

IRON PORT.

A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN PAPER.--J. C. AND WM. N. VAN DUZER, Publishers.

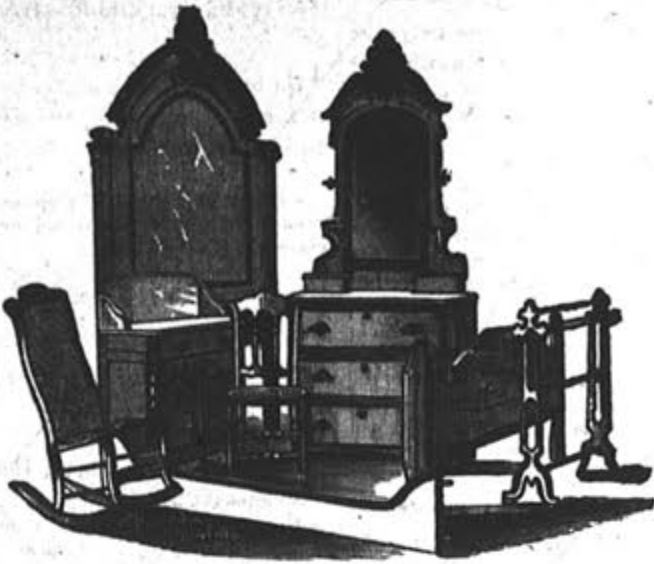
VOLUME 22, NO. II.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

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AT LOW PRICES.

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B. D. WINEGAR

Is now located with BITTNER & SCHEMMELE in the new block
Watch for the Grand Display of all kinds of

Lake and Ocean Fish, Smoked or Fresh,

OYSTERS IN CANS OR BULK.

Game and Vegetables of All Kinds

609 Ludington Street.

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ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

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Oldest AND Strongest Companies

In the world are represented by the Fire Insurance
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NORTHUP & NORTHUP

Promptness in placing risks—Promptness and liberality in
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Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

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Northup & Northup now offer

Choice Lots in the S. H. Selden addition at Low Prices and on Easy Terms.
Every one a good investment as they must increase in value.

BUSINESS PROPERTY

On Ludington, Thomas and Charlotte streets daily becoming more valuable.

RESIDENCES AND RESIDENCE LOTS

In the best localities in the city and suburbs, all for sale on Easy Terms and
at Low Prices.

RESIDENCES FOR RENT.

Northup & Northup will also take charge of property for non-resident owners,
attend to repairs, pay taxes, collect rents, etc., etc.

HAVE YOUR
JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THE

IRON PORT OFFICE.

SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES

Civil Engineer.

D. A. BROTHERTON,

CIVIL ENGINEER

AND SURVEYOR.

And dealer in Real Estate.

Now offers Choice City Property, and 1,600 acres on Escanaba River, mostly Hardwood,
balance Fine Cedar Land, fifteen miles from Escanaba, ten miles from Gladstone, only \$6.00
per acre, together with many other desirable parcels.

SAND.

THE PURCHASE of the "Schlesinger" road by the Northwestern is a godsend to our cheerful friend of the Delta. He is almost sure, now, that North Escanaba is as dead as Gladstone, and he "chuckles" accordingly—pokes fun at those who bought lots there and asks for a "composite picture" of the crowd. "Misery loves company," says the proverb.

AT LAST, after inexcusable delay, the census bureau has paid its enumerators in this vicinity. Ten days ago Mr. Bonefeld got his check, a week ago Capt. Beath got his, and this week 'Squire Johnson received his. They earned the money previous to July 30,—six months ago—and think they are entitled to kick at the delay, and who shall say them nay?

THE Mining Journal of Tuesday announces the appointment as manager of the telephone exchange soon to be opened here, of G. F. Healy, lately engaged in similar work in Marquette. The exchange will be located over Sterling & Williams' store, in the Masonic block, and will be open as soon as the system can be completed, that depending somewhat upon the weather.

THE SOCIAL of the society of St. Stephen's church held at the residence of George Young, on Monday evening last, was one of the most enjoyable ever given the society. The attendance was large, the contribution proportionate and the entertainment (both that by the members of the society and that by the host, etc.) delightful. Mrs. Young deserved, and we doubt not received, the thanks of all.

THE PROBABLE ACQUISITION by the Northwestern of the E. I. M. & W. gives immense pleasure to our cheerful friend of the Gladstone Delta. He chuckles over it and over the set back he supposes this city to have suffered in paragraph after paragraph. If the Northwestern was as poor and as "snide" a concern as he represents the Soo to be, and if our misfortune was likely to help his town his glee would be easy to understand, but neither is the case.

A GARDEN CORRESPONDENT says that the friends of Thomas J. and Mrs. Streeter were present, by invitation, under the hospitable roof of the Streeter home, in that township, on Saturday evening last and were entertained right royally. "They came in sleighs and cutters, and on foot" until the house was overflowing; graybeard and callow youth were there, and graybeard went in for the feed and the fun as gaily as the youngest; and the happiest of the crowd were the entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. Streeter. Hall's full orchestra discoursed excellent music, the supper—well, Mrs. Streeter attended to that, and no more need be said—and every one there present went home in the small hours of Sunday pleased with the entertainment and proud to have been counted among the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Streeter; may many years of happiness and usefulness be theirs.

AUGUST BENGTSEN is a "missing man." His home was in our city, with his widowed mother, but he took employment for the winter in Johnson's logging camp, in Bay de Noc township, and on Monday, Jan. 12, started from camp to come home. At that time the ice was not over safe, and on arriving at Ole Gunderson's place his companion, one Strom, gave up the trip and returned to camp. Not so August. Since that day nothing has been seen or heard of or from him. As we hear the tale he was not missed for a week, his employer and associates at the camp supposing him to be at home and his mother believing him at camp, and when he was missed no trace could be found. It is not known that he attempted to cross the bay, but it is known that he intended to do so, and it is believed that he did, that he found open water or thin ice and was drowned. He was an unmarried man, some 35 or 36 years old, and his father and grandfather died in the way he is supposed to have died.

OUR RABID neighbor around the corner is foolish enough to say of the editor of this paper that he "has a little room in his heart for a Catholic as for a rattlesnake." The boy is not delicate, in selecting objects for comparison, nor modest in assertions concerning us, but perhaps he is not to be blamed—he is as he was made. He has no idea, evidently, of the possibility of a difference of opinion upon a point of ethics, or economics, and therewith no rancor towards persons. He, and his like would desire, as he would the venomous reptile of his comparison, every one who should dare to differ with him in opinion and oppose him in action. His weekly outgivings are incitements to violence, which, if it stops short of murder does so only because of a fear of consequences. But, again, perhaps he is not altogether to blame in that—the influence of heredity may be—in some times, we know—irresistible. At the same time, while we can find excuse for him, we can not find justification—his course can not be justified. He is a "firebrand among tow," and should be quenched. He "runs amok" among reputations and characters, as the Malay, crazed with "bheng" runs amok, stabbing right and left, those who chance to come in his crazy way whether friend or foe—and ought to be restrained. But how shall he be restrained, being incapable of moral restraints, until he does mischief enough to bring him within the scope of the penal law? We give it up.

THE SKATING RINK on the ice is at last opened and, as the snow has spoiled all the skating outside it will no doubt "draw."

BITTNER BROTHERS had to move their unfinished ice house beyond the fire limits, east of Smith Court, where it will be completed and filled.

THE LOGGERS must stop kicking now or face about. Snow fell heavily all night Wednesday and until noon of Thursday, and there's enough for all practical uses and possibly too much for convenience. That may be the growl.

NOW THAT it is printed at Ishpeming, the Mining Journal reaches us at 9 a. m. If it did so at all times it could achieve a good circulation here, as it brings us the news of the day eight hours in advance of the Chicago and an hour or two ahead of the Milwaukee papers.

THE CALLED MEETING of the council Wednesday evening to consider the work of the committee on the revision of the charter did not call out a large attendance of citizens—the snowstorm kept them at home—and the few who did attend found no reason to criticize the work except that one or two thought the extension of the city boundaries northward too liberal. Even this criticism was not made until the council had approved the work and adopted it. Mr. Power was engaged to go to Lansing and aid our representative to procure the passage of the amended charter and has gone thither.

THE NEW CHARTER (it amounts to that) has been completed by the committee, been approved by the council, and is now in the hands of Representative Northrup for presentation to the legislature. As a whole it would have been too much for our space could we have procured the copy for publication, which was not practicable, but the points of difference between it and the old one can be stated. It provides including more territory—taking in North Escanaba and Portage Island; it divides the territory into six wards, Wells avenue and Hale street divide the odd numbered from the even numbered wards, the former lying on the north and the latter on the south. The 1st ward is included within Wells avenue, the harbor and Elmore street; the 2d within Wells avenue the outer bay and Elmore street; the 3d between Hale, Elmore and Jennie streets and the north subdivision line of section 30; the 4th between Hale, Elmore and Jennie streets and the south limits; the 5th between Hale and Jennie streets, the west limit of the city and the same line that bounds the 3d on the north; the 6th between Hale and Jennie streets and the south and west limits, and the 7th is all territory lying north of the 3d and 5th wards. The choice of street commissioner and marshal is taken from the people and given to the council, and the council is given authority to levy special assessments for paving, sewerage, etc., and the methods of doing so are specified and prescribed, the powers of the council in such matters limited; sewer districts provided for and such other details as seemed good and necessary attended to. Our acquaintance with the instrument is but scant (and is largely at second hand at that) but we can not fail to recognize in it a great improvement upon the old one, and we hope it may receive the favorable action of the legislature, promptly.

HENRY M. ATKINSON, of our city, president of the Metropolitan Lumber Co., and general manager of its business, died last Sunday morning at Chicago. Although he had been in a precarious condition for a year or more, and had been advised by his physicians that cessation from business and care and rest were necessary to his restoration to health, his demise was sudden and unexpected. He had been about, in his usual condition, until his departure for Chicago only three or four days (if we are not mistaken) before the attack which proved fatal. His body reached home on Monday, funeral service was held at St. Joseph's church on Tuesday morning, and it was taken to Fort Howard, for interment there, where his parents were buried.

Mr. Atkinson had been a resident of and engaged in business in this peninsula since his boyhood, having resided for many years at Negaunee. We remember him, first, as the purchaser of the buildings left standing standing upon the old furnace location, several of which he moved into town and sold, and since that time (ten years since) he has been much here, but only last fall took up his residence here, in the Hughtitt house. He leaves a widow (a sister of Mrs. Stack) but no children. By birth he was an Irishman, but by education and in sentiment and feeling an American—an energetic and successful business man—a staunch friend, and a good citizen. We shall all miss him, but those nearest to him, by ties of kindred and by business associations are they upon whom the blow falls most heavily. May time, the great healer, be their comforter, and may he rest in peace.

G. A. H. Camp-fire.

A general invitation is extended to all old soldiers and their families to attend a Camp-fire at G. A. R. Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1890. Admission free. Beans, hard-tack, coffee, and other refreshments will be served. Come and have an evening social of enjoyment. By order of committee.

THE Mirror insists that it is not "mad" but all insane persons do that. Its madness is evident to every one except its conductor. If it were sane it would not in the same breath denounce any portion of the population of our city—the members of any organization—as "thugs" and "social disorganizers"—"brazen counterparts of Lucifer, whose only object is to stir up a religious warfare"—and as "shabby genteel traps," a "society of tomtits," a "pack of fools"—"a lot of very cheap frauds," etc., etc. Such inconsistency is madness or idiocy and our neighbor may take the horn of the dilemma which suits its taste.

The truth is the Mirror is venting upon the A. P. A. the venom which it dares not pour out upon the Protestant churches, for the A. P. A. says nothing of Catholicism which the Protestant pulpit has not said since the days of Luther—which the Protestant religious press does not say in every issue to-day, except as it pays more attention to its political aims and less to its religious features. The pulpits and the press of Protestantism attack the religion of Rome—the society it so berates attacks its politics; does the Mirror care more for political success than for its hope of heaven? If not why its respectful silence as to the one attack and its rabid frothings with regard to the other?

It is mad, utterly. It is doing with every issue just that of which it accuses the A. P. A.—"stirring up a religious war"—exciting its readers to acts of violence (we do not say that it does so intentionally, though if we did not hold it insane and irresponsible we might), such acts having followed its outgivings already, and on more than one occasion. Its madness may be the result of fear or of anger—as to that we will not undertake to say—but however induced it is dangerous and should be restrained (by its friends, of course) lest harm come of it.

FIRE broke out in the Chapin mine last Thursday evening just after six o'clock and six of the men of the day shift who had not come to the surface were for a time supposed to have perished. Great volumes of smoke poured from all four of the shafts of the mine and at 8 o'clock, it being impossible to do any thing for the rescue of such men as might be in the mine, and the danger to the mine itself being great, the shafts were closed and sealed.

At noon of Friday the report from Iron Mountain is that two lives have been lost, and that the indications are that the fire has burned itself out without spreading beyond the sixth level, in which it started, and that the damage to the mine is but slight, a report which every one hopes is well founded.

DANIEL MCGILLIS and Jessie M. Winslow were married, as cards received yesterday inform us, at Stevens Point, Wis., on Thursday, and will reside at Parrish, in that state. That all good fortune may attend them through life is the prayer of IRON PORT and all Escanaba friends of "Danny."

THE LADIES of the Presbyterian church will give a social at the residence of Mr. P. Mathews, on Thursday evening, February 5. All are invited to attend.

Lost—a bunch of keys. The finder will be liberally thanked by leaving same at this office.

The Latest.

The Joliet rail mill will start work next Monday.

Abraham Smolk, of Mackinac Island, celebrated his 70th birthday this week.

Baron Haussman, who superintended the improvements of Paris under the last empire, is just dead, at the age of 82 years.

J. B. Mulliken, whom old time Escanabans will remember, has been appointed commissioner of public works of Detroit.

The Mining Journal loss been adjusted, the second story of the Lake Shore Co's machine shop rented for a temporary office, the new outfit shipped from Chicago, and the paper will be at home and all right in a few days.

