

HICKS & SAWYER's Minstrels will be here on Saturday, April 21. Seats now on sale at J. N. Mead's.

McDONALD, the man who was hurt on the Metropolitan branch Thursday morning, died at the hospital Friday morning.

CARROLL and Bissonette settled the tie by lot, Carroll winning. Dan. will make a good member of the legislature of Delta.

BORN, in this city on Sunday, April 8, to E. H. Williams and wife, a son. Also, To Q. R. Hessel and wife, on Wednesday, April 11, a daughter.

O'BRIEN is "getting there." He now prints four pages at home and makes them of interest to his readers. Iron River should give him a better support than it does.

THE ICE on the bays, which was said to be broken up and unsafe for travel a week ago, is still sound and in use. The trouble then was merely water on top of it, which having drained off leaves it as good as before.

One Collette, of Green Bay, had two girls ready to marry but one served as a stand-off to the other and he could marry neither. The affair made "the Bay" too warm for him and he pulled up stakes and went to Kansas.

MAYOR ROYCE put Capt. Jo. Alward on duty as night policeman this week. The council can hardly fail to confirm his action. Capt. Jo. is one of the best known men in town and if he has an enemy we don't know it.

WE HEAR, Friday noon, of a new deal as to the command of the little boats plying on this and the big bay—that Capt. Taylor is to be in the Lucile and Capt. Colwell to have a boat, said to be the Wave, on the Garden route. It may be all wrong, but we have not time to either verify or disprove the report.

ONE DAY, soon, there will be a dance and raffie at Peter Groos' place, at Wells, everybody getting their half-dollar's worth in dancing and enjoyment and some body getting a gold watch. It may come off this evening, but we guess not until a week from then—the date was not fixed when we last heard.

HARRY WHEELER, an Englishman some 26 or 28 years old, who had been employed in the track repair gang under Dan. Chaison and had boarded at Capt. Champ's, was found dead in his room yesterday morning. A revolver by his side and a cursory examination of his body showed how he had come to his death; he had placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth and discharged it and the bullet had traversed his brain and passed out at the top of his head. He was without friends in America, was suffering with rheumatism so as to be unable to work, and was driven to suicide by despondency. There are indications that he had attempted it unsuccessfully with chloroform before having recourse to the pistol. Coroner McFall is holding an inquest as we go to press, but the case is so plain that it is not worth our while to wait for the verdict.

[Communicated.]

THE Bark River township election resulted in the choice of Charles D. Hakes for supervisor by 21 majority, Seraph Belanger treasurer by 11, Charles Haggerson clerk by 3 only, Frank Loeffler highway com'r by 16, E. D. Hakes justice for three years without opposition, Henry W. Coburn justice for full term by 93 majority, J. B. Frechette school inspector, Louis Bedin drain com'r and Paul Dubois, Alphon Derocher, Artemus Dupois and Joseph Frechette constables, all unopposed. The saloons were closed and the election, therefore, peaceable. It looks as though the C. & N. W. railway company ought to raise the wages of its employe, the station agent, so that he need not have to ask the town for assistance, which he got by three majority.
Yours Truly,
REPORTER.

Bark River, April 7.

Marine.
The St. Ignace makes the passage of the Straits as though there was no ice there.

The Wm. Chisholm with a tow is just east of the straits waiting for the opening.

The Depere and Menominee have been fitted out and put at work.

The ice is still solid between Beaver Island and the main land on both sides.

The Devil Fish Described By Hugo
Is not a more tenacious monster than malaria, whether it takes the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, ague cake or dumb ague. Like the octopus of the story it claps the victim in its tentacles, and folds him closer and closer in a horrible embrace. Attacked with Hostetter's Bitter's, however, it gradually relaxes its tremendous grip, finally abandons it, and the quondam sufferer liberated at last, rejoices in the sense of new born freedom, engendered by the restoration of complete health. Dyspepsia, too, and constipation, those old and remorseless enemies of the human family, give ground and are finally driven from the field by this Napoleon of remedies, the great and purest in the family pharmacopoeia. Rheumatism succumbs to it, so do kidney troubles. The nerves, when overstrained, regain quietude and vigor by its aid, and the ability to rest tranquilly and eat with a zest are increased by it. Resort to it in time and avoid unnecessary suffering.

Republican County Convention.

A convention of the Republican Electors of the county of Delta will be held in the city of Escanaba on Wednesday, May 2, next ensuing, for the purpose of choosing three (3) delegates to represent the county in the state convention to be held at Grand Rapids Tuesday, May 8, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

The townships and wards of the county are entitled to representation as follows; the basis being one delegate for each hundred votes cast for governor at the last preceding state election and one for each fraction in excess of the hundred equal to a moiety thereof, each organized township being entitled to at least one delegate.

City of Escanaba, 1st ward,	3
" " 2d "	3
" " 3d "	3
" " 4th "	1
Baldwin township,	1
Bark River "	1
Bay de Noc "	1
Escanaba "	1
Fairbanks "	1
Ford River "	1
Garden "	2
Masonville "	1
Maple Ridge "	1
Minnewaska "	1
Nahma "	1
Sack Bay "	1
Total	22

JOHN C. VAN DUZER, Ch'n Co. Com.
ESCANABA, April 11, '88.

THE NOVELIST—A Novel Enterprise.
Novel in name, form, purpose and method is The Novelist, Alden's new weekly magazine of American fiction.

It undertakes to give the worthiest fiction that American authors can be tempted to produce. Foreign authors not admitted. It is not sentimental talk about justice to American authors, but is bold, practical action.

It is certainly handy in form, beautiful in dress, excellent in all mechanical qualities, and low in price; well suited in all respects to meet the wants of the intelligent millions who are capable of appreciating "the best"—it will not stoop to compete with the "gutter-fiction" of the sensational periodicals and libraries.

Terms, \$1.00 a year, at which rate it will give over 2,500 pages, equal to eight to twelve ordinary American novels.

The stories will follow successively, one at a time, a novel of ordinary length thus being completed in four to eight weeks. If one story does not please, you will not have long to wait for the next. For a ten-cent subscription (if you don't wish to enter for all at \$1.00), you will receive the first chapters of every story published during the year, which you can then order separately, if you wish. A specimen copy of The Novelist will be sent free on request. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York; P. O. Box 1227.

The Latest.

At midnight of the 11th Mr. Conkling was decidedly better. Dr. Fordyce Barker said of his case; "Twenty-four hours ago his chances were one in a hundred; now the chances are one in twenty-five that he will recover." A material improvement, yet twenty-four to one is a desperate chance.

The rivers of Wisconsin and Minnesota are all in flood and much loss of property has occurred.

The last brewery in Kansas was closed, after a long litigation, last Wednesday.

Iowa liquor dealers propose to evade the prohibitory law and continue their business by dealing in imported liquors only and selling only unbroken packages. 'Twasn't work.

London dispatches of the 11th say that the Hattenberg marriage is off, for the present at least.

Some fellows, telegraphers no doubt, have been sharp enough to beat the "policy" dealers of Evansville out of about \$30,000. They got their dispatches through ten minutes ahead of the dealers and so "had a snitch" on them.

George R. Johnson, of Stafford Springs, Conn., was shot while asleep in his bed and his wife tells a tale of a man shooting through the window but, as she had a revolver strapped to her leg one chamber of which held an empty shell, the authorities wait her to think again. He was 50 and dull—she is 30 and gay.

Attempts to hold league meetings at Ennis, Lougrea and Kilrush were defeated by the police and soldiery and many persons wounded but none killed.

A train bringing Reading men to work on the Q road was stopped at Lima, Ohio, and several of the men hurt.

Zeph Davis is to be hanged May 12 unless Uncle Dick lets up on him, which he is unlikely to do.

The yardmasters on the Q road quit—the green won't say struck—last Saturday. They green engineers, green firemen and green switchmen made their places too-worthless to keep, so they "just quit."

A concern at Logansport is defending a prosecution for "blackmail." It tried the "protective agency" business on a customer who would not stand it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Jake Sharp died April 5.

Near New Hampton, Iowa, on the 5th, a passenger train plunged into a gap where a bridge had been washed out and seven lives were lost.

Phelps, minister to England is coming home on a visit.

Amesbury, Mass., lost half a million by fire on the 5th.

A wind and hail storm damaged Faribault, Minn., to the extent of \$100,000 on the 4th.

A train bringing Reading men to work on the Q road was stoned at Lima, Ohio, and several of the men hurt.

California prohibitionists attack the wine-growing industry of the state in their platform adopted April 5.

Fred B. Ditley, a young newspaper publisher of Kingston, Pa., put \$1,000 in his pocket and went to New York to buy a press. Not returning on time, nor reporting, his father went after him and now both are missing.

The executive board of the K. of L. advises the men of the Edgar Thompson Steel works to accept Mr. Carnegie's proposition and not make fools of themselves any further.

The Etna Powder mills, which made "high explosives," at Miller's Station, Indiana, blew up April 6. Three men were killed and the country for 25 miles around was shaken as by an earthquake.

George R. Johnson, of Stafford Springs, Conn., was shot while asleep in his bed and his wife tells a tale of a man shooting through the window but, as she had a revolver strapped to her leg one chamber of which held an empty shell, the authorities want her to think again. He was 50 and dull—she is 30 and gay.

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Boston has bought another base ballist of Chicago. This time it is Clarkson. The price is the same as for Kelly—\$10,000. There's more money in selling them than in playing them.

Rev. James Sutherland, better known as "Bob Hart," committed suicide by taking morphine last week. He was accused of a criminal assault on a girl.

The State Normal school at Terre Haute, Ind., was burned last Monday.

Charters for coal tonnage was taken at Buffalo at 75 cents to lake Michigan ports this week.

The Welland canal will be opened for business next Monday.

The supreme court of the U. S. rendered a decision last Monday sustaining the constitutionality of the law of Pennsylvania which forbids the manufacture of any substitute for butter or cheese. Justices Field and Harlan dissented.

Mr. Conkling is very ill; so much so that his life is despaired of.

An imperial ukase shuts American bibles from Russia.

Some fellows, telegraphers no doubt, have been sharp enough to beat the "policy" dealers of Evansville out of about \$30,000. They got their dispatches through ten minutes ahead of the dealers and so "had a sinch" on them.

The strikers at the Edgar Thompson street works have given their case to Father Hickey, their parish priest, and the trouble is likely to be ended soon.

A concern at Logansport is defending a prosecution for "blackmail." It tried the "protective agency" business on a customer who would not stand it.

The probate court ordered a recount of the vote for mayor in Grand Rapids' Weston kicks and, if the recount wipes out his majority of nine, will go to the supreme court with his case. 'Pears 'zif he was afraid of the showing the recount will make.

One Collette, of Green Bay, had two girls ready to marry but one served as a stand-off to the other and he could marry neither. The affair made "the Bay" too warm for him and he pulled up stakes and went to Kansas.

Consumption Surely Cured.
To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will be glad to send two bottles FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Personal.
Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, having used it for a severe attack of bronchitis and catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottle free at J. N. Mead's drug store.

—Mother do you know anything of that Balsam that everybody is talking so much about? Do you refer to Hibbard's Throat and Lung Balsam? Yes, that's what I mean. Well, I believe it is the best medicine in the world for a cough, cold, or sore lungs, and is so pleasant to take. Your father took a severe cold day before yesterday, and is well today.

Silk Ribbons!
Those of our lady readers who would like to have a elegant, large package of extra fine, assorted ribbons (by mail) in different widths and all the latest fashionable shades; adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, scarfs, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, fancy work, etc., can get an astonishing big bargain, owing to the recent failure of a large wholesale ribbon manufacturing co., by sending only 25 cents (stamps) to the address we give below.

As a special offer, this house will give double the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P. O. address of ten newly married ladies when ordering and mention the name of this paper. No piece less than a yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

—Itch, Mange, and Scratches of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead, Druggist, Escanaba, Mich.

CHARLES GOODYEAR.
Struggles of the Man to Whom We Are Indebted for India Rubber.

Among the inventors who have sacrificed enough for their brain-children to be called indeed "martyrs" is Charles Goodyear, the man to whom we are indebted for India rubber. It was in 1820 that a pair of rubber shoes was seen for the first time in the United States, and then they were merely handled about as a curiosity. Goodyear found, in 1834, that for all practical purposes rubber was a failure. Articles made from it melted in summer, and emitted such an offensive odor that it became necessary to bury them. At the time when his attention was first turned to the subject, he was a bankrupt, and his first experiments with rubber were made in jail.

