

THE IRON PORT.

VOLUME 15, NO. 5.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

\$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 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., and after 7 o'clock in the evening.

D. R. T. L. GEIZER,
U. S. Marine Surgeon and General Practitioner.
Office over Dixon & Cook's hardware store.
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.

A. R. NORTHUP,
Attorney at Law
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office east side of Harrison Street, between Ludington and Thomas Streets, Escanaba.

E. P. ROYCE,
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 Ramspeck block, rd floor, Ludington St.
Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, &c., promptly attended to.

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

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent
Money to Loan on Real Estate Security.
Fine, Hardwood and other lands bought and sold on commission.

FOR SALE, 10,000 acres of Timber and Farming Lands.
Office in second story Semer building.

HOTELS.

LEWIS HOUSE,
J. E. Smith, Prop'r.
New and Newly Furnished throughout, is now open to the public. No outside board, but good beds and fare at moderate prices. Board by the day, week or month.
Ludington St., between Wolcott and Campbell.

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.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

HARRIS BROTHERS,
Contractors & Builders.
We return thanks to the building public for past patronage and beg to announce that we have fitted up our mill with first-class machinery, and are prepared to manufacture Dressed Lumber, Flooring, Siding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings and Brackets in all the latest designs and on short notice.

HENRY W. COLE,
Offers his services as a guide for
Hunting and Fishing Parties.
He is thoroughly acquainted with the woods and waters of Delta, Schoolcraft, Marquette and Menominee counties. Terms made known on application at the Shooting Gallery, Escanaba.

A FINE SAIL BOAT TO LET.

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

H. S. PINCHIN,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Stationery and Albums.
Temperance Beverages of all Kinds.
AT THE POST OFFICE.
FAYETTE, MICHIGAN

Items of Interest.

—Diamonds at Gagnon's.

Holiday Books, at Preston's.

—D. A. Oliver sells furniture.

—Sample the Lunch at the club.

—Dixon & Cook—Stoves at cost.

—Silverware, low, at Stegmiller's.

—Lunch, this evening, at Hanley's.

—Greenhoot is receiving new goods

—Plaques, by Atkins & McNaughtan.

—For a Piano or Organ call on Mead.

—Toys, at Mead's, for your own price.

—Try Peterson & Norman for furniture.

—Godley; holiday goods at any price at all.

—Godley's; headquarters of Kris Kringle.

—Greenhoot's stock is constantly replenished.

—"Tom and Jerry," this evening, at the club.

—On Monday, if not before, call at Godley's.

—Watches and Clocks, very cheap, at Stegmiller's.

—Fine shoes. R. R. Sterling, see adv't on 8th page.

—Those sleighs. If you need one call on Sandy Oliver.

—Last call! Be on hand at Music hall on New Year's eve.

—Note the fact that R. R. Sterling has bought out Draper.

—Ladies' verdict: "If you want good goods, go to Burns'."

—Silverware is a specialty and so is "way down," at Gagnon's.

—Preston's Holiday goods "go" at whatever they will bring.

—Only a few left of those unique "bird-pictures," at Mead's.

—The place to buy a good Sewing Machine for a little money is Burns'.

—Bisque, Terra Cotta and Porcelain Figures, by Atkins & McNaughtan.

—See what Hutchinson & Goodell have to say in their space on the 8th page.

—Peterson & Norman, Ludington street hill, furniture at cost until further notice.

—Four second-hand sleighs, to be sold low for account of B. W. Brown, by D. A. Oliver.

—Oliver's Furniture is of the best material, make and finish, and very little money takes it.

—Preston will not carry over a single article of his holiday stock if low prices will sell them.

—R. R. Sterling, successor to F. J. Draper, has something for your attention on the 8th page.

—The man to furnish you with Piano or Organ, for cash or on monthly payments, is Burns.

—Cheap as to price but unsurpassed as to quality is the furniture offered by Peterson & Norman.

—Hanley's will spread a collation and invite its friends to call and partake on New Year's day.

—Those large Photos that Wixson is turning out are the boss. Call and see them at his gallery.

—Cords—tons of Toys, for pinches—spoonfuls of cash, at Burns' double store until after New Year's.

—Godley's is the place for nice holiday goods—new this season, and not to be carried over to another.

—Beautiful Porcelain Cups and Saucers, appropriate for New Year's presents, at Atkins & McNaughtan's.

—At the club, on this, Saturday, evening, as usual, and on New Year's day, a delicious lunch will be served.