A rumor comes from Idaho that Robert Ray Hamilton is not dead—that the body found in the Snake river was not his. That he "put up the job" to get clear of his past life and is beginning a new one, under a new name, in Sydney.

Pennington's air ship was exhibited at Chicago, in the exposition building, Thursday evening, and failed. The inventor charged the failure upon the "storage battery" announced another trial and promised that the defect should be remedied.

The apportionment bill passed the senate on Thursday just as it came from the house. The democrats filibustered to defeat it, of course, but the "silver senators" and Don Cameron were republicans for the time and on that issue, and the bill went through by a party vote 37 to 24. It gives Michigan twelve congressmen more, and of course, fourteen electors.

William Windom, secretary of the treasury dropped dead while attending a banquet of the New York Board of Trade last Thursday evening. He had been in usual health and his death came like lightning from a clear sky. He had just concluded a speech when he turned deathly pale, gasped, fell back into his chair and slipped to the floor, dead. He was 63 years old; only. "Heart failure," say the doctors.

THE WEEK.

B. P. Hutchinson, more familiarly known as "Old Hutch," one of the boldest of a bold class, the Chicago board of trade speculators, has quit. His family forced him to do it. His "luck had turned" and wife and children saw poverty threatening, so they proposed to apply for a "conservator." He had lost heavily but there's plenty left.

Prince Baudouin, heir to the crown of Belgium, died on the 22d. There are all sorts of stories about how he came to his death but the doctors say pleuro-pneumonia.

Miner is home from Guatemala and has the cheek to defend his action in the Barrundia case. All the same, both he and the naval commander "catch it" from their respective superiors.

Illinois democrats—Judge Tree, E. Z. Leiter, Carter Harrison, Gen. Black, and others, are watching for the collapse of Gen. Palmer's candidacy and holding up their own "lightning rods." Meantime the 100 republicans say "Oglesby" as often as their names are called and the three "farmers" answer "Streeter."

One George Harris, of Alton, Ills., is deliberately starving himself to death because he is a hopeless invalid.

Take his name off the list. Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, turned out property to secure his bondsmen and they put up the cash to make his accounts good; so the state loses nothing. He was no thief—only a fool, for loaning the state's money to his friends.

Germany still bans American pork but says it does so only to prevent Germans from being killed by trichinosis, not because of the American tariff.

Russia is buried under an immense snowfall and people are starving and freezing.

A Chicago girl named Willmount was seized and thrown down by a man who did so for the purpose of robbery. He wishes he had not. She tore his hair out by the handful, saved her cash and marked the chap so that the police had no excuse for letting him slip and he is in arrest.

The Illinois legislature balloted twenty-two times for U. S. senator last week, the result being the same on each ballot—101 Palmer, 100 Oglesby, 3 Streeter—no choice.

The leading candidate of the Kansas farmers for senator is Harris, an ex-confederate. If he is the alternative to Ingalls the latter will win.

The strike which tied up the Chicago & Erie road was settled after four days by a compromise.

At Springfield, Ohio, "Doggy" Doyle choked his mother to death last Saturday. Both were drunk.

Jo. LaPlant, a Canadian whose wife had eloped, found her in a Chicago house of ill fame last Saturday night and shot her. He is in custody.

President Gage, of the World's Fair corporation, has resigned.

A wet snow which fell at New York on Sunday pulled down nearly all the telegraph, telephone and light wires in the city and blocked traffic. The Western Union had but three wires left working. The storm was the worst since the great one of '88.

The revenue cutter Bear is being fitted to receive two more guns—long, four-inch rifles—at San Francisco. Looks bad for the seal poachers.

Illinois Lutherans must not join either the G. A. R. nor the Farmers' M. B. association.

The strike of the coal miners is the Monongahela valley paralyzes trade there. Seven thousand men are out and there seems no prospect of a settlement.

"Boomers" are preparing to occupy the Cherokee strip.

A rabid stallion attacked a jack at Lexington, Ky., and was killed by the jack, but the jack was so injured that it was necessary to kill it also. A boy was also bitten by the dog that bit the stallion, but a madstone saved him—at least he shows no signs of rabies yet.

An unknown man, supposed to have been C. E. Stanley, Cleveland, jumped into Niagara and went over the falls on Sunday.

The revolt in Chili bids fair to oust President Balmaceda.

London dispatches suggest that the German Kaiser, like his father, is afflicted with cancer, and so accounts for his interest in Dr. Koch's discovery.

It will take two weeks to repair the telegraph lines pulled down by the storms in the vicinity of New York.

Indians attacked Newbanks' ranch, on Spring Creek, near the Black Hills, last Saturday night but were driven off. No casualties.

Gen Miles got back to Chicago on Tuesday. With him were two car loads of Indians, of whom some dozen went to Washington for a big talk, the rest going to Fort Sheridan to be drilled and made into soldiers.

Frank Smallwood hired a man to kill his father, but Smallwood senior is still alive and Frank is hiding. The hired man gave the job away. Lived at Decatur, Illinois.

The returns of the election in Connecticut are so modified that it can not be determined, without a recount, who was elected to the various state offices.

GREENHOOT.

Our Entire Attention

(our banking business having been wound up) is now given to

DRY GOODS

of which our establishment, the oldest in the city, was never so full as now, and we propose to sell them

At Prices Lower Than Ever!

The Assortment is complete in all lines and the quantity sufficient to meet and satisfy all demands,

A Call Will Convince.

It is not necessary to enumerate and we make no "specialties," (which are usually but tricks of trade) but cover the whole field with our purchases and are ready for every demand.

GREENHOOT BROS. 308 LUDINGTON STREET.

MINING LANDS. LOUIS STEGMILLER DEALER IN MINERAL LANDS AND MINING OPTIONS, Escanaba, Michigan.

HAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE. SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES

C. BAUMANN, Successor to Jas. A. Foster, MANUFACTURER OF Foster's Patent Artificial Limbs

HEATERS HEATERS HEATERS of any pattern or description wanted.

TOOLS For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps. Logging Sleighs! Supply Sleighs! Chains, Etc.

Hardware, Arms and Cutlery. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

THE YACHTING TRIP.

Because of People's Talking Thalia Married the Wrong Man.



"O. INDEED," said Thalia, giving her lace parasol a significant swirl; "you don't catch me marrying a poor man. No oatmeal, old shoes and made-over gowns for me. I'd rather die an old maid any day."

"That is putting it very strongly," said her Cousin Dorothy, who was quietly hemming the edge of a sarah sash for Thalia. "Once I heard you say that if you were not married at thirty you would take a dose of laudanum."

Thalia laughed and tossed her pretty head till her ostrich plumes danced disdainfully. She thought there was no danger of her being driven to a violent death.

"I tell you what, Thalia," said Maud Dare, looking up from her chocolates and her novel, "you ought to make a dead set at that Gordon man. They say he is awfully rich—\$500,000 at least—and he owns that pretty yacht down the inlet, too."

"The Myosotis?" said Thalia, with growing animation. "Why, I didn't know that. Who told you?"

"Oh, I don't know," Maud replied, carelessly. "You know, dear, since I am engaged myself I don't pay much attention to these new men."

"Who is that Mr. Campbell?" Thalia went on. "What Mr. Campbell? The one who was so sweet on Dorothy? Oh, they say he is a bank clerk somewhere. He is a friend of Mr. Gordon's, you know. I believe Gordon pays all his bills."

"I don't believe it!" said Dorothy, with sudden animation. "He is not that kind of a man at all. I don't know him very well, but I am sure he is too manly a fellow to—"

The hours drifted by as lightly as the foam on the waves that swelled under the yacht's snowy keel.

"Where on earth have you been?" said Thalia, sharply, when Dorothy came in after luncheon-time.

"Sailing with Mr. Campbell," was the quiet reply.

"In the Myosotis? Humph! I think he has a great deal to do to run away with Mr. Gordon's yacht. He wanted to take us fishing this morning, too. I declare, some people have the cheek of an elephant!"

"I am very sorry," said Dorothy, quietly. "And you haven't put the fringe on my sash yet. You know I want it tonight, too."

"It will be ready for you."

Thalia flounced out of the room. "I wish I hadn't promised to go tomorrow," thought Dorothy, with a sigh. But on the morrow her regrets had vanished.

"The Myosotis lay at anchor at the landing for weeks. One day it was Gordon who went sailing; the next it was Campbell. They never went together."

"Your cousin seems quite kindly disposed to my friend Gordie," said Campbell, one day, down on the rocks. "I rather think it will be a go—don't you?"

"Very likely," Dorothy said, stitching away at the embroidery she had brought with her.

Ponderings.

John Woodbeck, a veteran of the war of 1812, died at Pawnee Monday. He was 101 years old.

Warden Davitt, the new warden of the state prison at Jackson, proposes to treat convicts like convicts when he gets hold and if he does we shall not mourn for Hatch.

Hold it to the Light. The man who tells you confidentially just what he will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year.

Montgomery, and Hooker, and Pealer are candidates for the republican nomination for justice of the supreme court but the Ramsdell boom overshadows them.

Your druggist desires to inform the public, that he is agent for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for colds, coughs and croup.

Last Monday was the 54th anniversary of the admission of Michigan to the union of the states, and Michigan men at Washington celebrated it by a banquet and speeches.

Mr. William T. Price, a justice of the peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work.

They've caught an old rascal, at Grand Rapids, who made a business of marrying soldiers' widows and working their claims for pensions.

Marvelous Endurance. The vast amount of labor performed by the heart in keeping all portions of the body supplied with blood is not generally known.

Wheeler, of Bay City, sues Davidson, of the same place, for libel, claiming \$100,000 damages. They are rival ship builders and Davidson has suggested doubts about Wheeler's financial solidity.

The First Step. Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves.

Itch on human or horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. N. Mead Druggist, Escanaba.

Flavoring Extracts—Vanilla, Lemon and other—put up by J. N. Mead are warranted pure and are of perfect flavor and full strength.

Blaine vs. Gladstone. Blaine's famous reply to Gladstone has been issued in pamphlet form. This is one of the ablest presentations of the benefits of Protection yet published, and should be widely read.

FLOUR & FEED. BITTNER, WICKERT & CO. DEALERS IN Flour and Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds.

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

No change in the balloting for senator in Illinois up to the 2nd ballot.

The New York men who inspected the Chapin and other mines which the Vanderbilts propose to buy with the railroad are much pleased with them—of course.

Leonard Jerome is dying in London—his doctors have abandoned hope.

By the settling of the foundation of the Chicago postoffice building the clerks therein employed got a big scare on Wednesday—the walls cracked and plaster ceilings fell.

Nebraska Farmer's Alliance resolves (among other good resolutions) that it will "take no part, as partisans, in a political struggle."

The body of H. B. Campbell, missing from his home in Chicago since two months, has been found in the river.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cures rheumatism by purifying the blood and restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

Smoke the "Phoenix"—at Mead's.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891. No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy.

STONE. Stone and Marble. I am prepared to furnish Stone of the Best Quality, in any size, at low prices.

Gray and Blue Marble, suitable for public buildings, fine stores and elegant private residences.

MRS. M. P. GOULEY, GARDEN, MICHIGAN.

The Atlantic for 1891 will contain The House of Martha, Frank R. Stockton's Serial.

Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier. Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan. The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, and others. Untechnical papers on Questions in Modern Science.

The Atlantic for 1891. TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, postage FREE: 35 cents a number.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.



"I WAS JUST GOING TO HUNT YOU UP." us good to have a sail this morning. I feel as though I wanted to get away from every body—every body except you," he added, softly.

"Is Mr. Gordon going, and Thalia and—and all the rest?" Dorothy said, dubiously.

"No, indeed!" he said, with emphasis. "I want you, and nobody else. Will you go?"



"THALIA HAS MADE A FOOL OF HERSELF." You don't like. Speak to me, Dorothy. You can care for me a little—just a little, can't you? Oh, Dorothy, if you knew how much I love you, you would not turn away from me."

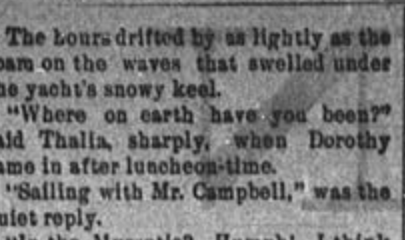
Dorothy lifted her shy face and smiled at him. "You—you won't give me a chance to blush," she said, with a forced laugh, by which she tried to hide her excitement.

"No!" he said, drawing her toward him. "Dorothy, speak quickly. Is it joy or woe that is in store for me?"

"You may change your mind," she said, with a touch of roguery, "after we are married."

Campbell caught her in his arms. "Dorothy," he said, joyously, "tell me in plain English that you love me a little."

"Not a little," she whispered—"a very great deal."



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"Your cousin seems quite kindly disposed to my friend Gordie," said Campbell, one day, down on the rocks. "I rather think it will be a go—don't you?"

"Very likely," Dorothy said, stitching away at the embroidery she had brought with her.

"Put that sewing away, won't you?" Campbell persisted, impatiently. "You are always at it."

"I have to do it," Dorothy said, quietly. "I am paid to do it."

"Well," said Campbell, pulling it out of her hands, "I'll pay you to put it away. Do stop! I want you to listen to me, Dorothy."

He had caught her hands and held them so she could not pick up her work again.

"Listen to me!" he persisted. "I love you. If you will only marry me, you shall never be forced to do any thing."

"I don't believe it!" said Dorothy, with sudden animation. "He is not that kind of a man at all. I don't know him very well, but I am sure he is too manly a fellow to—"

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS, Surgeon Dentist. Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m. GAS ADMINISTERED. Sign of the Golden Tooth.

J. H. TRACY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at Keshbeare. Office hours, 8 a. m., 2 and 7 p. m.

REYNOLDS & COTTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Homeopathic school of practice. Office over Mead's Drug Store.

W. MILLER, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence over Peterson's Furniture store.

D. R. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence in Semer Block, Escanaba, Michigan.

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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.

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

T. B. WHITE, Attorney at Law. Office 2d Floor No. 511 Ludington St., ESCANABA, MICH.

ROYCE & WAITE, Attorneys. ESCANABA, MICH.

