

THE IRON PORT.

VOLUME 14, NO. 4.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

\$2.50 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS,
Surgeon Dentist.
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

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

W. W. MULLIKEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Ludington street, over John Semer's grocery store. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., and 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

D. R. T. L. GELZER,
U. S. Marine Surgeon and U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Applicants for original or increased pensions will be examined on the first Wednesday in each month.
Office, next door west of Dixon & Cook's.
Residence, Elmore St., third block south of Catholic church.
Office hours.—From 10 to 11 a. m., and 12 m. to 1 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m.

I. POMMIER,
French Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
Graduate of Montpellier, France, and of Val-de-Grace (Paris). Late Surgeon of the French army during 8 years. Late Surgeon of the Italian war; Syria and China. 30 years practice in France and America. I offer my services to the people for all manner of sickness and diseases. Old, uncurable cases a specialty.

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

J. W. PINCH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

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

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Ramsack block, 2d floor, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, &c., promptly attended to.

MIL GLASER,
Judge of Probate, Justice of the Peace and Real Estate Agent.
(Deutscher Friedenstrichter. Besorgt die ein castrung von Geldern.)
Collections promptly made and remitted.
Agent for Green Bay Marble Works.

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent

Finer, Hardwood and other lands bought and sold on commission.

FOR SALE, 10,000 acres of Timber and Farming Lands.
Office on Ludington Street, 3 doors west of Wolcott.

HOTELS.
LUDINGTON HOUSE,
LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA.
C. T. Hunt, Proprietor.
Having leased the above named hotel, for a term of years, the proprietor has entirely refurnished it, and reopened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. Good Table! Good Beds! Prompt Attention!

ESCANABA HOUSE.
Albert Sieman Prop'r.
This house has been entirely refitted and refurnished and is now open. A share of public patronage is solicited and assurance is given that no pains will be spared to deserve it.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

HANLEY'S
Is now open and offers the PLEASANTEST QUARTERS, THE BEST TABLE and the MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE of any hotel in Escanaba. Commercial travelers will find this house especially adapted to their wants.

SHELTON HOUSE.
FAYETTE, MICHIGAN.
New House, New Outfit, Pleasant Rooms and Good Table. Easy terms to summer visitors. Stables connected with the house.
JOSEPH HARRIS, Prop'r.

WASHINGTON HOUSE.
COR. THOMAS & WOLCOTT STREETS.
N. Jager, Prop.
This house is entirely new, is newly furnished throughout, and has accommodations for eighty guests.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

LIVER HOUSE,
TILDEN AV., ESCANABA.
G. E. Baerisch, Proprietor,
Refurnished throughout! Centrally located! Good Stabling! Low Rates!
Give it a Trial!

BUSINESS CARDS.
C. J. SWAN,
WATCHMAKER,
Will sell, through the month of December, his entire stock below cost.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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

Holiday Specials.

—Godley—Holiday Books.
—Christmas Beef, at Bitter's.
—Christmas Candles at Mead's.
—Oysters and Celery at Purdy's.
—Buy the boy a sleigh at Oliver's.
—Toys till you can't rest, at Burns'.
—Carving Sets, at Dixon & Cook's.
—Table Silver at cost at Stegmiller's.

—For Cider, try Peter Semer. He has it.
—Purdy has Oranges, Grapes and Apples.
—Car-load of Organs and Pianos at Burns'.
—Godley—Games, Toys, Cards (all kinds).
—Toys and Christmas Goods at cost (to close out), at Burns'.

—Paul Kelly has seventy-five barrels choice apple Cider for sale.
—Burns' Bazar stands at the head—largest stock of Toys in town.
—Largest stock in town of Cloaks, Dolmans and Saques, at Burns'.

—For appropriate and valuable Christmas gifts call at Greenhoot's.
—Godley—Writing Desks and Stationery, standishes and desk-weights.
—Cheap! What? Why, every article in Gagnon's store, during the holidays.

—For the ladies. Shell-work baskets and boxes—fragile, but beautiful, at Mead's.
—You owe yourself a bath and a clean suit on Christmas. Draw on Haring for both.
—Half-way House, Ogontz: 15 miles from Day's River: meals and stabling; A. Gammon.

—Cups and Saucers for holiday presents—Dolls—dolls' furniture—dolls' dishes, at Mead's.
—Slippers, for the Christmas and New Year trade, in great variety and at very low prices at Erickson's.
—The nicest, most acceptable present one can give a friend is a beautiful photograph, such as Wixson furnishes.

—Skates, for boys or girls, for young ladies or young gentlemen, a dozen sorts, at prices to suit, at Dixon & Cook's.
—Silk Handkerchiefs, silk and worsted Mufflers, Collars, of silk and lace, and linen collars and cuffs, at holiday prices, at E. E's.
—Mead's Christmas counter has stood the draft so far, and still offers many attractions. The only way to get an idea thereof is to see it.

—Mills' toy Ranges for little housekeepers—the finest Christmas gift possible for your ten-year-old daughter—can be had of Dixon & Cook.
—Cartigan Jackets for gentlemen; Knitted Jackets and Hoods for ladies and misses; appropriate articles for Christmas presents, at Greenhoot's.

—Toys! Yankee toys—of tin—English toys, of iron—French toys, of papier-mache—Swiss toys, of wood (miracles of carving)—Japanese toys—at Mead's.
—Godley—miscellaneous articles of every kind. Walking-sticks, razors and cigars for the gentlemen; coin bags, scizors and albums for the ladies, and dolls, toys and candies for the children.

—We had it in mind to mention that "bottle of fizz" again, but Nick swears he won't pay ten cents a line for duns. He'll serve Budweiser, Kaiser, Culmbacher or Tivoli at 25 cents a bottle though.
—Ed. Erickson is prepared to meet the demand of every customer whether it be for a yard of tape or a wedding outfit and he positively declines to "take a back seat" in the matter of prices. Remember that, ladies.

—Greenhoot offers, as heretofore, the largest assortment of Dolmans, Cloaks and Winter Wraps for ladies and misses, in the place or vicinity, and offers them every article, at prices to suit the times, irrespective of cost.
—To our subscribers: When you renew your subscriptions to the PORT put another half-dollar with it and we will see that you get the Detroit (weekly) Free Press for a year. If you don't want it yourself you can have it sent to some friend.

—Atkins & McNaughtan offer holiday goods like the rest, only on a grander scale. Instead of a crockery cup they offer a Sevres vase—instead of—but we won't be invidious—they offer their whole stock of Dresden and Sevres China; of Bohemian Glass and Crystal; of Faience and Majolica, for holiday presents, and, they add, "they've got to be sold," and will make prices to sell them.

—Oh yes, I forgot! Three "jump-seat" double and single Cutters, just as you please. Jump-seats are those that jump out of the way and jumps back again when you want it. Lots of Stoves left over that are not paid for. Now come right forward and buy a stove, whether you want one or not, and see how cheap you can get it. It will help me out at the same time. W. J. WALLACE.

Sand.

BEAUTIFUL New Year's cards. Call and see them.

THERE will be midnight services at St. Joseph's church on Christmas eve, commencing at 11.30 p. m.

MARRIED, at the Methodist parsonage, by the Rev. B. S. Taylor, on Thursday evening, Dec. 21. Alfred Morton and Emma Hage-lund, both of Escanaba.

THE ice made so fast that Capt. Winegar had to get out of the bay, with the Brower, on Monday last lest she be kept here all winter. And she is to lay up here after all.

THE person who sent us the bit of scandal from Ford River forgot to sign the postal card. No go. Good item if we had any authority for it, but not worth a cent without.

THE new boat that Capt. Hank Hart is negotiating for is the Riverside, a 300-ton propeller of light draught and good speed. We hope he'll get her—that is, if she suits him.

THE firemen will give their annual masquerade, as usual. The day is not yet fixed, but will not be earlier than January 25. Costumes will be provided and no pains spared to make the affair a success.

WE are under obligations to Charles E. Wright, commissioner of mineral statistics, for a copy of his annual report for 1882. It comes just as we go to press and we have time for this acknowledgment merely. We shall give the report more extended notice next week.

CAPT. NAPIER, of the Brower, stepped into our office on Tuesday morning and reported the Ella Burroughs, steambarge, from Manistique for Milwaukee, light, at Washington harbor on the preceding night. Capt. Napier had been skimming around the islands, on Monday, collecting fish for Winegar & Burns.

OUR thanks are again due to Jas. Hahn, representative here of A. Booth, for a supply of "sea food" consisting of oysters, scallops, and eels. As the latter are a favorite dish with us we offered to share with Harry, our foreman, but he, after looking at them, declined the offer saying that they were "too long and too round."

WE find in the Cheboygan Democrat an announcement that Dominic Harran, Capt. Tom Hawley and others, of Green Bay are negotiating for the purchase of the Pearl, a side-wheel steamer of 500 tons burden, intending to run her, during the season of '83 on the route between Green Bay and the Straits. Hope its true—the more the merrier.

SHERIFF OLIVER, having heard of Felix Labriola of the Calumet iron mine, went thither after him on Wednesday. On his entering the boarding house Labriola leaped from an upper window to the ground and succeeded in escaping arrest. He was fired upon and, it is said, wounded, and the sheriff expects to take him in at some point on the Menominee river railroad.

WHEN we began writing up Delta county we thought we should have to print a hundred or two "extras" for our friends to send "outside" but the result puts our expectations on the top-shelf, in the darkest corner. We have been called upon for—for one copy, by the commissioner of immigration. Public-spirited, energetic, far-seeing crowd, our folks are. No wonder the town grows.

HERE'S a communication which was entrusted to us to forward, and, as we do not know the post-office at which to catch the person addressed we publish it. If the five-year-old does not get his "sleigh and skates" he can conclude that Santa Claus is a humbug:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—Please to bring me a sleigh and a pair of skates. Good bye.
Yours truly,
GENIO.

MR. HILL is managing his jumping operations badly. The fault is probably in his choice of lieutenants, who have no better sense than to "squat" their dupes one on top of the other. A case in point was the "squatting" of three persons by one of his henchmen named Weimer upon the same forty (the fools paid him twenty dollars each for the service), and another the placing of a newly-arrived German emigrant, within two weeks after his arrival in the country, upon another tract belonging to a citizen of this place. Mr. Hill must do his work better or he will have no fight at all, instead of a long one.

THE men who engineer the claim-jumping operations about Iron River defend their action by the thieves' plea—"somebody was sure to do it; as well as us others." The plea won't save their reputations, if they had any. They attempt to possess themselves of the fruits of other men's labors without remunerating those men. In what (as a point of morals) do they differ from the man who finds another, helpless, say from intoxication, and "goes through" him? Each takes what he has not earned because the man who has earned and is in possession is powerless to prevent. In point of law there may be a difference; in morals there is none. On the high sea such an act is piracy—on the land it is robbery. That's the plain, blunt English that describes it best.

WE have just received a quantity of New Year's cards which are at the service of our friends "for a consideration."

THE young ladies of St. Joseph's Sodality will give a dancing party at Mechanic's (McKenna's) hall on Friday evening next, Dec. 29. The announcement, merely, should sell every ticket offered and fill the hall.

THE ladies of St. Joseph's Sodality will conduct a two days' fair, on Wednesday and Thursday next, Dec. 27 and 28, at McKenna's hall, for the benefit of their society. The dancing party elsewhere mentioned, is the wind-up thereof and we bespeak for them a liberal patronage; they deserve it.

THE snow that fell on Tuesday "licked" the roads admirably, but the rain of Wednesday ruined them again. And then, on Thursday, more snow, three or four inches, and the wood haulers and loggers laughed again until towards evening when it rained and their under lips began to hang once more.

WE are told (on how good authority we know not) that the title to the lands on which the Republic mine is situated is invalidated by the "Joslyn decision." We can almost hope the report true; for, while we have every confidence that the congressman-elect will do all that lies in his power to promote justice and establish right in any case, he, and every man, will fight best in a case that is his own.

PINE lands owned by Wakefield, of Oshkosh, and Sawyer & Goodman, have been jumped by Weimer's squatters and notice served on the men engaged in lumbering thereon to cut no more logs. The notice will be disregarded, of course. The effect will be to cause the owners to cut all the timber on those tracts at once, and there are too many axes there for the Hill-Weimer squatters to tackle.

THE aggregate of taxes to be raised in the township of Escanaba is \$21,241.65, for the following purposes: for the state, \$978.09; for county county expenses, salaries of officers, care of poor, etc., \$5,228.78; for the court-house fund, \$2,178.64; for schools (the 2 mill tax included), \$8,866; for roads and bridges, \$1,901; for township expenses \$1,421.40. It's a good bit of money, but what item could (or would) we save on?

CHAS. J. HENRI & Co., also write us, to the effect that their is not a "bucket-shop" but a "regular commission house" and that the gambling operations which they propose in their circulars constitute "a branch of their regular business." Our only doubt is about the "branch" business. We judge from their advertising that the gambling is the "business," regular or otherwise, and the commission house the branch or cloak, and we renew our advice—let them alone.

DURING the summer past the question of a city organization to take the place of the existing (village) government was quite generally discussed and, we believe, very generally approved of. If the change is to be made it is time something was done towards it. The legislature will be in session soon and our representative should have the matter in his hands so that the necessary legislation can be inaugurated at once. Shall it be? If so somebody must take the matter in hand, get up the petitions, draft the charter, etc.

OUR readers in town have doubtless noticed the arrangement contrived by Ackerman for filling his water-cart—an inclined trestle with the lower end under water and the upper high enough to discharge the water from the cart that runs upon it into his cart through a tube made of stout cloth. This tube is a joker—a trap, and one day last week caught a hoodlum. The youngster, as usual was looking for something to keep his faculties in play and spying the bag or tube thought it might be fun to jump through it from the top of the trestle to the ice below. To think was to act and in he went and through—as far as the hips' only. The rogue of a bag tapered towards the lower end and the fun was outside, not inside, where the boy was held fast like a cork in a bottle, kicking around for a foothold but utterly unable to get forward or back, to use his arms, or to do anything but kick and howl. To that he addressed himself vigorously until he attracted the attention of John Roemer, who split the bag and released him, scared half to death, but uninjured.