Like all persevering inventors, he thereafter sacrificed not only his time and money for the sake of his pet project but all the funds which he could borrow or beg from his friends. His wife's jewels and family relics speedily found their way to the pawnbroker's, and Goodyear moved into the country in order that he might live as economically as possible. At length his invention was patented, and a wealthy partner joined him; but a commercial crisis soon swept away every cent of their joint capital. Then Goodyear found that he had not even enough money to buy food for his family, and the pawnbroker became again his only resource. He had become an object of general ridicule, and one of his New York friends, having been asked how he was to be recognized in the street, said of him: "If you see a man wearing an India-rubber coat, India-rubber shoes, an India-rubber cap, and in his pocket an India-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is he."

For he constantly wore the material about, with the twofold object of testing and advertising it. Sometimes he seemed to be on the road to prosperity. The Government once gave him an order for one hundred and fifty rubber mail-bags, but when they were made the handles dropped off and the rubber fermented. But Goodyear was not disheartened. He baked India-rubber in his wife's oven, boiled it in her saucepan, steamed it at the nose of the teakettle, roasted it in ashes and toasted it before fires quick and slow. And all this time he was regarded by most people as a harmless, but very wearisome, lunatic.

His children were often sick, hungry and cold, and it is said that he once sold their school-books for five dollars, with which he laid in a new stock of gum and sulphur for his experiments.

His darkest hour came when he had in the house a dead child, with no means of burying it, and five living members of the family, with no food for their next meal. But help was at hand. His immediate wants were relieved, and his brothers advanced money for carrying on his experiments. In 1844 he was able to produce vulcanized India-rubber, with absolute economy and success. But having attained one object, he adopted another, no less dear—that of perfecting a life saving apparatus—and after twenty-seven years of labor, having actually founded a new industry, he died insolvent, leaving his family an inheritance of debt.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHEEKY BORROWERS.
How Some Women Obtain All Sorts of Things Without Purchasing.

The cheeky woman whom I have now in mind is self-possessed, smiling and well-dressed. She is the terror of storekeepers. Recently a specimen of this class had a piece of fine needle-work that her own sewing machine could not do. She knew of one in the market that could and so she went to the office, talked price and quality, asked permission to try it on the spot, took a roll from her shopping bag, stitched an hour till the job was done, expressed entire satisfaction with the machine and price, gave her name, street and number with an order for one of the best and goes on her way. The agent never saw her again and found no machine was wanted at the street and number designated.

She would be horrified at the hint of shop-lifting. Her little game is different. It is shop borrowing. This same woman was invited to an out-of-town reception. She wanted a more elegant outside garment than her own for the occasion, and she got it. Going to one of the largest establishments she tried on and tried on wraps, trying at the same time the patience of the saleswoman, as she always came back to one, the most elegant of the lot, and seemed just on the point of choosing it. Finally she begged permission to take it home to show her husband, feeling certain he would approve. The garment was sent home, was worn at the reception and returned with a polite note and regrets that it was not found wholly satisfactory.

But the saleswoman got their little revenge. They remember faces and bestow their own titles. "Here comes a tough," goes down the line of clerks when one of this class appears, no matter how richly she is dressed. "I'm ready for you," is in the eye of the saleswoman she pauses before. It is a counter of ribbon sashes glowing like a rainbow in soft colors. The "tough" looks at a score of them; the green one ought to be blue, the pink heliotrope, and so on; and finally she declares they are cheap things. "You know I never buy cheap goods." The girl apologizes, runs her hand under the pile, draws out several of the same quality and price, names a figure double that, however, and the customer buys three!

"It is my business to sell goods," she explains to a friend. "I have to adapt myself to my customer. The other day a tough was looking at plush at \$1.50. She wanted something better after she had worried the life out of me. I took from the shelves a piece of the same quality, said she could have that for \$2.50, and she bought a quantity of it perfectly satisfied. Half of the time the tough doesn't know what she wants nor how much. Think of the mother of a family asking me how much she wants for a girl of five! It is my business to sell goods, so I name a good pattern. When she comes back for two yards more to make a dress of it for herself and scolds me for selling her too much, I don't care; my business is to sell goods."

"Do you keep the extra money?"

"Never! Every thing goes to the cashier, who makes the change. Sometimes we get some of it back in 'spiff' money. That is the per cent. we have for selling old goods."—*N. Y. Letter.*

GREENHOOT.

Greenhoot Bros.

SPRING GOODS

Are arriving by every train and going into place on their shelves.

The - Stock - is - Immense

But that is not its only or even its leading characteristic, it

IS - THE - BEST - AND - CHEAPEST

Stock they have ever had and it goes without saying that no other stock in the city approaches it in either point. It is also the

Most Varied and Attractive!

Stock in town.

CALL AND SEE IT.

LOTS

SOUTH GLADSTONE!!

On And After July 6

We will offer lots for sale in our plat of South Gladstone, and invite the attention of investors.

South Gladstone contains some of the most desirable property on the Point and will be offered at low prices.

We also have choice lots for sale in the original townsite, and will furnish information regarding lands in the vicinity.

A general real estate business conducted.

BLACKWELL BROS.,
Gladstone, Mich.

BAZAAR.

Satisfaction : Assured

AND

Bargains : Guaranteed :

IN

Dry Goods and Clothing

AT

Heller's

Escanaba : Bazaar,

317 Ludington Street.

FRUITS, ETC.

J. A. LAINNEY,

—DEALER IN—

Fruits and Vegetables of All Kinds

Fresh Supplies Received Daily.

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

—A Choice Stock of—

Plain and Fancy Stationery, Pens, Inks, Etc., Etc.

NEWS DEPOT. 609 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.

BRITISHERS WITH TAILS.
Some of the Odd Things Different People Say of Each Other.

The Spaniards say: "The Portuguese are lie-abeds, the French sit on tables, and the Spaniards lounge at windows."

Some names of plants and vegetables spring out of a misunderstanding. Jerusalem artichoke is not a native of the Holy Land; Jerusalem is simply girelle; it is a corruption, just as asparagus becomes "sparrow grass," but there is a sneer and real spite in the designation of a rat by a Bohemian as "a German mouse," and by a Slovak of a frog as "a German crab," and of a thistle as "a German rose." So also in Lithuania, a whirlwind is called "a German messenger." No love is implied by the Russian when he talks of foolish laughter as "the giggle of a German over a pancake."

It is said of Poland that it is "the hell of farmers, the paradise of Jews, the purgatory of the middle class, the heaven of the nobleman and the gold mine of the stranger."

Germany has always been regarded as the home of the drinkers—though not justly of the drunkards. We remember asking an officer who had gone into a new beer brewery to taste the ale how he liked the brew. "Well," he said, "I did not care for it when I took my first glass, but at the thirteenth I began to understand it!"—but he was as sober as we were while writing this. German beer has very little alcohol in it.

Dutchmen call the Englishman a steert man—that is, a man with a tail—because, according to the legend, Thomas a Becket had cursed some men in Kent who cut off the tail of the horse on which he was riding, and ever after the men of Kent wore tails. And because of the men of Kent, therefore, all Englishmen. Ball, the reformer, in Edward IV.'s time, refers to this story and mentions also a variation of this ignoble punishment. "John Capgrave and Alexander of Euseby say that for the castles of yabe tayles at Augustyne, Dorsetshyre men had tayles ever after. But Polydorus applyeth it unto Kentish men at Stroud, by Rochester, for cutting off Thomas Beckett's horse's tail."

Among the Germans England is said to be the paradise of women and the purgatory of servants, but a far worse place than that for horses.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

SOME SOUND ADVICE.
What the Relations Between Employer and Employee Should Be

While there is in business laws which demand the exercise of business principles, there are also natural laws which employer and employee should feel equally bound to respect. The exercise of kindly and brotherly feelings are important factors in these laws, and give to both sides a better feeling of humanity. If practiced as it should be, it will recognize a man as a man, no matter what his position in life, and give him a more elevated opinion of men and things, and create a striving for a higher position.

It is true that so far as the business relations are concerned, these are at an end when the stipulated wages are paid. But the employer who regards these natural laws discharges a duty he owes to society, and gains the good will of his employees, their confidence, interest and a more careful and judicious discharge of duty.

Mechanics, laborers or other employees are men, not mere machines, to be governed and controlled by one common lever represented by the employer, and the more kindness and interest displayed in their behalf, the less occasion for strikes and attendant annoyances.

As well for a commanding officer to expect good results with his aids and staff selected from the enemy's lines, as for the employer to do the same who places himself in antagonism with his employees.

Those establishments in which there is the least discussion and trouble from strikes, etc., are those where there is the least difference between employer and employee, where men are treated as men, and where there is the most show of interest in their welfare.

The employer who holds himself above his men, treats them as only slaves who owe their living to the employment he has to give, disregards the laws of common humanity, and must not look for anything but a forced, mechanical labor. If there were a more general and visible show of equality there would be less occasion for ill-feelings, grumblings and scheming. Among mechanics who are well paid and well treated there is seldom found any opportunity for the organizers of strikes to do their work, and among such men we may find the best well-to-do condition of things.

When these relations exist we may look for a more prosperous business and better workmen.—*Boston Budget.*

IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (in Syracuse), where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

GOVERNOR LUCE appoints Friday, April 20, arbor day. We'll hardly do much tree planting on that day, on this peninsula, governor.

A FOREIGN born Chicagoan, asked to "show his papers" when he offered his vote, produced a marriage license but the board refused his vote.

THE PROSPECTS for lucrative employment were not blue enough to suit them, so the men in the furnace of the Cleveland Rolling Mill company struck on Thursday of last week and have now no employment at all.

GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY was retired by the board ordered to consider his application and Brig Gen. George Crook promoted to fill the vacancy so caused. Col. John R. Brooke, 3d infantry gets the brigadiership, vice Crook.

THE electrical disturbance on Thursday of last week was wide-spread and at many points very destructive. Hail storms and high winds prevailed from the eastern base of the Rockies to the lakes, and much damage resulted at various points.

STURGEON BAY light was lighted for the season on April 5, and the fog signal station was opened the same day. John Leatham is in Louisiana, buying "long leaved pine." The tug Nelson will attempt the rescue of the Blazing Star from Fisherman's shoal as soon as the ice is soft enough for her to reach the wreck.—Advocate, Sturgeon Bay.

OUR prohibitory friend of the Ionia Standard is happy—Ionia has a democratic mayor. The county is republican, the board of supervisors standing 11 to 7 that way, but the Standard's candidate for mayor slipped in because of a question of the eligibility of the republican nominee, and its cup runs over. It takes very little to set his rooster to crowing.

GEN. QUINCY A. GILMORE, who conducted the operations against Fort Pulaski, Savannah, and against Sumpter and Charleston besides holding other important commands, died last Saturday at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of 64 years. His professional specialties were engineering and artillery work, but he was an "all around" soldier—good at any sort of fighting.

THE grand jury of New York city made a presentment to the court last week stating that ample evidence was before it proving open and extensive bribery, corruption, mal administration and violation of law at the last November election in that city, and that one of the election districts was practically controlled by professional criminals. And this is the city that furnishes from 40,000 to 50,000 reliable democratic majority upon all occasions. Who wonders at what the grand jury found?

CHAIRMAN WESTON of the democratic state central committee was candidate for mayor of Grand Rapids, made such to show "the boys" how to do it. Well, how much does the reader suppose he beat Ford's majority of 1,400? Couldn't do that, eh? Well then, how much better than Dikeman, the outgoing mayor, elected last year by 800? He had a beggarly plurality of nine votes as the return was made, and there was skulduggery to make that showing, even, and a contest will be made. Mr. Weston does not appear to be popular at home.

IT APPEARS probable that if the King and Emperor Frederick, lives long enough (and not a long period will be needed) Bismarck will be driven from the place he now holds and deprived of the power he has long wielded in the affairs of Germany and English ideas become dominant in the imperial household. The marriage of his daughter to Alexander of Battenburg, late prince of Bulgaria, is again talked of and is favored by the empress and by her mother, Queen Victoria. Such an alliance would be certain to hasten war with Russia and is opposed by Bismarck, but the women will have it so and the empress is all powerful with her husband. With the old chancellor out of power and Von Moltke dead or superseded, France's opportunity comes.

THAT THERE is a steadily growing, substantial boom for General Alger for president is clearly apparent. This is true not only in Michigan, but the sentiment in his favor is spreading in other states and is already strong along the Pacific coast. From the east also comes most encouraging reports showing the high esteem in which the general is held among representative republicans in that section. In fact, wherever his name is mentioned it is always with favor, as it deserves. And why not? General Alger's public and private record fairly entitles him to the highest consideration. There are other men who have seen more of public life than he, but who among them can go before the national convention with the assurance of a more united and enthusiastic support of the republican party? Not one. We firmly believe that as the republican candidate for president he would sweep every northern state and make one or two southern states almost if not entirely break away from the solid south. We believe it because we believe the simple story of his life and services to his country, of his constant and generous benefactions to the poor and needy, and of his unselfish and patriotic devotion to every good cause, would capture the hearts of his countrymen everywhere and make him as popular a candidate as was ever brought before the American people. Other candidates, more prominent at the outset, may be named who would draw perhaps 99 of every 100 republican votes. We want a candidate who will draw 100 of every 100 republican votes and some from the opposition besides. The man who can do that is General Alger.—Tribune.