D. FRED CHARLTON, ARCHITECT, Bank Building, MARQUETTE, MICH.

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

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CHILDHOOD'S LAUGH.

You may talk of the beautiful songsters that sing thro' the soft hours of summer, and the bright days of spring; But there's nothing so sweet to my hearing, by half, As nature's own music in childhood's light laugh.

Sometimes have felt in the gloomiest mood, And over my sorrows would bother and brood, And just as I thought to give way to despair A ripple of laughter broke forth on the air.

The laugh is contagious—the sweet little elf— And before I quite know it am laughing myself; The golden elixir of gladness, we quaff, For there's nothing so merry as childhood's light laugh.

Oh, friends, have not you felt the same glad effect, When the trials of the household have happiness wrecked? When the day-griefs kept growing and seemed, Your burdens were greater than you could well bear?

There's a charm in this child laugh that's known by no word, There's a faith-giving feeling from stillness it stirred, New life seems to enter where Hope had just died, And Content comes unbidden to be and abide; Our heavy cares seem softened, our heart cares just half, For there's nothing so cheering as childhood's light laugh.

—Josie F. Cappelman, in Detroit Free Press.

LEFT IN SLEEPING CARS.

Some of the Queer Things That Travelers Fo get. Scenes in the Museum of the Lost Property Man of the Pullman Car Company—A Conductor's Precious Find in a Wash Basin.

"Yes, some queer things are left by passengers in sleeping cars," thoughtfully remarked the lost-property man of the Pullman Palace Car Company, as he glanced over his inventory after his annual stock-taking.

He was in a large room fitted on all sides with pigeon-holes like the clo-ck-room of a hotel. In these receptacles were innumerable paper packages of all sizes and shapes, neatly tied up, and ticketed something like this:

Car "Alamosa," Chicago to New York, Nov. 24, 1900. Woman's Reticule. G. 116.

"Some of these things have been in our custody for years," he continued, "as we never have any annual sale as the express and railroad companies do, but we keep the things until called for. Our conductors and porters are required to turn in all the property they find during a trip.

"They give the name of the car, the date of the trip, the points of starting and destination and the name of the article they have found. Then the articles are sent to me and examined, ticketed, inventoried and numbered. When a patron writes and says he left an article on one of our cars we write back and ask him to give the exact date, the route, the place at which he embarked and the station at which he left.

"We also desire a full description of the missing articles and any additional data or details he may be able to give. We exact this to prevent fraud and to protect the real owners, as there are occasions when fraud is attempted.

"One man got up hurriedly at day-break one morning and dressed rapidly so as to leave the train at a small station before breakfast. He was a drummer and the night before he had had a birthday jubilee all to himself. In his dazed state next morning, and in his haste to be ready to leave the car at his station, he left his watch and money under his pillow.

"We had a green porter on that car, who, when he made up the drummer's berth, announced in a loud voice that 'some gentleman had gone an' left 'is tucker an' wad.' Two or three men still in their berths looked out through the curtains and saw the porter examining the watch, chain and wallet.

GLADSTONE'S ORATORY.

An Enthusiastic Admirer Describes It as It Once Affected Him. If you see Mr. Gladstone in fighting trim on a big stage like those which used to be put up on Blackheath, you will find that all the faces around him seemed to be blurred out, and that fierce head, with the deep, dark lines stretching from the tremulous nostrils to the points of the massive jaw, draws your eyes as if a spot of light flashed from a dim cloud.

In the fighting times the great speaker's eyes are restless in the extreme; the gleaming of it is like flashes of black lightning, but on that evening when he talked about workmen and work he seemed to have got a new face and a new expression. The tremendous power of the man was lulled to inaction; he looked like some sweet old priest who had long forgot the war of the world; ambition, anger, restlessness were all gone, and his serene and splendid quietness made one think of the calm of some immortal sunset. The black eyes that usually remind you of an eager horseman going straight at a desperate obstacle were gentle and steady. Then the old man rose and began to speak. I actually thought to myself: "Why, he's got a new voice for the occasion."

Softly the silver tones floated over the mute audience; the quaint, old-fashioned courtesies were distributed, and then the matchless talker wound into his subject. You soon forget that delicious suspicion of a provincial accent; you only hear the soft resonance of the voice, varied by those curious lapses of rich huskiness. It was hard to know where the great orator was going at first, for he swung out so many threads of argument; but he knew whether he was tending—if we did not; gradually he gathered every skein of his reasoning into one compact line, and he closed his speech, leaving every one of the bewitched audience convinced that there was nothing more to be said on the matter. Mr. Gladstone pleaded for the ordinary workman; he thought that the most obscure of artisans should have his sense of beauty and proportion so trained that English work might be beautiful as well as strong and sound. Then he suddenly produced a very large photograph of an exquisite rood screen, and he used this with consummate skill. He had been speaking about the companies of workmen in the middle ages, and he made his great point by saying: "Now, I want you to observe that this perfect work of art was not produced in any great center of population, nor do we owe it to any renowned master; it was done by a man who fitted up a little church in a village near Hereford, and this man who carved the masterpiece which I exhibit was probably unknown beyond the bounds of his own immediate district."

Mr. Gladstone had proved his point; he had impressed on us all the fact that technical education in the thirteenth century was most thorough, and he asked our modern workers to aim at reviving the ancient culture of the manual labor. The audience woke from the spell; there was the usual crash of cheering, and the gentle sweet-toned old priest departed. Personally I do not think that any one has bettered that utterance on technical education very much. You will not kill me if I say that I wish our orator had kept to the same subject ever since.—London Star.

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Petty Art Swindling. There is a good deal of sham and of swindling done in this Chinese and Japanese art, not so much by the Chinamen and Japanese who do business here as by some of the American firms which pretend to deal only in the choicest obtainable examples. A piece of bronze that in a Japanese shop costs \$3 or \$4, in a middle-class American shop will cost \$8 to \$10, and in the establishment of a firm of alleged connoisseurs will be marked at from \$50 to \$100, according to the rapacity of the dealers and the credulity of their customer. In one case, a bit of rare porcelain, said to have cost \$175, was sold to an "innocent" but exceedingly wealthy collector of this city for \$13,000. The collector presumably bought it because it was "held" at such a high price, and because its rarity under the circumstances might be considered as phenomenal. Actually, this piece of porcelain was neither of the most rare nor the most valuable type.—N. Y. Star.

How the Spider Undresses. Did you ever see a spider change his skin? It is an interesting sight, one that will well repay any one for the time lost in waiting for the novel event to take place. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself by a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare; this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all around the thorax, being held only by the fore part. Next the abdomen is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and I confess for some time after it is finished. Gradually he comes back to life, brighter and more beautiful than before the trying ordeal was begun.—St. Louis Republic.

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DELTA LODGE NO. 295, A. F. A. M.

Regular communications are held at their hall, in the Masonic Block, on the third Thursday in each month. A. H. Kolp, W. M.; F. E. Harris, Secretary.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 118, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings are held in their hall, over Connolly's new store, every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. L. McMartin, N. G.; A. L. Paul V. G., C. M. Thatcher, Secretary.

INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER. Meets the first Sunday in each month at Grenier's hall. Joseph DuPont, President; C. Girard, Archivist; J. B. Racine, Financial Secretary.

GERMANIA AID SOCIETY. Meets on the first Sunday in each month at Royce's Hall. John Room, president; Emil Glaser, treasurer, and Jacob Moersch, secretary.

NORTH STAR SOCIETY. President, O. V. Linden; Secretary, Lars Gunderson.

F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R. Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7 p. m. H. P. Young, Commander; I. K. Harig, Adj.

DELTA CHAPTER, K. A. M. Regular communication, held in Masonic Hall, at 2 o'clock, in each month. Visiting companions cordially invited. F. H. Atkins, H. P.; F. E. Harris, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE, NO. 40, I. O. G. T. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Morrill's store. K. Spoor, W. C. T., Cora C. Cox Secretary.

R. C. HATHEWAY CHAPTER, NO. 49, ORDER EASTERN STAR. Meets at Masonic Hall second Tuesday evening of each month at 8 o. p. Mrs. L. S. Anthony, W. M., Mrs. Maggie Mathias, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 98, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows Hall over W. W. Oliver's Hardware Store. O. B. Fuller, C. C., R. McLean, K. of R. and S.

MORSE DIVISION NO. 15, O. R. T. E. J. Nichols, C. T., M. A. Cuppermull, Secy. Meets in G. A. R. armory second Sunday in each month.

S. E. WILKINSON LODGE B. R. T. No. 182. Meets in G. A. R. Armory 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m. Otto Nyquist, M., F. Moran, Secretary.

CITY OFFICIALS. Mayor—PETER M. PETERSON. City Clerk—JOHN J. SCORVIERE. City Treasurer—JOHN GROSS. City Attorney—JOHN POWER. City Marshal—MICHAEL STERN. City Surveyor—JOHN G. ZANE. Health Officer—THOMAS L. GELZER. Street Commissioner—JOHN MORSE. Justices of the Peace—E. GLASER, SAMUEL STONHOUSE, JOHN A. JOHNSON.

TIME TABLES. CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN. PASSENGER TRAINS. Leave Escanaba for— The North at 10:30 a. m. South (for Milwaukee) at 8:30 a. m. (for Chicago) at 5:45 p. m. North (Milwaukee Park) at 5:00 p. m. The West (for Crystal Falls) at 5:45 p. m. (for Watersmeet) at 8:30 a. m. (for Metropolitan) at 9:00 a. m. Passengers for Watersmeet, Crystal Falls and all other points on the Menominee River branch change at Powers.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. THE DIRECT THROUGH LINE TO MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, AND ALL POINTS WEST, SOUTH AND EAST. Provides unrivaled facilities for through and local travel. Features of superior train services are: Vestibuled 1st pers MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS. SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS. With Dining Cars and Free Chair Cars. CHICAGO TO COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA AND DENVER. THROUGH SLEEPERS. CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO TO PORTLAND, OREGON. WITHOUT CHANGE. The North Western penetrates the rich agricultural regions of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, and is the only line to the Black Hills. For time of trains, tickets and information, apply to Station Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, or to the General Passenger agent at Chicago. W. H. NEWMAN, J. M. WHITMAN, 3d Vice-Prest, General Manager, W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

BLACKSMITH. JOHN RACINE, Dealer in Wagons, Sleighs ETC. Blacksmith Shop in Connection. I am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and satisfactorily. OPPOSITE NEW LUDINGTON HOTEL.

SOME OF YOU HAVE!

Called to see us, and we trust that The Rest Will! We can furnish you

Monuments, Tablets and Headstones! Of the very best quality at Reasonable Prices.

Work erected in any part of the country. Come and see our work before placing your order.

If our office is closed call at Oliver's Furniture Store. Escanaba Marble & Granite Co. Wells Avenue, near Charlotte st., ESCANABA, Mich.

PUMPS, ETC. SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical PLUMBER Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of Pipes, Pumps & Fittings Drive Wells and Pump Repairs—Specialty.

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-PUT UP AND SOLD BY- L. W. BURKART, Appleton House, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN. \$1.00 a Bottle. Sold by all Druggists

Advertisements. USE DR. CRAIC'S ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE. Crown Plasters and Pills. They are the only safe Remedies to use for those afflicted with Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint and Urinary Affections. Only those prepared in the DRY FORM are the Original and the only Kidney and Liver Cure that will restore you to perfect health.

All Ladies Use C. B. R. A. Sold by all Druggists. The Craig Medicine Co. PASSAIC, N. J. 47-150 ones - ne Dollar 50 (471)

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK. Nothing better for babies. Full Cream. Full Weight. Best on Earth. For sale by E. M. St. Jacques. Frank H. Atkins.

A YEAR! I undertake to study each one of your difficult problems, whether you can read and write, and who, how, how long, will work industriously, how to learn 3000. \$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to study each one of your difficult problems, whether you can read and write, and who, how, how long, will work industriously, how to learn 3000. \$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to study each one of your difficult problems, whether you can read and write, and who, how, how long, will work industriously, how to learn 3000.

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IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. F. Russell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, in Senate St., where advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

Republican State Convention.

A Republican state convention to nominate a justice of the supreme court in place of John W. Champin, and two regents of the University in place of Charles J. Willett and Arthur M. Clark, and for the transaction of other business, will be held at Assembly hall in the city of Jackson, on Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1891, at 11 o'clock A. M.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at Grand Rapids May 10, 1876, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each 500 of the total vote cast for governor at the last election (November, 1890) and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to 300, but each organized county will be entitled to at least one delegate.

Under a resolution of 1878 no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

In compliance with a resolution adopted in Detroit June 23, 1880, the secretary of each county convention is requested to forward to the secretary of the state central committee (room, 6, Butler block, Detroit) by the earliest mail, after the delegates are chosen, a certified list of such delegates as are entitled to seats in the state convention from their respective counties.

JAMES McMILLAN, Chairman.
WILLIAM R. BATES, Secretary.

Under the foregoing call the County of Delta, having 2,704 votes, is entitled to five (5) delegates in the convention.

HENRY C. HANSBROUGH is senator elect from North Dakota.

The Newberry News is now a six column quarto, and on a paying basis.

The Wisconsin legislature has discharged the functions for which it was created—has repealed the "Bennett law" and chosen Wm. F. Vilas senator.

The democratic love of the upper peninsula is shown by the resolution introduced by Representative Doremus, of the 1st district of Ionia county, which calls for the "early closing" of the Mining school.

In our legislature, as in that of Illinois, the "farmers" hold the key to the situation and are determined to use it. In ours they make their power felt in the senate and especially with respect to the redistricting of the state. They won't have any democratic gerry-mander.

The Grand Traverse Herald presses the name of Judge Ramsdell for the nomination for justice of the supreme court. We have already said that we consider him eminently fit for the position and we fully agree with the Herald in the declaration that his nomination would be, also, "good politics."

DON DICKINSON had called on the Mining Journal only a few minutes before the breaking out of the fire which destroyed its plant, and visiting Houghton a day or so later a conflagration broke out in that city, too, and now the Journal wants to know if the facts are merely coincidences or whether Don is so "red hot" as to be dangerous.