—At Godley's is something to suit every customer—something within the reach of every one as to price.

—Nothing makes so satisfactory a present for a boy as a box of tools, such as Mead now offers at less than cost.

—Greenhoot has still some holiday specialties which he will dispose of at even lower prices than heretofore.

—Camp stores and supplies of all kinds, at lower prices than ever before, by the grocers Atkins & McNaughtan.

—Every description of Goldsmith's work, Rings, Pins, Chains, Bracelets, etc., at prices lower than ever before by L. Stegmiller.

—Right above the "Personals" is the advertisement of Hutchinson & Goodell which it will pay purchasers of dry goods to read.

For sale or to rent on very favorable terms. Apply to 6 FRANK H. LATHROP.

Sand.

WILL some one who is up in the Chippewa give us the meaning of the name "Ogontz?"

THE snow came ten days too soon to suit the boys. They wanted the skating until the holidays were over.

NO. 1 (passenger train bound north) was an hour and a half late on Sunday. More snow below than here, evidently.

WHOSE duty is it to see that the walks are cleared of snow? Of course it is the duty of property owners or of occupants to do it, but when they neglect it who should compel them?

JUST once more the PORT calls attention to the firemen's masquerade. It comes off on New Year's eve and will be the event of the season in the line of salutory amusement. Take a ticket.

WE'RE fixed, now. Warner, the patent-medicine astronomer has sent us a "pass" to visit the observatory. Whether or no it is good for a round trip on the comet is a question. If it is we're going, sure.

THE saw that "un oaf" is as good as a feast, *ab ovo usque ad malum*, is not untrue when the egg, as is usual at this season, is *malum in se*. Patented Dec. 25, 1883. Terms to retailers made known on application to patentee.

CLEVELAND reports say "but little of this year's product remains to be sold," and chronicle shipments to furnaces of 21,000 tons during the week. If the bottom does not drop out of iron, altogether, they will want some ore by the time navigation opens.

WE ARE accustomed to regard lotteries as peculiar to Kentucky and Louisiana (with an occasional snide concern of the sort in Texas), but here comes a fellow from Bangor, Maine, with a little one which he wants advertised. No sir; not in the IRON PORT, and certainly not on credit.

A PARTY of our young folks, some six couples, visited the roller-rink at Marinette on Saturday evening last, returning the succeeding day. We hear from one of the ladies, that the trip was pleasant throughout and that the credit for the fact is largely due to the exertions of our friends Anderson and Merriam.

IT WILL be noted that the member of congress from this district does not, like his predecessor, champion the cause of a foreign corporation (the O. & B. R.) against his neighbors and constituents. He has charge, in the house, of the bill introduced by Mr. Sawyer in the senate.

THE red glow in the evening sky which has for a month past excited so much speculation still continues and is still unaccounted for to the satisfaction of the layman. Of course each astronomer and meteorologist knows all about it, but they do not agree, and the common mind is unsettled.

WE MAY be compelled to go to St. Paul, not to "talk railroad," but to apologize to Mrs. Conolly for having called Pat, her husband and the father of her four children, a bachelor, in speaking of Jim's marriage last week. As to Pat, we can stand him off by threatening to tell how we got the idea.

F. H. GARDNER, of Pensaukee, Wis., a man well-known about the shores of Green Bay, fell dead, in the street, at Pensaukee, on Monday evening. He was hastening to catch a train, was seen to stop and fall, and was dead when assistance reached him. The circumstances indicate some cardiac difficulty.

"CLUBBING" is a good thing. We call to mind just now dozens of fellows who would be better citizens if only the clubbing was done by a vigorous arm and continued long enough. In our own line of business are lots of men (and pretty bright men in other respects) who ought to get a good clubbing, with a stuffed club, to cure them of a proclivity to another sort of clubbing—with the "Good Joke," or the "Laundress' Oracle," or some other of the cheap and nasty publications which, having no hold upon the public anywhere and nothing to commend them, try to ride upon the shoulders of the country publisher. The mails are full of their circulars.

IT HAVING been asserted by the attorneys for the O. & B. R. land-steal and repeated by the Washington correspondent of the Free Press that the lands selected by the O. & B. R. company had been "lifted to it" by the federal government, the lists having been prepared and forwarded by Secretary Conant, we wrote Mr. J. H. McGowan, at Washington for the truth as to that point and quote from his reply:

A quick and truthful answer to the story is simply "It is a lie." Not one acre has ever been certified by the general land office or by any federal authority either to the R. R. company or to the state of Michigan for the benefit of the R. R. company. You can make the denial as broad as you please, on my authority. I have just had a fresh examination made at the department.