WE CLIP from the Iron Trade Review the following reply to an inquiry addressed to Gen. Warner by that paper. It is "good reading" for the supporters of the administration in this region and we commend it to their attention. Gen. Warner knows what he is talking about.

Nashville Iron, Steel & Charcoal Co., WEST NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 14, 1888. To the editor of the Iron Trade Review;

In yours of the 9th inst. you ask my opinion of the Mills tariff bill now pending before congress. Briefly I have to say:

First—That the bill is the heaviest blow aimed at American labor and industry in thirty years.

Second—That it is framed on the principles of Mr. Cleveland's tariff message, and is, therefore, directly at war with the principles of protection to home labor and industry.

Third—It is the beginning of a definite and well considered policy of "tariff for revenue only," which means low duties, large importations, a continually enlarging free list, and as a necessary result large curtailment of American production, widespread ruin to our manufacturing interests, hosts of idle men, discontent, suffering, riot, and possible insurrection and revolution.

Mr. Cleveland says the tariff is a tax adding the whole duty to the consumer's cost, and hence to be gotten rid of. The logical end of the theory is absolute free trade, with direct taxation for revenue to conduct the government.

The American market is the best in the world. We have absolute free trade among our 65,000,000 of people, who are the largest consumers per capita on earth or ever known. I say keep this great market for American labor for all things which we can produce. Let this great, happy, intelligent and industrious national family live within themselves, in so far as the limitations of climate and natural resources permit, giving productive employment to all of its members, and keeping within the family the fruits of the labor of all. The battle is to be fought this fall in the presidential and congressional election between "protection" and "tariff for revenue only," and I hope the protectionists will put their standard in the hands of the oldest, ablest and best tried friend of protection in the Union—John Sherman—and thus, with Mr. Cleveland on the other side, make the issue as pronounced as possible.

Yours truly,
WILLARD WARNER.

EVIDENTLY some change is soon to occur in the situation. The leading ore dealers are silent, but certain indications are not wanting to point to an end of the long blockade. The ore men have steadily refused to let go of their stocks at '88 prices, and as the new prices are expected to be some 20 per cent. below last season's, their confidence seems to indicate a stiffer market, when a market does come, than is now anticipated by consumers. It is believed that some very large rail orders are being held for an inside ore quotation and that a combination of mines, producing Bessemer ores, is figuring on the contract which will take their entire output. The matter of lake freights is still one of grave concern to vessel owners, while ore shippers seem satisfied to wait. In the light of the experience of 1887, ore dealers can not afford to sell a pound of ore until they know the cost of freight, and it is believed that some of the leading dealers know full well how much to figure for freight, in the making of their sales now under way. As a matter of fact, two barges and consort, aggregating 6,600 carrying capacity, were offered during the week to bring ore down from Ashland for the entire season, at \$1.50; and a 2,500 carrier was offered to bring Ashland ore down until September 16, at \$1.40. Under these circumstances it is easy to see that freights will be low this season, and that probably the reduction in the output will enable miners to make the profit, this year, that was swallowed up by the vesselmen in 1887. The price is expected to fall 25 per cent. below that of the past season.—Iron Trade Review, April 6.

SIMEON WHEELER, born at Portland, Maine, and resident there until ten years ago, since when he has resided with his daughter, Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, here, died April 2, at 91 years of age, having retained his mental faculties until the day of his death. It is sheer folly to place in nomination men who do not care enough for the result to exert themselves, as was shown conclusively at the late election. Good men accepted nominations for ward officers and then beat themselves by laziness. Fay, who was convicted of the murder of Bishop, is in the supreme court of Michigan with an appeal and stands a good chance to get the decision of the lower court reversed. Bill Gutsky was cut during a drunken frolic in a ranch outside town—by himself say the bystanders; by somebody else, says he. It's a guess at best—the testimony on one side is as good (or as bad, rather) as that on the other.—North Star, Marquette.

THE civil service commission is "fixing things" so that the law does very little to hamper a man in one of the departments—say the postmaster general, for instance—who wants to make a clean sweep of his department. Don. M. has just called the attention of Postmaster Copland, of Detroit, to the new rulings and pointed out certain republicans in his office whose heads are wanted. Of course they will be served up, and democrats will get the places so made vacant, nor have we a word of condemnation for Don on that account, but what do the mugwumps think of a civil service commission the labors of which go to make the law (or all of it except the portion which provides for the payment of the commissioners' salaries) inoperative and of none effect; what of the administration that they (and that old blunderer, Burdard) brought into existence?

INQUIRY comes from the south end of the state why Breen did not contest Mr. Seymour's seat. Easy enough telling—nobody would "put up" for him. Tim was ready enough with his "pointers" but his hand would not go towards his pocket. The gentlemen who happened up this way about that time on civil service duty did, perhaps, have some funds for the contest previous to the polling day but not a nickel for one after that. In short there was no contest because there was no cash.

IF THERE is a level headed business man in America Andrew Carnegie is one: If there is in America a man well qualified to forecast the result upon business of any proposed legislation Andrew Carnegie is so qualified: If any man in America can put his ideas into speech or print so that the wayfaring man, though a democrat, can understand them Andrew Carnegie can so express his ideas. In the March number of the North American he writes of "The President's Puzzle"—the surplus and how to reduce it—and, while treating Mr. Cleveland fairly and giving him credit for patriotic purpose, plays the devil with his position and plan. He denies, to begin with, that there is any "surplus" or can be any as long as there are U. S. bonds unpaid and upholds his position by argument; but supposing there were and that it was desirable that the national revenues should be reduced, he insists that the president is not on the road that leads to reduction. Of the president and the plan or policy pointed out in his message and formulated in the so-called "Mills bill," he says:

"He desires no sudden shock to the present system, but soberly, judiciously, to bring it nearer and nearer to new conditions which, he thinks, would be more beneficial to the country. Well, let us see—ten per cent. reduction upon anything at one step is a pretty strong pull; a reduction in the president's vote of a fraction of one per cent. might have rendered this article unnecessary. But suppose that a reduction in duties to the extent of ten per cent. were decided upon, and surely no one with a due regard for existing conditions would propose to do more at one time—certainly the president would not if true to his declared wish to proceed prudently—how would this reduction affect the surplus? In 1886 we collected from imports one hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars, but fifteen millions of this from silks, five millions from foreign wines, liquors, etc., and about as much more from various articles of similar class, the duties upon which no one would think it wise to reduce. This leaves say one hundred and fifty millions of duties collected on articles which enter into general consumption, and even this includes fifty one millions collected from the material out of which we manufacture sugar, and which is it proposed to deal with separately. If this be deducted, then we have left one hundred millions of manufactured articles upon which a general tariff bill could act. A reduction which averaged ten per cent. would reduce the revenue then ten millions of dollars, and if sugar be embraced in the same bill, fifteen millions—upon an equal amount of foreign articles imported; but what about the increased amount of foreign articles which the lower duties would enable the foreigner to substitute for articles which American manufacturers had hitherto been able to supply owing to the higher duties upon the foreign? Every one knows that reduced duties mean greater importations. It is to give the foreigner better position in our markets that duties upon his products are lowered. The first year's revenues from importations under a ten per cent. reduction would be greater in amount than before. Make the reduction average twenty per cent., and so complete will be the control of the foreigner over many branches of domestic manufacture which have a struggle even under present duties to hold their share of the trade in competition with foreign goods, that the aggregate sum collected from importations would probably equal, if it did not exceed, that flowing from a ten per cent. reduction, the President's puzzle is again upon him—the veritable devil's duet of which he cannot get rid—of which, at least, it is certain he never will get rid upon his plan. The country may be in favor of reducing its debt at a slower pace than heretofore, which I do not believe. It may wish less money collected from taxation than at present, which I do not believe it is troubling itself much about. It may desire that a greater proportion of foreign manufactures shall be used than at present, which I do most emphatically disbelieve; but one hope it cannot entertain for a moment, and that is, that by following the President's advice and reducing duties upon imports, the aggregate sum received from importations will be lessened and the surplus thereby reduced. It is true that it has been proposed to place four articles upon the free list which yield from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars per annum. These are called raw materials, but no one has yet been able to define what a raw material is. To the mining company that produces iron ore upon the shore of Lake Superior, and transports it for a thousand miles in its own vessels, and sells at the furnace for seven dollars per ton what was worth a few cents in the mine, iron ore is the finished product. There is not anything raw about it. A hundred and fifty millions of capital are invested, and many thousands of men are employed in the business, and so it is in the mining of coal. It is very certain that congress will not admit iron ore free of duty, for so overpowering were the facts laid before the last congressional committee that investigated the subject, that when a general reduction of duties was made, so far from the duty upon iron ore being reduced by other articles, the duty was actually increased fifty per cent. Spanish labor in the mines, fifty cents per day, and labor in mines of Lake Superior, two dollars per day, with cost of transport less from Spain to seaboard furnaces than from Lake Superior to furnaces in Ohio and Pennsylvania, settled the question of free ore as it will settle the question of free coal. An effort to abolish all duties upon these so-called raw materials must fail. As long as incidental protection is given to home industries on account of the greater cost of labor here, so long must industries which have been developed by this policy share in this advantage. It would be neither just nor politic to treat them differently from other industries. If the so-called surplus—which is no surplus, but is only caused by a failure to use our funds to pay our debts—if this surplus be such a nightmare, and it is necessary for the nation's peace to get rid of it in some other way than for the payment of debt, and if the President is bound to use foreign imports as the means to prevent a surplus, there is only one key for the puzzle, these reductions must be so radical as to paralyze the manufacturing system and bring upon the country a period of misfortune which has not been equaled more than once or twice in its history—or he must raise the duties sufficiently to lesson importations. He places himself upon the record as not in favor of the former action. He is probably still less disposed to adopt the alternative. Yet he cannot affect the surplus upon imports except by one course or the other, for nothing is surer than that any moderate reduction of duties will not reduce, but will swell the surplus. The President's puzzle is not to be thus solved. No, no, Mr. President, people don't stop overflows by lowering the sluices. Those that favor this never want the overflow lessened, and as men have died and worms have eaten them, but not one of them for love, so also many men have washed the duties upon imports reduced, but not one of them for the reason you assign—to reduce the surplus. It was lonely around the camp fire one night in the wild west until one of the company proposed that they should all tell their real names. Matters became lively enough at once. Let those gentlemen masquerading about, disguised as surplus reducers, tell us what they mean

when they advocate a policy certain to increase revenues. Give us your real names, gentlemen! And you, Mr. Surplus Reduction President, suppose you begin?

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

NEW YORK capitalists have organized three corporations; a railroad company to build a line from Sandusky, O., to the Hocking valley coal region and to furnish terminal facilities capable of handling very promptly and economically the coal and iron ore which the railway is built to handle; a ship building and dry-dock company to construct a fleet of ore and coal carriers of 3,000 tons burden, twenty such ships in the fleet; and a steamship company to own and operate the fleet. The three are one in interest and the single purpose is to deliver coal at this end of the route and iron ore at the other at the smallest possible cost to the consumer compatible with a fair return to the capital invested. It threatens Cleveland with a "black eye."

THE CASSIDY woman got off clear. The girl, Blanche Bonneville, whom she was accused of abducting, was shown to have been a dirty prostitute before her advent at the Wisconsin ranch—to have been fully aware of the character of the place to which she was brought, and the ladies who had taken up her case in the belief that her story of abduction and fraud was true were compelled to drop it. The cribs are horrible dens but it is the silly fools who frequent them that suffer, not the hags and harpies that live in them, who are in full accord with the men who keep them.

AFTER debating the matter for a year and making diligent inquiry the city authorities of Marquette have arrived at the conclusion that the city can furnish electric lighting for less money than any holder of a franchise and it is now probable that it will put in a plant and furnish the citizens with light "for just what it costs." As the city owns its own water plant the plan is practicable, and good management will doubtless bring good results. The case is different with us, unfortunately.

GEN. ALGER told the New Yorkers that he was a candidate for the presidential nomination. He had to admit the truth when questioned and he is a candidate, though he did not make himself such. As soon as Mr. Blaine was out of the field the republicans of Michigan put the General in his place and will be found at Chicago with a staying delegation determined to put him at the head of the ticket.

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FLOUR:
Pillsbury's Best and other choice brands.
SUGARS:
Of every variety and description at the lowest figures possible.
TEAS:
Japs, daily growing in favor, for 35c per pound, reduced from 50c., and Oolong at from 35c to 80c per pound.
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He offers, to make room for New Designs, lines of
Decorated : China
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The Perfect-Burning Rochester Lamps
Are a Specialty and can be had of him only.