THAT "DINNER FAIL" can not be made to do service for the free traders any longer. Already the prices of tinware have fallen, instead of advancing as prophesied. Tin cans which sold, in Baltimore, last August, at \$3 per hundred are now offered at \$2 by American manufacturers who make them of American plate. The Cobdenites must shift their attack.

The supreme court decides that Marsden C. Burch is a sure-enough judge, his appointment by Governor Luce having been legal, but that he can remain such under that appointment only until the next general election or until his successor is elected and qualified. The court has not yet acted upon the petition of Aditt, who was voted for last November by the democrats and had no opposition and Burch is still acting.

THE DESTRUCTION of the Mining Journal office by fire, briefly mentioned in IRON PORT of Saturday last, was practically complete, only the books, files, and stock of paper on hand being saved. The force was taken to Ishpeming, to the office of the Democrat, and temporary issues made (to save the legal advertisements) and Messrs. Russell and Hornstein went at once to Chicago to buy a new outfit. A new building will also be put up for the home of the paper.

THE EDITOR is remembered by his friend (and comrade of the year—of the civil war) Col. Wm. L. Gross, with an invitation to attend the 14th annual meeting of the Illinois Bar Association (whereof Col. Gross is secretary) and partake of a banquet. Can't go. No use, if he did. The association wants neither politics nor war memories, nor yet, for guests at the banquet, trenchermen whose viands must be of the plainest (and softest—oatmeal is his best hold) and who must forego the fizz. Thanks, and wishes that the affair may be both pleasant and profitable, for instruction, but we'll tarry at home.

TO CHOOSE presidential electors by congressional districts, two only being chosen by the state at large, would be proper if the plan were general and applied to all the states at the same time, and provided, further, that "a free ballot and a fair count" was everywhere assured; but to adopt the plan in republican states and leave the old one working in democratic states would be unfair—nay, more, a palpable fraud and usurpation. Yet if the democrats now fortuitously in power, in Michigan should do it, it would serve the scary, stay-at-home republicans just right; they permitted the bourgeois to carry the state and legislature, and their will be the blame for whatever of fraud and injustice is perpetrated before we can out them again. Need not blame the democrats, they but act as their nature demands.

ROMAN GOSHE suggests the probable choice, as successor to Leo XIII when that pontiff shall come, of either Cardinal Manning, of England, or Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore. But Leo may outlive them both and all speculation as to his successor is necessarily wild.

NO WONDER the hayseed from Ionia wants to shut up the Mining School. The state has lost almost half its income from the u. p. during the last five years. We have paid the treasury only \$1,510,786 and we have demanded and received, for institutions located this side the straits—the prison at Marquette and school at Houghton—\$538,243, leaving for the state below the straits only \$372,543. To be sure, if we belonged to ourselves we should have spent our own money—all of it—but we don't, and our lower peninsula owners have a right to all they can squeeze out of us; the more especially as they are democrats and we are republicans. Push your resolution, Mr. Doremus.

THE Illinois legislature, lower house, passed a resolution Tuesday instructing Senators Callom and Farwell to vote against the federal election bill. The senate will kill the resolution but the animus of the 77 democrats in the house was shown by a solid vote for it and by the remarks of Springer—nephew of "Bill" Springer—who introduced it and who said:

"If you gentlemen on the other side of the house who represent Chicago expect any favors from this side of the house in regard to the world's fair you must properly record yourselves on this resolution today. I say if your senators in Washington vote for this force bill after this resolution is passed today this side of the house will not vote a dollar for the Illinois exhibit at the world's fair."

CAPTAIN "PHIL" READ, so favorably known in Chicago when a member of General Crook's staff, being inspector of rifle practice of the division of the Missouri, has been roughing it very rough in the Indian country as commander of Company C, Third Infantry. In a letter to a Milwaukee friend he says he is famishing for something to eat, drink and smoke. He wants to build a fire in a hole, crawl in and draw the hole in after him. The gallant captain of the waxed moustache says that his company met Big Foot's band before the fight of extermination six days later, and drolly alleges that Big Foot called him "Big Nose," "Red Head," and "Shoot a Heap."—Inter Ocean.

To have identified his man so that every body would recognize him, Big Foot should have called him "Talk a Little," but perhaps he had not been subjected to "Phil's constitutional attacks."

JUDGE TOURGEE regards David B. Hill as "the coming man" of the democracy and Mr. Cleveland as a "back number." Of Hill he says:

"As a democrat, Mr. Hill unites the boldness of the southern leader with the craft, subtlety and secretiveness of the New York politician. He is bolder than Tilden and quite as sagacious; as subtle as Van Buren and as relentless; as daring as Tweed, as an fathomable in purpose as Thurlow Weed, and as unscrupulous as all of them."

"Intelligently he compares with Mr. Cleveland as a compact vigorous, convoluted brain does with ganglion."

"Mr. Cleveland need waste no more time—he is not likely to expend money—in nursing his 'boom.' Mr. Hill will put a soft, white finger—as slender as a lady's but as strong as steel—upon the tender nursing's throat, and it will be laid away in the mighty charnel-house of hopes that 'died a born.' If Mr. Hill is not the democrats' nominee in 1892, it will be simply because, on looking over the field, he decides that the risk is too great for the investment."

The long promised and much talked of "write up" of Florence and vicinity, which appeared in the last issue of the Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph, was a disappointment to the people of this city. The Telegraph's representative had led everybody to believe that he intended to give the place a truthful and impartial "write up," but instead of doing so, contented himself with simply dealing with the city's history, industries and future prospects in a general sort of way, omitting many important points regarding its undeveloped resources, although succeeding in making quite a number of inaccurate statements, some of which may prove injurious.—Mining News, Florence.

All such are "fakes" and those who pay for them are "suckers." The rule is of general application and the exceptions only prove it. A hack writer hastily gathers such information as he can without too much trouble or expense, and "dumps" it, crude and undigested, into a newspaper article or a boom book—collects his shekels and goes his way to the next town and the article or book to the waste paper pile. The experience of the Florentines is not unique—our city contributed to the Pioneer Press' and Ashland Times' sinking funds in the same manner and with like results. Vive la fake. Who will work the next one?

SIX MILLION TONS, or less, is the estimate of the Iron Trade Review of the L. S. ore wanted in '91. It may be a close estimate; no one can now say that it is low (though we all hope it is), but it is too soon to say that it is not. From the same issue we clip the following:

Regarding the probability of Cuban ores coming into competition with Lake Superior ores in markets now commanded by the latter, we are informed by a gentleman usually well informed regarding Cuban enterprises that such a contingency is not likely to occur this year. The only company now mining and shipping iron ore is sending its entire product to two steel companies east of the Allegheny Mountains, and will continue to confine its shipments to the above works for some time to come. On the part of the other companies owning mining properties in Cuba, it may be said that a vast amount of preparatory work remains to be done, so that it is extremely improbable that any shipments will be made during 1891; and even when shipments begin, they will for the most part be confined to furnaces near the seaboard, at least for a considerable period. At any rate, our informant, upon whose representations we have every reason for relying, positively states that markets now held by Lake Superior ore will most certainly not be disturbed during the present year. This announcement will relieve the market of one element of disturbing, and will, no doubt, have a tendency to strengthen prices to some extent.

REPUBLICAN ABSENTEES and the defection of seven republican senators, let the democrats again take control of business in the U. S. senate and hang up the resolution for the change of rules and the election bill, and both are probably dead. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, joined the "silver" senators to help the democrats.

CLEVELAND ORE DEALERS figure out the requirement of that (the lake Erie) ore market for the coming season at only five and a quarter millions of tons, as the Marine Review understands them. They say the furnaces will want not more than seven and a quarter millions and that the two millions left over from the output of '90 must be deducted. Maybe so; we'll know more about it three months later.

TAUBENECK, one of the three Streeter men in the Illinois legislature, and Rowland, a democrat, exchanged votes last Monday and gave the Palmer men a great joke. Rowland should have voted first, but did not, and when Taubeneck voted for Palmer the democrats thought they had the senatorship and howled themselves hoarse for joy, only to drop dead again when Rowland, on the second call, voted for Streeter. It was cruel and foolish.

Gov. WINANS has no pic nic. No man in the position he occupies could have, but a shrewd politician would get along easier than he. Just now the Grand Rapids democracy is growling savagely—the Leader saying that the governor has, by the manner in which he has used his patronage, "deliberately ignored and insulted the representative democrats of the 5th district," and preferred before them one who is but a new comer and tenderfoot, and without following or influence.

RUMORS which have so far circulated as to have reached the English public through the papers say that Mr. Gladstone will retire from the liberal leadership. When shown such a statement in the Chester Courant he declined either to affirm or deny it.

The Courant says that Mr. Gladstone will retire from the liberal leadership unless public events take a turn not at present anticipated, and that communications of the past fortnight between Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have revealed dissensions which nothing but his withdrawal can possibly heal.

DIEKEMA, of Ottawa, gave Rowland Connor a "neat counter" one day last week. The ex-speaker was urging economy of time and a brief session, when Connor suggested that the session over which Diekema presided, two years ago, "dragged along six months" and that, inferentially, his methods were to be avoided. To which retorted Diekema: "Yes it did and about one third of the six months was taken up on the floor by the gentleman from Saginaw; and he is here again. The laugh was on Connor."

ENGLAND made our pig iron for us in 1861 and the price per ton was \$20.25. Last year we made our own, protection having built up the home industry, and the price was \$18.40. In 1861 we made but 635,164 tons and England made 3,803,390 tons; last year the English output fell short (a trifle) of 8,000,000 tons while the American product was 9,100,000 tons—"all on account of the McKinley bill," of course—certainly because of protection. Is it a bad showing for the effects of the protective policy?

THE "CLOSURE" rule proposed in the senate is in substance just this. When a majority of that body is of opinion that enough has been said upon any measure or question the close of debate may be ordered by that majority, and after each senator who may desire to do so has spoken for another half hour, debate shall end and a vote be taken. And that is what the democrats call a "gag" law. To an ordinary observer there is no more sense in the appellation than in their other use of "a bad name"—calling the election act a "force" law.

NEW YORK democrats, supporters of Mr. Cleveland for renomination for the presidency next year, were jubilant over the "shelving" of Governor Hill by his election to the U. S. Senate, but they are less so now and the "shelving" does not seem so high and secure. They want the governor to resign at once upon the commencement of his term as senator and let L. Gov. Jones and the friends of Mr. Cleveland have the manipulation of state affairs. Gov. Hill does not see the matter in that light; he sees no duties devolving on him, as senator until next December, and therefore no need that he lay aside the governorship on March 4, and proposes to work at governing New York, in the interest of David B. Hill, until his duties as senator call him to Washington, by which time affairs can be well in train for the opening of the campaign of '92, and he's very likely to do as he thinks best about it. The mugwumps and silk stockings who worship the obese gentlemen are no match for D. B. H. in shrewdness or in audacity.

THE FARMERS of Kansas have done, we fully believe, even for the purpose and ends they have in view, a very unwise thing. On Wednesday last, by their representatives in the legislature, they retired a tried and proved public servant, one who had long served the state with marked ability and unswerving fidelity, and chose in his stead an untried man—whose, to represent them in the senate of the United States William A. Peffer rather than John J. Ingalls.

Of the senator elect we find the following brief biography: Bora in Cumberland county, Penn., in 1831; common school education; studied law; enlisted and served in union army during civil war; settled at Clarksville, Tenn., and tried to practice profession after the close of war but was driven out by "social and political conditions;" went to Kansas in 1870 and took up a farm but soon gave his attention to law and became editor; became, finally, editor of "Kansas Farmer" and so a leader in the Alliance and now, as alternative of an ex-confederate (one Harris) its repre-

sentative. In what point he is or can be a better representative of the interests of the farmers of Kansas than Senator Ingalls it is difficult to imagine, and that he can accomplish as much is impossible of belief. If he shall be an advocate of the extreme views of some farmers—such as want the U. S. to lend money on the potato crop, for instance—he can get no hearing in the senate; if he but stands where Ingalls does, as to silver, etc., he can not be expected to do as much to forward the desired legislation. The farmers were not wise.

SUPPOSE that little 7-year-old girl who was so brutally outraged in this city Sunday evening—by a beast unfit to live—were the daughter of a member of the legislature who has always been sentimentally opposed to capital punishment, even for the most shocking and revolting crimes. Suppose that girl should die from her injuries. Suppose a bill to restore capital punishment should come up in the legislature. How would that girl's father vote?—Tribune, Detroit.

ENGINEERING & MINING JOURNAL, in an article on "The Profits of Mining," in the issue of Jan. 24, has the following concerning u. p. copper mines:

In the case of the lake Superior copper mines our statistics are complete, and for that reason the most valuable. It appears that eight of those companies paid dividends to the amount of \$3,415,000, the same amount as in 1889; the Tamarack, \$390,000, an increase of \$150,000; the Quincy, \$320,000, an increase of \$40,000; the Oxtola, \$225,000, an increase of \$175,000; and the Franklin, \$100,000, an increase of \$20,000. The Atlantic paid the same amount as in the preceding year, but the Central paid only \$20,000, a decrease of \$2,000. The Kearsarge paid \$80,000, and declared its first dividend during the year. The market value of these eight lake Superior companies, January 1st, was \$39,845,000, and their dividends of the year were 8 1/2 per cent of this amount. Four of them paid over 10 per cent, and three more than 13 per cent. The Atlantic paid the largest per cent, viz. 19 1/2 per cent. The total dividends paid by this group of mines amount to the immense sum of \$47,187,500, of which \$34,850,000 has been from the Calumet & Hecla.

UPPER PENINSULA.

—Capt. Frank P. Mills, of Ishpeming, has been appointed general superintendent of the Iron Cliffs company, vice Alexander Maitland, of Negaunee, resigned. The appointment was made a few days ago, and will take effect in a short time.—Press, Ishpeming.