IT has been said to us that we were unfair in that we gave so much attention to the doings of the Washington land-pirate and failed to mention similar proceedings on the part of our neighbors; to which we can only reply that we shoot at the game we see. These objectors charge that J. S. McDonald, of Fond du Lac, and A. Mathews, of Marquette, operators in land; the former the man who backed John D. Ross in his claim-jumping operations and the latter a dealer in lands and land scrip and formerly of the firm of Mathews and Longyear, are as deep in the business as Hill, and are capable of more mischief (being better acquainted with the locality) than he. Again we say, we hit at the head we see. If the men named are engaged in the same operations as Hill and Weimer, every word we have said or may say in reprobation of the course of the Washington and Iron River men applies with equal force to those of Fond du Lac and Marquette and we have no more hesitation in applying it to one than to the other. Robbery is robbery, whether committed by comrade or stranger.

If any politician attacks the whisky and tobacco taxes write "demagogue" opposite his name. You'll "have him down fine."

THE steamer Michigan, of the Goodrich fleet, has been thrice driven back to Milwaukee, during the month, while attempting to reach Grand Haven.

If the ladies desire to make any announcements at receiving on New Year's day, they have but to send us their names. We will publish the list on Saturday next.

THE big lake, up north, is not nice yachting ground in December, but it does not freeze yet. The schooner Alice Craig arrived at Bayfield on the 9th, from Isle Royale, with a fishing crew and a thousand barrels of fish. The Bayfield Press naively remarks that "it was rather a valuable cargo to risk, the fish being valued at \$6,300." The fishermen don't count it seems.

HUBBELL is not a candidate for the senatorship. His hope is to make his power felt by defeating Mr. Ferry, and, just to make Mr. Hubbell understand, once for all, that he has no weight in Michigan politics—that the state repudiates him as the 11th district has—we want to see Mr. Ferry re-elected. Hubbell takes a good deal of killing, but we think that would finish him and we want him finished.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Perkins, asks us to say a few words about the killing of deer out of season. All right; here they are: Put a stop to it by making complaint in every case that comes within your knowledge. That's the only way we know. The fellows who shoot deer or catch trout out of season are not readers of the IRON PORT, so words of ours to them, would be wasted. Enforce the law against one or two of them and the rest will be warned.

If "Mamie" does not get her desires on Christmas morning it shall not be our fault. Her letter, which we print below was addressed to "Santa Claus, Escanaba," and the postmaster, for fear Santa would not call for it in time, turned it over to us:

ESCANABA, Dec. 14, 1882.
DEAR GOOD SANTA CLAUS:—As it is getting so near Christmas and I do not know if you are going to bring me some Christmas presents or not, but I hope you will. Now dear Santa Claus, I will tell you what I would like to have. I would like very much to have a nice new cloak and a nice new hat and a pair of new shoes, and a nice big Christmas tree full of presents for me and my little brother. I do not care what you put on the tree for us. We will be very thankful to you for everything you bring us. This is all, dear Santa Claus, hoping you will not forget us all.
MAMIE H. PIERCE.

ANOTHER of Governor Begole's selections (if rumor tells the truth about it) pleases us. It is said that he will appoint Mr. Swineford, of the Mining Journal, commissioner of mineral statistics in place of the present incumbent, Prof. Wright. It is an office with the appointment to which politics should have nothing to do, but no matter about that, Mr. Swineford is probably the best-posted man in Michigan with regard to the mineral wealth of the state—the duties of the office are right in the line of his professional work and he would discharge them well. If the pay is no better than that the state gives its other servants the place is worth nothing, but Mr. S. would make its duties a labor of love.

MR. JOHN B. WEIMER, the agent and tool at Iron River of "that gentlemanly land-pirate" Mr. W. C. Hill, of Washington, sends us his compliments and word that if we will come to Iron River he will "squat" us on one hundred and sixty acres of land carrying a million of pine. Thanks, Mr. Weimer. We remember to have read of an individual whom you in many respects resemble, who made a somewhat similar offer to another individual (whom, we regret to say, we do not greatly resemble). "All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" Mr. Weimer's great exemplar offered the Nazarene; being as liberal with other people's property as is Mr. Weimer himself. The offer was (and is) declined. Were we disposed to steal pine or iron we would try to conduct our own thievery without Mr. Weimer's aid or that of his master Mr. Hill, preferring to serve their master, the devil, if at all, directly.

THE January Atlantic is received. Its contents are Longfellow's poem, dramatic, "Michael Angelo"; first part; "An Appenine Valley"; by Harriet W. Preston; chapter II of Hawthorne's "Ancestral Footstep"; a poem by Whittier, "A Summer Pilgrimage"; "An After Breakfast Talk," by Holmes, who will contribute frequently during the coming year; "Wagner's Parsifal," by Charles Dudley Warner; "A Parallel," octant, by Edith M. Thomas; chapter IX of "Studies in the South"; "Wild Honey," a poem, by Maurice Thompson; a short story, by L. C. Wyman, entitled "A Stranger, yet at Home"; "Chance Days in Oregon," by H. H.; a study of Bjornson, by an anonymous author; "Andrew Jackson and John Randolph"; the Contributors' Club, and Books of the Month. We gladly welcome Dr. Holmes and anticipate a feast of mingled philosophy and humor in his "after breakfast" talks. It is "like old times" to find him again, in the same old vein, only riper and richer, in the same old place. May he live a score of years yet, and his pen-hand never grow weary. For the Atlantic address Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, or try the nearest newsman.

DELTA COUNTY.

The township of Masonville comprises towns 41, 42 and 43 north of range 20 west, and towns 40, 41, 42 and 43 north of range 21 west, being the valley of the Whitefish river and the high lands adjacent. It lies directly north of the head of Little Bay de Noquette and contains 159,160 acres of which 31,700 only are of the first class, 69,300 of the second and 58,100 of the third. The third-class lands in this township are largely cedar lands and valuable—are in greater proportion in the towns of range 20 than in those of range 21, the town having the greatest proportion being 41-20, which has 10,500 acres of these lands and but 1,500 of the first-class, but a large body (11,000 acres) of good second class. The pine lands are in greatest proportion in 42-20, where there are 15,200 acres, but the whole township carries (or has carried)—lumbering operations have been carried on in it for forty years) pine in greater or less quantity. The largest body of first-class land is in the north-west corner town of the township, 43-21, which has 13,000 acres; 42-21 comes next with 6,700 and 41-21 next, with 4,600. The supply roads of the lumber concerns are good roads in the winter and can be made, with reasonable expense, all-the-year roads. The C. & N. W. railway company is owner of much land in this township and the pine lands are nearly all in private hands, but there are both state and United States lands which can be acquired in the ordinary manner. In 41 and 42-21, especially, the state holds large areas of lands for derelict taxes, chiefly pine lands which have been cut over and abandoned. Much of this land, though light, is fertile and easy to clear, and can be procured very cheaply. The western towns of the township are easily accessible from the line of the railway.

The township of Maple Ridge is the north-west corner township of the county, and consists of the north half of towns 42 ranges 22 and 23 and towns 43 of the same ranges. It is drained by the Rapid, Tycoosh and Day's rivers, and traversed, diagonally, from southeast to northwest by the railway. Baldwin, the township lying south of Maple Ridge, consists of the south half of towns 42, ranges 22 and 23; towns 41 of the same ranges, and town 41, range 24. The two townships contain 161,000 acres of which more than one third (55,700 acres) is of the first class, 63,700 of the second class and 41,600 of the third. The third class lands are the pine-lands and are (while far from worthless) the least to be desired of the lands of the county, but the second-class lands are good and, because of their accessibility, are desirable, while the first-class are the finest of their class and the timber which they carry, now in much demand for charcoal for the furnaces at the north and daily appreciating in value, will not only keep bread and meat in the house, but be a source of wealth while the farm is making. These townships shed the water both ways—east into Day's river and the Rapid and west into the Escanaba. In both the railway company is the great proprietor, but there are still homesteads to be found, and state lands, and near them schools and society. These townships ought to fill up rapidly—would do so if there were any efforts put forth to draw immigration hither—will, finally, the question being only "how long first." Every crop that can be made in this latitude can be made on these lands, and for everything that a farmer has to sell, from a dozen eggs to a car-load of potatoes or a ton of hay, there is a market at his door at the top prices.

Board of Trustees.

Regular monthly meeting of the village board, held at the clerk's office, in the village of Escanaba, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 19, 1882. Present: Justin N. Mead, president, and trustees Conolly, Stuck and Wickert. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. A communication was received and read from engineer of fire engine, asking that provision for fuel be made for use of the fire department. The communication was placed on file and the chief engineer instructed to purchase fuel at as reasonable a rate as possible and report to this board at its next meeting. The bond of Edward LeDuc, as a retail liquor dealer, was presented and on motion allowed.

A petition of tax-payers and citizens was received praying for the appointment of Eugene Fish to the night-police force. Said petition was filed and further consideration thereof postponed until the next regular meeting.

It seeming expedient to the board to reduce the night police force, by a unanimous vote of all trustees present the services of night policeman John R. McDonald were dispensed with from date.

The following claims against the village were presented, referred to the finance committee and ordered paid, to-wit:
B. A. Anderson, 2 cords wood for fire dept. \$ 5 00
Peter Noest, work and labor on streets. 12 00
Dan. Tyrrell, " " " " " " " " 10 00
P. Buckholder, " " " " " " " " 10 00
Erna Valantine, " " " " " " " " 10 00
Jos. Richards, " " " " " " " " 10 00
Adolph Godwin, " " " " " " " " 10 00
John across, " " " " " " " " 10 00
James Carroll, " " " " " " " " 10 00
Jos. Cheverier, shovels furnished for streets. 7 50
George English, team at fire. 4 00
Henry McCall, services as marshal, Dec. 1881. 10 00
Columbus J. Provo, services. 5 00
James Powers, team at fire. 5 00
On motion, carried, the board adjourned.
E. M. GLASER, Clerk.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A paw in Dr. John Hall's church, New York, sold the other day for \$2, 600.

A Massachusetts woman has made a bequest of \$2,000 to Boston University "for the purpose of clothing worthy theological students."

In Prussia they appreciate the value of health and the necessity of exercise to maintain it. The minister of education has ordered that the boys in all the schools be made to play athletic games.

The "Staging Pigeon" (Phillip Phillips) and his son, who now sings with him, are shortly to return home, after a successful tour of song throughout the British Isles. Mr. Phillips and his family will visit the West Indies until April next.

From March 1 to November 1 the American Sunday School Union established 498 new Sunday schools in the Northwest and brought 2,028 teachers and 16,190 scholars into them, besides aiding 1,033 old schools, which have 5,149 teachers and 44,103 scholars.—Chicago Times.

The First Presbyterian Church in New Albany has a deacon, John Bushnell, who has held that responsible and honorable office for fifty years. A few evenings ago the ladies of the church celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday as a mark of respect to his integrity and Christian character.—Indianapolis Journal.

Tight lacing has often been attacked as injurious to the health, but now it is said to be injurious to morals. A Philadelphia parson recently preached a sermon on the subject, and argued that the divine truth could not find its way into a heart squeezed and tramped by corsets.—Philadelphia Press.

The teachers in the public schools at Indianapolis have been in the habit of sending out pupils to ascertain the whereabouts of absentees. By entering houses where scarlet fever was raging several of the scholars contracted the disease, and now the School Board propose to put a stop to such use of the pupils.

It is said that a curious old gentleman in New York has been collecting sermons until he now has about 12,000 of all sorts. He began nearly thirty years ago. He laid up bound volumes at first, but later he preserved the sermons he found in pamphlets or fully printed in periodicals. In order that he might arrange his material, he learned book-binding, and for all these years he has given his nights and holidays to the work of arranging, indexing and systematizing his material.—N. Y. Times.

Chunder Sen, the leader of the Free Brahmins in India—an almost Christian sect, opposed to idolatry and caste—is a man of unusual attainments. He is a graceful orator, both in English and Bengalee, and a profound scholar in the philosophy and sciences of Europe. He has traveled much, having visited London and been presented to the Queen. Personally he is of striking and handsome appearance, being more than six feet tall, and in the prime of life. He is very wealthy, and at his own expense maintains a large church in Calcutta, and edits and publishes a paper called The New Dispensation.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A Boston flirt, on receiving an offer of marriage, rushed into the hall and called up stairs, "Mother, am I engaged to anybody now?"

Metamorphosis extraordinary: A young man who was supposed to be uncommonly soft, has been found running away from his tailor as hard as possible.—The Judge.

That's a lovely necktie you have on," she remarked. "Glad you like it; I thought it rather neat myself." "Yes, it would look so well in the silk patchwork quilt I am making."—Elevated Railroad Journal.

The mushroom crop is so scant this fall that gatherers think there is mushroom for improvement. Meanwhile hasty pudding is a safer thing to put on your table. Hungry children have lots of mushroom.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

"How can I keep the cattle from breaking down the fence to get into my garden at night?" said an Austin man to a neighbor. "That's easy enough." "But how can I keep the cattle from breaking down the fence?" "By leaving the gate open."—Texas Siftings.

The sting of a bee, it is said, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful magnifying glass, is scarcely discernible. But the trouble is that when a man gets a bee sting, he forgets to compare it with a needle; hence it always is discernible, and by a large majority.—Boston Transcript.

"'Tis a poor rule that does not work both ways. Yesterday I was at a dinner party, when a glass of wine was spilled on the table. Herr Meier put some salt on it and no one said a word. Subsequently the salt-dish was capsize, and I poured a glass of wine on it, whereupon I came near being thrown out of the house."—Fliegende Blätter.

The smallest county in Pennsylvania is the most modest. Its strong point is its lack-of-rainy. The most evenly balanced county in its profit and loss account is Loe-earn. The rag-pickers' county is Alley-gainy. The most stalwart county is Arm-strong. The most disreputable county is Snider. The dearest county for education is Schuyll-kill.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An humble Sausage thus Addressed a haughty Seal Skin sack: "How does it happen, my Friend, that you do not recognize me, when it was only Two Months ago that you Used to Skin up a Tree whenever I approached?" To this the Seal Skin Sack saucily Replied: "You had None the Better of Me then, Mr. Sausage, for while I was Skinning up the Tree, you forsook Were Sailing down the Street with a Tin can tied to your Tail."—Denver Tribune Fables.