The vending of such falsehoods shows the straits to which the Milwaukee beggars are reduced. It was hoped, no doubt, that its circulation would have the effect to discourage holders of small claims and prevent the contribution of funds to carry on the fight, but will have exactly the contrary effect.

MR. BREITUNG is on the committee on mines and mining. The speaker knew what his best hold was, evidently.

MR. R. R. STERLING, formerly of Ypsilanti, is the successor of F. J. Draper, and is now on the ground, having arrived during the week past.

THE 'busses went upon runners, for the first time this season, on Wednesday. The sleighing was not "superb," but it was better than wheeling.

THE case of the U. S. vs Geo. T. Burns, for trespass, was heard before commissioner Mead, on the 21st, and sent to the U. S. circuit court for trial.

HERE it comes, Sunday morning, Dec. 23, wind southeast by east and snow enough for the log-wrestlers—too much for the boys and girls who were enjoying the skating.

THE Ford River company is short a watchman's clock—lost in transit—and will pay the finder \$5 to return it. It may be handed to us.

—Never mind. It's found.

CAPT. JACK COFFEY was reported as frozen in, off peninsula Point, and in danger of losing his boat, the Daisy Moore. Report was "off," as usual. He had gone, with the boat, to Manitowoc to repair and winter. Capt. Coffey is too old a fisherman and too well acquainted with the waters hereabouts to be so caught.

A COMMUNICATION from the auditor-general suggests that suit will be brought under the new law against delinquent in the matter of taxes in this county, for 1881, and the lands sold next May. By this course of proceeding a "tax deed" will be the best kind of a title. We expect to publish the list of lands during the coming month and owners of lands will do well to look it over carefully.

THE great holiday has come and gone. Christmas trees, at the various churches set the Sunday-school children wild with paroxysms of delight; a midnight mass, at St. Joseph's, called together the children of the mother church and services during the day the members of the protestant denominations, and family reunions, the interchange of good wishes and tokens of regard, made up the usual "Merry Christmas."

VIGOROUS, almost heroic practice was that of one of our surgeons who found an inebriated customer making his preparations to freeze to death in a Wolcott street snowbank on Wednesday night, near midnight, and kicked and cuffed him sober, or to a degree of sobriety consistent with a perception of the difference between snow and feathers—between a temperature of seventy-five, plus, and one of two, minus. The man would have been dead in a couple of hours.

AS SOON as the ice is strong enough, which will probably be the case by the first of the coming week, the mail for Fayette and Garden will be taken direct from here. That for Manistique and the way offices between there and Day's River, will go, as at present, from Day's River. An express office is established this week at Day's River, Wm. Mockler, agent of the railway company, in charge. The mail service for the eastern towns and Manistique ought to be pretty satisfactory. Daily mail and three bags, one for Fayette and Garden, one for Manistique and one for the way offices, should serve them at least fairly.

MICHIGAN congressmen get positions on the committees as follows: Mr. Horr, committee on appropriations, Mr. Maybury, judiciary committee, Mr. Yapple, committee on banking and currency and enrolled bills, Mr. Houseman, committee on rivers and harbors (a new committee), Mr. Winans, committee on agriculture and invalid pensions, Gen. Cutcheon, committee on military affairs and militia, Mr. Hatch, committee on railroads and canals, Mr. Carleton, committee on territories and the liquor traffic, Mr. Breitung, committee on mines and mining and public buildings and grounds, Mr. Eldredge, committee on the District of Columbia and Mr. Lacey, committee on coinage, weights and measures.

THEIR home being too small (though it is a domicile of ordinary capacity) to conveniently accommodate the half of them, Mr. & Mrs. Fontanna received their friends of the fire society at the hall over the engine house on Friday evening last. The boys were as promptly on hand as though the bell had sounded an alarm instead of a welcome, and the evening was spent very pleasantly. The H. & L. company (to which Jake belongs) presented him with a miniature truck, as a souvenir of the occasion. Talking about presents, Mrs. Fontanna said (when the PORT made its congratulatory call) "almost everything we have was presented;" and proceeded to point out. In parlor and living-room—in bed-room and pantry were presents, ranging in character from a whisk brush to a service of silver and including clock, chairs, and dozens of other articles. The list of donors included Messrs J. F. and Thomas Fontanna, Theo. Lutz, J. K. Stack, Jas. Corcoran, J. Patterson, Matt and Al Serwe, John, Walch, John Hartnett, Eugene Glavin, Will Daley, Wm. (which means "Billy") Hamm, Ed. Jones and Jas. Heffernan, Madames Cottrell, Snyder, and Atch, and Misses Bella Serwe, Annie Patterson and B. Stoik.