—E. P. Kibbee, of Hancock, is now in charge (on a salary) of the Crystal Falls Cycle, or what Taylor left of it. Kibbee has done good service in the newspaper business and history is capable of repeating itself—but will it?—Journal, Iron Mountain.

—We understand that a town site is soon to be laid out at the northern terminus of the Iron Range & Huron Bay R. R. It will have a boom from the start, and with such men as Jas. M. Turner backing it there is not much doubt of its future growth and prosperity.—Sentinel, L'Anse.

—Mr. Alexander Maitland has at last succeeded in having his resignation as General Manager of the Iron Cliffs company accepted and he steps down and out after a continuous service of some 25 years in the employ of the company, during which he rose from the rank of common laborer to the principal position in the gift of the company. That he served the company with fidelity, his advancement from time to time affords ample proof.—Sentinel, Negaunee.

—John S. McLean, sheriff of this county for the past four years, leaves on Tuesday for Escanaba, where he goes to take charge of the blacksmith shop connected with the Cochran roller mills. The Reporter will print smaller pages than heretofore, but more of them.—Reporter, Iron River.

—George Coulter, of Bruce township, was killed by his son William yesterday (Wednesday) and Wm. Coulter is in jail here, having surrendered himself. They had quarreled over the property—a farm—which the old man had once transferred to the son and reclaimed, and the old man was attacking with an axe when the son defended with his rifle, one shot, killing. The family was a quarrelsome one and the outcome not a matter of surprise.—Democrat, Sault Ste Marie.

—Charlton has the plans for our new building, on the old site, ready and it is promised that it shall be ready for our occupation within thirty days. Counting room, job printing room and stock and press rooms will occupy the first floor, and editorial, composing and lunch rooms and Eggers' bindery the second. It will be plastered, inside and out, with adamant and so, practically fire proof, lighted by electricity and heated by steam.—M. J., 26th.

—The committee of the legislature is here and has been feted by the Snow Shoe club. The water board gave the contract for boilers for the new pumping station to the highest instead of the lowest bidder—the public would like to know why?—W. R. W. Baird and Hannah Lewis were married Monday and go to Escanaba, where they will reside. The general land office confirms the rejection by the local officers of six hundred applications to file homestead claims on "canal lands." Messrs. Russell and Hornstein telegraph that they have selected "the finest outfit ever sent north of Milwaukee," which will be shipped at once. Good many cases of diphtheria at Ishpeming but no fear of an epidemic. Ishpeming can have free delivery of mails as soon as the city prepares itself by proper walks and numbering, but those are necessary preliminaries. Our annual statement of the ore outfit was paid at the time of the fire.—M. J., 27th.

—A change of name will be made with the next issue of this paper. The establishment is entirely different from those which characterized its initiatory stages, and we propose to call under different colors. Our new heading will be here next week, and it will be a clipper.—Cycle, Crystal Falls.

[A change of location would be better. The field is too small for two papers].

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.
M. EPHRAIM. ROBERT E. MORRELL.
Ephraim & Morrell,
Merchant Tailors & Furnishers,
HAVE REMOVED TO—
420 Ludington Street,
Where they offer the best of goods, the most perfect fits, the best of workmanship and prompt service.
Give Them A Call
FRANK H. ATKINS.

ATKINS' Winter Stock!
JUST RECEIVED,
COMPRISES
Table Delicacies,
Staple Groceries,
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Canned Fruits,
Cheese, every variety,
Fruits and Pickles in glass,
Tobaccos and Cigars,
Colgate's Toilet Soaps,
A Full Line—the Best Soaps in the market—and everything else in the line of groceries.

IN CERAMIC WARES
Ironstone China,
Chelsea Decorated China,
Dresden China,
Japanese Ware,
Bisque and Terra Cotta,
Bohemian Glass,
Venitian Glass,
Rochester and other Lamps,
Dinner Sets,
Tea Sets,
Toilet Sets,
Bijouterie and Bric-a-Brac.

Fifty Spasms a Day.
Had Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vistula, Ind., lived two thousand years ago she would have been thought to be possessed by evil spirits. She was subject to nervous prostration, headaches, dizziness, backache, palpitation and Aches to Fifty Spasms a Day. Though having been treated by eight physicians for years without success, she was permanently cured by one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. A trial bottle of this new and wonderful medicine, and a finely illustrated treatise free at J. N. Mead's Drug Store, who recommends and guarantees it.
The New Discovery
You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at John Finnegan's drug store 166
—All forms of rheumatism—muscular, sciatic, inflammatory, acute or chronic, cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. 46-m6
—J. N. Mead puts up Flavoring Extracts and so can warrant their purity. Try them. If

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed, is **Absolutely Pure and is Soluble.**
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The Mining Journal company, Ltd., heads the list in the matter of losses. Its machinery and stock was inventoried at over \$25,000 in January and since that date a full carload of paper had been received and other material added to the office. Its \$3000 cylinder press went down in the flames accompanied by a \$900 Taylor cylinder, a \$575 Peetles, a \$375 Challenge and two other presses valued at \$500 each while the fine engine, a Brown folder, cutter and paster and a \$400 paper cutter are now a tangled mass of iron and the finest assortment of book and job type in northern Michigan is wiped out completely. The insurance was \$7,750. The work of ordering a new outfit was commenced last night while the fire was still burning and today a member of the company will leave for Chicago to select a new press. When the new material arrives the Mining Journal will present a handsomer appearance than ever before for no pains will be spared to secure for it the finest and most complete modern dress and outfit procurable. Until then the indulgence of our patrons and readers is asked.—M. J., 23d.

A good joke was told as the other day on Tim Nester, in reference to the state trespass agent department, which Nester, while in Lansing, was seeking for his brother. On the way to the land office Tim "gave away" his business to some of the Ionia fellows, who as once caught on; and while Tim was engaged blowing about his achievements on the u. p. a few of his listeners quietly slipped into the office and secured the appointment for Stowell. When Nester called on Mr. Schaefer he was chagrined to discover that the office he was seeking had been filled just ten minutes before.—Star, Manistique.

The big "coaster," the Cyclone, loaded with twenty or more people, took a sheer and hit an electric light pole Thursday evening. Fortunately no one was killed, but the steersman, Andrew Coffman, was badly and two young ladies slightly hurt. A. W. Graves, the scene and sign painter, and E. P. Kibbee, an old time newspaper man, have taken the C. F. Cycle, on trial, for a month.—Diamond Drill, Crystal Falls.

Wm. Coulter was committed to stand trial on charge of murder for the killing of his father. Mr. Seymour writes that the deal with the English syndicate is in good shape if it does not progress as rapidly as Soo people wish. A Soo line engine was derailed and wrecked on the Canadian side on Sunday.—Tribune, Sault Ste Marie.

Elliott, for attempt to rape, got five years in the Marquette prison and Ward and McDonald, for robbery, four and two, respectively.—Pioneer, Manistique.

General Fremont realized \$1,337,000 from the sale of the famous Mariopos grant. Simon Stevens, the lawyer who managed the business for him, says: "When I took the money to General Fremont, knowing that he was unfortunate in caring for his possessions, I begged him to let me put \$600,000 of it into a trust fund for him, or otherwise invest it, so that it could not be disturbed for a long period of years. He was at first inclined to listen to me, but Mrs. Fremont was full of the idea that it could be invested by him in speculation where it would yield him untold millions, and she carried the day. He speculated in gold through Morris Jetchem and in less than six months he was as poor as when he got his million."

A GALLANT CHARGE.

Brave conduct of the Ninety-third Highlanders at the battle of New Orleans. Amer can valor is annually remembered and honored at Chalmette. It is near the scene of the battle of New Orleans, where American strategem and courage won a decisive victory over British bravery and dash, and is the object of many a pilgrimage throughout the year. Few of the visitors however, are aware that the cemetery stands upon the exact spot where a regiment of English soldiers made a charge that rivals Balaclava for intrepidity and daring. The successors and descendants of the gallant Scots who made the charge—for they were Aibion's men—now propose to erect a monument to those who fell on that occasion, and the interesting event will probably take place on January 8, 1891.

The venerable historian Judge Alexander Walker, formerly editor of the New Orleans Herald in his narrative, "Jackson and New Orleans," writes in reference to the celebrated charge of the Ninety-third: "Kenne, judging very rashly that the moment had arrived for him to act, now wheeled his line into column (it had been, as we have seen, intended as a reserve to threaten without advancing upon the American lines), and with the Ninety-third in front, pushed forward to act his part in the bloody tragedy. The gallant and stalwart Highlanders, nine hundred strong, strode across the ensanguined field with their heavy, solid, massive front of one hundred men and their bright musk glittering in the morning sun, which now began to scatter a few rays over the field of strife. Onward pushed the Tartan warriors regardless of the concentrated fire of the batteries, which now poured their iron hail into the ranks. At a more rapid pace than the other column the Ninety-third rushed forward into the very maelstrom of Carrol's musketry, which swept the field as if with a huge scythe. The valiant Colonel of the regiment, fulfilled his prophecy and fell at the head of his regiment. Major Craigh then took command. Inspired by the example of the Ninety-third, the remnant of Gibbs' brigade again came up with Packenham on the left and Gibbs on the right. They had approached with nine hundred yards of the line.

"At that moment the standard-bearer of the Ninety-third, feeling something rubbing against his epaulet, turned and perceived through the smoke the small neck horse which Packenham now rode. It was led by a sergeant, who seemed to have no use of his right arm. In his left hand he held his cap, which he waved in the air, crying: 'Hurray! brave Highlanders! At this instant there was a terrific crash, as if the contents of one of the big guns of the Americans had fallen on the spot, killing and wounding nearly all who were near. It was then the Ensign of the Ninety-third saw the horse of Packenham fall and the General roll from the saddle into the arms of Captain McQuarr, who sprang forward to receive him. A grape shot had struck the general on the thigh and passed through his horse, killing the latter immediately. As Captain McDougal and some of a men were raising the General, another ball struck him on the groin, which produced an immediate paralysis. He was wounded and dying General was borne to the rear and laid down in the shade of a venerable oak standing in the center of the field, beyond the reach of the American guns. In a few minutes the gallant young soldier breathed his last. The old oak under which Packenham yielded up his soul still stands, bent and twisted by time and many tempests.

"The Ninety-third, which advanced with 900 men and twenty-five officers, could muster but 180 men and nine officers. At this moment Lambert, hearing of the death of Packenham and the severe wounds of Gibbs and Keane, advanced slowly and cautiously with the reserve just before he received his last wound. Packenham had ordered Sir John Tynan, one of his staff, to order up the reserve. As a bugler was about to sound the 'advance,' by orders of Sir John, his right arm was struck by a ball and a bugle fell to the ground. The order was accordingly not given and the reserve only marched up to cover the retreat of the broken columns of the other two brigades."—New Orleans Letter in N. Y. Sun.

My thing, I'll do as you say and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out on the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now then when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

This is how Tony sold the rosebuds; and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it.—Canadian Queen.

MIRABEAU'S LAST WORDS.

Pathetic incidents in the life of France's Great Orator.

The order of the French Government to institute a search in an old cemetery to recover the bones and dust of Mirabeau, reincarnates to the mental vision one of the most remarkable men of perhaps the most far-reaching political epoch in the world's history. Gabriel Mirabeau was born March 9, 1749, and died in Paris, April 2, 1791. The beautiful almost heavenly sounding name, is not suggestive of his personality or of his mission in life. Like the cruel Richard of England, he was born with teeth, "was huge-headed, had one foot twisted, was tongue-tied, and being still further disgraced at the age of three years by confluent small-pox," he grew up, according to the tradition, "as ugly as the nephew of Satan." His life was full of poverty, distress and persecution from his father and his own indiscretions, but he possessed of the most impassioned eloquence and irresistible logic in oratory, he became the idol of the people and the mouthpiece of the revolution. He espoused the cause of the "third estate," and at the end of the royal sitting, June 23, 1789, sent the grand master of ceremonies back to the King with his bold answer: "Go tell your master we sit here by the will of the people, and that we are only to be driven out by the bayonet." He was not hostile to royal power, and when he found that the fearful madness was sweeping away all law and order, he declared himself ready to make any effort to restore the King's legitimate authority to save France. Under-estimated, he passed through all the storms of that terrible time, maintaining that the man who fought for common sense and his country could not be easily conquered. He died in service, occupied his seat in the assembly, March 27, 1791, and spoke five times that day. He had already done herculean work, and this was the finishing blow to his already undermined constitution. On the eve of his death he heard the sound of distant guns. "Have we already," he said, "the funeral of Achilles?" At dawn he addressed his physician. "My friend, I shall die to-day. When one has come to such a juncture there remains only one thing to be done; that is, to be perfumed, crowned with flowers and surrounded with music in order to enter sweetly into that slumber from which there is no awakening." He ordered his bed to be drawn near the window, and looked with rapture at the brightness of the sun and the freshness of his garden. "I carry with me," he said, the mourning for the monarchy; its heralds will now be the spoils of the factions." His body was carried in great pomp by the people to the Church Ste. Genevieve, which was henceforth to be called the Pantheon of France with the inscription: "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." Three years later his remains were taken, by order of the convention, to the churchyard of St. Catherine, the burial place for criminals, while those of Marat were placed in the Pantheon. "How calm, how beautiful comes on the stillly hour when storms are gone." As the spirit of justice steals into the old cemetery in this quiet time to lift up and restore the stone that was dashed to the ground in violence and passion, history embodies a picture full of the thought and hope that as reason grows clearer and sympathy more tender, force will be tempered by the principle of cooperation, and in all the time to come human wrongs be righted by love and not by blood.—The Chaperon.

CONCERNING THE TEETH.

Their Formation and Growth, and How to Take Care of Them.

In a recent lecture on dentistry a noted lady dentist of this city set forth the following facts concerning the teeth:

She said most truthfully that perfect teeth contributed much to the beauty of the face. They set off the features, and when white and perfect are most attractive. But the mere question of beauty is of little consequence compared to the care of the teeth in connection with the health. The incisors act like scissors cutting the food; the pointed eye-teeth tear it, while the bicuspids and molars finish the work, like the grinding of millstones.