Then you are thinking of building a residence next season?" suggested Flub to one of our heavy pockets. "Yes I thought I should get up something in that line." "What style of architecture—Gothic, or Doric, or Corinthian, or—?" "O, a little of everything. My wife inclines to the Mary Ann style; but I guess I'll put up a genuine Betty Jane cottage, with a piazza all around it. That'll suit me well enough."—Chicago Times.

Respect of the Ancients for Animals.

In ancient Egypt, when a cat died in the house, the inhabitants shaved their eyebrows; if a dog died they shaved their whole body. In Athens, one of the laws of Triptolemus declared that no one had a right to inflict a wrong upon a living creature. The Greeks were aware of the tender and affectionate care which the young of the stork exhibited for their old parents, and recorded that, when the latter lost their feathers from age, the young stripped themselves of their down for them, and fed them with the food they collected. This was the origin of the Greek law called "the law of the stork," by virtue of which children were obligated to take care of their aged parents, and those who refused to do so were declared infamous. How different is it in our modern societies! Plerquin remarks with reason that, as man rises, he treats animals as if they were correspondingly degraded. For a long time they had the same rights. During the middle ages they were allowed a part in religious ceremonies. At Milan they figured in the festivals of the kings; and processions of animals appear in the bas reliefs of the cathedrals of Strasburg, Mans and Vienne (Isere). On Holy Wednesday all the clergy of the church of Rheims went to Saint Remi to make a station there; the canons, preceded by the cross, were arranged in two lines, each drawing a herring after him with a cord; and each one was intent upon saving his own fish, and stepping upon that of the canon in front of him (Antiquit. "Histoire de Rheims"). At Paris, the procession of the fox was as much enjoyed as the festival of the ass. The animal, dressed in a kind of surplice, wearing the mitre, had his place in the midst of the clergy; a fowl was put within his reach; he often forgot his pious functions to spring upon the bird and devour it in the presence of the faithful. Philip the Fair was very fond of this procession (Sanval, "Antiquites de Paris"). Only a few years ago the procession of the fat ox remained, a survival from the pagan festivals, a real piece of wreckage from vanished civilizations. While the rights of animals were thus recognized, their duties toward man did not escape the earlier legislators, who severely punished their crimes and attempts upon human life. The law of Moses (Exodus xxi, 28, 29) recites: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman the ox shall be stoned and his owner also shall be put to death."

Judgments based on this principle are recorded at Athens and Rome. According to Plerquin, Democritus wished an animal, which had occasioned some major damage, to be punished with death. Under Domitian, according to the report of Martial, the ingratitude of a lion toward its master was severely punished. Columella and Varro say that the ancient Romans regarded the ox as the companion of the labors of man, and that the act of killing one was regarded as a homicide and punished in the same way; and the ox enjoyed the same privilege in Attica and the Peloponnese. It is also said that the Arabs in the mountains of Africa formerly crucified lions, guilty of murders, upon trees, as warnings to others.—A. Lacassagne, in Popular Science Monthly.

The American Mother

The American mother—the mother of the men who usually become our Presidents—knows nothing of match-making, of laying baits to catch eligible young men of marrying her girls off. She may not watch them as European mothers do, and may trust too implicitly in their good sense, but, at least, she never tries to get rid of them. She is no more averse than the mother in the Cotter's Saturday Night to see "her hair respect like the lave;" to have "gentlemen polite to her;" but when the "respect" and "politeness" turn into downright courting, and she sees the danger signals ahead, and somebody comes one day, hat in hand, blushing like a peony, to mention that "if she has no objections, Jane hasn't," she is in despair. To lose her girl by matrimony is a fearful blow. Why, the girl is her own! The little baby that slept on her bosom and held her finger tight in its crumpled rose leaf hand was all hers. The child that toddled after her, copying her in miniature as she went about her household duties, and who must have a toy broom, and a tea kettle that held a tablespoonful of water, and the scraps of dough to make a tiny loaf of bread with, and a doll to be treated in all respects as mother treated the new baby, was more and more her own little Jacey.

The bigger, Janey, who grew so fast and helped so with the little children, and was her mother's right hand always, was her very own, morning noon and night. And now, the pretty young lady, so capable and bright, so "stylish" in her "best things," who has stopped taking lessons, and plays on the pretty, upright piano in the parlor, who can cut and make everything for the younger ones, who helps her, and of whom she is proud, is she not also her very own, to love and boast a little about? Jane, her daughter, her one grown-up daughter—shall young Smith, or young Jones, or middle-aged Tomlinson, take her for his own, and carry her off to live elsewhere, and have other interests?

The mother can not bear the thought, and when that happens which does happen to most pretty girls, though she cannot wish her daughter to "be an old maid," her heart almost breaks and she feels sorely injured. People congratulate her, but she can only sigh.

Mothers like these, often also, plain, country mothers, are not given to much reading of fashionable foreign news; but if they should, by chance, take to it in despair after all their girls are married, I think they would be astonished by the glimpses of the mothers forever plotting and planning to get their daughters out of their hands, marrying them to anybody who has money, and always in a hurry to get the eldest off that the youngest may follow in her steps. That is a phase of domestic life of which the faithful American mother knows nothing.—N. Y. Ledger.

A New York girl made \$150,000 by an oil transaction. A can of it exploded and killed her rich aunt.

The Pestered Man of Earth.

As if the actual suffering of mankind from the various diseases common to the lot of all, was not sufficient, the *Zoömanian Monthly*, of Philadelphia, enumerates the following possible cause for many mysterious complaints which baffle the skill of the most experienced physicians to cure, and enough in number to frighten a well person into a nervous fever: Commencing at the mouth, the virulence of human saliva seems to have been proved. It is supposed to be due to micrococci. The human mouth is a culture chamber which is maintained at a constant temperature, and is furnished with a constant supply of pabulum, namely, saliva. These circumstances are highly favorable to the maintenance and multiplication of the micrococci. If, now, it is asked why every man does not suffer from auto-inoculation, it may be answered that micrococci may kill a herbivorous animal, a rabbit, for instance; but can not destroy a carnivorous or omnivorous animal, as man. (See Philadelphia Medical Times, September 9, 1882.) Most earnestly do we urge vegetarians to take timely warning! But what is to become of the *genus homo*, anyway? Vibrios tickle his nose into hay fever, the Bacillus typhosus gnaws at the bowels, the micrococci diphtherie swell up his throat or clogs his larynx with fatal croup, sarcine invade his stomach, and micrococci envenom his saliva. If he eats a bunch of grapes he must needs crunch the parasitic saccharomyces adhering to the skins; and if he inadvertently exposes the contents of his pantry to the open air, a blue green mold from the Penicillium glaucum spreads itself over the best preserves; bubbles line the glass jars, and wriggling organisms and motionless forms looking like beads on a string, sour his milk. The greed of the yeast plant for oxygen is the cause of the raising of his bread, and the same craving on the part of the Mycodermis vini, supplies him with wine. But if he does not carefully watch these results of fermentation, mold gathers on one, and the other falls a victim to the spores of the viscous ferment and becomes thick, ropy and unpalatable. If he indulges in pork, trichine nestle cozily in his tissues, or the Cysticercus cellulosa into twenty feet of tenia to the discomfort of his alimentary canal. In infancy and childhood, thread worms and lumbricoides disturb his sleep and torture him with colicky pains. Disease germs expose him to whooping cough and mumps, and threaten him with a long line of exanthemata; and when, the gazelle run, he comes into youth, that fell destroyer, consumption, fed, if Koch is to be believed, by bacilli, leaves him but six out of seven chances of ever reaching the period of maturity. If, by good fortune, he escapes this danger, others meet him at every step. Through the parsimony and dishonesty of city officers, streets are filthy and sewers are imperfect. If he flies to the country, perchance a dry summer and an open winter permit the generation of miasmata. And even if he seeks the salubrious atmosphere of a sea resort, defective sanitation poisons his bedroom or permits the discharges from a drain to empty a few yards from his bathing place. And finally, when he falls a victim to disease lungy, or happily escaping them, dies of good old age, his mortal remains are no sooner consigned to the grave than a host of maggots and kindred scavengers complete the work of devastation, and thus does the man of earth become converted into the numerous bodies of his numerous destroyers.—Scientific American.

Stories of Floating Islands.

"Speaking about paying taxes," said a man who had perhaps been performing that pleasant duty, "reminds me of an old fellow, a sort of hermit, who lived where I did in a small town in New Hampshire, and if he wasn't the out-and-outest chap for avoiding the demands of the State, then I'm mistaken."

"Why didn't they sell him out?"

"Because they couldn't get hold of the property. No, it wasn't air castles, and he didn't live in a balloon, but on solid property, and every time the tax collector came around in New Hampshire Ezra and his property were in Massachusetts."

"Oh, I see. He had the State line on wheels, and shoved it about to suit."

"Not exactly, but he had his property fixed so that he could shift it anywhere he wanted. It is nothing more nor less than a floating island made up of bog and stuff, and for a good many years it blew about the pond, until finally the old chap put up a hut on it, kept a cow, chickens and ducks, and had a regular floating farm. But one day he heard the assessor was coming, so he cast off the moorings that he had rigged to the island, and before the next day the wind had carried him over the State line that ran through the pond into Massachusetts, and when the collector went out in a skiff the old bog-skipper, as they called him, actually threatened to have him arrested for trying to collect the taxes of a neighbor State. He anchored the island on the Massachusetts side until the selectmen got after him there, and for several years he dodged back and forth, and didn't pay a cent on his four acres. But finally they put up a job on him, and two assessors, one from each State, went out in skiffs, the island being anchored in the middle of the lake. The old man said he was ready to pay, only he wanted it just right, as he lived in both States—the house was in one State and the barn in the other. The collectors got so mixed up trying to straighten it that I believe they had to take it into court. Anyway, I don't think the old man's taxes are square yet."

"A similar case might happen at another place in New England," said one of the group of listeners. "On Lake Menomansuk there is an island that for a long time was called the mysterious island. It belonged to the town of Winchendon, Mass., contained about six acres, and was covered with trees thirty feet or more high. Some of the people declared they had seen the island move years ago, but they were generally laughed at, until one morning they found it gone, and now it is, or was a short time ago, over the State line in New Hampshire, nearly three miles from where it first stood. It was originally bog held together by roots, and

the water had gradually undermined it, until a good sharp breeze took the trees as sails and away it went.

"Many lakes have similar islands, even in streams affected by tides. They are found anchored by roots, rising and falling with the water, and springing by their vegetable cables. Some of the European lakes have such islands, that are used for pasturage, and they often carry the island population to great distances.

"During the great flood in the Mississippi in 1874, vast floating islands were formed in the river and carried far out into the Gulf Stream. One that a vessel ran into 300 miles from the delta was over an acre in extent, and populated with a great variety of snakes, frogs and turtles, besides a number of land animals that had sought protection there from the rising waters, only to be swept out to sea. The geographical distribution of life, it will be seen, depends much upon these floating islands—a fact proved by comparing the inhabitants of islands miles apart. Several years ago a large snake was picked up off the Bermuda Islands clinging to a floating island that, without doubt, had come from the Amazon. Miles of cordage float out of the great river in the same way, carrying seeds and even animals far around the circuit of the Atlantic. The same is true of the Ganges. Great rafts, populated with animals from the interior, have been found by vessels over 200 miles from the mouth of the river.

"The great mass of seaweed, occupying an area of many thousand square miles in the Atlantic, better known as the Sargasso Sea, is a vast island inhabited by a fauna entirely different from that of the surrounding waters, and all the animals are in some way peculiarly adapted or modified to their surroundings. Similar tracts occur in various parts of the world, often so thick that the passage of vessels through them is seriously impeded."

"Well, I declare," said the first speaker, "then old Ezra's floating farm wasn't such a very singular thing after all; but I reckon he made an original use of it."—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Stanley's Discoveries.

A correspondent of the London Globe who has interviewed Mr. H. M. Stanley, says that gentleman has had practically unlimited means at his command, through the generosity of the King of the Belgians, who, moreover, has been the main supporter of several of the so-called International African Expeditions; as Mr. Stanley puts it, he has been in a position to pay for every cubic inch of air he and his men breathed, and every square foot of ground they trod upon. The object of the King of the Belgians appears to have been entirely disinterested—simply to do what he could to render accessible to commerce and civilization, and thereby develop the resources of the great interior of Africa. For this purpose the Congo formed a splendid channel of communication, only unfortunately its lower course for many miles is obstructed by impassable cataracts. To surmount this obstruction has been the object of Mr. Stanley's work. He states that already he has carried a well-made road, fifteen feet wide on an average, from below the cataracts, 230 miles along the north bank of the river, far beyond Stanley Pool, and therefore well up into the navigable upper waters. To assist him in this undertaking he has not only had native workers, but relays of young Europeans as superintendents; and for this work he finds Englishmen better than any others, and would be glad to have a fresh supply to send out. So substantially has this road been constructed, that it has stood the deluges of rain that break down upon it from the mountain sides, and has borne the heavy traffic which the transport of engineering plant to the upper reaches has rendered necessary. Causeways have been laid where necessary and bridges built, and the road has, by means of excavations, embankments of stone, and layers of earth, been carried right round the face of a mountain which comes sheer down to the river at one place. On rounding the mountain, Mr. Stanley states that his road enters an avenue of exquisite beauty and coolness which has been cleared through the forest. So thickly timbered is the country in some parts that thousands of trees have had to be felled, and their roots either grubbed up or leveled. At intervals along the road, stations have been planted, and already there is a regular service of couriers between the stations, and by them a growing trade is being established. As to what are the possibilities of commerce along this route, he states that during the progress of his work a million yards of Manchester goods have been distributed through the country in payment for labor and other services performed by the natives.

One of the articles of transport along the new road was a fine steam launch, with which Mr. Stanley has done some good exploring work some 400 miles above Stanley Pool, quite 700 miles above the mouth of the river. When he feels at liberty to publish an account of his work (at present his first duty is to his employer, the King of the Belgians), it will be shown, the correspondent believes, that some first-rate exploring work has been done. The launch for example, was taken up a new river, opening from the south bank of the Congo, some distance above Stanley Pool, and which, it was found, led into a fine lake. The lake was covered with fishermen's canoes, whose occupants looked aghast at the morning monster puffing out smoke, and fled in dismay. One, however, was caught, and after being soothed down and kindly treated, was sent off loaded with presents to his wondering fellows peering from among the bushes on the shore. In Mr. Stanley's opinion, the soil is capable of unlimited development for crops of all kinds, and, by judicious use, the supply of manioc in the forests is inexhaustible. The greatest difficulty to the utilization of the river throughout its navigable length is the almost untamable tribes who inhabit the upper reaches between Stanley's furthest point and the neighborhood of Nyangine.