A FOUNDRY and machine shop would be a good thing for the town.

"Am feeling better the farther I go," writes Ami Wiltsie from Kansas City, Mo.

THE pay-car is on the division and the boys can buy New Year's presents. They were a trifle short at Christmas-tide.

THE house of correction at Ionia is overcrowded while the state prison at Jackson has vacant cells. Give 'em Jackson and long time, Your Honor.

IT'S ROLLERS or no skating, for the rest of the winter, probably, and Clapp & Jeffrey will endeavor to make the rink as perfect a substitute for the ice as is practicable. Give them a call.

JOHN HORSEWOOD was not drowned, as we have two-and-a-half good reasons for believing. He dropped in on Thursday and paid a year's subscription to the PORT, which he would hardly have done had he been drowned as was reported.

WE GOT only the fringe of the snow-storm on Sunday last. It extended from Maine to Texas and was heaviest just west of the Alleghenies, where some twenty inches fell and was followed by rain, flooding the river bottoms and doing much damage.

THE friends of the gentleman in these parts will be surprised to hear of the marriage of Douglas Elliott, of Big Saumico. The ceremony that altered his mode of existence was performed at Oconto, Wis., on the 19th instant. We failed to learn the name of the lady.

A COPY of the High School Index, containing a very favorable notice of the Michigan Military Academy, at Orchard Lake, reminds us that Col. J. S. Rogers is still in command and we can do fathers a favor by saying "there's a good place to send your boy."

CALIFORNIA insisted that the Chinese must go, and congress acceded. The Pennsylvanians now want to drive out the Hungarian laborers. When our turn comes who will have to "go"? If the weakest in numbers, we who were born in the U. S. may as well pack up.

THE county hospital will be completed and ready for inspection and acceptance by the committee of the board of supervisors by the first day of the new year. In answer to inquiry, the contractors say "we expected to make no more than wages on the job—that we have done."

A REPORT reaches us, through the St. Ignace Reporter, that a party of surveyors is engaged in running a line "for a railroad from Minneapolis to the Sault, via Escanaba and Manistique." The party was progressing westward between McMillan station (on the D., M. & M.) and Manistique last week.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the operations of the county poor board may be conceived from the fact that the report of the superintendent of the hospital to the superintendents of the poor covers forty-eight fool-cap pages. What the report of the superintendents to the board of supervisors will be, if they are as diffuse as their subordinate, can only be determined by the event. It may not exceed in volume the census report or the journal of congress, but it will be something enormous.

O. E. LEWIS severs his connection with the Wisconsin Lumber company on the 31st, and will depart immediately thereafter for Oshkosh. He proposes to open a lumber yard, on his own account or associated with his father, at some point yet to be determined, in Wisconsin. He is succeeded here by Mr. DeGroot, but we understand that the Wisconsin company does not intend to continue the business at this point longer than may be necessary to dispose of its present stock and close outstanding accounts.

AT NO TIME since our residence in the town has the "pay-car," on which we all depend either at first or second hand for our supply of "circulation," disbursed so little as now of that convenience. Considering that fact, and considering also the state of things that necessarily results, would it not be the part of wisdom to take some measures to invite capital and industry hither? If two pay-cars instead of one made monthly visits we might not have twice as much money, but we should have an increase; if we had some manufacturing concerns we could not be the worse off—could hardly be benefited. As we have no cash of our own to invest in such enterprises, we must get help from abroad. Can we—will we do anything to invite such help?

MORE than a moiety of the persons who apply for temporary relief to our poor-masters are in no sense residents of the county and their support should be charged to other than this county. A case in point came under our observation during the week past; a poor fellow, too sick to care for himself and without friends or money, applied and was admitted to the hospital where he now is. He had but just come into the county, had earned two days' wages only in it, but had worked for a year or more in an adjoining one. Of course he must be cared for, but there should be, if there is not, some way in which our poor-fund could be reimbursed. The case of Burns, a couple of weeks ago was another, and such cases are of frequent occurrence.

NEW YEAR'S cards at this office.

SCHOOL will open on Monday, January 6, instead of Wednesday, January 2.