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Escanaba Water Works Co.
Respectfully suggests that orders for water should be handed in at once—inside work can be done now and connections made as soon as the snow is gone. It also announces its readiness to put in
STEAM : HEAT
Upon any plan which may be preferred and with any fixtures desired.
Plumbing, by a Plumber,
Is another branch of its business to which attention is called and orders solicited.
No charge for estimates! Call at the office opposite the Oliver House.
W. H. LaFleur, Supt.

IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts may be made for this New York.

GOVERNOR LOCK appoints Friday, April 30, arbor day. We'll hardly do much tree planting on that day, on this peninsula, governor.

A FOREIGN born Chicagoan, asked to "show his papers" when he offered his vote, produced a marriage license but the board refused his vote.

THE PROSPECT for lucrative employment were not blue enough to suit them, so the men in the furnace of the Cleveland Rolling Mill company struck on Thursday of last week and have now no employment at all.

GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY was retired by the board ordered to consider his application and Brig Gen. George Crook promoted to fill the vacancy caused. Col. John R. Brooke, 3d infantry gets the brigadiership, vice Crook.

THE electrical disturbance on Thursday of last week was wide-spread and at many points very destructive. Hail storms and high winds prevailed from the eastern base of the Rockies to the lakes, and much damage resulted at various points.

STURGEON BAY light was lighted for the season on April 5, and the fog signal station was opened the same day. John Leatham is in Louisiana, buying "long leaved pine." The tug Nelson will attempt the rescue of the blazing Star from Fisherman's shoal as soon as the ice is soft enough for her to reach the wreck.—Advocate, Sturgeon Bay.

OUR prohibitory friend of the Ionia Standard is happy—Ionia has a democratic mayor. The county is republican, the board of supervisors standing 11 to 7 that way, but the Standard's candidate for mayor slipped in because of a question of the eligibility of the republican nominee, and its cup runs over. It takes very little to set his rooster to crowing.

GEN. QUINCY A. GILMORE, who conducted the operations against Fort Pulaski, Savannah, and against Sumpter and Charleston besides holding other important commands, died last Saturday at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of 62 years. His professional specialties were engineering and artillery work, but he was an "all around" soldier—good at any sort of fighting.

THE grand jury of New York city made a presentment to the court last week stating that ample evidence was before it proving open and extensive bribery, corruption, mal administration and violation of law at the last November election in that city, and that one of the election districts was practically controlled by professional criminals. And this is the city that furnishes from 40,000 to 50,000 reliable democratic majority upon all occasions. Who wonders at what the grand jury found?

CHAIRMAN WESTON of the democratic state central committee was candidate for mayor of Grand Rapids, made such to show "the boys" how to do it. Well, how much does the reader suppose he beat Ford's majority of 1,400? Couldn't do that, eh? Well then, how much better than Dikeman, the outgoing mayor, elected last year by 800? He had a beggarly plurality of nine votes as the return was made, and there was skulduggery to make that showing, even, and a contest will be made. Mr. Weston does not appear to be popular at home.

IT APPEARS probable that if the King and Emperor Frederick, lives long enough (and not a long period will be needed) Bismarck will be driven from the place he now holds and deprived of the power he has long wielded in the affairs of Germany and English ideas become dominant in the imperial household. The marriage of his daughter to Alexander of Battenberg, late prince of Bulgaria, is again talked of and is favored by the empress and by her mother, Queen Victoria. Such an alliance would be certain to hasten war with Russia and is opposed by Bismarck, but the women will have it so and the empress is all powerful with her husband. With the old chancellor out of power and Von Moltke dead or superseded, France's opportunity comes.

THAT THERE is a steadily growing, substantial boom for General Alger for president is clearly apparent. This is true not only in Michigan, but the sentiment in his favor is spreading in other states and is already strong along the Pacific coast. From the east also comes most encouraging reports showing the high esteem in which the general is held among representative republicans in that section. In fact, wherever his name is mentioned it is always with favor, as it deserves. And why not? General Alger's public and private record fairly entitles him to the highest consideration. There are other men who have seen more of public life than he, but who among them can go before the national convention with the assurance of a more united and enthusiastic support of the republican party? Not one. We firmly believe that as the republican candidate for president he would sweep every northern state and make one or two southern states almost if not entirely break away from the solid south. We believe it because we believe the simple story of his life and services to his country, of his constant and generous benefactions to the poor and needy, and of his unselfish and patriotic devotion to every good cause, would capture the hearts of his countrymen everywhere and make him as popular a candidate as was ever brought before the American people. Other candidates, more prominent at the outset, may be named who would draw perhaps 99 of every 100 republican votes. We want a candidate who will draw 100 of every 100 republican votes and some from the opposition besides. The man who can do that is General Alger.—Tribune.

WE CLIP from the Iron Trade Review the following reply to an inquiry addressed to Gen. Warner by that paper. It is "good reading" for the supporters of the administration in this region and we commend it to their attention. Gen. Warner knows what he is talking about.

Nashville Iron, Steel & Charcoal Co., WEST NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 14, 1888. To the editor of the Iron Trade Review;

In yours of the 9th inst. you ask my opinion of the Mills tariff bill now pending before congress. Briefly I have to say:

First—That the bill is the heaviest blow aimed at American labor and industry in thirty years.

Second—That it is framed on the principles of Mr. Cleveland's tariff message, and is, therefore, directly at war with the principles of protection to home labor and industry.

Third—It is the beginning of a definite and well-considered policy of "tariff for revenue only," which means low duties, large importations, a continually enlarging free list, and as a necessary result large curtailment of American production, widespread ruin to our manufacturing interests, hosts of idle men, discontent, suffering, riot, and possible insurrection and revolution.

Mr. Cleveland says the tariff is a tax adding the whole duty to the consumer's cost, and hence to be gotten rid of. The logical end of the theory is absolute free trade, with direct taxation for revenue to conduct the government.

The American market is the best in the world. We have absolute free trade among our 65,000,000 of people, who are the largest consumers per capita on earth or ever known. I say keep this great market for American labor for all things which we can produce. Let this great, happy, intelligent and industrious national family live within themselves, in so far as the limitations of climate and natural resources permit, giving productive employment to all of its members, and keeping within the family the fruits of the labor of all. The battle is to be fought this fall in the presidential and congressional election between "protection" and "tariff for revenue only," and I hope the protectionists will put their standard in the hands of the oldest, ablest and best friend of protection in the Union—John Sherman—and thus, with Mr. Cleveland on the other side, make the issue as pronounced as possible.

Yours truly,
WILLARD WARNER.

EVIDENTLY some change is soon to occur in the situation. The leading ore dealers are silent, but certain indications are not wanting to point to an end of the long blockade. The ore men have steadily refused to let go of their stocks at '88 prices, and as the new prices are expected to be some 20 per cent. below last season's, their confidence seems to indicate a stiffer market, when a market does come, than is now anticipated by consumers. It is believed that some very large rail orders are being held for an inside ore quotation and that a combination of mines, producing Bessemer ores, is figuring on the contract which will take their entire output. The matter of lake freights is still one of grave concern to vessel owners, while ore shippers seem satisfied to wait. In the light of the experience of 1887, ore dealers can not afford to sell a pound of ore until they know the cost of freight, and it is believed that some of the leading dealers know full well how much to figure for freight, in the making of their sales now under way. As a matter of fact, two barges and consort, aggregating 6,600 carrying capacity, were offered during the week to bring ore down from Ashland for the entire season, at \$1.50; and a 2,500 carrier was offered to bring Ashland ore down until September 16, at \$1.40. Under these circumstances it is easy to see that freights will be low this season, and that probably the reduction in the output will enable miners to make the profit, this year, that was swallowed up by the vesselmen in 1887. The price is expected to fall 25 per cent. below that of the past season.—Iron Trade Review, April 6.

SIMEON WHEELER, born at Portland, Maine, and resident there until ten years ago, since when he has resided with his daughter, Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, here, died April 2, at 91 years of age, having retained his mental faculties until the day of his death. It is sheer folly to place in nomination men who do not care enough for the result to exert themselves, as was shown conclusively at the late election. Good men accepted nominations for ward officers and then beat themselves by laziness. Fay, who was convicted of the murder of Bishop, is in the supreme court of Michigan with an appeal and stands a good chance to get the decision of the lower court reversed. Bill Gutsy was cut during a drunken frolic in a ranch outside town—by himself say the bystanders; by somebody else, says he. It's a guess at best—the testimony on one side is as good (or as bad, rather) as that on the other.—North Star, Marinette.

THE civil service commission is "fixing things" so that the law does very little to hamper a man in one of the departments—say the postmaster general, for instance—who wants to make a clean sweep of his department. Don M. has just called the attention of Postmaster Copland, of Detroit, to the new rulings and pointed out certain republicans in his office whose heads are wanted. Of course they will be served up, and democrats will get the places so made vacant, nor have we a word of condemnation for Don on that account, but what do the mugwumps think of a civil service commission the labors of which go to make the law (or all of it except the portion which provides for the payment of the commissioners' salaries) inoperative and of no effect; what of the administration that they (and that old blunderer, Berchard) brought into existence?

INQUIRY comes from the south end of the state why Breen did not contest Mr. Seymour's seat. Easy enough telling—nobody would "put up" for him. Tim was ready enough with his "pointers" but his hand would not go towards his pocket. The gentlemen who happened up this way about that time on civil service duty did, perhaps, have some funds for the contest previous to the polling day but not a nickel for one after that. In short there was no contest because there was no cash.

IF THERE is a level-headed business man in America Andrew Carnegie is one: If there is in America a man well qualified to forecast the result upon business of any proposed legislation Andrew Carnegie is so qualified: If any man in America can put his ideas into speech or print so that the wayfaring man, though a democrat, can understand them Andrew Carnegie can so express his ideas. In the March number of the North American he writes of "The President's Puzzle"—the surplus and how to reduce it—and, while treating Mr. Cleveland fairly and giving him credit for patriotic purpose, plays the devil with his position and plan. He denies, to begin with, that there is any "surplus" or can be any as long as there are U. S. bonds unpaid and upholds his position by argument; but supposing there were and that it was desirable that the national revenues should be reduced, he insists that the president is not on the road that leads to reduction. Of the president and the plan or policy pointed out in his message and formulated in the so-called "Mills bill," he says:

"He desires no sudden shock to the present system, but soberly, judiciously, to bring it nearer and nearer to new conditions which, he thinks, would be more beneficial to the country. Well, let us see—ten per cent. reduction upon anything at one step is a pretty strong pull; a reduction in the president's vote of a fraction of one per cent. might have rendered this article unnecessary. But suppose that a reduction in duties to the extent of ten per cent. were decided upon, and surely no one with a due regard for existing conditions would propose to do more at one time—certainly the president would not if true to his declared wish to proceed prudently—how would this reduction affect the surplus? In 1886 we collected from imports one hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars, but fifteen millions of this from silks, five millions from foreign wines, liquors, etc., and about as much more from various articles of similar class, the duties upon which no one would think it wise to reduce. His leaves say one hundred and fifty millions of duties collected on articles which enter into general consumption, and even this includes fifty one millions collected from the material out of which we manufacture sugar, and which it is proposed to deal with separately. If this be deducted, then we have left one hundred millions of manufactured articles upon which a general tariff bill could act. A reduction which averaged ten per cent. would reduce the revenue then ten millions of dollars, and if sugar be embraced in the same bill, fifteen millions—upon an equal amount of foreign articles imported; but what about the increased amount of foreign articles which the lower duties would enable the foreigner to substitute for articles which American manufacturers had hitherto been able to supply owing to the higher duties upon the foreign? Every one knows that reduced duties mean greater importations. It is to give the foreigner better position in our markets that duties upon his products are lowered. The first year's revenues from importations under a ten per cent reduction would be greater in amount than before. Make the reduction average twenty per cent., and so complete will be the control of the foreigner over many branches of domestic manufacture which have a struggle even under present duties to hold their share of the trade in competition with foreign goods, that the aggregate sum collected from importations would probably equal, if it did not exceed, that flowing from a ten per cent reduction, the President's puzzle is again upon him—the veritable devil's ducat of which he cannot get rid—of which, at least, it is certain he never will get rid upon his plan. The country may be in favor of reducing its debt at a slower pace than heretofore, which I do not believe. It may wish less money collected from taxation than at present, which I do not believe it is troubling itself much about. It may desire that a greater proportion of foreign manufactures shall be used than at present, which I do not emphatically disbelieve; but one hope it cannot entertain for a moment, and that is, that by following the President's advice and reducing duties upon imports, the aggregate sum received from importations will be lessened and the surplus thereby reduced. It is true that it has been proposed to place four articles upon the free list which yield from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars per annum. These are called raw materials, but no one has yet been able to define what a raw material is. To the mining company that produces iron ore upon the shore of Lake Superior, and transports it for a thousand miles in its own vessels, and sells at the furnace for seven dollars per ton what was worth a few cents in the mine, iron ore is the finished product. There is not anything raw about it. A hundred and fifty millions of capital are invested, and many thousands of men are employed in the business, and so it is in the mining of coal. It is very certain that congress will not admit iron ore free of duty, for so overpowering were the facts laid before the last congressional committee that investigated the subject, that when a general reduction of duties was made, so far from the duty upon iron ore being reduced with other articles, the duty was actually increased fifty per cent. Spanish labor in the mines, fifty cents per day, and labor in mines of Lake Superior, two dollars per day, with cost of transport, less from Spain to seaboard furnaces than from Lake Superior to furnaces in Ohio and Pennsylvania, settled the question of free ore as it will settle the question of free coal. An effort to abolish all duties upon these so-called raw materials must fail. As long as incidental protection is given to home industries on account of the greater cost of labor here, so long must industries which have been developed by this policy share in this advantage. It would be neither just nor politic to treat them differently from other industries. If the so-called surplus—which is no surplus, but is only caused by a failure to use our funds to pay our debts—if this surplus be such a nightmare, and it is necessary for the nation's peace to get rid of it in some other way than for the payment of debt, and if the President is bound to use foreign imports as the means to prevent a surplus, there is only one key for the puzzle, these reductions must be so radical as to paralyze the manufacturing system and bring upon the country a period of misfortune which has not been equaled more than once or twice in its history—or he must raise the duties sufficiently to lessen importations. He places himself upon the record as not in favor of the former action. He is probably still less disposed to adopt the alternative. Yet he cannot affect the surplus through imports except by one course or the other, for nothing is surer than that any moderate reduction of duties will not reduce, but will swell the surplus. The President's puzzle is not to be thus solved. No, no, Mr. President, people don't stop overflows by lowering the sluices. Those that favor this never want the overflow lessened, and as men have died and worms have eaten them, but not one of them for love, so also many men have wished the duties upon imports reduced, but not one of them for the reason you assign—to reduce the surplus. It was wisely around the camp fire one night in the west until one of the company proposed that they should all tell their real names. Matters became lively enough at once. Let those gentlemen masquerading about, disguised as surplus reducers, tell us what they mean