Verily, when a full grown man will place a dynamite cartridge in the oven of his cook-stove to thaw it out it is evident that we need idiot asylums as much as school-houses.

A Humorist's Barometer.

Somebody was asking a Hartford man how it happened that Mark Twain wrote and published so little nowadays. "He writes as much as ever," was the reply, but his barometer is out of order, and he does not know what to publish. So he publishes nothing."

"What in the world has his barometer to do with his literary activities?"

"His barometer is a man-servant named Jacob, who is remarkable for his deficient sense of humor. Mark never can judge of the merit of his own performances. Years ago he fell into the habit of testing everything that he wrote by observing its effect upon Jacob. If Jacob listened to the reading of the article, jest, or story with unmoved countenance, or merely smiled (in a perfunctory way, Mark was satisfied and sent the manuscript to the printer. But if Jacob laughed outright, or gave any other indication of genuine merriment, the humorist concluded that the stuff was hopeless and withheld it from publication. He regarded Jacob as infallible and came to lean upon his judgment.

"About three years ago, it appears, Jacob learned for the first time from some outsider that his master was a professional humorist. He felt greatly honored that he should have been chosen habitually to enjoy the first freshness of every new production of genius. He did not exactly understand why he should have been thus chosen, but felt in a vague way that a great humorist must need sympathy and appreciation, and must naturally look for it to the fellow-being nearest at hand. He also felt that he had perhaps failed to be at all times sufficiently appreciative. So Jacob kept his discovery to himself as far as his master was concerned, and resolved to be as appreciative in the future as anybody could desire.

"One day Mark called Jacob in and read him a sketch entitled 'The Cow and the Lightning-rod Man.' In composing it Mark had flattered himself that he had struck a pretty fine streak. To his amazement Jacob put back his head and roared. With a half-suppressed ejaculation Mark dashed the manuscript into the waste-paper basket.

"Then Mark waited six weeks or two months to collect his forces (for he is never precipitate in anything he does), and achieved a romance called 'How I Bounced the Baby.' He summoned Jacob and watched his face with obvious anxiety as he read the touching narrative. Jacob's mirth was painful to observe. Mark tore up the story and then tore his hair.

"Two or three experiments of this sort, with unvarying results, persuaded Mark Twain that the malaria, which he has been dreading ever since it began to creep up the Connecticut Valley, had reached him at last and destroyed his powers of usefulness. He fell into a settled melancholy. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Twitcheil, tried in vain to cheer him up. 'Perhaps,' suggested Twitcheil, your man has really cultivated a sense of humor, so that you must no longer judge by opposites.' Mark shook his head, and borrowed a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons from his friend's library. He copied out a long passage from the discourse on eternal punishment, and palmed it off on Jacob as his own latest effort. For the first time in his history, the gloomy periods provoked peals of laughter. Jacob held his sides and shook all over. Then he suddenly stopped, his countenance became blank, turned pale, and he incontinently fell. He had seen murder in his master's eye.

"That," said the Hartford man, in conclusion, "is why Mark Twain does not write. He hung his reputation as a humorist upon his barometer, and his barometer no longer works."—N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Press.

"Parsons' Pay" in England.

While admitting, in the course of some after-dinner observations to which he gave utterance on Thursday evening at Ipswich, with a genial frankness truly refreshing in one of his cloth, that clergymen are sometimes animated by human passions, liable to error and even but poorly off for brains, the Rev. Francis Maude expressed his conviction that his professional brethren were, on the whole, too miserably paid for their services to turn out what he idiomatically termed "a superior article." The church, according to Mr. Maude, is the worst remunerated profession in the land, and, as he unhesitatingly confessed, his own experience of an ecclesiastical career has been such as to convince him that as far as the good things of this world are concerned it is much better for a young man starting in life to become a butcher or baker than a parson. It is unquestionably true that the subordinate clergy of the Established Church are, as a rule, underpaid in proportion to the cost of their educational preparation for holy orders, and possibly to their private antecedents, although their remuneration will be found to compare favorably with that of the working priesthood in continental countries. Nine English clergymen out of ten are foredoomed, when they enter the church, to live and to die in comparative poverty; but they are equally certain of wielding considerable power and of enjoying both prestige and precedence, socially speaking, to a very appreciable extent. What is the drawing-room status of an attorney's clerk or doctor's assistant compared to that of a curate? In the world, Mr. Maude must remember, only a very few—and those rather by the accident of birth than by professional assiduity—can have everything that appears desirable to human ambition at one and the same time. If, as the incumbent of Holy Trinity asserts, ministers of religion do not nowadays occupy that strong ground which they formerly held, it is due to other and mightier causes than their cheapness as a marketable commodity. The position of the clergy, like that of every mundane Institution, is liable to change, and must follow the bent of the age. Every profession has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and it behooves a man about to choose a career carefully to weigh and strike a balance between the desirable and undesirable before he makes up his mind.—London Telegraph.

The Chief of the Fire Department of Columbus, O., attributes the origin of a fire which destroyed a stable in that city, to a telegraph wire that was fastened to a corner of the building.



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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, DEC. 23, 1882.

THE WEATHER.

The following is the meteorological report for the week ending Dec. 20, at Escanaba:

Date	Mean Bar.	Mean Ther.	Wind Dir.	Force.	Weather.
Dec. 14	30.02	13.5	NW	Brk.	Clear.
" 15	30.16	11.3	NW	"	"
" 16	30.05	11.5	W	Light.	"
" 17	30.00	11.1	N	"	Cloudy.
" 18	30.09	11.3	S	Brk.	"
" 19	30.04	11.5	SE	Fresh.	"
" 20	30.02	11.3	NE	"	"

Weekly mean barometer 30.04
 Weekly mean thermometer 11.9
 Maximum temperature during the week 41.0
 Minimum temperature during the week 8.0
 No. inches rain fall during the week 0.53
 G. HEATHCOTE,
 Pvt. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.

This body of Emilie Gavin has been brought home from Algeria and interred at Chicago.

The slayer of Charlie Stiles, the woman Sturla, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

The Washington Post nominates "old man Christianity" as Ferry's successor and the Chicago Times says the Michigan legislature might do worse than send him. It might choose Hubbell.

Mrs. LABOUCHERE thought her reputation endangered by any further association with the "Jersey Lily" and has gone home. Now the Lily can fleece her cockney admirer, Gebhardt, without let or hindrance. Skin him, Lily—he deserves it.

The December number of Straub's "Song Friend" is received. Besides its literary contents, which are by no means to be despised, it contains six pieces of music, by Straub, Wershul, Mendelssohn, Stillman, Hartshorn and Rubler, either of which is worth, to any music-lover, the price of the number. S. W. Straub, Chicago.

The obstacle to the United States "dark horse" senatorial boom in Michigan is found in the fact that too much of the spirit of "rule or ruin" is mixed up in the effort to boost it.—Houghton Mining Gazette.

Hubbell's situation must be desperate indeed, when his home paper, conducted by the cautious, non-committal Devereaux, hits him such a slap as that.

MR. HUBBELL, in his outgivings with regard to the late campaign made some serious charges against the revenue officers at Detroit, thereby drawing out Collector Bell and Messrs. Bartlett and Gavitt, who, collectively and severally, give Mr. H. "the lie direct." Mr. Emmons, also, a defeated candidate for the legislature, gives Mr. H. a flat contradiction. On the whole, Mr. J. A. H. appears to have blundered, as usual.

THE Northern Pacific has pushed its track to the point (twenty-eight miles east of Bozeman) at which it must begin to climb the mountains. From that point to Missoula is a succession of mountain ranges, including the main Rockies, which must be surmounted, and the company has work to do. The Bridger is no fool of a mountain, as the writer found one day in the winter of '77-'78, when a blizzard caught him on its top, and it's only the first of a dozen.

MR. MEDILL, of the Chicago Tribune, in an address delivered before the agricultural convention which was held in that city last week, named iron ore as one of the articles which should be included in the "free-list"—i. e., imported free of duty, so that Spain and Algeria might compete with Michigan and Missouri, not on even terms, but with the advantages on their side. We suggest that the Chicago Tribune be placed on the "prohibited list" in this peninsula. The iron-miner who buys it fattens his enemy.

BECAUSE we insist on the retention of the taxes on whisky and tobacco we are, none the less, protectionists. Protective duties are not primarily intended to raise a revenue, but so to foster home industries, so to enhance the laborers' wage; that the taxes for the support of the government can be easily paid; and no tax can be so equitable, none excites so little antagonism, as that on the twin luxuries, spirituous liquors and tobacco. Let them alone, gentlemen of the national legislature, as you value your places and reputations.

THE disappearance of the American navy, he held, was due to the high tariff, because American vessels must carry protected therefore dear and unsalable goods to other countries.—Hon. Joseph McMill.

The wonder is that people will listen patiently to such stuff. What relation there is between fighting ships (a navy) and the carrying trade only Medillian acuteness can make out. And again, the tariff "protects" American manufacturers only in the home market—abroad they meet the manufacturers of England, France and Germany on equal terms. It is one of the stock arguments of the free-traders, that the American purchaser pays a higher price than the foreign for the same goods. Mr. Medill seems to have forgotten the fact.

C. J. HENRI & Co., of Chicago send us a copy of the Times, of that city, containing an article (paid for of course) in which "steady, staid, persistent labor, whether with the pen, the plow, or other implement of mechanical or professional industry" is belittled and grudgingly praised; in which, also, Chas. J. Henri & Co., are named as benefactors of the race, etc. The gentlemen might have saved the nickel paid for the Times and the three cents paid for postage. We hold them in less esteem than the man who deals for—rank them with the "three card" and "string game" men, and repeat our advice to our readers; let them alone. If you have money to throw away throw it away at home; if you will gamble play on some game you know. Don't put stakes and cards both into the hands of men who will certainly defraud you.

THE results, or one result at least, of the recent "railroad war" between the Omaha and Milwaukee & St. Paul companies is the resignation of H. H. Porter, of the Omaha company and the election of Marvin Hughitt in his stead as president. The road like the Northwestern is "a Vanderbilt road" henceforth.

If not Mr. Ferry, who? That's the question. Our upper-peninsula cadaver is out of the question—he's a mischief-maker merely, and "has absolutely no following in Michigan." Name your man, gentlemen; Blair or Baldwin or Palmer or whoever you will, but give us a name. Mere growling at "Tom" Ferry don't count.

It is customary to speak of the time when "Rome ruled the world" and to think of the Roman empire as the grandest in power and greatest in extent which the world has known, but the fact is that the present occupant of the British throne reigns over more square miles of territory and more millions of subjects than any sovereign of any age except only the sovereigns of China; and the power and influence of Britain is to that of China as the strength of a giant to that of a child.

OUR Oconto contemporary, the Reporter, boils over with indignation at the promotion to the vacant brigadiership of Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, of the 4th cavalry. It says:

The promotion of Mackenzie over men who outrank him and have seen more and harder service, can not be characterized by a milder term than an outrage.

We're afraid that some friend of Swift has been "jumped"—all this vehemence can scarcely be drawn out by a mere sense of general injustice to the colonels who ranked General Mackenzie. They were not many—three in his own arm, the cavalry—three in the artillery and ten in the infantry and only one in the whole lot fit for the brigadiership. We should have been pleased to have seen Gen. John Gibbon promoted, but it would only have been to retire, and of the sixteen colonels whose commissions as such antedate Mackenzie's there was not one from whom the country could expect a tithing of the service in the advanced grade to be expected of Gen. Mackenzie. Gregg, Hatch and Grierson of the cavalry, Vodge, Barry and Getty of the artillery, King, Fitcher, Stanley, Ruger, Pennypacker, De Trobriand, Charles H. (Susan) Smith, and Crittenden, of the infantry, make the list, and any one who knows anything of these officers knows that they are, without exception, "has been"—men from whom no further active service can be expected. President Arthur did well in the promotions both of Pope and Mackenzie.

"I HAVE made no charges against Mr. Hubbell and shall not do so, but a belief, amounting almost to a positive conviction, is entertained in many parts of the state that staunch republican candidates for the legislature in districts heretofore supposed to be absolutely safe owe their defeat to the hostile use of republican money. I do not pretend to say where this money came from or who is responsible for its introduction into the campaign. I merely state the facts, and the facts can speak for themselves."

Amounts to the same thing, Mr. Ferry. If any money was spent for the purpose indicated it came from the fund controlled by the chairman of the congressional committee.

"I have made no charges against Mr. Ferry, but a belief, amounting almost to a positive conviction, is entertained in many parts of the state that staunch republican candidates for the legislature, in districts heretofore supposed to be absolutely safe, owe their defeat to the hostile use of republican money. I do not pretend to say where this money came from, or who is responsible for its introduction into the campaign. I merely give the facts, and the facts can speak for themselves. There is no doubt that there was money used in Michigan to defeat candidates for the legislature—staunch republican ones in strong republican districts—and that Tom Ferry knows where it came from."

There you have them; take your choice. If any member of the legislature, however, is credulous enough to believe in the honesty and fair-dealing of the chairman of the congressional committee, or fatuous enough to imagine that, having control of money, he did not use it to further his own purposes, he is he is out of place at Lansing—he ought to be at Kalamazoo.

St. NICHOLAS for January contains several notable features, pre-eminent among which is the brief biographical sketch of Elizabeth Thompson Butler, written by her sister, which is accompanied by six illustrations from drawings made by the celebrated artist herself especially for St. Nicholas, her portrait, engraved from a photograph, and several groups from the great picture, "The Roll Call." An other very interesting article is that by H. H., entitled "A Chinese New Year's Day in Santa Barbara," which gives a vivid account of this strange Mongolian celebration in an American town. Then there is the prize tiger composition, which was written by Hollis C. Clark, aged fifteen years. There is, besides, the report of the committee on compositions, with a long roll of honor. Some further adventures of "Tinkey," in a story, entitled "Fairy Wi-hes, Nowadays," with characteristic illustrations, is sure to be welcomed by his old, and equally enjoyed by his new friends. J. T. Trowbridge's serial leaves the "Tinkham Brothers" in an exciting situation, where they must stay until the February number. There are interesting chapters of "The Story of Vitau," by Frank R. Stockton; and "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" has five illustrations by M. Oudinot, of Paris, from the stained-glass windows designed by him for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt of New York. "Silk Culture for Boys and Girls" is an article which inaugurates a new department, to be known as "Work and Play for Young People." This sketch gives full instruction for beginning this interesting and profitable occupation for enterprising young Americans. In addition, is the usual amount of short stories, verses, bright pictures, and department. The frontispiece is a beautiful picture by E. H. Blashfield, called "His Lordship's Bed-time."