THE lady who submitted for our perusal and criticism the manuscript story must be patient with us. We have not yet had time to read it, much less to give it the attention she desires. We can not use it on account of the limited space at our disposal, and will return it, as requested, as soon as we can find time to form and write the opinion she asks for.

CHAIRS are in constant demand, and the woods near here contain no end of the raw material, beech, larch and maple timber; there are plenty of locations for factories; there is water-power, practically unlimited, going to waste in the Escanaba river; there are ample opportunities for the shipment of the product. Are there any good reasons why this timber should not be utilized? We know of none.

JOHN CARMODY is running one camp and about to start another in the woods near Lathrop, and Mr. Austin Stilwell is at Lathrop with a mill which he will put in operation as soon as he can, upon Carmody's logs. Mr. Carmody expects to put about three million feet into lumber, besides which he will make some square timber for the Chicago market and some for the foreign (English) market. C. E. Eastman has lately put up a mill at Lathrop.

A MAN, name to us unknown, got too much egg nog on Christmas day and evening and was seen in the vicinity of the railway station on Wednesday morning scarcely able to walk, having lain out all night in the snow-storm. The person who saw him reported him badly frozen, hands and feet, and Marshal McCarthy started to attend to his case but failed to find him or find out what had become of him. The probability is that friends had taken care of him, or that he was less damaged by exposure than was believed, and, on sobering off, was able to take care of himself.

THE president sent all the state department papers connected with the case of O'Donnell, the Carey-slayer, to congress on Monday. They are not numerous, but they bring out one fact, viz. the state department asked for delay and was refused. Some doubt is, however, thrown upon O'Donnell's claim to American citizenship. He was born in Ireland, came to America when four years old, returned to Ireland when twelve years old and remained there some ten or eleven years, was again in America during the war of the rebellion but did not serve in the army and had not been a resident of the U. S. for six years or more previous to the killing of Carey.

The Schools.

The whole number of different pupils enrolled for the month ending December 21 was 636; the average per cent. in daily attendance was 94; number of tardy marks, 198. The following is the Roll of Honor:

HIGH SCHOOL.—Helen M. Stone, Teacher.	
Laura Buckley	Anna McGarty
Mabel McKeever	Emma Stephenson
Belle Blake	Dellie Brubaker
SENIOR GRAMMAR.—Ella L. Killian, Teacher.	
Joseph Embs	Willie Kilian
Frank Barth	Jan Garner
Clifton Oliver	Carrie Kearsy
Bertie Young	Frank Allger
Jesse O'Leary	Wallace VanDyke
James McLean	Frances Hand
Mamie Marton	Erica Terrell
Louisa Trudell	Maggie M. Lewis
Florence Korten	Katie Backlund
Annie Senner	Lucy Denton
Aggie Forsyth	Carrie Kearsy
Adelle Symons	Julia Ramspeck
Mayne Maybee	Julia Backlund
Joseph Duran	Tony Bond
Walter Hildreth	Willie Terrell
FIRST INTERMEDIATE.—Emma Tyler, Teacher.	
Jennie Sullivan	John Oliver
Charles Nelson	Fred Hartig
John Hewlett	Louise Clark
Henry Van Valkenburg	John Mead
Francis A. ...	Maggie Bond
SECOND INTERMEDIATE.—Ella Tyler, Teacher.	
Ella Tyler	Ella Tyler
Winnie Lutz	Vera McKee
Bertie Farrell	Anna Cook
Dorothy McCarty	Joseph Symons
Leslie McCarty	Willie Ramspeck
Eddie Hewlett	Walter Hildreth
SEVENTH PRIMARY.—Helen C. Orvald, Teacher.	
Charles Senner	Maggie M. Carter
John Spade	Annie Carroll
Charles Newman	Maggie Walsh
SIXTH PRIMARY.—Ella Northup, Teacher.	
John Senner	John Backlund
Harry M. Fall	Yara Hermer
Hattie McMartin	Mabel O'Leary
Susy Glaser	Kosa Bishop
Minnie Korten	John Glavin
John Hart	
FIFTH PRIMARY.—Mary Garner, Teacher.	
Willie Stoik	Ruth Garner
Edna Lang	Kate Ladger
Melvin Young	Isa Sullivan
Lewie Oliver	Mary Hermer
Lizzie Stephenson	
FOURTH PRIMARY.—Anna Killian, Teacher.	
Polly Acker	Nellie Denton
Emma Backlund	Ernie Erick
Lucy Burns	Marion McKay
Mary Corcoran	Michael Burns
Annie Clark	Alfred Champ
Mamie Doyle	Willie Golden
Julia Ledger	Simon Greenhoot
Hugh Lyons	Curie Leighton
Dottie Chevier	
THIRD PRIMARY.—M. McLaughlin, Teacher.	
Annie Corcoran	Lavin Raymond
Emily Jubian	David James
Emma McCourt	Charlie Correll
Bessie Starks	Nellie Johnson
Edith Beuchert	Katie Madden
Dollie Grenier	Louisa Carrow
Eddie Maloney	Henry Jubian
Willie Norman	Dan Campbell
Edna Lang	Conrad Carlson
John Hart	John Hart
SECOND PRIMARY.—Joanna Richardson, Teacher.	
Jennie Rodgers	Tilly Wilson
Alvin Eddy	Lillie Wixson
Roscoe Power	Bella Schram
FIRST PRIMARY.—Agnes Garner, Teacher.	
Mary McMartin	Ella Gault
Robert Chatterton	Annie Sherbenow
Charles Golden	Yamie Krates
Emma Bacon	Joe Tole
Nora Fleming	George Stoik
Sophie Welch	Alfred Killian
	Jimmy Powers