when they advocate a policy certain to increase revenues. Give us your real names, gentlemen! And you, Mr. Surplus Reduction President, suppose you begin?

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

NEW YORK capitalists have organized three corporations; a railroad company to build a line from Sandusky, O., to the Hocking valley coal region and to furnish terminal facilities capable of handling very promptly and economically the coal and iron ore which the railway is built to handle; a ship building and dry-dock company to construct a fleet of ore and coal carriers of 3,000 tons burden, two sty such ships in the fleet; and a steamship company to own and operate the fleet. The three are one in interest and the single purpose is to deliver coal at this end of the route and iron ore at the other at the smallest possible cost to the consumer compatible with a fair return to the capital invested. It threatens Cleveland with a "black eye."

THE CASSIDY woman got off clear. The girl, Blanche Bonnevill, whom she was accused of abducting, was shown to have been a dirty prostitute before her advent at the Wisconsin ranch—to have been fully aware of the character of the place to which she was brought, and the ladies who had taken up her case in the belief that her story of abduction and fraud was true were compelled to drop it. The cribs are horrible dens but it is the silly fools who frequent them that suffer, not the hags and harpies that live in them, who are in full accord with the men who keep them.

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SPRING : OPENS
—AND THE—
Escanaba Water Works Co.
Respectfully suggests that orders for Water should be handed in at once—inside work can be done now and connections made as soon as the snow is gone. Also announces its readiness to put in
STEAM : HEAT
Upon any plan which may be preferred and with any fixtures desired.
Plumbing, by a Plumber,
Is another branch of its business to which attention is called and orders solicited.
No charge for estimates ! Call at the office opposite the Oliver House.
W. H. LaFleur, Supt.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., APRIL 14, 1888.

"IT IS THE PACE THAT KILLS."

We're going too fast in the race of life, There's too much of the spur and whip, No giving heed to the after-trail, The chances of tumble and slip.

We ride from the start intent to win, Regardless of limb or breath; Are hoarse, whatever may be the cost, To be foremost in at the death.

We train too fine to keep the mount At the risk of life and health, Think far too much of winning the cup, In the endless struggle for wealth.

We ride as if it were a quarter dash— A brief struggle and quickly past, Not one where the fittest alone survive, And the strongest stay till the last.

We're spendthrift of muscle, strength and nerve, Go on as if made of steel, As if human flesh could not feel; And human flesh could not feel.

The running we make is all of life, From the cradle till we grow old; It's whip and spur to be at the lead For a belt or purse of gold!

There's no thought of rest, of cooling off, When a single heat is to be won, We foolishly think we have the speed And bottom to distance the sun.

No warning we take from the broken down That lie thick on every side— The victims' cries of haste and speed, Crashing under the hoofs of pride.

There's no thought of rest, of cooling off, When a single heat is to be won, We foolishly think we have the speed And bottom to distance the sun.

TREAN;

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERR.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED. But before he had done speaking there came a rapping at the outer door, and leaving a protesting look of love with him, Trean went out to answer it. Her sister was in the kitchen, and the workman Elchard had provided was turning water through the irregular trenches upon the tiny fields across the road, thus the first room was empty, and into it, when Trean opened the door, filed a half-dozen of Mormon brethren and sat down. They had come, their spokesman said, to anoint Brother Hartman and pray for his recovery. The Bishop had requested it; and they looked solemn and depressed.

The girl stood for a moment looking at them in an irresolute way. Their faces were many of them, familiar, and such heavy animal countenances in most part as she had seen about her all her life. Surely there was little behind those dull eyes and narrow, low foreheads with which to work miracles. Yet, some curious feats of healing, wrought by physical excitement in the patient, had credited directly to the intervention of Heaven, had been witnessed among this people. These seeming cures by faith had occurred even in the Hartman neighborhood, and, to Trean, had been the one inexplicable evidence of divinity in Mormonism. She was not aware that the phenomenon was a natural one—the excitement of the nerve centers and the arousing of the patient through mental contact, and that it was the most practiced and most successful among barbarians and the ignorant and credulous. So a gleam of glad hope for her father came into the girl's heart, but died away in the same moment, as she remembered the lamentable results that had followed some of these cillings and noisy incantations about the beds of the feeble.

"I will see if father wishes it," she said, and entered the other room. In a moment she came out, and, holding the door open, indicated by a look and an inclination of the head that they might enter. Elchard arose and stood near the sick man while they came in, thumping the floor heavily with their thick boots and jostling each other awkwardly, but with the most solemnly stolid of countenances. The finely-bred face of the young man took on a curious, questioning look at this sudden influx of blowsy visages, and some of the visages seemed quite startled out of their stolidity by seeing him there.

Most of the visitors had been beyond the sea, and were simple, credulous members of the peasant class. It was unfair to say that they were not men, as a rule, aiming to live lives that were not vicious, but it may be stated truly that they were in the beginning that next thing to viciousness—heavily animal—and that their beliefs had only the further fed and fattened the original fault. The outrage suffered by Elchard and others, as recounted in this narrative, it may be said, also, were hardly to be laid to the Mormon people as a whole, but to the system that made such conduct possible. As a body they had lived in social servitude in other lands, and here, with the added pressure of a religion admittedly copied after early Hebrew barbarism, they were utterly enslaved. They were a people in most part born with poor spiritual and moral eyesight, and were honestly deceived; and the coarse materialism of the Mormon system was plain to their perceptive and seemed to bring God within the compass of their vision, but what they really saw with their dim eyes was sin-posturing, as his Maker.

When the men entered to pray with Buri Hartman were fairly in the room, Elchard turned to the bed and took the hand of his aged friend. "I must go now," he said, "I will be back to-morrow, and hope I may find you better than. Good-bye." The old man held to his hand a moment and looked at him in a beseeching way.

"Yes," he whispered, "I want to see you to-morrow. Think of what I say! I don't want to say Good-bye!" and Elchard passed out, followed, since that day un-remembering face of his was turned from them, by the general visual condemnation of the hearers.

When he had gone they gathered about the sick man's bed, and each one in turn took its feeble occupant solemnly by the hand and stood a moment in silent prayer. It was in a way very nerve-disturbing even to the sound, but upon the enfeebled and superstitious old man it was fairly trans-forming. A kind of flush came into his pallid cheeks, the pupils of his eyes dilated, and his hands twitched nervously. Trean had parted with Elchard at the porch, and came and stood by the window in her father's room watching him with alert and sympathetic eyes. His look seemed to trouble her before the first part of the cere-mony had ceased, and she made a move-ment as if to interfere, but at that the sufferer sank back upon his pillow with closed eyes, and apparently calm, save that his hands shook involuntarily and wave-like tremors now and then passed over his emaciated frame.

At the close of the silent hand shaking and prayer, one of the hearers, with dl byle in hand, began praying audibly for the sick man's recovery, and anointing his forehead, and temples, hands and feet. Then four of them, each with his right hand placed upon the sick man's forehead, began a sort of mixed invocation and exhortation, while the rest, upon their knees, were groaning a prayerful accompaniment. Suddenly the sick man started up, and with a scream the daughter sprang toward him. His eyes were protruding and wild, the cords of his neck were drawn, his lips gasping, and his fingers catching at the air. The hearers fell back from him, and one of them, lifting his hands toward Heaven over the startling figure of the dying man, cried with a loud voice:

"Fools! Murderers! Stand back!"

Brother Hartman, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I command thee to arise and be whole!" and the gasping, white-haired man, even in death obedient to the power that brought him to it, sprang forward and fell half way from the couch and lay there limp and motionless.

"He's saved! he's saved!" shouted the half-crazed men of prayer, crowding toward him, but to right and left they were hurled back as their hands reached the insensible man. "Fools! Murderers! stand back!" cried Paul Elchard, and he caught the drooping form and laid it back upon the pillow.

"Open that window!" he shouted. "Let in the air! Now leave the room! You've done your worst; you've killed him!" The men fell back aghast on all sides. Trean was lying in a faint at the edge of the bed, with an arm reached out about her father's body, and Mrs. Smoot came hasten- ing from the orchard, where, as with Elchard, who had paused to talk with his man at the gate, Trean's screams of con- sternation had reached her.

"The brandy from the cupboard, please, Mrs. Smoot," said Elchard, quickly, as the lady appeared at the door. "Now, you men—no, I will not call you men," he cried, in his hot fire; but the brandy was put in his hand as he spoke and he returned to the bed. "Please take charge of Miss Hartman," Mrs. Smoot, she has fainted. I will see if your father can be revived," and he worked swiftly, wetting the ashen lips and the pulseless temples and wrists with the liquor. Then he laid his hand over the man's heart; the spirit was still faintly fluttering it, and he lifted the helpless head a little with pillows and began chafing the cold hands again. But a moment afterward he sought the heart again, and it was still. The breath of life, with prayer, or song, or bearing words of love or anger, had ceased its journeyings over Buri Hartman's lips for ever.

Elchard looked at the men clustering with frightened faces about the door, but he said nothing; he was in the presence of death. Trean was lying with her drooping head in her sister's lap, and he turned to her. A moment later, responding to the sharp liquor, the blood came bounding into the girl's white cheeks and gray lips, and her eyes opened. Those orbs, which to Elchard were sweeter than the stars, had come to shine of late with a clear violet light, but now they were somber and misty with sorrow. She did not seem to see Elchard, but rose with a wavering movement and turned her face toward her father. She did not cry out, but her face flashed white again, and she staggered back at the sight. Then she turned toward the men about the bed, and the love and pity and fright died out of her face. Through a few breaths she stood looking at them like a queen frozen with rage, then she walked out through the rooms and, opening the street door wide, stood by it silent and impertuous.

One by one the poor fools who had prayed so faintly shrank by her, and passed out into the sunshine. Some of them paused before her with stammered apology as they went, but she did not move her lips to answer, only stood still and looked straight before her with bitter contempt. When they were gone she closed the door, and then sank down upon a chair and seemed to break her heart with sorrow. Elchard came and put his arm about her, and she rose and went weakly into the dead man's room; and falling upon her knees, laid her head down on his breast and moaned and sobbed in desolation. The elder sister was kneeling there, too, in tearful homage, and Elchard softly passed out and closed the door in silence, leaving them with their dead. The hour was theirs; he felt it sacred, and that no one could share it.