THE iron markets, east and west, show symptoms of a further decline in prices and are exceptionally dull.

FRIENDS, everywhere. Take a little pains to make your representatives in congress understand that the revenue raised by the taxes on whisky and tobacco must be the last to be reduced.

JIM KEENE says he was in one "corner"—the so-called "Keene corner in wheat," and don't want any further experience. He and his associates lost money—the farmers and the persons engaged in water transportation made money, and the reason why the railways made none out of the deal was because their rates were too high.

Oh, they're a nice lot. Here's a sample of the gang. Willis Merritt, Hubbell's blower-and-striker at Adrian, was caught defrauding a widow of a portion of the money due her from a life insurance company and compelled to disgorge. He acted as her attorney, collected \$2,245 and induced her to accept \$1,425 by representations that the company would contest, etc.

THE Western Union is meeting trouble all around. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad company is organizing a competing telegraph service between New York and the west via Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and the attorney-general of the state of Pennsylvania has brought suit to annul its charter, so far as that state is concerned, with prospect of success. God speed them both, say we.

ONE Benner, who seems to know something, or to have known something about the iron trade, in the winter of '75-'76 wrote and published a forecast of the state of that trade for a dozen or fifteen years ahead, according to which the price of iron was to break in '82 and the following years to '88 were to be years of low prices and "hard times." It looks, now, as though Benner was a prophet.

WE took occasion to say, last week, that "If there are any number of republicans who desire Mr. Ferry's retirement and the selection of another man to fill the place he now occupies they should induce Mr. Hubbell to remain in Washington and hold his tongue;" and it seems that we are not alone in that opinion. The Free Press of Saturday last contained a two-column report of an interview with a prominent republican of Wayne county whom the Free Press (while withholding his name) vouches for as "one of the shrewdest workers in the state," who desires the election of some other man than Mr. Ferry, but who has no use for Mr. Hubbell. From numerous expressions concerning Mr. Hubbell and his methods we select a few: "Nobody wants him for senator." * * * "Has absolutely no following in Michigan, but is making a regular marplot of himself." * * * "So wildly and foolishly garrulous." * * * "When he talks about men being beaten for the legislature in Wayne county because they were not Ferry men he makes himself ridiculous." "Ferry has much more reason to complain." "In his blind slashing around he has bitterly antagonized" doubtful men. * * * "Why does he make such an infernal fool of himself every time he speaks of his home politics?" [Give it up, unless because he "was born so."]

"Unless he is eliminated from the contest [a polite way of saying kicked out of the camp] Ferry will be successful." But he is the head and front of the opposition to Mr. Ferry and will not be "eliminated." He has engaged a suite of six rooms at the Lansing house and will run the gayest sort of a grocery therein; will bully where he can and cringe when he must; will spend money and breath; and we shall see how he succeeds.

OUR readers will bear witness that we have, time and again, insisted on the course of action suggested in the subjoined paragraph, which we cut from a pamphlet published by the National Board of Trade and the New York Board of Trade and Transportation:

It would seem that so far as electric communication is concerned, the only effective and feasible remedy for this evil is for our government to follow the example of Great Britain, and take, without further delay, for public use, both the telegraph and the telephone.

The enormous capital stock and bonded debt of the telegraph companies, aggregating nearly \$100,000,000, on which the public is compelled to pay dividends and interest of not less than seven per cent. represents less than \$15,000,000 of cash invested; nay, were the whole plant wiped out, to-day, a letter and more effective one could be put in place for \$10,000,000 (were that sum honestly expended) and for this condition of things there is but one remedy, viz. the assumption by the U. S. of the duty which fairly devolves upon it—of the transmission by telegraph, as by other methods, of the communications between its citizens. This duty was foreseen long ago, and congress acted in view of it, in an act approved in 1866, by the provisions of which the right and power of the United States to take all telegraph properties at a valuation to be fixed by a commission was declared and asserted, and this declaration and assertion agreed to by the then existing telegraph companies. The necessity for such action is now apparent. In the language of Senator Windom

"The channels of thought and the channels of commerce thus owned and controlled by one man, or by a few men, what is to restrain corporate power, or to fix a limit to its exactions upon the people? What is then to hinder these men from depressing or inflating the value of all kinds of property to suit their caprice or avarice, and thereby gathering into their own coffers the wealth of the nation? Where is the limit to such a power as this? What shall be said of the spirit of a free people who will submit without a protest to be thus bound hand and foot?"

And the "channels of thought and commerce" are now controlled by one man—"whose name has become a synonym for rapacity." The time has come when the people of the United States must act.

THE democratic papers (that get none of the fat) call the list of state tax-lands just published "a steal." How virtuous they all are, to be sure.

It begins to look as if the present congress would leave its successors little to do. It is attacking the tariff business in earnest, and may leave it in such shape that the democrats of the next will not dare to disturb it.

HERE'S a new candidate for senator—Hon. J. J. Woodman, who is put in nomination by the democrats. Republican members of the legislature will remember the Christianity candidacy and fight shy of any republican who gets, or expects to get his support from the opposition.

A SPEAKER addressing the agricultural convention at Chicago, stigmatized the excise taxes as "the most grinding" we have to pay. He longs, we suppose, for "the good old times" when whisky was but three cents a dram and "wheeling stogs" sold at five dollars a thousand. It is hard on those old fellows to have to pay a dime for whisky and a cent a piece for stogs, but they must stand it.

BOEKEL vouches for Keeley that he has discovered and proved "the fact that water in its natural state is capable of being, by vibratory action, disintegrated, so that its molecular structure is broken up, and there is evolved therefrom a permanent, expansive gas or ether," and, further that he has succeeded "in exciting, harnessing and utilizing the force" exerted by this "expansive gas, or ether"—his cold steam. All right—but who vouches for Boekel?

THE Escanaba IRON PORT, is hard on the Western Union folks. Keep quiet, Colonel, keep quiet. We haven't got that wire yet, and we don't want anything said that will discourage the enterprise.—Ontonagon Herald.

No harder than you will be, my boy, when you have had a few years' experience of the tender mercies of the rotten content. It's the best you can do, now, so we hope you'll get your wire, but you're bound to be swindled all the same.

"It is as good as a play," says the Free Press, "to find Hubbell and his friends advocating the self-emancipation of legislators from the tyranny of caucus. * * * If any man living has been a devout believer in caucuses his name is Jay A. Hubbell. * * * If he abandons this belief now, for the sake of defeating Ferry, it will be a notable case of political backsliding." All true, but not to be wondered at. He is not only ready to go back on his own record but upon every faith he ever professed, from republicanism to christianity, to beat Ferry. He is, in a small way, like the blind Samson in the Philistine temple—feeling for the pillars that support the structure and ready to die the death himself if he can slay his enemies. It is this, and this only, that makes him at all formidable. His own pretensions are a matter of scorn—a by-word and a hissing.

"A LOOK into Hawthorne's Workshop" is a most remarkable feature of the January Century, in which we consider that the paper consists of the most interesting portions of Nathaniel Hawthorne's own posthumous notes for a romance. The notes are published here for the first time, the original manuscript, in Hawthorne's minute and difficult hand-writing, having been lent to the Century by Mr. Julian Hawthorne. In the gropings after a satisfactory plot and characters, Hawthorne displays, in the most fascinating manner, every characteristic of his genius. Professor Wallace, the noted English scientist, and author of "Island Life," contributes an important estimate of "The Debt of Science to Darwin," which interprets the theories of Darwin, and says the only name with which his can be compared, in the whole domain of science, is that of Newton. The frontispiece of the number is a striking portrait of Darwin, engraved by Johnson, after a photograph taken by the scientist's son; views of Darwin's home and his study are also given. Another Englishman, Frederick W. H. Myers, writes briefly upon the personal and literary influence of the late Dean Stanley. George W. Cable begins in this number his illustrated historical studies of Old New Orleans, by answering the much-asked question, "Who are the Creoles?" Dr. Eggleston's second paper on colonial history is well illustrated. "The Planting of New England," is the striking title, and the Puritans are treated with keen insight and sympathy. Two practical subjects, effectively treated and profusely illustrated in this number are "Hydraulic Mining in California," by Taliesin Evans, and "Farming for Feathers," by E. B. Biggar, who has studied ostrich farming in the Cape Colony. This instructive and amusing article has special timeliness now that the question whether ostriches can be bred profitably in this country is being discussed. "The Trip of the Mark Twain" is a slight, humorously illustrated and written paper on Mississippi travel; and Frank R. Stockton, who is now traveling in Europe, describes the amusing experiences of "The Raddler Grangers in England," and how Pomona satisfied her curiosity by calling upon an English lord. In another vein is John Burrough's charming studies in natural history, entitled "A Mole, a Lamprey, and a Fairy."

The January chapters of Mary Halleck Foote's romance of the silver mines, "The Lead-Horse Claim," introduce a tragedy underground, and develop a powerful interest. The story will be finished in two more parts. Another of Mrs. Foote's drawings adds to the vividness of the narrative. The third part of Dr. Gladden's practical story of "The Christian League of Connecticut" mentions the fact that the laws of many states virtually forbid the union of Christian churches. Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" is continued. The poems of the number are by Paul H. Hayne, H. C. Bunner, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edith M. Thomas, Henry Ames Blood, E. C. White and Maria W. Jones; and among the verses of lighter vein is "Eric-a-Brac," two of Uncle Remus' Christmas dance songs. "Topics of the Times" discusses "The Revolution in American Politics" and current, and the other editorial departments are unusually full and interesting. Among the book-notices is one of Mr. Howells' "A Modern Instance."

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 In their new brick building adjoining their old location, with a LIVE STOCK of choice, corn-fed, Beef Steers, and will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of the best
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 Will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Cloths suitable for
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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS.

In his great cushioned chair by the fender
An old man sits dreaming to-night.
His withered hands, locked by the tender
Warm rays of the red radiance,
Are folded before him, all listless;
His dim eyes are fixed on the blaze,
While over him sweeps the resistless
Flood tide of old days.

He hears not the mirth in the hallway,
He hears not the sounds of good cheer,
That through the old homestead ring away
In the glad Christmas time of the year.
He hears not the chiming of sweet voices,
As the last gifts are hung on the tree.
In a long vanished day of rejoicing,
In his lost world to be.

He has gone back across dead Decembers,
To his childhood's fair land of delight;
And his mother's sweet smile he remembers,
As he hangs up his stockings at night.
He remembers the dream-banished slumber
Of the night when he was a boy,
Of the visions that came without number
Of dear Santa Claus.

Again, in his manhood's beginning,
He sees himself thrown on the world,
And into the vortex of sinning
By pleasure's strong arms he is hurled.
He remembers the Christmas bells ringing,
"Repeat ye, repeat ye, and pray,"
But he joins with his comrades in singing
A Bacchanal lay.

Again, he stands under the holly,
With a blushing face lifted to his;
For love has been stronger than folly,
And has turned him from vice into bliss;
And the whole world is lit with new glory
As the sweet voices are uttered again,
While the Christmas bells tell the old story
Of peace unto men.

Again, with his little brood 'round him,
He sits by the fire mother-wife;
He knows that the angels have crowned him
With the truest and best of all gifts,
And the hearts of the children, untroubled,
Are filled with the gay Christmas-tide;
And the gifts for sweet Maude are doubled,
To her birthday, beside.

Again, he leans over the shrouded
Still form of the mother and wife;
Very long ago she seems, and clouded,
As he looks down the vista of life.
With the sweet Christmas chiming there is
Blended
The keel for a life that is done,
And he knows that his joys are all ended
And his waiting begun.

So long have the years been—so lonely—
As he counts the days of his life;
"I am homesick," he murmurs—"I only
The Angel would lead the way on
I am cold—in this chill winter weather—
Why, Maude dear, where are you been?
And you, too, sweet wife—and together—
O Christ, let me fit."

The children ran from the hallway;
"Were you calling us, grandpa?" they said.
Then shrank, with that fear that comes always
When young eyes look first on the dead.
The freedom so long for is given,
The children speak low, and draw near,
"Dear grandpa, keep Christmas in Heaven
With grandma this year."
—Ella Wheeler.

MR. M'IMSEY'S CHRISTMAS.

A Hoosier Sketch.

"Hello, Sam, shako!" "Howdy, Jim?
Where've ye been at for a month?
Haint seen ye since—no't since day be-
fore Christmas. Member I met ye then
jest as I was gettin' into the Nory hack
to go out and spend the day with ma an'
the girls. Come to think, didn't I
hear—? Is it so 'at you've been
gettin' married agin? Don't stan' there
an' grin an' look so all-fired sheepish.
Can't ye tell a feller about it? The aint
no call to be bashful, I sh'd think—
second trip. Widder got ye, did she?
O, ye needn't fire up, I'm the best friend
ye've got. Come, speak out."

"Yes, ye air, Sam; durned if ye aint,
though I may a thought different at
times when ye've tried to keep me in the
traces. Jump into the buggy an' I'll
tell ye the petti'ars while we drive out
to the stockyards. Got to go an' see
about a drove o' hogs I've brought up
from Lizton."

"Speakin' o' Christmas I never was
brought up to think much o' the day.
Didn't get no presents nor nothing when
I was a boy. Ways is changed, though,
now, in them things, an' specially in
towns ye can't help knowin' when the
holidays is near. Every woman an'
youngun is in such a flutteration, the
windows are so gay an' fixy, 'at you're
'bliged to know what's goin' on. It
makes a feller feel lonesome like, when
he aint got no home nor nobody to re-
member of him. Somehow, the day I
met you at the postoffice corner, I'd been
a thinkin'—a thinkin', ye know, o'
Maria, an' how she used to fix up some
juncrack, a pair o' slippers, or the like,
for me on Christmas. I felt mighty blue
jest then, I don't mind a sayin'."