It is through the joint action of all the teeth, she resumed, that the food is ground up, ready to be attacked by the digestive organs. If swallowed in large pieces it leads to the breaking down of the digestion. Dyspepsia can be avoided by properly chewing the food.

The tooth consists of the root and crown. The crown only is visible, the root being buried in the jaw. She pointed to a print of an incisor, giving the front and side view, that she might be clearly understood. Then she went on to explain that the crown is composed of a substance called dentine, which resembles bone, and this is covered with enamel as a protection. The cavity is filled with nerve pulp and when the enamel is thin or decayed it is exposed, causing the old familiar pain called toothache.

At birth the teeth exist undeveloped, in the jaw. The erupt on—she did not say cutting—of the first or temporary set occur at the age of 6 or 8 months, the teeth appearing in pairs. When the eruption takes place in July or August it is usually attended by a disturbance of the health. But it is a mistake to attribute all a child's ailments at the time to cutting teeth; it might have cold or bad food might have upset the stomach. Cutting teeth alone, is not a cause of disease, and it is bad policy to let a child go, attributing its illness to this one cause. The temporary teeth do not last long, but should be cared for carefully from the time they appear. The child's mouth should be carefully washed, and as soon as he is old enough to care for his teeth he should be taught to clean them himself with a soft brush and some simple dentifrice, and they should be examined regularly by a dentist. A great deal of mischief is done by permitting them to be removed too soon, or to remain in too long. It causes deformity in the permanent teeth, which come in behind or in front of the arch of the jaw if they are crowded out of place by the temporary teeth.

In the permanent teeth two sources of disease are tartar and decay. Tartar is a substance which collects around the tooth near the gums, which then become sensitive and spongy. In aggravated cases it causes ulceration at the root, which necessitates the removal of the tooth. Tartar can be removed by keeping the mouth scrupulously clean. Decay is caused by particles of food lodging between the teeth, or in the pits and fissures of the molars. This decays, forming an acid which destroys the enamel, and before are developed, which eat deeper and deeper into the cavity. In cases of this sort filling was prescribed. Dead teeth cause disease of the bone and affect distant organs like the eye and ear.

Constant care, constant cleansing and occasional visits to the dentist are the best remedies for all tooth troubles, the best means of improving teeth that are imperfect and keeping them in good condition where nature has been generous in supplying those that may be accepted as models.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

An Exciting and Somewhat Dangerous Undertaking.

The running of the rapids in a canoe is the most thrilling experience incidental to a journey through the wilderness.

The canoe stands erect, with one foot in advance of the other, and with his long iron-tipped setting pole controls the movements of the birch. He does not allow the canoe to go down as swiftly as a novice would suppose he would have to, but "snubs" her along slowly, now and again giving a few vigorous pushes to reach a better channel. Submerged rocks show their location by the appearance of the water which rises over them in a smooth mound, which ends in a wave of snowy foam on the lower edge, as the water seeps on from the sides.

A canoe, if handled skillfully, will clear them by a hand's breadth in safety. Sometimes, finding the water shoaling, it is impossible to proceed, and then the canoe is backed across the stream to a point from which a channel may be selected. At times a bump against a rock is unavoidable, but unless a sharp jagged point or edge cuts the birch, he usually sustains no serious injury. The responsibility of the management rests upon the man in the stern, though the bowman may render assistance with his paddle.

One danger, though it is rather an unlikely accident, is the chance of the setting pole catching between two stones or in a cleft in a ledge, and being wrenched from a canoe-man's hands. In that case, unless he is quick to seize his paddle, the stern will swing around broadside to the current and a capsizing is then unavoidable. This accident did happen once to me, but not being in a bad place a few vigorous strokes of the paddle brought the little craft to a place of safety and the pole was recovered. There is danger too of the pole slipping off a smooth rock and causing the canoe-man to lose his equilibrium.

It may be said that the act of shooting rapids is never unattended by some degree of danger, but when one finds himself in the midst of foaming, tossing water, beneath which he gets on all sides glimpses of submerged rocks and ledges, between which and his own precious body there is only the frail shell of a birch, it is most exciting and exhilarating.

The light canoe tosses like a cork, and receives slap after slap from the waves which wash its sides and dash the spray in the faces of the voyagers, but with a skillful man in the stern one is ever ready to repeat the adventure.

It is true, however, that running rapids is not as many a romantic and art as has been written or pictured; it is the experience as it is often depicted by both pen and pencil would never be undertaken by the most expert of canoe-men, unless with suicidal intent.—Forest and Stream.

ORIGIN OF THE CIGAR.

How It Was First Introduced Into Civilization and How It Is Used in Various Countries.

The first cigars made by the Spaniards were of tobacco loosely rolled and held together by the silken lining of corn shucks and always with a straw running through the center, so as to be withdrawn before smoking, so as to secure a good draught. These were first introduced into England in 1787 by the son of a Spanish grandee visiting London, and from there spread through all Europe. This is the history of the birth of the cigar into civilization, but we must look considerably further back to find the first records, and then can find no origin, but only data of its being in existence.

The cigar of the native Bornean, living in the Indian archipelago, is a back roll three inches long, tapering at either end, the outer leaf covered with a network of gray veins like a cobweb. These might be aptly called "dude killers." They were smoked by the old Dyaks, and the smoke inhaled into intoxication, while at the weddings the bride and groom held cigars in their hands and after their heads were knocked together three times, each placed the cigar between the lips of the other and the ceremony was ended.

When the Patagonian smokes to really enjoy himself he gives a smoking party. All assemble in a hut, seating themselves in a circle, with a bowl of water in the center. A cigar is lighted and passed around, each one drawing into his lungs as much smoke as possible and retaining it as long as he can, lying flat on his face, with his curious cloak thrown over his head. As each expels the smoke he groans and grunts, until a perfect babel reigns. Then a fresh cigar is lit and as it passes around quiet comes again. After the third cigar each smoker sits quietly for a few minutes, takes a drink at the bowl and silently flies out. Religion is supposed to form the basis of this custom.—Providence Telegram.

HOW A DOG SOLD FLOWERS

A Faithful Four-footed Friend Who Helped His Sick Master.

He was only a dog, but a very smart dog indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to bare his trust with his good dog.

Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from very oneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you!"

But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog and said:

"Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal

from me." Tony trotted out on the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now then when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

This is how Tony sold the rosebuds; and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it.—Canadian Queen.

THE LATTER DAYS.

The Time of Life When Naught But Peace Should Reign.

The Psalmist's dictum that the days of man are threescore years and ten will need to be modified in this day and generation. Across the Atlantic Von Moltke, Gladstone and Tennyson are moving thinking, writing and speaking as they did thirty years ago; while the color and brightness of intellectual manhood have not yet left our own Holmes and Whittier, and even Bancroft, the monogermanian, still retains some of his mental foliage. Men have been too apt to look upon old age as something to be dreaded—as a time when they are likely to be treated as trespassers upon the domain belonging to another generation. Thackeray in addressing the "pretty page with a dimpled chin" warns him: "This is the way that boys begin; wait till you come to forty year."

The half-century of life seems far distant to men in the vigor of youth and early manhood; yet the line, "superfluous legs the veteran on the stage," is so mercilessly dinned into their ears that they tremble at the thought of yielding to the inevitable. Dr. Holmes regrets that we can not all go out of flower as gracefully and peacefully as we come into blossom. And then he points out that when women find it easier than men to grow old in a becoming manner; that they keep a great deal of the youthful feelings, and enter into the spirit of the young lives that surround them. This happy condition, no doubt, has come within the experience of many; and yet if all men would only look upon old age as the general Autocrat has done, they would welcome the advancing years as the best inheritance of life. "Nature," says Dr. Holmes, "is wiser than we give her credit for being; never wiser than in her dealings with the old. She has no idea of mortifying them by sudden and wholly unexpected failure of the chief servants of consciousness."—Philadelphia Record.

—Old Fuddy—"George, just look in the dictionary and see what the meaning of syzygy is." George—"O, bother! Why not write to the editor of the Sunbeam and ask him. It will save labor, and besides it will make him think we are literary lights." Old Fuddy—"George, you're a genius that's that's what you are."—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Figg—"Who is that in the parlor?" Laura—"It's Charley." Mrs. Figg—"O, it's Charley! It does seem to me that it is almost time he declared his intentions." Laura—"I think he intends to propose to-night, mamma. I saw a revolver in his coat pocket."—Indianapolis Journal.

BEES HOLD A TRAIN.

The Insects Put the Crew to Rout and Take Possession.

A swarm of bees created a block in a curious manner on the Perkiomen railroad the other day. A freight train running between Perkiomen Junction and Allentown, Pa., stopped to take water at Palm Station, twenty miles north. A swarm of bees from a neighboring farm house had taken refuge in some woods near by, and when the train stopped at the station they came buzzing out and alighted with one accord on the tender behind the engine.

The engineer and his assistant in the engine and the brakeman standing around the train were astonished at the visitation and promptly sought safety in the waiting room of the station. The fireman, William Heist, was on the engine cab at the time busily shifting coal from one side of the tender to the other, and in an instant a hundred bees set upon him. Half mad with pain he jumped off the tender and rolled wildly in the grass at the roadside.

The schedule time for starting the train came and went, but the crew saw no way in which to start. They held a consultation over the problem, and finally a bright idea struck the engineer. Putting it into execution, he crept softly and unconcernedly up to the tender, after the manner of an experienced bee-keeper, and secured possession of the adjustable hose, with which engineers are accustomed to clean up their cabs. He got the drop on the bees, and turned on them a steady stream of cold water. The effect was magical. The entire swarm took to the wings and described a straight line—a bee line—toward the woods. The train then resumed its journey, fifteen minutes behind time.

This incident shows how a little insect may control a thundering engine, and defy the power of steam.—N. Y. Sun.

—Boy (who is about to be punished by his teacher)—"If you whip me, sir, it's you who will be the sufferer, and not I." Teacher—"How so?" Boy—"Because you are not a strong man, and if you exert yourself whipping me, you'll get as weak as a cat."

—Miss Brisque is Cruel.—"My brother was ten years old when I was born," said Miss Paine. "Walk the way you count your years you must have out about eight yourself at the time."—Harper's Bazar.

—A gentleman visiting a school had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the notes the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: "What is inheritance?" "Patrimony." "What is a patrimony?" "Something left by a father." "What would you call it left by a mother?" "Matrimony."

HOW MUCH ARE THEY WORTH?

"My friends," I said, "there lives a man whom greatly I admire. A man whose warm and tender heart glows with honest fire; a man who cheers all those he meets on life's dark, troubled way, and makes them for awhile forget the struggles of to-day. A man with look so bright and kind upon his pleasant face. 'T would almost turn a cynic's mind to love the human race. A man—' But here a friend exclaimed: "We all admire him; but how much is he worth? I ask; oh, how much is he worth?" "I know another man," said I, becoming slightly hot; "who has more wisdom in his head than all of us here got. Who is a shrewd philosopher, a thinker far renowned. For solving weighty arguments and questions most profound. Has studied ancient sciences as well as later themes. Can tell you of the distant star that from its orbit gleams. In fact, my friends, I think that he's the wisest man on earth." "But how much is he worth?" they asked; "pray, how much is he worth?" "There lives," I cried, my temper riled, "as beautiful a maid as ever frizzed her tawny bangs or swallowed lemonade. As ever from her window gazed upon the rising moon. As ever on piano played a weird, romantic tune. She's wise as she is beautiful, as clever she's wise. The poets in our neighborhood do rave about her eyes. She has a winning way, my friends, as she is of noble birth." "But how much is she worth?" they asked; "oh, how much is she worth?" —H. D. Muir, in Chicago Saturday Herald.

THE CARPENTER'S MATE.

Plotting for a Wife, and How It Succeeded.

Twenty years ago I commanded one of the vessels, the Norseman, of the old Alsworth line of Liverpool. She was in the East India trade at the time, and I was about to make my first voyage as master. I had been with her the previous voyage in the capacity of chief mate, and was more than pleased when the firm called me into their private office and offered me the command of the ship. I had just been married, and it is needless to say that I accepted the firm's offer, at the same time arranging to have my wife accompany me on the voyage. "I have a favor to ask of you, Captain Thornton," said Mr. Burlingame, the senior partner, when we were alone, "and I rely upon your honor to keep the matter confidential."

I bowed, and Mr. Burlingame went on: "My daughter Evelyn has become infatuated with one of my clerks, and he has had the assurance to ask her hand in marriage. He has been dismissed from our employ, and I have seen nothing of him since. My daughter has taken the matter to heart, and I have decided to send her out with you on a voyage, in the hope that the change of scene and the companionship of your wife and yourself may bring back the roses to her cheek. Anything you can do to assist in having her forget this wretched infatuation will be appreciated."

I had little faith in my ability to cause Miss Evelyn to forget her lover; besides, as I had just entered the married state myself, I could hardly be expected to sympathize with a plan for the separation of two loving hearts. But I promised to care for the shipowner's daughter as far as was in my power, and the interview terminated.

The following morning my wife and I went aboard the Norseman, which was lying at anchor in the Mersey. At nine o'clock Mr. Burlingame and his daughter came aboard. The latter was a handsome young lady of twenty-two years; but her sweet face was pale and sad, and although she said nothing, it was evident that the thought of leaving home affected her deeply.

Farewells were over, the anchor was aweigh, and Mr. Burlingame, after a parting grasp of the hand and a whispered admonition to "take good care of Evelyn," stepped aboard the tender and returned to shore. We were towed down the Mersey, crossed the bar, and dismissing our tug and pilot bore away toward the Cape of Good Hope.

After we were well under way all hands were called aft to choose watches. As the crew filed by one of their number, a fine-looking young fellow, attracted my attention.

"Who is that young man?" I asked, pointing him out to Mr. Everson, my chief mate.

"Kenneth Gardner; he shipped as carpenter's mate," was the reply.

handsome, manly face convinced me that whatever his reasons were for being on the Norseman in his present capacity, they did not concern me, and I asked him no further questions on the matter.