When a week had gone, Trean locked the door and passed out through the gate by her sister's side. Her father had been borne through a throng by this same path to the little burying-ground upon the mountain bench four days previous, and Elchard had gone to the Grey Peak mines at sunset the day before, promising to "see" his betrothed at Mrs. Smoot's in Salt Lake City, the third evening afterward. Then, if the way seemed open, they had planned to leave "disseminating valleys for the freedom of the East. But dragons, lying in wait, were all about them in human guise. Elchard felt this now; but in Trean the sense of dread and insecurity had been for the time all but obliterated by sorrow.

She had clung to Elchard's compan- ionship and aid through all the heavy heart- breaking week that had gone by, seemingly oblivious in her grief and need of some one she trusted to lean upon, that their dangers might be augmented by his presence. And Elchard, unable to break away from the woman he loved in her sore bereavement, had remained directing and aiding in all things unweariedly.

Many bitter looks had been given him by the Eldership of Mooseneck Stake, but he had cared no concern. Smoot had come from Zion's capital on the day of the funeral, with an important city-air about his person, and, contrary to his intentions, had re- turned the same day. He could not bring himself to affiliate with a hated Gentile in such close relationship; besides, the hated Gentile, and even his own wife, paid him little heed, so why should he remain? The lack of atten- tion at this point, however, should seem- ingly have caused him little concern, as three other women, celestially sealed to him for time and eternity, awaited his return; and his great heart was even now sweet- ened by the contemplation of sealing to himself a fifth! But he had aimed at remaining long enough to have himself appointed ad- ministrator of the little estate, yet that could be seen to farther on; in the mean- time he would see the Prophet about this young interloper in Zion.

Bishop Parley had not appeared at all, save as an onlooker at the cemetery. This fact occasioned comment indeed, but it was exactly as he wished; it gave him a latitude of action in another direction which deep down in his black heart he was hun- gered after like a beast of prey. In time all should know why he did not attend upon the dead as seemed his duty. They should hear, as he had already stated to some, that the apostate daughter of Buri Hartman had called to counsel her in regard to her waver- ing faith. They should hear that she had, in- deed, fallen into shame, as well as un- belief, from love of an unbelieving scound- rel, and that by the request of her sainted father, the injunction of the Prophet, and the commands of duty, she had been saved by the shedding of her own blood. This, and more, should be known to his people should the deadly thing he contemplated ever reach the general light.

But Trean Hartman rode away in the car- riage with her sister that day with no thought of the dangers that were thick- ening about her young life. She hoped to come back to this rude but dear old home once more before she parted from it forever, but it might be that she could not, and her heart bled with the parting. So they rode on in silence, and when they rose on the bench at the mouth of Eagle canyon they stopped the vehicle, and, look- ing back, kissed the little farm and the new grave at the mountain's foot with their eyes, and with wet cheeks passed from the bright valley into the shadows of the gorge.

CHAPTER XIII. THE START FOR FREEDOM. The evil natural to Bishop Parley's nature was in ferment. As the hours lengthened into days his blood did not fall into its usual swinish current, but ran thick and heated, as if he had taken a curdling feverous poison. The design he had formed was so heinous that it followed him into his sleep, and accompanied him through every wak- ing moment. The elements that formed the man had been largely carnal at the first, and the power and privilege yielded him by the justful system under which he lived had made him wolfish. An animal in human shape he was, in truth, unvisited by the sweet throb of pity or thoughts of justice and mercy, but feeling in the brutes way, and moving by the brutes eye, and to whom, as to the passion-excited brute, the escape or taking away of his seeming spoil was the worst of all rage-provoking offenses.

His very dreams were polluting, and now that anger was eating at his heart, and he had added to it the dark intention of taking an innocent life, they were filled with violence. Often in his sleep he was tearing men's vitals out, or creeping cat-like up behind women and children in the dark and stabbing them. Clisene became afraid of him; the black humor the man was in seemed to affect the chemistry of his blood, turning him dark of eye, and more than ever like a swag-bowled, repulsive toad. Of Clisene, however, he became curiously fond. He often put his arms about her un- dearingly, and felt her white throat with his coarse fingers, and asked her with a show of playfulness, "how she would like to be blood-stoned." Then, to allay her fright, he would say, "that she was the only one of his wives who loved him; indeed, the only person that really so regarded him, and that for her sake he was not going to take a new wife as he had intended, but that she should be his last, best love, and favorite wife." And the simple soul, despite her fears, was as happy as the day was long.

But the one ally Parley had learned ever to count upon in schemes of shame and wrong-doing was not at hand. Enoch Arsen, the tithing-gatherer, was missing. On the morning Paul Elchard had ridden away from Buri Hartman's, followed by the troubled eye of Orson Beam, the tithing-gatherer had gone, at his own suggestion, to Salt Lake City, and had never returned. Parley could not fathom it. He had sent two messengers to the city in search of his congenial companion in crime, but no trace of him could be found. The Bishop needed him, and pondered and ruminated over the mystery, dropping the plummet of con- jecture in all directions for the reason of his absence, but in vain. Enoch Arsen never returned. A mystery had overtaken him, and a reason for absence beyond the finite reach of Parley's plummet, but open to him who follows the chronicle to its close.

So the Bishop of Mooseneck Stake was in a quandary, wanting, as he did, a partner to his frightful scheme united by sufficient hate or insane enough with zeal to take a harmless woman's life. In Dubette, diseased with solicitude for the Mormon cause, he found him. Dubette, who was all ways fearful lest the Kingdom of God on earth should suffer shipwreck, and carry little Dubette and his harem down with it, had been wild and all but incoherent in de- nunciation of Elchard and Trean, after the Sabbath episode of two weeks previous, and being comizant of their conduct of a like spirit had fanned his feelings into foam.

Yes, he was ready for it, he had said, when Parley, the night after Buri Hartman's burial, called him out into the gloom and muttered his soul-straining suggestions in his willing ear. Yes, the Prophet had said "the time had come when they who were against the Lord should be cut down," and he was ready to obey the injunction. But wouldn't they see some one else to help them? Could not Orson Beam be seized brought into service? Nothing would the young brethren so closely to the church as a little blood-letting in its defense.

No, the bumps raven had cracked in the darkness, Brother Beam had been sent upon a mission, and had already started, taking the middle of himself. No, they had better attend to it themselves and keep it quiet.

Very well, the little zealot had answered, should they do it? When the girl spoke to Smoot, the reverend had said of course she would, or when she came, though it ought to be at night and soon, for they might have the Territory, though of course the girl owned a half interest in the

little farm and might not go until that was disposed of. How about the young hound of Satan, was he to be allowed to escape what was due him? The little zealot had inquired. Well, about the worst thing that could happen to him, the raven had surmised, would be the loss of the girl. But Brigham was interested in the young liar, and would see to him, both on account of the insult given himself and the further tendency of running mines in the Territory. New things roiled the head of the church like this latter item. It was bound to bring in Yankee immigration, and that must be kept back at any cost. Smoot had promised to report to Brigham, and the little zealot need not fret, the blacked young whelp would be sent to a warm climate flying across the pole! Which pleasant information seemed very satisfactory to the zealot, and, after some further conjectural conversation touching the mystery of Arsen's absence, the two professed followers of a Saviour who knew no virtue so great as love and toleration, melted away in the darkness.

But the object of their malice went un- disturbed through the canyons, on around Eagle mountain, and down through the long gorges into the green basin of the Great Salt Lake. The Bishop saw her ride away with Mrs. Smoot, and marked her pale face drooping with sorrow, but his heart went untouched of pity or feeling. She had flouted the faithfulness of his life in his face, had spatred him, Hyrum Parley, Bishop of Mooseneck Stake, and the king of place and privilege in this mountain valley! She would find out presently who she was! No fine-faced scoundrel from "down east" could come into his dominion, either, and carry off the choicest flower of its womanhood! He, Bishop Parley, years before had singled out this opening blossom for his own, and it should be defaced and destroyed ere an- other should pluck it from beneath his very hand! and settling back in his chair in the Tithing office, after Trean had gone by, he looked more than ever like a repulsive toad.

A half hour after they had gone by he mounted his horse and set out upon the road they had taken, but at the mouth of Eagle canyon he turned, and came back; it would not do to carry his design into effect while the sun shone, even on these mountain roads; besides, Mrs. Smoot was with her. No, he would wait a time and place of smaller risk. The next day, however, he went to the city and had an interview with the Prophet, but kept silent as to his inten- tions. "That evening he met Elder Smoot upon the street, and casually inquired as to the future of the lately-orphaned daughter of his Stake. He was told that possibly she would return to Mooseneck in a day or two to care for their effects, and that probably she would then come to live in the city. It might be, however, that her relations with this young disturber from the East would take her out of the Territory if something were not done. But the President had promised to send Rockwell and his secret service up to his mines some night soon and dispose of the young upstart, which would doubtless keep the young lady in her place. Then Parley had gone on his way tight- ening his thick tobacco-stained lips and "puck- ering his narrow brow. Yes, let the

Prophet remove the young man, but he would see that his holiness didn't get pos- session of the blossom the slain man had hoped to wear upon his heart! The following morning he returned to Mooseneck, and, like a spider bloated with venom, set him- self to watch for his victim!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SO THEY RODE ON IN SILENCE.

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

CHARMS THAT APPEAL TO THE MIND'S AS WELL AS TO THE PHYSICAL EYE.

Was any thing ever more beautiful than a beautiful old woman? Lady is not a large enough word for the place. To some people there is an incongruity of terms in using old and beautiful in connection with the same thing. How can any thing but full, rosy cheeks and smooth brows be beautiful? How can wrinkles, the complexion of old age and the loss of muscular buoyancy be any thing less than homely and unattractive!

That depends. If you follow one path you go one way; if you follow another, you go another way. Live a life of fret and petulance; spend your moments scolding and hating; fill the days of your associates with unhappiness instead of with pleasure; devote your energies solely to the sordid clutch of wealth; neglect the cultivation of the best human instincts and the intel- lectual faculties. If you want to see the wrinkles trend the wrong way, the face get out of shape and the expression become homely. Some women do not need to do this, for unkind nature has visited upon them the homeliness of their ancestors. But those women, and all who live the wrong way, must carry the record of it in old age.

There is a beauty to the mind's eye, as well as to the physical eye. The latter takes note of lines and curves and outlines and colors—nothing more. But the mind's eye penetrates behind the veil, if you give it a cue. It is a magic lantern, projecting a tiny scene upon the large canvas of past life, where the origin and nature of the scene are discovered.

To such an eye the face of an old person is a register of the past. The wrinkles and the fixed expressions tell of a well spent life and the association makes the face beautiful. Right through her face shine her native goodness, her intelligence, her good humor; her kindly disposition and her sympathy; and what is the "doll beauty" of a young woman, compared with these? In an old person, beauty signifies what it does not and can not in a young person. In the latter it may be considered a promise; in the old person it is a retrospect and a promise fulfilled. In the young woman it is a preface; in the old woman, a volume. In the former it is an inheritance; in the latter it is the molding of a life, a merited earning, the tall-tale record of a noble and well spent life.—Good Housekeeping.

HARDEN TOAST.—Take some sardines, divide them lengthwise, remove the bones, (tails and skin) put them into the oven between two plates, with a little of the oil from the tin, and let them get quite hot. Cut some thin strips of bread the length of the sardines, fry them in butter, and serve with half a sardine on each piece; add a sprinkling of cayenne and salt, and tasta, a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve very hot.

GIANT POWDER

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Old Hardware Store on the Corner Ludington St. and Tilden Avenue. It is not necessary to say much about the article.

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The Best Cutters AND The Best Tailors

In the City, are at EPHRAIM & MORRELL'S!

The result is that there gentlemen get

The Best Suits, The Most Stylish Suits and The Cheapest Suits

That can be had in Town.

At the same time they find there the best assortment of

Furnishings, Hats, etc., etc.,

And no customer is permitted to go away dissatisfied. Call, then, on

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., APRIL 14, 1888.

"IT IS THE PACE THAT KILLS."

We're going too fast in the race of life. There's too much of the spur and whip. No giving heed to the after-strain. The chances of tumble and slip. From the apex we rush, with cheer and shout. That pulse and heart madly thrills. Forgetting the warning contained in the words: "It is the pace that kills."

We ride on the start intent to win. Regardless of limb or breath. Are bound, whatever may be the cost. To be foremost in the death. No distance too great, no hurdles too high. As long as the entry lists. We push for the lead, and find, to our cost. "It is the pace that kills."

We train too fine to keep the mount. At the risk of life and health. Think far too much of winning the cup. In the endless struggle for wealth. We carry greater weight than we should. Counting down pains and ill. And recklessly laugh when others tell. "It is the pace that kills."

We ride as if it were a quarter dash. A brief struggle and quickly past. Not one where the fittest alone survive. And the strongest stay till the last. Full bumpers we drain at every success. Of the wine that the heart distills. And with every draught the caution neglects. "It is the pace that kills."