"Yes, an' now 'at it's over with, an'
you're married agin, I don't mind tellin'
ye, Jim McJimsey, 'at I felt powerful
mean for not takin' ye out to ma's. The
reason was [jest hold yerse] 'in the buggy,
Jim) 'at, much as I think of ye, I didn't
want to interduce ye to my sisters. Folks
said you was a lookin' around, an', 'if I
tuck ye, there's no tellin' what might o'
happened, an' I didn't 'low to have a
sister o' mine marry ar divorced man.
Those as wants to kin, but none o' mine.
'Seuse the interruption an' drive ahead.
Lonesome, was ye, an' thought o'
Maria?"

"Yes, something made me think o' old
times, an' I couldn't fix my mind on
nothin' else. Got the morning paper an'
figgered on the markets; tried to calc'late
what I'd clear on forty head o' cattle I
had down the road, but it was no go.
Began to dread the next day. Every-
thing'd be closed up an' I'd have nothin'
special to do. It'd been jest about a year
since we—Maria an' me—had parted.
Christmas before this hadn't been no-
ways what you'd call gay to me. Fact is,
it came an' went 'thout my knowin'
it. Was busy seein' lawyers 'long then,
dividin' property, an' so on, so my re-
lection went back to the years jest after
ma an' her was jined. Well, as I was
sayin', I felt right lonesome. Hung
around down town till the last minute—
lively enough there, you bet—an' then I
went up to supper. Made up my mind
'at I'd go to the theater that night; but,
come to look at the bills, there was
nothin' but East Lynne, an' I couldn't
be drug to that play, not by wild horses.
Saw it once, an' one sight o' that pore,
miserable woman comin' back to be nigh
her husband when he wasn't really her
husband no more was enough for me.
Began to wish I could go to sleep an'
not wake up till—well, till the day after.
Thought some o' gettin' on an old-fash-
ioned tear—reg'lar jamboree, like we
used to have when we was sartin' our
wild oats, hey, Sam? I'd kind o' been
out o' the way o' such tricks for several
years, an' it didn't hardly seem as if
there'd be, I was wonderin' where I'd

find some of the boys who'd be willing
to celebrate after the old style, when I
got to the house an' the Widder Folsom
met me in the hall. Boarded at the same
place, ye know.

"Thought I'd come to the widder if I
kep' grindin' on, did ye? Jest shut up,
Sam, will ye, till I get through? I've
got to tell this yer story in my own way,
an' if you don't like my style of delivery,
why then time jest lasso a norator.

"Folks had joked 'bout me an' the
widder from time to time, but there
wasn't really no occasion. She was al-
ways pleasant an' smilin' when people
was around, but when she got to talkin'
about business matters to me she got
real sober an' down in the mouth some-
times. She said she couldn't get the
hang o' such things herself, never havin'
got to do when Folsom was alive, an'
now she felt sort o' helpless an' discour-
aged. Seemed grateful for any advice
I could give her. She looked right cute
that night—some sort o' white fluff
fixin' 'round her head an' shoulders.
Said she'd like to ask me, as a great
favor, to walk down to the toy store
with her; had forgot a present she
wanted to make to a child of her ac-
quaintance, an' was so timid about goin'
out alone. She's one o' them skeery
critters, jumpin' at her shadow. Course
I had to go, an' when I'd had my sup-
per we started out. She came an' talked
to me while I et—right sociable body,
ye know.

"Some o' the young folks always
hangin' 'round giggled at us like a gang
o' idiots. The way boys and girls are
brought up now is a disgrace to the
country.

"On our way down town we had to
pass a 'Piscopal Church, where they
were havin' some sort o' doin's. The
widder proposed goin' in, but I said no.
We did step into the vestibule, though,
to listen to the music. I never was no
great church-goer, you know, though I
used to go to Campbellite meetin's with
Maria, when I was courtin' her, an' some
little afterwards. I don't know, though,
as I ever heard anything 'at took me
quite so nigh to heaven as the voices an'
the sound o' the organ that night. Kind
o' seemed for a minute as if I was lifted
right off my feet. You needn't laugh,
Sam. I don't have such spells often,
but it was sing'lar 'bout this, an' it
sticks in my mind. I heard the choir
sing, 'On earth peace, good will, peace—
peace'—it echoed 'way off. Then they
sang about the mother an' the Babe—I
disremember the exact words—an' I
could 'a sworn I had a glimpse o' the
little kid. Maria's and mine, 'at died, you
know. Foolish notion, but it's queer
how such things will come over a feller
now an' then. It was gone in a second,
an' I was goin' down the stone steps
with the widder, she a sayin' how bad
the soprano flatted—whatever that
means.

"A man an' woman went by as we
got to the sidewalk, an' something in
her motions made me think o' Maria.
On'y got a look at the side o' her face
in the shadow for a second, but I saw it
too pale and thin for her's.

"When we got to the store, the widder
she went back through the crowd to get
the notions she was after, but I waited
up front. While I was standin' there,
hands in pockets an' wishin' I was some-
where else, who sh'd I see jest ahead o'
me but—Maria. Yes, it was. Must 'a
been her, I knowed then, 'at I'd saw
passin' the church, but I was wrong
about her lookin' pale. Her cheeks was
red as pinies an' her eyes bright as
a new dollar. She wasn't lookin' at
me. She was holdin' in her hand a lit-
tle red tin-cart with a white horse
hitched to it, an' I knowed what she was
a thinkin' of. That yer cart was the
identical mat' to one I'd brought home
for the baby once, an' she laughed at
me for a yeaek about it. The baby
wasn't more'n three months old at the
time, an' she said he couldn't play with
the like o' that for a year or more. He
didn't live that long, an' never had no
fun with the little wagon. I wondered
what she was doin' there, an' at that I
saw Cap Bemus talkin' to her. Cap,
ye know, was an old bean o' her. Her
fore she married me, an' she said to
me once, when we was havin' things
rather hot, that she wished she'd took
him. Maria had went back to her rela-
tions, you know, out at Bean Blossom,
an' I hadn't seen her since she left.
Differ'n times I might a gone over just
to find how she was comin' on; but I
didn't have no excuse fer bein' soon
'round there. I'd heard, though—
somebody's sure to tell ye the things ye
ain't spilin' to know—'at Cap was
makin' up to her right smart, an' 'twas
likely they'd hitch terms. He was a
widder with two or three unruly brats,
an' I didn't see what she'd want to make
herself a slave to them fer. And him!
He wasn't no way fit for a woman like
her. If she'd a' jest asked me fer advice
I could 'a told her some things 'at'd a'
settled his hash. The idea o' his mar-
ryin' my wife! My wife—Lord! It
came over me all of a sudden 'at she
was nothin' to me no more. I had no
right to say what she sh'd do. You
won't believe it, Sam, but it never
struck me till that minute 'at I'd really
lost her for good. Fact!

"Mebby she an' Cap was married
a ready. I didn't know. They come
along jest then, her a talkin' an' a
smilin' up into his ugly face as if he
was the only human on earth. The widder
she'd got through, too. I offered my
arm an' we sailed out large as life. I'll
own 'at I hoped Maria'd see us, but she
didn't pear to. Was standin' outside
with him lookin' at things in the window.
The widder, not knowin', of course, said
she thought it was such a pity 'at a
woman would use paint on her cheeks.
This made me kind o' mad, fer I knowed
Maria never did nothin' of the sort, an'
I said so, addin' 'at the lady back had
been my wife once, an' I spoke
from the book, as it were. Of course
the widder she began to apologize.
Wouldn't a spoke if she'd knowed, she
said. An' then she went on to say how
unfortunate it was to be jined to an un-
congenial partner. The late Mr. Fol-
som, she said, had been a good provider,
but she would confess 'at her'd never
felt that deep sympathy toward her an'
him 'at her nature craved. Her de-
ceased husband, she said, did not under-
stand the wants of her soul. There was
her words, I think, or similar. The wid-
der was a fluid talker, an' I couldn't al-
ways keep the drift o' her remarks.
Was listenin' now with on'y one ear, as
you might say. Felt all hot up, some-
how, an' wondered to myself why I
didn't go back an' lay out that Cap.

Bemus. Lucky I had sense enough to
know I'd be makin' an infernal fool o'
myself if I did. It was none o' my busi-
ness who Maria took up with.

"Right here I noticed 'at the widder
was quite stirred up—with talkin' about
Folsom. I reckon—an' was wipin' her
eyes with her handkercher—she was so
overcome an' trembled so I had to put
my arm 'round her to hold her up. It
was dark along there. 'Cordin' to the
gas company's time card it was the
moon's turn to light the city that night,
but the moon must a' been side-tracked
somewher. We was pretty close home,
too, that is, close to the boardin' house,
which an't rightly no home, an' we went
in."

"There was no one in the parlor, an'
the widder said wouldn't I set awhile.
She'd like to ask me about a little matter
of interest to her, an' it was so hard to
talk about private affairs when those
giddy young folks were around to inter-
rupt. Thankful was she they'd gone to
a party that night.

"The widder she looked mighty purty
standin' there by the base-burner, holdin'
her hands to get warm. Thinks I to
myself if Maria is a flirtin' round with
other fellers I'se pose I'm entitled to equal
privileges. I was standin' right close to
the widder, an' 'I was agoin' to—well,
what would you 'a done with a party
face nigh to yourn an' no one lookin',
you old sinner? But I didn't. No, by
George, I didn't."

"Curious how all this time I was
thinkin' o' Maria more'n the widder.
She was a talkin' on in her soft way, not
seem' what was my intention—that is, I
s'pose she didn't, but you can't be right
sure what a woman knows, specially if
she looks uncommon innocent.

"My arm was jest a reachin' out fer
to take her in, when she rolled up her
eyes to me and said—I don't know what
she said, but it seemed to me all at once
'at she looked an' talked like Barbary,
the second wife in East Lynne, you
rec'lect, an' her I call a cat, if the ever
was one. Ridic'leous notion, you know,
but it struck me all of a heap like, an' I
said, would she excuse me if I had an
engagement. If she'd wait, I'd be back
'fore long, an' would be pleased to give
her my poor advice on any money
matters."

"An' then I lit out.

"I walked as if the devil was after me.
Seemed as if the world was upside down.
What had I been doin' all the last year
'at I hadn't made up to Maria, while
there was time? An' now that low-
down, no-count Bemus had took her
away from me. He'd abuse her an'
make a nigger of her. Why didn't she
—Lord! what had made me such a fool
as ever to let her go—such a full-blown,
miserable, outrageous fool?

"If you'll rec'lect, our divorce was got
on account of incompatibility of temper,
an' it was supposed to be her temper.
We went to a young lawyer. Lawyers
'ort to all be hung—but then, I don't
know either; I reckon they can be ex-
cused for skinnin' the fools who walk
right up to 'em to be skun. Young
lawyers aint afford to turn away no jobs
either; any kind of a case is apt to be a
ground-log case with 'em—they're
bliged to have meat.

"The chap we, me an' Maria, went to
told us there'd be no trouble in gettin'
a bill o' divorce as long as we was both
agree. He drawed up some real slick
papers which told how that, whereas
said James an' Maria McJimsey, afore-
said, by reason of an unconceivable
diff'rence o' mental characteristics,
found themselves unable to maintain the
harmony an' unity of soul indispensable
to a happy matrimonial relationship;
that the said James an' Maria, owing to
diversity of temperament (he meant
temper, I 'low), had become estranged,
instead o' further united by time. This
natural lack o' concord led to bickerings
an' wretchedness, which was contrary
to the spirit an' letter of the—the (it
wasn't constitution) something afore-
said. In consequence of this unfortunate
condition of affairs, they had slowly an'
hopelessly drifted apart, wherefore, et-
cetera, ecetera.

"I ain't got no gift at languages, but
the foregoin' afore said was some of his
words, an' they fetched the bill.

"I was a thinkin' o' all this as I went
stavin' down street that night. 'Pears
like I must a' been the doggedest idiot
'at ever walked when I 'lowed her to
leave me. To tell the truth, I would a'
gave in more'n once if I'd saw a sign o'
weak'nin' about her, but I never did.
Maria, she was fiery, for a fact, but if I
could 'a heard her scold that minute I'd
a been better music to me than any me-
lodeon or piano.

"An' I reckon she used to have some
reason for jawin' me, too. The baby
had died, an' she must a been homesick
after it. I might a' cheered her up
more 'a I did; stayed to home more even-
in 'or took her out to the minstrels an'
the like. But I didn't. An' she got no
reason fer. Said I was a heap smilin' at
to other women 'an I was to her, an'
she was ready to tear the eyes out o'
one girl in petti'lar 'at lived down the
street ways. I always did try to be
polite to the sect, but didn't make no
diff'rence in rpy way o' treatin' an old
humbly female an' one young an' clip-
per. That is of course—a man has eyes.
O, well—the long an' short of it was
me an' Maria quarreled over nothin' at
all. The more I thought about it the
madder I got at myself. Didn't seem
now as if they'd ever been more'n jest
childish spats atween us, things 'at
a man shouldn't a' minded. I'd been
lucky in the cattle trade in the year
past, but I'd give every cent if I could
'a had her back.

"All the time I was a thinkin' o' these
things I was a goin' it for dear life—my
legs sort o' racin' to keep up with my
mind, so to speak—but I hadn't took no
notice o' where I was, until all of a
sudden I found myself turnin' off
Fletcher Avenue into the little side street
where we used to live. Me an' Maria,
ye know.

"In the divide I had given her the
farm down in Brown County, an' I'd
kep' the house an' lot. A railroad
feller had rented it, but had moved to
Tarry Hut a day or two before; so the
cottage was vacant at this precise time.
If I'd a thought, it was about the last
place I'd come to that night, but I was
right on it 'fore I knowed.

"I leaned on the gate, an' looked at it
a spell.

"I remembered how bright the settin'
room used to be when I'd come home
late. Maria, she'd never shut the blinds
of the side window till I'd come. Said

she didn't want the house to look gloomy
to me, outside or in. It was all dark
enough now.

"I rec'lected how purty she used to
look, a settin' in there, rockin' the baby,
an' I'd stand outside and look in a bit
'fore I'd open the door.