In due time we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, ran the easting down, and, crossing the Bay of Bengal, sighted one morning the low sandhills and later the flat, sandy coast at the mouth of the Hoogly. We took aboard a native pilot, and were soon lying at anchor at Garden Reach, about seven miles below Calcutta. I went ashore, accompanied by my wife and Miss Burlingame.

During the voyage the young lady had regained her health and spirits, and had become well acquainted with the carpenter's mate. While he took no liberties, I began to feel anxious about the matter, and regretted that the handsome youth was a member of my crew. I pitied the poor clerk left in old England, and meditated on the fickleness of woman.

At Calcutta we loaded a cargo of jute for Melbourne, and put to sea. On the morning of the sixth day out the barometer began to fall rapidly, and as the typhoon season was at hand I felt a little anxious, although there was no indication of danger in the clear sky and the light breeze which fanned the surface of the Indian ocean.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the sky to windward showed signs of a gathering storm. Professional pride told me to crowd on all sail so long as the wind continued fair, but experience whispered that the lives of the ship's crew, my wife and Miss Burlingame depended, to a great extent, upon my seamanship and good judgment. I considered the matter a few minutes, and then, summoning the chief mate, said: "Mr. Everson, call all hands, take in the light sail, send down the studding-sail yards and booms, skysail, royal and topgallant yards fore and aft, and close reef the topsails and courses."

The mate, whose hair and beard were whitened by the ocean blasts of forty years, regarded me in surprise for a moment, then touched his cap and returned to the waist. I could see that the old salt doubted the advisability of the course I was pursuing.

The orders for shortening sail were rapidly executed, and in less than twenty minutes the Norseman was all snug fore and aft. In the meantime the horizon had become overcast with a heavy bank of copper-colored clouds; in the thirty years I have followed the sea I have never seen the elements arrayed in a more terrific line of battle than they were at 3:30 of the afternoon of September 15, 1869.

The hatches were carefully battened down and the watch sent below to secure what rest they might, while I paced the quarter-deck, restless and uneasy. The breeze gradually died out and a dead calm ensued.

The ladies came on deck and chaffed me for shortening sail.

The barometer continued falling, and I again ordered all hands called. A line of foam was approaching on the starboard beam.

"Hard a port!" "Hard a port, sir!" responded the helmsman.

I seized the trumpet and gave my orders.

"Haul up the courses." The command was promptly executed, and the men started aloft to furl. They were too late.

mand of the Norseman; but the agents of Burlingame & Co. were instructed to pay me a full year's salary.

Burlingame died of apoplexy, and as Evelyn was the only heir she inherited all of his vast wealth. To-day the firm of Hiram Holdsworth & Co. own more tonnage than any other in the United Kingdom.—Connell Taylor, in Boston Globe.

THE OCEAN CURE.

An English System for the Cure of Consumptives.

Though the sailing-vessel has gone out of fashion with travelers, it still has its uses and its peculiar excellencies. As a health-restorer, it certainly greatly surpasses the steamer, on which the passenger is hardly at sea in the fullest sense, since the steam-engines, the sight and smell of smoke, the stairways, the carpets and the easy-chairs continually take his senses back to the land.

Lately the use of the sailing-vessel as a means of bringing back health to certain classes of invalids, and particularly to consumptives, has become a regular system in England, and its results have been submitted to thorough and statistical study.

The "ocean cure" for consumptives is practised by English physicians in this way: the patient is ordered to embark at the end of the month of September on a sailing-vessel bound for Australia.

Once past Cape Finisterre—for Europeans, in former times, the "end of the earth"—the traveler may see no land for two or three months. He is far at sea, with little to remind him of anything in his past life, breathing an atmosphere which is free from dust and smoke, and also free from any atmosphere on land from the microbes which often cause disease.

For the most part, he is in a kindly climate, and the slow progress of his vessel accustoms him gradually to such changes of air as he must undergo.

He arrives in Australia in the summer of that latitude. Here he is advised to remain for a month or six weeks, and then to re-embark on a sailing vessel bound for England. Ordinarily he reaches England on his return in June, when the dangers to consumptives from the climate of that country are well nigh past.

Out of fifty-six cases of consumptives, in which this treatment was followed and of which records were kept, forty-four reported marked improvement. In five cases the condition remained the same; in four it became worse, and only one patient died.—Youth's Companion.

VESSELS OF STATE.

The "Richly Ornamented Barges of the Royalty of Siam." The royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi-colored crocodile, or glittering dragons, all red, green and gold.

Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colors, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state; a sort of pagoda with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with colored bits of porcelain and gilded in tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of state.

One of these monsters will carry a towering structure with a throne at the top, upon which his majesty will sit if he comes out to honor the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning draped with the royal standard and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles they travel at a very good pace, driven by the stout, sharp strokes of multitudinous men on each side.

A procession of half-a-dozen such giants following one another, and followed in their turn by smaller but capacious barges, belonging to the chief princes and nobles, makes a grand spectacle on this noble river, and rivals probably the greatest glories attained on our own river: the water pageants of medieval London.—Murray's Magazine.

The Esquippes 8-tiled them. An amusing incident recorded of the Penulara sea seems to prove that even the charms of our beautiful National bapipes fail to soothe these savage beasts. It happened that while one of the Highland regiments was marching across a desolate part of Spain one of the pipers for some inexplicable reason found himself separated from his comrades. Hurling on a lonely plain he sat down to eat his breakfast, when to his horror he saw wolves approaching. When they came very near he flung them all the food he had with him, fully conscious, however, that this meager meal would not stay their advance for many seconds. With the calmness of desperation he then said: "As ye've had the meat ye'll bae the music, too," and thereupon he proceeded to "blow up his chanter." No sooner did his unwelcome guests hear the first "skirl" of the pipe than they turned in wild terror and fled as fast as their long legs would carry them. "De'il bae it!" said the piper; "had I thought ye were so fond o' the music ye wad hae gotten it afore me, instead o' after!" Then hungrily he went his way, not forgetting from time to time to blow a blast so wild and shrill as might effectually scare any prowling foe.—Temple Bar.

Educational Item. First Yale Student—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money? Second Yale Student—Yes. "Got an answer?" "Yes, I telegraphed the old man: 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads: 'In my inside pocket.'"—Texas Sittings.

THE HEIGHT OF COURTESY.

A Pair of Old Ladies Compare Ages on a Street Car.

A street car incident seems to illustrate the unconsciousness of apparent age. An old lady on entering a crowded car caught the strap, and by chance took her stand directly in front of a lady passenger apparently as old as herself.

The possessor of the seat was up in a moment. "Have my seat, madam," she exclaimed, with audible courtesy. "You are older than I am."

"Older than you?" retorted the other, "I beg a thousand pardons for contradicting my elder, but indeed, madam, you are mistaken. Keep your seat."

"But I am sure you are older than I." "And I am equally sure that I am not. Will you be good enough to resume your place?"

"Not while an older woman stands." The situation was growing interesting; but though all smiled, no one seemed moved to relieve matters by offering a second seat.

Both old persons were pretty well warmed up by this time. First one sniffed, and then the other, as old ladies sometimes will when sorely tried.

The vacant seat was still before them. Finally, an overture of peace came from the owner of the seat, the last speaker.

"I don't want to be disagreeable, madam, and if I'm older than you I'll sit down. Let's tell our ages, and the older yields."

The aggrieved woman did not relish this much, but the pressure of an audience forbade a retreat.

"Well, madam," she replied, forcing the semblance of a smile, "I shall be most happy. Will you announce your age? Then I shall take pleasure in telling mine."

"I was born in March, 1817. And you?" "What, March, 1817. Good heavens! So was I. And what day did you arrive, pray?"

"The 7th. And you?" There were bright red spots on the cheeks of both old ladies now.

"I have nothing more to say," was the reply; "my birthday is the 6th. I am much obliged for the seat."

And with admirable dignity she sat down amid considerable laughter.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Knew What He Wanted. Customer—I want some kind of a door spring, one that won't get out of order. Hardware Dealer—A door spring? Customer—Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open. Dealer—Hem! Customer—And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches. Dealer—I see. Customer—And when the door closes I don't want it to ram shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations. Dealer—Yes; you want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently. Customer—That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it. Dealer—No, of course not; you want something simple, yet strong and effective. Customer—That's the talk; something that can be put on or taken off easily; something that will do its work quietly yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order. Dealer—I see. I know exactly what you want, sir, just exactly. Customer—Well, show me one. Dealer—We don't keep door springs.—N. Y. Weekly.



WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25 cent bottle may save you \$100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. HOOKER & Co., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

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J. F. OLIVER,

ALL KINDS OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg

COAL

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Office on Merchant's Dock.

ESCANABA, MICH.

HARDWARE.

Builders' Hardware,

LIME AND HAIR,

Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds,

Garden and Farm Tools,

And all articles of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices,

By W. W. OLIVER, Carroll Block,

408 LUDINGTON STREET,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

LUMBER.

The I. Stephenson Co.,

GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

Office, Tilden Ave., north: Yard, Wells Ave., east: Mills, Flat Rock.

LUMBER of all KINDS.

Lath and Shingles, Dressed Flooring, Siding and Wainscoting.

Escanaba, Michigan

LEGAL.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Marquette, Mich. Dec. 15, 1890.

ORDER OF HEARING. County of Delta, Mich. At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Mich., on Monday the 31st day of January, in the year A. D. 1901.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH. Jan. 19, 1891.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH. Jan. 24, 1891.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY. A pamphlet of information and advice on how to obtain Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, etc.

FILLS THE BILL! AMOUS AVORITE. FAMILY REE PRESS. YOU WANT.

THE WEEKLY DETROIT-FREE PRESS. And its Household Supplement. The largest and most complete newspaper published in Michigan, 12 to 16 pages every week.

THE STATE.

Traverse City will spend \$7,500 in two schoolhouses this spring.

A crazy man who witnessed one of Geo. Ober's representations at Detroit wanted to shoot him but could not borrow a gun.

A Method of Advertising. Over one hundred thousand free sample bottles of Kemp's Balsam, we learn, were given away in this state last year.

An old man who gives his name as R. D. Lewis was picked up, almost dead from cold, at Ypsilanti Monday.

Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup."

Travelers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Conc, a prominent attorney of Parker, Dakota, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with me."

A. H. Daley, one of the oldest and most popular of the passenger conductors on the Central road, fell under his train on Saturday last and was so hurt that he died the following day.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

FOUND AT LAST.

A Case in Which the Unloaded Pistol Was Not Loaded. He sat in the lobby of one of our prominent hotels. His hair was as white as snow, and matted in thin and scraggy locks over a high and creased forehead.

"I have a story to tell. I returned home one day from my place of business. Everything had gone my way that day, among the things a good many dollars, and I felt unusually gay and alightish."

"After a time, it seemed hours, I opened my eyes and put the pistol back."

THEIR HANDS IN THE WAY. A Great Drawback to Young Men in Society. "My dear young fellow," said a society woman of great candor to an awkward, timid young Harvard graduate whom she was to present.

Bullion's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required.

The Wind Made Visible. Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy.

The Teeth of Animals. In the majority of mammals the teeth are limited in number and defined in their forms. The number ranges from one in the narwhal to 320 in the dolphin.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

Gallatin, Tenn., is to put in an electric lighting plant to be run by the city.

An invalid's chair propelled by electricity is among the great novelties. The battery is capable of propelling the chair over an ordinary road for nine hours at the rate of six miles an hour.

No more of this! Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight generally slip off the feet.

FOR SALE. \$1,000. Choice Business Lot. On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills.

BOILERS. STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS. (Established 1865.)

MANHOOD! How Lost, How Restored. Read Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated "Essay on the Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness."

OFFICE. Michigan Office Supply Co. Wholesale and Retail. Bank Fittings, Safes, Office Furniture, Rubber Stamps, Legal Blanks and Stationery.

THE BEST OVER THE WORLD. WALKER HAS THEM, OF COURSE, AND WITH THEM American Watches.

SULPHUR BITTERS. THE GREAT German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. Do you suffer with that tired and ailing feeling? If so, use Sulphur Bitters and you will be cured.

No more of this! Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight generally slip off the feet. THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS." At Retail by Greenhoot Bros., John Corcoran, R. R. Sterling, Ephraim & Morrell, Escanaba.

FOR SALE. \$1,000. Choice Business Lot. On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills.

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HARNESS. F. D. CLARK, DEALER IN. Saddlery, Buggies and Carriages.

ADHESIVE COUNTERS. At Retail by Greenhoot Bros., John Corcoran, R. R. Sterling, Ephraim & Morrell, Escanaba.

CATARRH GOLD IN HEAD. Ely's Cream Balm. Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Always Inflammation. Heals the Sores.

SPECIAL OFFER. for the next 30 days: He will sell Twelve Ideal Cabinets and one, extra, in a Gilt and Bronze Frame.

MONEY. can be earned at any NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live.

REMNANT SALE

COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 12

In all lines of Dry Goods.

Remnants Dress Goods, Embroidery, Laces

Over 1,000 yards of LACES worth from 10 to 25c
a yard to be sold at

Watch this space
next week.



ED. ERICKSON.

Local Metal Market.

Corrected weekly by Erickson & Bissell, Postoffice block.

Sugar, Granulated	per lb.	28
Coffee	per lb.	25 @ 40
Tea	per lb.	25 @ 1.00
Flour	per cwt.	2.15 @ 2.50
Butter	per lb.	20 @ .25
Cheese	per lb.	15
Eggs	per doz.	12 @ 15
Hams	per lb.	12 @ 15
Bacon	per lb.	12 @ 15
Lard	per lb.	10 @ 12
Codfish	per lb.	15 @ 20
Mackerel	per lb.	15 @ 20
Pork	per lb.	15 @ 20
Potatoes	per bu.	1.00
Turnips	per bu.	1.00

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. Wm. Golden visited at Green Bay this week.

—Charlie West arrived, from St. Andrew's Bay, on Sunday.

—"Al" Purdy has "hung out his shingle" at Milwaukee.

—Miss Allie Young, left Wednesday to visit in Superior, Wis.

—R. C. Young returned Wednesday from his visit in Beaverdam, Wis.