We're spendthrift of muscle, strength and nerve. Go on as if made of steel. As if human frame were no delicate thing. And human flesh could rot and feel. As if course of life were a level track. Not made up of valleys and hills. And find by being out of the race. "It is the pace that kills."

The running we make is all of life. From the cradle till we grow old. It's whip and spur to be at the lead. For a belt or purse of gold. In every business, in every trade. In office or whirling mills. We go against Nature and soon will learn. "It is the pace that kills."

There's no thought of rest, of cooling off. When a single heat's to be won. We foolishly think we have the speed. And bottom to dislocate the sun. We love and we hate, we eat and we drink. Have no rule but our own sweet will. And seek at last, so the penalty pay. For "it is the pace that kills."

No warning we take of the broken down. That the thick of every side. The victims sad of haste and speed. Crush'd under the steeds of pride. "Twere better to pause and slower go. To remember our pains and ill. Before flag of death ends the race of life. And we fall in the pace that kills."

"Yes," he whispered, "I want to see you tomorrow. Think of what I said, and don't wait too long. Good-bye," said Eliehard passed out, followed, since that fine unflinching face of his was turned from them, by the general visual condemnation of the dealers.



"FOOLS! MURDERERS! STAND BACK!"

money had ceased, and she made a movement as if to interfere, but that the effort sank back upon his pillow with closed eyes, and apparently calm, save that his hands shook involuntarily and wave-like rhythms now and then passed over his emaciated frame.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED. But before he had done speaking there came a rapping at the outer door, and leaving a protesting look of love with him, Trean went out to answer it. Her sister was in the kitchen, and the workman Eliehard had provided was turning water through the irregular trenches upon the tiny fields across the road, thus the Trean room was empty, and into it when Trean opened the door, fled a half-dozen of Mormon brethren and sat down. They had come, their spokesman said, to annoy Brother Hartman and pray for his recovery. The Bishop had requested it; and they looked solemn and depressed.

The girl stood for a moment looking at them in an irresolute way. Their faces were, many of them, familiar, and such heavy animal countenances in most part as she had seen about her all her life. Surely there was little behind those dull eyes and narrow, low foreheads with which to work miracles. Yet, some curious feats of healing, wrought by physical excitement in the patient, but credited directly to the intervention of Heaven, had been witnessed among this people. These seeming cures by faith had occurred even in the Hartman neighborhood, and to Trean, had been the one inexplicable evidence of divinity in Mormonism. She was not aware that the phenomenon was a natural one—the excitement of the nerve centers and the arousing of the patient through mental contact, and that it was the most practical and most successful among barbarians and the ignorant and credulous. So a gleam of glad hope for her father came into the girl's heart, but died away in the same moment, as she remembered the innumerable results that had followed some of these oilings and noisy incantations about the beds of the feeble.

"I will see if father wishes it," she said, and entered the other room. In a moment she came out, and holding the door open, indicated by a look and an inclination of the head that they might enter. Eliehard arose and stood near the sick man while they came in, thumping the floor heavily with their thick boots and jostling each other awkwardly, but with the most solemnly stolid countenances. The finely-bred face of the young man took on a curious, questioning look at this sudden influx of blowsy visages, and some of the visages seemed quite startled out of their stolidity by seeing him there.

Most of the visitors had been beyond the sea, and were simple, credulous members of the peasant class. It would be unfair to say that they were not men, as a rule, aiming to live lives that were not vicious, but it may be stated truly that they were in the beginning that next thing to viciousness—heavy animal—and that their beliefs had only the farther fed and fattened the original fault. The outrages suffered by Eliehard and others, as recounted in this narrative, it may be said, also, were hardly to be laid to the Mormon people as a whole, but to the system that made such conduct possible. As a body they had lived in social servitude in other lands, and here, with the added pressure of a religion admittedly copied after early Hebrew barbarians, they were utterly enslaved. They were a people in most part born with poor spiritual and moral eyesight, and were honestly deceived; the coarse materialism of the Mormon system was plain to their perceptive and seemed to bring God within the compass of their vision, but that they really saw with their dim eyes was plain posturing, as his Maker.

She had clung to Eliehard's companionship and aid through all the heavy heart-breaking week that had gone by, seemingly oblivious in her grief and need of some one she trusted to lean upon, that their dangers might be augmented by his presence. And Eliehard, unable to break away from the woman he loved in her sore bereavement, had remained directing and aiding in all things unwearily.

Many bitter looks had been given him by the Eldership of Mooseneck Stake, but he had effected no concern. Smoot had come from Zion's capital on the day of the funeral, with an important city-aid about his person, and, contrary to his intentions, had returned the same day. He could not bring himself to affiliate with a hated Gentile in such close relationship; besides, the hated Gentile, and even his own wife paid him little heed, so why should he remain? The lack of attention at this point, however, should attentively have caused him little concern, as three other women, celestially sealed to him for time and eternity, awaited his return, and his great heart was even now sweetened by the contemplation of sealing to himself a fifth! But he had aimed at remaining long enough to have himself appointed administrator of the little estate, yet that could be seen to farther on; in the meantime he would see the Prophet about this young interloper in Zion.

Bishop Parley had not appeared at all, save as an onlooker at the cemetery. This fact occasioned comment indeed, but it was exactly as he wished; it gave him a latitude of action in another direction which deep down in his black heart he was hungering after like a beast of prey. In time all should know why he did not attend upon the dead as seemed his duty. They should hear, as he had already stated to some, that the apostate daughter of Buri Hartman had ordered him off the premises when he had called to counsel her in regard to her wavering faith. They should hear that she had, in indeed, fallen into shame, as well as unbelief, from love of an unbelieving scoundrel, and that by the request of her sainted father, the injunction of the Prophet, and the commands of duty, she had been saved by the shedding of her own blood. This, and more, should be known to his people should the deadly thing he contemplated ever reach the general light.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE START FOR FREEDOM. The evil natural to Bishop Parley's nature was in ferment. As the hours lengthened into days his blood did not fall into its usual swinish current, but ran thick and heated, as if he had taken a curdling feverous poison. The design he had formed was so heinous that it followed him into his sleep, and accompanied him through every waking moment. The elements that formed the man had been largely carnal at the first, and the power and privilege yielded him by the lustful system under which he lived had made him wolfish. An animal in human shape he was, in truth, unvisited by the sweet throb of pity or thoughts of justice and mercy, but feeling in the brutes way, and moving by the brutes eye, and to whom, as to the passion-excited brute, the escape or taking away of his seeming spoil was the worst of all rage-provoking offenses.

His very dreams were polluting, and now that anger was eating at his heart, and he had added to it the dark intention of taking an innocent life, they were filled with violence. Often in his sleep he was tearing men's vitals out, or creeping cat-like up behind women and children in the dark and stabbing them. Cistene became afraid of him; the black humor the man was in seemed to affect the chemistry of his blood, turning him dark of hue and more than ever like a swag-bodied, repulsive toad. Of Cistene, however, he became curiously fond. He often put his arms about her neck, and felt her white throat with his coarse fingers, and asked her with a show of playfulness, "how she would like to be blood-stained." Then, to allay her fright, he would say, "that she was the only one of his wives who loved him; indeed, the only person that really so regarded him, and that for her sake he was not going to take a new wife as he had intended, but that she should be his last, best love, and favorite wife." And the simple soul, despite her fears, was as happy as the day was long.

But the one ally Parley had learned over to count upon in schemes of shame and wrong-doing was not at hand. Enoch Arsen, the tithing-gatherer, was missing. On the morning Paul Eliehard had ridden away from Buri Hartman's, followed by the troubled eyes of Orson Beam, the tithing-gatherer had gone, at his own suggestion, to Salt Lake City, and had never returned. Parley could not fathom it. He had sent two messengers to the city in search of his congenial companion in crime, but no trace of him could be found. The Bishop needed him, and pondered and ruminated over the mystery, dropping the plummet of conjecture in all directions for the reason of his absence, but in vain. Enoch Arsen never returned. A mystery had overtaken him, and a reason for absence beyond the finite reach of Parley's plummet, but open to him who follows the chronicle to its close.

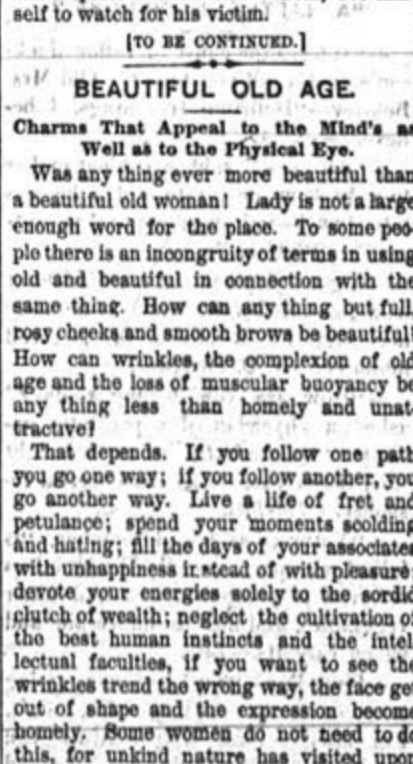
So the Bishop of Mooseneck Stake was in a quandary, wanting, as he did, a partner in his frightful scheme squired by sufficient hate or insane enough with zeal to take a harmless woman's life. In Dubette, disowned with solicitude for the Mormon cause, he found him. Dubette, who was always fearful lest the Kingdom of God on earth should suffer shipwreck, and carry little Dubette and his harem down with it, had been wild and all but incoherent in denunciation of Eliehard and Trean, after the Sabbath episode of two weeks previous, and being cognizant of their conduct of a like spirit had fanned his feelings into foam. Yes, he was ready for it, he had said, when Parley, the night after Buri Hartman's burial, called him out into the cloom and muttered his soul-straining suggestions in his willing ear. Yes, the Prophet had said "the time had come when they were against the Lord should be out down," and he wouldn't they obey the injunction. But wouldn't they obey some one else to help them? Could not Orson Beam be again brought into service? Nothing would the young brethren so closely to the church as a little blood-letting in its defense.

So the human raven had croaked in the darkness, Brother Beam had been sent upon a mission, and had already started, taking his stick with him. No, they had better attend to themselves and keep it quiet. Very well, the little zealot had answered, when should they do it? When the girl went to Smoot's, the raven had said, as of course she would, or when she came back, though it ought to be at night and early, for they might leave the Territory, though of course the girl owned a half interest in the little farm and might not go until that was disposed of.

How about the young hound of Satan, was he to be allowed to escape what was due him? The little zealot had inquired. Well, about the worst thing that could happen to him, the raven had said, would be to see the girl. But Brigham was interested in the young liar; and would see to him, both on account of the insult given himself and the further temerity of running mines in the Territory. Few things rolled the head of the church like this latter item. It was bound to bring in Yankee immigration, and that must be kept back at any cost. Smoot had promised to report to Brigham, and the little zealot need not fret, the blighted young whelp would be sent to a warm climate flying across legs. Which pleasant information seemed very satisfactory to the zealot, and, after some further conjectural conversation touching the mystery of Arsen's absence, the two professed followers of a Saviour who knew no virtue so great as love and tolerance, meted away in the darkness.

But the object of their malice went undisturbed through the canyons, on around Eagle mountain, and down through the long gorges into the green basin of the Great Salt Lake. The Bishop saw her ride away with Mrs. Smoot, and marked her pale face drooping with sorrow, but his heart went untroubled of pity or reluctance. She had flouted the fitness of his life in his face, had spurred him, Hyrum Parley, Bishop of Mooseneck Stake, and the king of place and privilege in this mountain valley! She would find out presently who he was! No fine-faced scouter from "down east" should come into his dominion, either, and carry off the choicest flower of his womanhood! He, Bishop Parley, years before had singled out this opening blossom for his own, and it should be defaced and destroyed ere another should pluck it from beneath his very hand! And settling back in his chair in the Tithing office, after Trean had gone by, he looked more than ever like a repulsive toad.

A half hour after they had gone by he mounted his horse and set out upon the road they had taken, but at the mouth of Eagle canyon he turned and came back; it would not do to carry his design into effect while the sun shone, even on these mountain roads; besides, Mrs. Smoot was with her. No, he would wait a time and place of smaller risk. The next day, however, he went to the city and had an interview with the Prophet, but kept silent as to his intentions. That evening he met Elder Smoot upon the street, and casually inquired as to the future of the lately-orphaned daughter of his Stake. He was told that possibly she would return to Mooseneck in a day, or two to care for their effects, and that probably she would then come to live in the city. It might be, however, that her relations with this young disturber from the east would not be done. But the President had promised to send Rockwell and his secret service up to his mines some night soon and dispose of the young upstart, which would doubtless keep the young lady in her place. Then Parley had gone on his way tightening his thick tobacco-stained lips and puckering his narrow brow. Yes, let the



SO THEY RODE ON IN SILENCE.