"I'd have to stay outside o' her house
till the end o' time now, and another
feller had the right to go in. My own
fault, too.

"Sarn, the cold misery 'at took a grip
at my heart then I hope I'll never keton
you.

"I couldn't stand still. I started agin,
got as fur 's the corner, when it came
over me—queer how you'll remember
things you didn't seem to notice at the
time—it come over me that I'd seen
something move in the shadow of the
front doorway, an' I whirled an' went
back. None too soon, either. Jest as I
got to the gate out come a woman. The
moonlight wasn't turned on yet, an' I
couldn't see plain, but I stepped in front
of her, an' says I, 'Maria!' She tried to
run, but I grabbed the fringe of her
shawl, an' she stood still. 'Maria, says
I, 'what ye doin' here without Mr.
Bemus?' 'Mr. Bemus is on the train
goin' to Amity, I reckon. I don't know
nor care,' she says. 'Ain't you married
to Widder Folsom, purty-faced thing,
James McJimsey?' 'No, I ain't, nor
I don't ever expect to be.' An, with that
my arms were 'round her an' her head
on my shoulder quicker 'n it takes to tell
it. Made up first an' explained 'at wards,
you see.

"Not that the ever was much ex-
plainin'. We couldn't stand in the street
behavin' in that ridic'leous way—folks
might come along—so we went into the
house an' I lit the gas. The wasn't no
o'ny chair on the premises—but one
chair was enough.

"When I saw you an' widder comin'
down the steps o' the church I thought
may be you was jest married, an' a'
wards in the store you looked so kind o'
soft it made me sure o' it,' says Maria,
after a spell.

"The widder's a scary little body,
says I, 'an' she asked me wouldn't I
walk down with her while she 'tended
to an errand she'd forgot.' 'Scary?' says
Maria. 'Her scary? There ain't no man
on the face o' the yearth 'at she's afraid
of. Bold thing! Just like her to ask ye
to go with her—the old cat.'

"It done me good jest to hear Maria
go on once more. I knowed she did the
widder injustice, but it showed she still
thought a heap o' me. I didn't think
the 'was any use in harrerin' up her
feelin's by going into petti'ars, fer
instance, of the circumstances under
which I'd left the lady we was talkin'
of. Weemen never look at such things
in the right light.

"As for lookin' sheepish, I don't
know, I says, 'but how about you an'
Bemus a gallivantin' round?'

"She got kind o' red at that. 'There
was no gallivantin'. He happened to be
on the kyars comin' up,' she says quick,
'an' he asked me wouldn't I help him
pick out some notions for his children
Christmas. I won't deny 'at he's been
a-tryin' to make up to me, but I was
raised decent, and I couldn't abide to
have any other man hangin' 'round while
I had a husband livin'. The divorce
didn't seem to make no difference in that
feelin'.' After I saw you an' that old
Mis' Folsom (I'd come up to see, if the
stories was true I'd heard about ye),
thinks I—well, no matter what I thought.
The Captain he said he was comin' to
see me soon 'at I got home, an' I—I told
him he could come.

"I'll go with you, says I, 'an' I'll
tend to his ease, durn his impudence.'

"Just then Maria jumped up, an' says
she, 'James McJimsey, this is perfectly
scand'lous, me a settin' here with you
an' not married to you. What would
the neighbors say?' an' then she begun
to cry.

"If I hadn't been such a silly goose,
such a heartless woman, such a down-
right fool, me an' you might a been
happy all this year, an' she sobbed like
a baby.

"I was the fool, says I, 'No, me,'
says Maria.

"Well, then, we'll do the best two
fools can. We'll get married over, an'
there ain't no livin' man 'at can set us
to driftin' apart agin.

"See here, Sam, I don't see no occa-
sion for you shakin' my hand till the
shoulder's out o' j'nt. The folks lookin'
out o' that window'll think we're dumb
idiots.

"Yes, of course, I married Maria.
Have ye listened to this long-winded
yarn an' on'y jest now gathered 'at I
ain't married to Widder Folsom.

"Christmas? O, yes. It was too late
to get a license that night, so I took
Maria to the place where she was a
stoppin'. Hated to let her go out o' my
sight for fear I wouldn't never see her
agin. I was up bright an' early on
Christmas mornin', though, you bet, an'
the way I hustled the clerk away from
his backstreet cakes an' sassaiges was a
caution. Me an' Maria, we walked
around to the old Campbellite preacher's
'at had married us before, an' he tied a
double an' twisted sailor's knot 'at
wouldn't allow of no driftin'. He
threwed in a neat little lecture into the
bargain.

"The widder? What do ye keep a'
harpin' on the widder fer? If you was
to be her business manager, I'll take ye
up an' interduce ye. Mebby she's waitin'
in the parlor yet."—Anna Nicholas, in
Indianapolis Journal.

A Marvelous Palm.

In the Village of Pedur, in India,
grows a marvelous palm. Some chil-
dren plucked its fruit at five o'clock one
afternoon, and flocked early the next
morning to gather more, but they found
the branches now, far above their heads.
They ran to their parents with the story
that a date tree which they saw on the
previous day lying upon the ground was
now standing. Observation disclosed
that the tree changed its position every
morning and evening. The tree is
eleven feet high, not including the leaves
and stems. One who has seen it writes:
'At 5:30 the tree was almost lying to-
ward the west. The foot of the tree was
at an angle of five to seven degrees with
the ground, and we were given to under-
stand that it had already commenced to
rise from four o'clock. A handkerchief
which had been tied by the District Man-
siff to one of the leaves, so that its edge
might just touch the ground, had risen
six inches. At 8 p. m. the kerchief
was eighteen inches from the ground,
and at 8 a. m. nine feet."

For Young Readers.

THE "BIRDIE" SNUG NEST.

There was a wee dainty—oh, dainty and fair
As ever golden-haired baby could be!
There was a wee dainty with soft, curly hair,
And never a doxie more cunning than he!
This baby and doggie, so friendly were they,
That always together they were through the
day.

Together they breakfasted, dined, and took
tea—
Baby Grace at the table, and Snip at her
feet;
And the three-year-old mistress, so generous
was she,
That full half of her dainties her doggie
must eat;
And together the playmates grew healthy and
plump,
And the hours went by on a hop, skip and
jump.

Now it happened that Grace and doggie one
day
Grew tired and sleepy, and lay down to rest,
And played they were birdies, safe hidden
away.
In papa's farm dressing-gown, for a snug
nest;
And below on the nursery floor in a heap
Lay those wonderful "birds," all so soundly
asleep.

The shadows were gatherin' all over the
room,
When nurse came to look for her darling
nest;
Oh, the litter of playthings! She stooped in
the gloom
To gather the well-scattered toys from the
floor—
This, that and the other fast putting in place,
Thinking, meantime: "Why, where is my
dear little Grace?"

Then, seeing the dressing-gown there in a
heap,
She raised it, and shook it right there in the
dark;
When out rolled the playmates, awakened
from sleep.
One beginning to cry and the other to bark!
White nurse jumped back with a regular
scare.
"The mischief is in the old thing, I declare!"
—Mary D. Brine, in Our Little Ones.

Cousin Rob and the Paper Dolls.

Nan and Flo Johnson had a large
family of paper dolls.

The head of the household was named
the Countess of Cape Cod, and she lived
in the bay-window of the nursery, with
her five golden-haired daughters, two
sons, one son-in-law, three grandchild-
ren and ten nieces.

No wonder the poor lady's face was
wrinkled and her hair gray, with the
care of all these people on her shoulders!

The little girls were so proud of their
dolls that they took all their visitors,
and some of their mamma's, too, to the
nursery to see the Countess and her
family.

Only one person had never heard of
them, and that was Cousin Rob. He
went to College in Briarsfield and
took tea with his aunt every Sunday
night.

The little girls did not like him.
"He puts on airs and thinks he knows
more'n papa, and pulls our kitten's
tail," complained Nan; "and we are not
going to tell him one single word about
the Countess, for she has too much care
already, poor thing! without a great big
school-boy to worry her."

So Rob knew nothing about the won-
derful dolls, when he overheard a con-
versation between his cousins one even-
ing.

"Oh, I am so glad dear Miss Rose is
coming to visit us to-morrow!" said
Nan.

Now Miss Rose was the Countess of
Cape Cod's favorite niece, and she had
been in Europe for two years. (That
means she had been shut up in a drawer
for two days.)

Of course, Cousin Rob did not know
this.

"Isn't she just perfectly lovely?" he
heard Flo say, eagerly.

"And so full of fun!" from Nan.

"And wears such e-le-gant clothes!"
added Flo.

"How old is she?" asked Rob, sud-
denly looking up from his paper.

The little girls had not dreamed he
was listening, but Nan answered,
promptly: "Just seventeen and three-
quarters this month."

"And she has been to Europe, and
can sing like mamma, and she is going
to stay three whole weeks," put in Flo.

"Why hasn't Aunt Nanny told me
about her?" asked Rob. "Anyway, I
will call on her very soon. If she is a
stranger in Briarsfield, she may like to
know some of the college fellows."

"What does he mean?" cried Flo, as
he shut the door. "I wonder if he
really likes to play with dolls?"

"Why, Flo Johnson! don't you see?"
said Nan. "He thinks she is a real, live,
grown-up young lady. We mustn't let
mamma tell him she is only a paper-
doll, and won't it be a joke when he
comes to see her?"

"Oh, what fun! what fun!" cried
Flo, in great glee. "Cousin Rob
thinks he knows most everything, and
won't be surprised when he finds he
doesn't!"

A few days after Rob made his ap-
pearance, splendid in a high hat, yel-
low kid gloves, tight boots, and a stand-
ing collar that nearly choked him.

The little girls made a great effort to
look solemn, as they opened the door
for him.

"Come right into the library," said
Nan. "She has been sitting there
'specting you ever since she came."

"Miss Rose, 'low us to introduce our
cousin," she added, flinging open the
library door.

There in the big arm-chair sat a blue-
eyed, yellow-haired paper doll!

Rob grew very red in the face as he
stared at the small figure. These saucy
little cousins of his had actually dared
to play a joke on him! For a moment
he felt inclined to give them both a
good shaking, but his anger vanished
at the sight of the broad grins on their
rosy faces, and he resolved to make the
best of it.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Rose?"
he said, to the children's great delight.
"I am happy to meet you. How do
you like Briarsfield?"

Cousin Rob was actually "playing pa-
per-dolls." They had never imagined
such a thing; and their opinion of him
rose steadily for the next half-hour,
during which they introduced him to the
Countess of Cape Cod and every one of
her children.

"Why, he treated them as if they
were live people," Nan said, with a sigh
of deep happiness, after he had gone.

"And I used to think he was horrid!"
moaned Flo, penitently.

"But he isn't!"

"He is just splendid!"

"As nice as Miss Rose?"

"A thousand times nicer," they both
agreed next morning, when he sent to
the house a dainty box directed
"Miss Rose,
Care Miss Nan and Miss Flo Johnson."

Opening it eagerly, they found it full of sugared nuts, burnt almonds and candied dates, enough goodies to give Miss Rose the toothache for a month if she had eaten them all herself. —Bertha Watson, in Youth's Companion.

Beppo.

A dull, leaden sky. All day the snow-
flakes have steadily fallen, and now, as
night approaches, not a vestige of the
frozen earth remains. Beppo walks
wearily under his arm. He sees the
lights lit in happy homes; he sees the
children, with their faces pressed against
the panes, watching with delight the
fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be
Christmas and the snow will aid Kris
Kringle in his visit; and a sad smile
lights up his dark face, for the snow
that brings happiness to them brings
him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he
thinks of that land of mellow sunshine
far over the sea, and of the happy home
he had before his parents died; and, in
contrast to this, he thinks of the home
he has now, and of the wicked padrone
who took him from his cherished coun-
try.

These last thoughts arouse him to a
sense of business, and clinking the few
pennies in his pockets, he takes up his
position at the entrance of a theater
which is ablaze with light. Then, blow-
ing his breath upon his stiff, cold fin-
gers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes
upon his instrument—a prelude to
"Home, Sweet Home." He watches
the gaily attired people pass into the
warm building, but none seem to notice
the little figure shrinking in the shadow.
None save the gruff, burly policeman
who roughly grasps his shoulder and
says: "Come, young un, move along
now!"

And Beppo, utterly disheartened,
moves on. It has been a poor day for
business; he does not dare to go home
with the few pennies he has earned;
and now the stern mandate of the offi-
cer has cut off his last chance of get-
ting more.

He pauses under a gas-lamp, and, by
its flickering rays, he counts his pen-
nies over. Just ten—enough for coffee
and rolls; and he crosses over to a little
restaurant, and is soon indulging in a
bit of extravagance. Supper over, he
plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw
which he has seen in his wanderings.
He winds his way toward it, and,
when he strikes from the tall church-
tower near by, Beppo's calmly asleep,
his guitar pressed tenderly upon his
breast.

Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke
reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo
awakes from a troubled dream. His
sharp ear catches the sound of voices,
and he remains almost breathless.

"How are you going to work the
job?" says some one in a hoarse
whisper.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log,"
replies his companion. "The girl
leaves the kitchen window un-
latched, and we're in the house as nice as
you please. Have you brought all the
tools?"

"All in this bag," rejoined the first,
and Beppo, wide awake now, hears
something jingle.

"Then, ho for old Howland's silver!"
chuckles the second, and the two move
off.

Beppo hears the footsteps die away.
He comprehends it all—that there is to
be a robbery—and wonders how he can
prevent it. The name Howland he has
heard before, and he knows that he may
be the means of saving much.

He arises from his cramped position,
and, stretching himself, reaches for his
guitar. Then, shivering at the piercing
winds strike through his tattered cloth-
ing, he glides swiftly down the street—
on until the bright light of the police-
station greets his vision.

In broken sentences, he tells his story
to the sergeant in charge, and the latter
at once sends two officers out to investi-
gate the matter.

Beppo knows that he has done his
duty—he can do no more. Unnoticed,
he steals out into the street. Two or
three blocks away a strange feel-
ing comes over him. The snow
falls so fast that he can hardly see before
him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way
up the steps of a private residence and
falls fainting in the door-way.

The Herald, two days after, contained
the following:

THE LAD WHO GAVE THE VALUABLE
information that led to the frustration of
designs upon a Fifth avenue house, will
send his address to A. W. Herald office, he
will hear of something to his advantage.