—Mrs. Leon Ephraim has visited here during the week just now ended.

—Frank Thompson and wife have visited at Ironwood since our last.

—Mrs. Sam. Harrison is at Chicago for a day or so, shopping and visiting.

—Mrs. Ellison is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ephraim, and other relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Oliver returned from their wedding trip on Saturday last.

—Alec My returned on Monday last from a tour of duty in the woods of Minnesota.

—Miss Effie Northup, departed yesterday to visit at and near Chicago a month or so.

—Misses Kit McLaughlin and Dell Palmer are at Chicago, shopping and seeing sights.

—John O'Callaghan attended the funeral of his late friend and associate on Tuesday.

—J. N. Mead went Monday last to Lansing, to place a bid in the state industrial school.

—R. T. Townsell, of Garden, was in town midweek and visited Iron Port, much to our satisfaction.

—Mr. Lyman, of the First National bank, visited at Chicago, having gone thither on Saturday evening last.

—A. G. Crose has returned from his visit at Battle Creek and is again on duty at the railway freight office.

—Mr. Fry, of the hotel at Metropolitan, was in town on Tuesday in attendance on the funeral of Mr. Atkinson.

—Mr. and Mrs. Donahoe and Miss Stack, of Ishpeming, attended the funeral of H. M. Atkinson on Tuesday.

—Mrs. Keeler and her two children, of Weyerhauser, Wis., are visiting her father, Wm. B. Bacon of this city.

—James F. Foley, of Negaunee, came hither on Tuesday to pay the last tribute of respect to his departed friend, Atkinson.

—Geo. M. West arrived at home on Monday. Tough, to exchange Florida zephyrs for the weather he struck, but business is business.

—Mrs. Myrick, who has visited her daughter, Mrs. F. D. Mead, since the holidays, departed for her home, at Milwaukee, last Wednesday.

—Hon. A. R. Northup was at home for an hour or so Thursday, being in the neighborhood as a member of the committee of the legislature to inspect prison and school.

Enterprise Amusement Association

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Amusement Association, for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the store of Green Post Brothers in the city of Escanaba, on Monday, February 2, at 7:30 p. m.

SOLIMON GREENHOOD, D. E. GLAYIN,
President.

Dated January 12, 1890.

DAVID T. DAY, sept. of the division of mines and mining of the census bureau, will accept the thanks of IRON PORT for census bulletin concerning coal and slate just received.

ARTHUR LINDLEY, a boy of eight years, picking up coal in the railway yard, went under a car, the car was started, he caught under its wheels and killed last Thursday evening. A lamp in Cawenberg's window exploded last Tuesday morning and set the goods and window frame on fire, and spotted the glass, but water was handy and was discreetly used and the damage was but small. The Gun Wa cases are settled—three of the gang paid fines of \$500 each.—Advocate, Green Bay.

LAST MONDAY was the 132d anniversary of the birth of that poet of the lowly, Robert Burns, the "Ayrshire Plowman," and the sons of "Anid Scotia" everywhere, celebrated it with feasting, and oratory and song. From one speech at the banquet at Detroit we clip this:

"Whatever Burns' failings may have been, he has given the world a strain of poetry that shall live on forever."

And from another this:

"It has been said that Burns had his failings. True, he did have his failings; but so, too, has the sun its spots; and such a man as Robert Burns may well be forgiven any failings he might have had; for without these very shortcomings he would not have been Burns."

And to each add a hearty "Amen."

TIN (cassiterite) has been found in Texas and Prof. Comstock, who certifies the fact, is of opinion that it may exist in paying quantities. He gives the following hint to prospectors:

As now defined, the territory in which it may be said that tin is likely to occur comprises a tract about 10 to 15 miles in width and 50 or more miles in length, extending from western Burnett county to eastern Mason county, across the middle of Llano county. The whole of this restricted area cannot be worth prospecting. The most favorable points, judging from the knowledge thus far acquired, are in the region above Barringer Hill and westward, in Llano county, and the country about the headwaters of Herman and Willow creeks, in Mason county.

Hope they'll find it—plenty. It would knock out Mills and convert the state to protection.

BY AN EXPLOSION of fire damp in the Mammoth mine at Scottsdale, Pa., on Tuesday, over one hundred lives were lost and sixty families deprived of their bread winners, and the mine utterly wrecked. The mine belongs to H. C. Frick Coke company and was known to be "fry." It was the duty of the "fire boss" to visit, as each shift of miners go down, the face of each working and test for danger, and Wm. Seath, the man whose duty this was, at that time, had presumably done so but was killed with the rest, and his evidence lost. At any rate, his certificate to the safety of the mine had been sent to the office and is on file; and the inference of the management is that the work of the morning tapped a vein or reservoir of the inflammable gas, that a naked lamp in some miner's hand fired it, and the destruction followed instantly. The mine boss, Eaton, was the only man who escaped uninjured from the pit. Contributions for the relief of the widows and orphans are solicited by Peter Wise, Master workman of the K. of L. of the district.

"IT IS USELESS to hope for a cent from the state towards the expenses of the coming National encampment of the G. A. R.," said Representative William B. Jackson with a serious face yesterday. "A number of the members of the legislature are opposed to a grant, though I for one would be willing to vote for a state grant of \$25,000 to \$75,000, and even \$100,000. But you mark my words, Detroit will not get a cent from the state."—Tribune, Detroit.

And it is foolishness to hope for it. Detroit must put up, itself, or the G. A. R. must cut the encampment down to a strictly business affair—only delegates present and no show or hurrah.

The bids for material for the new lock at the Sault, amounting to a million, were opened by Gen. Poe Tuesday and forwarded to Washington for award.

THE TAMARACK company spent a million or so in dead work before it raised copper. Had Doremus, the Iowa man, been a member of the company he would doubtless have abandoned, when the first yield was reported, to abandon the mine on the ground that the first pound of copper had cost a million dollars and was worth only fifteen cents.

AN INGENIOUS S'YNDLER.

How One Frenchman Used the Exposition Season in Paris.

Many wideawake knights of industry in Paris regarded the "Exposition season" as a most fitting season for "raising the wind" at the expense of unsophisticated persons from rural or foreign parts. Among these sharp-witted, but utterly obnoxious citizens, must be reckoned a man named Souquellet, who has just been tried by the correctional tribunal for having obtained money under false pretenses. Souquellet was an assistant in the shop of a grocer called Hariot, living at Aubervilliers, outside Paris, but he was dissatisfied both with his meager salary and his subordinate position, so he resolved to make a bold stroke in order to set up in business on his own account. Accordingly, he threw off his grocer's blouse, changed his name to that of Duret, and organized in Paris—a scheme for enabling persons at a distance from the metropolis to come up and see the exhibition at a moderate rate, and to find reasonable accommodation during their stay. By promises to pay at an early date, "Duret" induced a printer to set up in type his wonderful prospectuses, which, with the aid of two or three small boys, he distributed at railway stations, having also posted some of them to the provinces and Algeria. In these documents the ingenious Souquellet assured people that, owing to the exhibition, Paris was overcrowded; that hotel-keepers were charging visitors twenty francs a head for cupboards-bedrooms and starvation breakfasts, while some strangers in the city were actually glad to sleep on billiard tables or settees. To remedy this state of things Souquellet, or "Duret," established what he called his comptoir, which was to enable every-body visiting the exhibition not only to see the show and the sights, but also to live comfortably, and at the same time cheaply, while staying in the city. The first victim was an honest colonist from Algeria, who sent the organizer of the comptoir a sum of six pounds sterling as an advance fee for defraying the cost of his journey to Paris and his stay in the gay capital. The colonist, M. Vaucan, waited in vain for his ticket and, at last, wearied out, placed the matter in the hands of the police. Souquellet, alias "Duret," was exposed. His office was in a "sky-parlor," furnished with a table, a chair and an ink-stand. There were also round about the place a few empty wine bottles, which had been sent to the sharper by minor wine-merchants in the country, whom he was also endeavoring to fleece. As regards the scheme by which the artful person hoped to rival the great tourist agencies, it was ascertained that Souquellet had hired two small rooms in a third or fourth-class hotel, in which he lodged some miserable victims. The sharper was condemned to three months' imprisonment.—London Telegraph.

THE ETRUSCAN CIST.

A Word Applied by the Ancients to Every Species of Basket or Box.

The word cist was a common term employed by the Greeks and Romans to designate every species of basket or box; originally a Greek word, it passed without transformation into the Latin. At first the cist would seem to have been a basket or box made of willow and intended for country use for holding vegetables or fruits; like our own affairs of this sort, it was sometimes round and sometimes square. From this limited use the word came to apply to boxes and caskets of all sorts. We find them represented very commonly on medals and coins and in pictures; they held the money of a private person or of a society; they were used for carrying manuscripts or papyri, votes were deposited in them; they were the precursors in the sacred mysteries of the pyx or box which guards the wafer on the altar of the Roman Church, but their most usual employment was a domestic one; they held the toys of children and small articles of the toilet.

There have been found in them all those objects which made up what the ancients called the woman's world—Meadus, Myrtilis, mirrors, hairpins, combs, perfume bottles, sponges, pomade boxes and the rest. It is by no means uncommon to find ivory dice in these boxes, and indeed the miscellaneous contents of the modern feminine work-box, which is the analogue of the boy's pocket, are often prophesied, as it were, in these ancient receptacles.

The cists that have come to us are found in tombs, and by far the greater number of them have come from the necropolis of Preneste (Palstrina) or its neighborhood, where they are found inclosed in the sarcophagi, or in the small boxes made of tufa, which served to hold the bones and ashes gathered from the funeral pyre. Sometimes the cists themselves contain bones; this was not their purpose; it was merely an occasional employment dictated by convenience. We owe the preservation of many of these objects to the fact that they were of bronze, but it is possible that many more may be lost to us from having been made of the oster twigs that were the material of the original baskets.—Studio.

WILLING TO OVERLOOK IT.

(Angrily)—Shadbolt, when a man makes a reflection on my personal character he's got to answer for it. I understand you have spoken of me as a liar and a thief.

(Reflectively)—Dinguss, I don't remember that I ever used those words in speaking of you. I may have alluded to you in a casual way as a chronic dead-beat, but—

(Appeased)—I can overlook that, Shadbolt, but I can't stand calumny. By the way, Shadbolt—er—you haven't got a dollar about you, have you?—Chicago Tribune.

GENEALOGY OF SLANG

The Origin of Peculiar Expressions Now in General Use.

"Laume" is a fellow-citizen of "leather," and meant to beat.

To "soil" once meant to clean and "whittle" used to mean a knife.

"Gollibagger" has a kind of derisive sound to it and once meant bugbear.

"Eager" was once slang, but meant sharp, and was applied to the air by Shakespeare.

To "bluff," meaning to deceive, was used in Northumberland, and meant to blindfold.

"Whopper" was coined across the sea and was equivalent to thumper or any thing large.

"Cranky" in the Dutch meant sickly and was used in Northumberland to express a similar condition.

In 1811 "to crook," meaning to black with soot, was in ill-repute, being sneezed at as an Essex vulgarism.

"Shock" was once synonymous with sponge, and a man who sponged a dinner was said to have shocked it.

To "go snacks" first saw the light of day in Gloucestershire, and meant just what it means nowadays.

In sweet old Suffolk, sure enough, "links" meant sausages and in Northumberland they called a handkerchief a napkin.

"Gob," meaning the mouth, is of Northumberland parentage, and "saaping" is another Northumberland child and means crying.

"Concern," meaning an estate or establishment, which is often hooted at by critics as an American commercialism, is an old English provincial word used in the dear New England way.

"Cach," a word pipe-makers used to denote the residue in the bowl and stem, and which housekeepers apply to rubbish, is a native of Kent, England, where it was born many moons ago.

"Call," as a noun, meaning occasion, right or obligation, as in the expression: "He had no call to do it," comes from Derbyshire, where it was highly esteemed, and had the call above many other expressions.—Gosse's Provincial Glossary.

In an art gallery, two pilgrims pause before a copy of Meissonier's celebrated painting, "1807." Mrs. Newrich—"That's a pretty fine picture. Don't you think so, Josiah?" Mr. Newrich—"Yes, they seem to be doing some lively fightin' thar, that's fact." Mrs. Newrich—"I wonder what the price is." Mr. Newrich—"Thar it is, marked in plain figures—\$18.07. Pears to me they might have made it an even \$18 while they was about it."

They've caught an old rascal, at Grand Rapids, who made a business of marrying soldiers' widows and working their claims for pensions. He is safe for a term in penitentiary but they ought to turn him over to the women for punishment.

Wheeler, of Bay City, sues Davidson, of the same place, for libel, claiming \$100,000 damages. They are rival ship-builders and Davidson has suggested doubts about Wheeler's financial solidity.

Erickson & Bissell,

At their new place of business, corner Harrison and Ludington Streets,

THE OLD GROCERY CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

Complete - Stocks - of - Goods

IN EVERY LINE—

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
FRUITS,
VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

GIVE THEM A CALL.

MEAT MARKET.

Q. R. HESSEL,

Successor to Hessel & Hentschel,

—DEALER IN—

Meats of All Kinds!

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

RIGIDLY INSPECTED.

both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

Every Ounce Warranted.

My predecessors have made a good reputation and acquired a large trade, and I propose to retain the one and increase the other.

Q. R. HESSEL.

LUMBER.

A. H. Butts,

—Dealer in—

LUMBER

OFFICE AND YARD,

Near C. & N. W. Passenger Depot.

A full assortment constantly on hand, consisting of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles,

Sash, Doors and Blinds at Lowest Prices.

Estimates furnished contractors and others on short notice.

GIVE ME A CALL!

DRUGGIST.

GEORGE PRESTON,

—Dealer in—

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Pure Old Liquors

For Medicinal Purposes Only,

Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines,

—AND—

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

302 LUDINGTON ST.

East End

He has on hand, new this season, a full stock of

Wall Paper and Borders,

Panel, Centre Pieces, Etc.

Give the undersigned a call. No trouble to show goods.

GEORGE PRESTON.

Please find number above.