Proprietor remove the young man, but he would see that his holiness didn't get possession of the blossom the slain man had hoped to wear upon his heart! The following morning he returned to Mooseneck, and, like a spider bloated with venom, set himself to watch for his victim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

CHARMS THAT APPEAL TO THE MIND AS WELL AS TO THE PHYSICAL EYE. Was any thing ever more beautiful than a beautiful old woman? Lady is not a large enough word for the place. To some people there is an incongruity of terms in using old and beautiful in connection with the same thing. How can any thing but full, rose cheeks and smooth brows be beautiful? How can wrinkles, the complexion of old age and the loss of muscular buoyancy be any thing less than homely and unattractive? That depends. If you follow one path you go one way; if you follow another, you go another way. Live a life of fret and petulance; spend your moments scolding and hating; fill the days of your associates with unhappiness instead of with pleasure; devote your energies solely to the sordid clutch of wealth; neglect the cultivation of the best human instincts and the intellectual faculties, if you want to see the wrinkles trend the wrong way, the face get out of shape and the expression become homely. Some women do not need to do this, for unkind nature has visited upon them the homeliness of their ancestors. But those women, and all who live the wrong way, must carry the record of it in old age. There is a beauty to the mind's eye, as well as to the physical eye. The latter takes note of lines and curves and outlines and colors—nothing more. But the mind's eye penetrates behind the veil, if you give it a cue. It is a magic lantern, projecting a tiny scene upon the large canvas of past life, where the origin and nature of the scene are discovered. To such an eye the face of an old person is a register of the past. The wrinkles and the fixed expressions tell of a well spent life and the association makes the face beautiful. Right through her face shine her native goodness, her intelligence and her good humor; her kindly disposition and her sympathy; and what is the "doll beauty" of a young woman, compared with these? In an old person, beauty signifies what it does not and can not in a young person. In the latter it may be considered a promise; in the old person it is a retrospect and a promise fulfilled. In the young woman it is a preface; in the old woman, a volume. In the former it is an inheritance; in the latter it is the molding of a life, a merited earning, the tell-tale record of a noble and well spent life.—Good Housekeeping.

GIANT POWDER

IN ANY QUANTITY AT

WALLACE'S

Old Hardware Store on the Corner of Ludington St. and Tilden Avenue. It is not necessary to say much about the article.

It - Speaks - For - Itself

When called upon, and does its work thoroughly if it has half a chance. Remember that it is to be had of—

W. J. WALLACE.

MEAT MARKET.

We Kill Our Own BEEF CATTLE

Veals, Sheep and Lambs.

No Imported Meats

Offered at our markets!

Hessel & Hentschel.

FLOUR, FEED, &c.

BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

Southeast Corner of Ludington and Walnut Streets.

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK,

(Agent)



OLD STAND, TILDEN AVENUE.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

The Best Goods and the most of them

The Best Cutters AND The Best Tailors

In the City, are at

EPHRAIM & MORRELL'S!

The result is that there gentlemen get

The Best Suits, The Most Stylish Suits and The Cheapest Suits

That can be had in Town.

At the same time they find there the best assortment of

Furnishings, Hats, etc., etc.,

And no customer is permitted to go away dissatisfied. Call, then, on

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

ED. ERICKSON'S Gigantic Muslin Underwear Sale!

One Line, ALL GARMENTS, at
49c. 59c. and 69c.

Usual Prices 75c to \$1.00.

A SECOND LINE, ALL GARMENTS, AT
19 AND 29 CENTS.

Usual Prices 40 to 50 cents.

THEY ARE "GOING LIKE HOT CAKES."

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., APRIL 14, 1888.

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."]

The meeting of the W. C. T. U. occurs regularly Wednesday at three o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Emma Mead.

"Sow a thought you reap a habit; Sow a habit you reap a character; Sow a character you reap a destiny."

"The soul! knowing the fate that waits One careless hour, a faithful vigil keeps. Set sentinels at all thy hundred gates Nor let them faint nor fall asleep."

On Duty gladly gives up the watch tower this week to scintillations from the International Convention. Here is what The Press, New York, says of Miss Anthony: The quiet, spectacled lady in black, who contrives to make everybody feel at home, and yet manages to do more executive work than probably any of the people assembled, is Miss Susan B. Anthony. In appearance, so far as form is concerned, the opposite of Mrs. Stanton, no one in the movement has contributed more potently to its success than she has done. She has had criticism enough and unfeeling words from both press and pulpit, to have soured many a more rugged nature, but she has borne them all, and her slight but still active figure seemed as enthused last evening with her subject as it was when she and Mrs. Stanton and Miss Matilda Joselyn Gage startled the public with the theory that manhood had no right to circumscribe and limit woman's will and woman's power for good. Miss Anthony is a pleasant conversationalist, and is not by any means a lady who will be remembered by those who have met her as a person with but one idea. * * * Elizabeth Boynton Harbert won golden opinions, both as musical conductor, and for her wise, witty and telling sayings. * * * Mrs. Louisa Reed Stowell of Michigan university, made this good point: The typical woman of this century was, in the earlier portion of it, seated on the school-house steps, listening to the recitations of the boys. She has left the steps, has nearly finished her crusade against college dooms, and has not only entered the colleges and universities, but has in many instances, taken the instructor's chair. On no other subject has the change of sentiment in thirty years been more pronounced than on this. In 1850, it might be summarized in the expression actually made by a man at that time. "Who will cook our food and mend our clothes if our girls are to study philosophy?" While the sentiment of to-day has been well voiced by Alice Freeman Palmer, late president of Wellesley College: "Give your girls the broadest, deepest and highest education possible, and then, for the honor of our civilization, regret that it is not broader, deeper, and higher." * * * The papers speak very enthusiastically of Miss Michael's address upon "Co-Education." She evidently captured the convention. Here is what she has to say on an interesting theme: "My friends, we hear a great many philippic in these days about the influences of books upon woman; but the fact is that an all-wise creator has so implanted the instinct of wife-love and mother love in the soul of woman that no education nor co-education—no, nor the ballot-box itself—will ever be able to eradicate it. I care not how long a young woman's soul may have pulsated to the rhythm of the Homeric metres; I care not indeed how long she may have been under the alluring charms of a comic section, when all is tried and all is done, and all is counted, all great arts and all great philosophies, just let the man appear whom her soul recognizes, and straightway love puts its hand out and outreaches all things. Moreover, I have noticed that educated women make just as many blunders in the choice of their husbands as educated men in the choice of their wives." * * * Here is what a Washington paper says of "our Mary B's" daughter: "She then announced that Miss Katherine Willard would sing a solo. The audience turned eagerly towards the

organ loft as the organist began to play the first notes of the song, and saw a slender, girlish figure with dark hair and a sweet face, step down to the front with a little five-cent Gospel Hymn in her hand. What a girl, fresh from the German music schools, introduced into the highest society in the land as the guest of the President's wife, might choose to sing to such an audience, was a query which she settled by singing softly and very sweetly, that beautiful hymn of P. P. Bliss, More Holiness Give Me."—Union Signal.

PERSONAL.

—Claude Atkinson was in town Monday.

—M. H. Egan visited in town over Sunday.

—A. S. Foster, of Foster City, was in town on Tuesday.

—George Pease, of Wells, gave us a call on Thursday.

—Jos. Fleishel, of Menominee, was in town Tuesday.

—Miss Kittie Moran returned from Duluth on Saturday last.

—Squire Frost departed, to visit at Chicago, on Thursday.

—C. J. Sawyer returned from his sojourn in Florida Thursday.

—Mrs. F. D. Mead went south Wednesday, to visit at Milwaukee.

—Mrs. Barr returned from her visit at Milwaukee last Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, with Master Harry, arrived from Florida on Sunday.

—J. F. Oliver and wife got away yesterday to visit at Toledo and elsewhere.

—Wm. Godley is looked for at home, returning from Grand Rapids, to-day.

—Chas. D. Hakes, the new supervisor of Bark River, was in town on Monday.

—Johnston McFadden, of the Hicks-Sawyer's minstrels, billed the town yesterday.

—A. B. Eldredge, attorney for the C. & N. W. company heretofore, was in town Wednesday.

—Houk is again with us, after his visit at Manistique, but not for long. He goes to Green Bay.

—W. F. Riggs, Esq., of Manistique, enroute to Marquette on business, called on us on Thursday last.

—Will Moore dropped in on us last Saturday, the same cheerful Will as ever. Glad to see him, of course.

—Mr. Terrio, lately engaged on the Mirror, departed for Manistique, where he will be employed in the Sun office, last Thursday.

—Mr. A. H. Wortman, D. G. C. of the order of the Maccabees, here to organize and set up the "tent" elsewhere referred to, tarried at the Ludington this week.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by J. N. Mead.

Doctor Yourself

And save money, and perhaps your life. Send three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy of Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work, 100 pages, elegant colored plates. 21

—Dyspepsia or indigestion always yields to the curative properties of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, containing as it does nature's specific for the stomach. 23

No Woman

Is beautiful with a bad skin, covered with pimples, freckles, moth or tan. I have been asked many times what will remove these unsightly blemishes. No face paint or powder will remove them, as they are caused by impure blood. The only sure remedy I have ever seen is sulphur Bitters, and in hundreds of cases I have never known them to fail.—Edith Fashion Gazette. 21

GROCERIES.

You All Want It!

WHAT!

THE EARTH.

Such being the case, call on Rolph with the modest sum of Five Cents (\$0.05) and he will give you the same. Don't fail to avail yourself of this opportunity, as it occurs but once in a lifetime.

FULL LINES of Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

Excelled by none, equalled by few. Largest and Finest Stock of CIGARS in the city.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES, FLOUR, SALTED MEATS AND FISH.

All at Prices that Defy Competition for same class of goods, by

ROLPH.

617 LUDINGTON STREET.

H. J. DEROUIN.

SPRING GOODS!

H. J. DEROUIN

HAS RECEIVED AND NOW OFFERS

DRY GOODS

In all lines, of the best quality and Latest Styles,

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings,

Of the Very Latest Fashions, and

HATS AND CAPS.

A very Large Stock to be sold at VERY LOW PRICES!! Nothing finer was ever offered to the people of this city and never before would the same money buy so much.

REMEMBER,

DEROUIN'S.

JEWELRY.

LOOK : HERE !

GREAT Reduction in Prices!

I will sell for the next SIXTY DAYS at a sacrifice my entire stock of Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Cases, with Movements to suit purchaser, Clocks, Silver Ware and Musical Instruments, such as, Accordions, Violins, Tourna-phones, Orchestrions, Zithers, Autoharps, Mandolins, Flutes, Piccolos, Guitars, Banjos, Drums, Flutinas, Mouthorgans and Jewsharps, Musical Merchandise and Music Toys. My stock in each line is complete and better cannot be found in the city. This is no BLOW or HUMBBUG but ACTUAL FACTS—some goods are MARKED LESS THAN COST!

My reasons for selling is falling health and want to move to a more suitable climate.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING to call and convince yourself concerning my Goods and Prices; it will certainly pay you to do so. REMEMBER!! I WANT TO SELL OUT INSIDE OF SIXTY DAYS!

Do Not Mistake the Place

E. O. KIRSTINE,

506 Ludington St.,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Get : Ready

All of you who intend working in the

NEW MILLS

And go to Kratze's for Shirts, Overalls Jackets, Shoes, etc., and bring your wives for Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc., also your children for School Suits and Shoes.

Don't wait until the rush begins but go at once to

Kratze's : Double : Store,

608-10 Ludington Street.

J. N. MEAD.

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The Druggist,

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PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED ACCURATELY.

The Celebrated Quick Train ROCKFORD WATCHES.		Jewelry, Silverware, Guns, Patent Medicines, Wall Paper, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Etc., Etc.
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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. 31

NEW AD.

SPRING SHOES

FOR ALL WEARERS,

LADIES, GENTS AND MISSES

JUST RECEIVED!!

A Specially desirable stock of Shoes for

CHILDREN and BABIES

NEW STYLES AND FINE SHOES.

P. S. MUMFORD & CO.

FURNITURE.

D. A. OLIVER,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE!

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Undertaking Promptly Attended to. Furniture Made or Repaired to Order. Everything in Stock. Sewing Machines and Attachments.

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SAVAGE & FARNUM, Importers and Breeders of Percheron Horses and French Coach-horses. ISLAND HORSE STOCK FARM, Grass Lake, Wayne Co., Mich. All Percherons Registered in Percheron Stud Books of France and America. From two to three hundred horses constantly on hand to select from. We guarantee our blood, make Close Prices, and sell on Easy Terms. Visitors always welcome. Large Catalogue Free. Address SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.