And the following in its local depart-
ment:

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Yesterday morning,
while Mr. John Smith, of Blank street, was
searching for his paper in the door-way,
his attention was drawn to a little figure, half-
covered by the snow. A guitar was tightly
clamped in his hands. A doctor was immedi-
ately summoned and stimulants were given,
but to no avail. The poor little fellow was
quite dead. He was subsequently iden-
tified as Beppo, who, with his instrument, was quite
well known among people of the lower dis-
trict.

—Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.

A \$3,000 Smoke-House.

A man who lives in Albany, N. Y.,
and whose business is that of a clerk,
said that he had lately built a house that
cost him three thousand dollars. His
friends expressed their wonder that he
could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-
house

LUMBERMEN WANTED!

To purchase their woods outfit at our store. We have a stock of goods especially for you and as we can't eat it you may have it. Drop in at our place and see it.

SEALSKIN CAPS

Just the thing for this weather. Caps of all kinds, and Clothing for the million, with a beautiful story thrown in, at

SAM RATHFON. Rathfon Bros., CARL RATHFON.

Richards Block, Ludington St., west.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, DEC. 23, 1882.

Personals.

—Andy Wheaton was in town all week.
—J. Curt Lewis was in town on Saturday last.
—Charles O'Callaghan, of Waucedah, spent Sunday last in town.
—Mr. Sonnberg, now of Stambaugh, was in town on Thursday.
—Ammi Wiltzie is at New Orleans La., and is in improved health.
—George Riley and wife will eat their Christmas dinner at Negaunee.
—John McKenna, of Quinnesec, visited the IRON PORT on Wednesday.
—D. C. McKinnon, of Iron River paid a visit, brief, on Thursday evening.
—John Curran has gone to Stambaugh to pull the train between there and Florence.
—Ed. Ellsworth was in from Norway, on Friday of last week, to get a breath or two of fresh air.
—Sergt. Dill, of the signal service, stationed here for a couple of years, is now at Starkville, Miss.
—Frank Dunn and Martin his son, went south on Wednesday to visit at Chicago during the holidays.
—Miss Flora P. Clarke arrived from New York to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. L. J. Perry, on Friday of last week.
—Wm. M. Colwell, representative elect from this district, passed through Escanaba on Saturday last and favored the PORT with a call.
—Winegar & Burns went to Chicago to settle up the business of the season just closed and arrange for the one opening on Thursday.
—Misses Louise Fanning and Anna Carter went south by the train on Wednesday, Miss Carter to reside in Wisconsin, but Miss Fanning to return soon.

Range Items.

—Claude M. Atkinson, eldest son of the founder, in the last number, assumes control of the Florence Mining News.
—Hon. John L. Buell will give his annual New Years' reception at his opera house at Quinnesec on Friday, Dec. 29. To any reader who may be so fortunate as to receive an invitation we have but one word to offer: go. There's always a good time when John L. "spreads himself."
—Several of the jumpers of property in the Iron River district, poor men, are reported as approaching a state of starvation. They can not sell or stock the properties, although the possessions are considered fabulously valuable, and the stores won't carry them. It is already evident that hunger will be the only weapon required to remove them, and overtures stipulating that in consideration of a bag of meal or side of pork they will waive all their claims and turn the lands over to the rightful owners are pouring in every day.—Mining News.
—Breitung and Norway pay \$17,745 taxes. The whole tax of the county of Menominee is but \$40,000. The two facts, taken together, are worth a bushel of argument in favor of a division of the county. Parent and others, exploring sec. 25, think they have a mine. Neither Howard nor Morrissey did a paying business on the range, for which the advance agents were largely to blame. Divers citizens of Quinnesec have associated for the purpose of exploring the west half 40-30. The new find at the Curry promises well.—Range, 16th.
—Our neighbor of the Chronicle, of Norway, "gives it up" that nobody, "mining editor, mining captain or geologist" can judge with any accuracy of the value of an undeveloped mining property, but thinks the exposing of mismanagement or fraud a much easier task which is usually left undone because mining editors are "too shy or too charitable" to expose such work when they see it. Possibly; and we hope the editors of the Chronicle will overcome their shyness and choke down their charity sufficiently to expose every fraud of which they become aware. The last paragraph of the Chronicle's article is wasted. We intended no "fling" at those engaged in newspaper work on the Menominee range unless it be a "fling" to suggest that some of them have had a life-experience of iron-mining. The one referred to especially at attacking properties without cause is the only one, it seems to us, who has any reason to think us "tasty," and he would be wrong.

—Our neighbors along the iron range, from Waucedah west, begin to ask "will the question of a new county come up this winter?" and we confess ourselves unable to answer them. That a county embracing the so-called Menominee range will be erected sooner or later is conceded. We regard it as certain that two counties will be formed, one from Menominee and Marquette embracing the country east of range 31, and another from Marquette embracing the territory bounded by the east line of that range, the south line of Baraga and Houghton and the east line of Ontonagon counties, but as to the when, we are in the dark. We have no reason to think that the member-elect from Menominee will introduce a bill or bill to bring it about, but, on the other hand, we have no reason for thinking he would actively oppose such bill or bills. If the parties whose interests call for the new county or counties make their desires known they can find a member to introduce the bill or bills, and will get, we have no doubt, respectful consideration at the hands of the legislature; but they must push the matter themselves. Will they do so?

Where to Buy.

—Call on Jo. Embs for oysters—he's got em.
—Notice Stegmiller's advertisement on our fourth page.
—Oysters in every style except a bad one by Jo. Embs. 42tf
—Buy your wife an Arm Chair, at Sandy Oliver's place.
—Beef, by the quarter, at 5½ cents a pound, at Bittner's.
—Coin and Shopping Bags, of leather and plush, at Greenhoot's.
—Now is your time to buy your best girl a ring—go to Stegmiller's.
—Ribbons, of all widths, shades of color, qualities and prices, at Erickson's.
—Call on Gibbs, L. K., for work horses, road horses, working cattle or cows.
—Fresh, pure and healthy Confectionery is offered by Atkins & McNaughtan.
—Any potable, from Milwaukee beer to Pommery Sec at Nick Barth's Parlor.
—Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and cut meats at Bittner's, cheaper than ever.
—Almonds, Walnuts, Pecans, Brazil, Hickory and fresh-roasted peanuts, at Purdy's.
—Pure Michigan Cider, in any desired quantity, can be procured of Peter Semer.
—Dehesa Raisins, in 6-pound cartons, the finest in that line you ever saw, at Purdy's.
—Escanaba Steam Laundry and Baths. All the best modern machinery and processes.
—Buy anything you see, that you want, in D. A. Oliver's stock, at prices to suit yourself.
—L. K. Gibbs is constantly receiving horses, working cattle and cows, all which are for sale.
—The old house, of A. & H. Bittner, offers Beef in any quantity, having 300 quarters now on hand.
—Nick Barth requires only to know the wants of his friends and will take all pains to satisfy them.
—Look in as you go by, at Dixon & Cook's new show-cases and the new goods they contain. It will pay.
—Buckwheat Flour (to make cakes) and Butter and Honey (to make the cakes go) at Atkins & McNaughtan's.
—Wixon is making the finest pictures ever turned out in northern Michigan. Don't take our word for it but go and see.
—Order Cider by the barrel, half-barrel or keg, of Peter Semer. You'll get it promptly, and it will be cider, every drop.
—Godley—Dressing and Odor cases, Perfumes and cosmetics, dentrices and dressings for the hair, all of the best kinds.
—Sausages (beef or pork) Liver Sausage, Head Cheese and Blood Puddings at Bittner's—where you get all the good things.
—French Candies, in pound boxes, just the thing to go in Christmas stockings, can be found only at Atkins & McNaughtan's.

QUOTATIONS
AT THE C. O. D. STORE OF
MCGILLIS BROS.

MISCELLANEOUS.		FLOUR.	
9½ lbs Granulated Sugar for	\$1 00	Peerless (Patent), per barrel,	8 30
10 lbs Standard A,	1 00	Straight, per barrel,	7 75
11 lbs Extra C,	1 00	CANNED GOODS.	
16 bars "Old Country" Soap,	1 00	Condensed Milk,	20
18 bars "Highest Prize" Soap,	1 00	Kensett's 3 lb Tomatoes,	12½
25 bars "Japan Olive" Soap,	1 00	String Beans, 2 lbs,	10
3 lb box Starch,	20	Lima Beans, 2 lbs,	10
16 oz. bottle Bluing,	15	Marrowfat Peas, 2 lbs,	15
10 oz. bottle Bluing,	10	Burnham & Morrill's Corn,	17
Rice, per pound,	08	Peaches, 3 lbs,	25
Prunes, per pound,	08	Lobsters, 2 lbs,	25
O. G. Java Coffee,	30	Salmon, 2 lbs,	30
Golden Rio, roasted,	20	Clams, 2 lbs,	20
" " Green,	12½	Clams, 1 lb,	12
" " "	15	Raspberries, 2 lbs,	12½
" " "	15	Fine Apple, 2 lbs,	15
Corn Starch, per pound,	08	DRIED FRUIT.	
Syrup, per gallon,	70	Evaporated Raspberries, per lb,	35
New Orleans Molasses,	60	Evaporated Blackberries,	18
New Maple Sugar, per pound,	15	Pitted Cherries,	25
New Maple Syrup, ¼ gallon,	65	Evaporated Apples,	16
New Maple Syrup, per gallon,	1 15	North Carolina Sliced Apples,	11
CRACKERS.		C.O. Perrine's celebrated Jelly, in blk 7½ lb	12½
Soda Crackers,	08	Potatoes, per bushel,	1 20
Milk "	10	Turnips, per bushel,	15
Assorted Jumbles,	15	Ham, per pound,	50
Breakfast Snaps,	12		

All goods warranted as represented or money refunded. Give us a call.

NEW STORE.

1,000 MEN

WANTED

To work for their own interests by calling at Stern's Star Clothing House to buy Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises. You can

MAKE MONEY

By so doing. Our goods are new, stylish, serviceable and cheap and a large assortment to select from. South side of Ludington St. rect, in the Wagner Building. Please call and see us

RIGHT OFF

LIVERY STABLE.

EAGLE LIVERY STABLE
GEO. ENGLISH, PROP'R.

Has purchased both the busses—the baggage wagon formerly used by the Ludington house, and now controls the business. Orders for bus service or baggage transportation may be left at the office.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE RIGS

At any hour, day or night. HORSES BOARDED on favorable terms. The

WASHINGTON HOUSE STABLES

Have been rented for a term of years and will be run in connection with the Eagle. 13

MUSIC HALL, the largest and best appointed assembly room in the city is part of the property. For dates apply at the office.

FURNITURE.

PETERSON & NORMAN,
Ludington St., West, Escanaba.
Furniture Dealers, Upholsterers and
UNDERTAKERS.

Supply or repair all kinds of Furniture, furnish and attend funerals, or contract for house-building on the most favorable terms. Both men are mechanics, and all work will be warranted.

AGENTS FOR THE SINGER SEWING MACHINES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CONRAD LINS,

Having removed to the north side of Ludington street, may now be found one door east of Dixon's, where he is prepared to supply his friends with all descriptions of

HAND-MADE FOOT-WEAR,

Of the best materials, in the highest style of workmanship and at low prices.

WELL SHOD IS WELL-DRESSED, AND THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Don't let a responsible 10¢ pig food, sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 5¢ better-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FEED STORE.

ED. DONOVAN,
(Successor to Pat. Fogarty),
At his old stand, corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets offers

FLOUR & FEED,

GRAIN & SEEDS,

HAY & STRAW

In any required quantity and at the lowest market rates. Special attention to orders by mail.

COAL.

The subscribers are now prepared to furnish Mining companies or others with Soft Coal by the cargo or less quantity.
Delivered at any point on the C. & N. W. Ry.
Correspondence addressed to us at ISH-PERING will receive prompt attention.
P. Ouderkerk & Co.

—KRATZE—
—KRATZE—
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—KRATZE—
IS NOW PREPARED TO SUPPLY ALL THOSE WISHING TO MAKE HOLIDAY PRESENTS WITH SILK HATS, SILK AND ALAPACA UMBRELLAS, FINE NECKWEAR, OVERCOATS AND SUITS, TOYS AND DOLLS FOR CHILDREN AND FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS, WHICH HE WILL SELL AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. GIVE HIM A CALL.
—KRATZE—
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BOOTS & SHOES.

Boots. —Slippers.— Shoes.

DOWN THEY GO!

To make room for my immense stock of Spring Goods I have decided to sell all Ladies', Gent's, Children's and Mens' Shoes for a few days at 15 per cent. off, beginning Friday, Dec. 21. Remember, for a few days only, at Frank J. Draper's One-Price Cash Shoe House, Richards Block, Escanaba.

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK,
(Agent)
—DEALER IN—
HARNESS AND SADDLES.
ALL REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY.
OLD STAND—TILDEN AVE.

HARDWARE.

DIXON & COOK,
Dealers in Stoves Tinware and Hardware,
Will keep constantly on hand a choice assortment of everything pertaining to the trade.
PRICES MODERATE.—JOBGING A SPECIALTY.—
Ludington street, three doors west from Dousman street.

TAILORING.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL,
Merchant Tailors--Gent's Furnishers
A large stock of French, German, English and American Worsteds and Cassimeres of all shades and quality. Also a complete line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, and everything that is needed for a lumberman's outfit. The celebrated "LIBBY" Shoe always in stock.

MEAT MARKET.

HESSEL & HENTSCHEL
45 LUDINGTON ST., & MARY STREET.
(Between Ludington Street and Wells Avenue.)
MEAT MARKETS.
Every description of Fresh and Salt Meats constantly on hand at the lowest prices. Fish and Game in season, together with
BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.
EVERYTHING OF THE BEST!

WINEGAR & BURNS.

WINEGAR & BURNS,
—DEALERS IN—
FRESH AND SALT FISH,
Fishermen's Supplies, Wood, Etc.
Knox's Fishing Twines of all sizes and varieties, Gill-Net and all other supplies on hand.
Orders for FRESH FISH promptly attended to. VESSELS and DEALERS supplied.
Office and Warehouse on Oliver Dock, Escanaba, Mich.