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, DEC. 29, 1883.

THE WEATHER.

The following is the meteorological report for the week ending Dec. 27, at Escanaba:

Date.	Mean Bar.	Mean Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec. 20	30.24	6.7	SW	Light/Cloudy
" 21	30.23	5.3	NW	Fresh Fair
" 22	30.57	4.3	SE	Fresh Clear
" 23	30.92	2.7	SE	Fresh Cloudy
" 24	30.86	2.8	S	Fresh Clear
" 25	30.74	18.3	S	Light Fair
" 26	30.79	15.7	NW	BrisK Cloudy

Weekly mean barometer 30.02
 Weekly mean thermometer 13.4
 Maximum temperature during the week 18.3
 Minimum temperature during the week -5.0
 No. inches melted snow 0.62
 L. M. FINELLA,
 Priv. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.

VICTORIA has given Tennyson "a handle to his name." He is now "Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt, of Aldworth," but there is no reason to suppose that he will write better poetry because of his title.

CITY MARSHAL STEPHENSON, of Sturgeon Bay, shot three vicious dogs which were fighting in the streets of that city and is sued by the owners for the value of the brutes, which is placed at seven hundred dollars.

THE assinine instincts of the American people is one of their most prominent characteristics, and which are exhibited whenever there is an opportunity.—Oconto Reporter.

It is difficult to decide whether to commend the sound self-respect contained in the above paragraph or the choice English in which it is expressed.

FOUR of the six accidental democratic congressmen from Michigan will go in for putting salt and lumber on the free list, without knowing or caring anything about the effect their actions will have on the welfare and development of Northern Michigan. They are lawyers and theoretical statesmen who have never come in contact with the subjects concerning which they propose to legislate.—Bay City Tribune.

JOHN SWINTON challenges Vanderbilt to discuss publicly, at the coliseum in Madison Square, "his right to the colossal fortune held in his hand." Swinton says:

It may surprise him that any one should question that right, but I go farther and deny it; I deny even his legal ownership of it; I deny that he acquired it in legal ways; and I assert that if the laws of our state and the country were now applied to him; if the penalties prescribed for certain offences were justly enforced in his case; if he was compelled to surrender the millions he has gained by violating the letter and the spirit of the law, and to the possession of which he is consequently not legally entitled, he would not today be a hundred millionaire twice over—not by a long shot.

All this may be true, but it is mere vaporing to challenge him to discuss the point in public. He would be a bigger fool than even his father thought him to do so, and Swinton knows that as well as he. It is his title to his wealth he seriously questioned it must be before an authority that can take it away from him or confirm him in its possession, as his right may appear. Don't be silly, Mr. Swinton. There is too much for you to do in the line you have chosen to make clap-trap necessary, nor is the cause you champion one that can be benefited by clap-trap.

"A TARIFF for revenue only," is the cry of those who have too much sense openly to advocate the abolition of custom houses and absolute free trade, and when coupled, as it usually is with the phrase "incidental protection," is calculated to catch weak-kneed protectionists. In truth such a tariff would be worse than free trade. We find the case stated thus:

A tariff for revenue only is a permanent tax on the consumer, with no compensating benefits. A protective tariff pays the surest revenues to our government, is sometimes a transient tax, but always has compensating benefits from the start, and always results in low prices—being thus a boon rather than a tax. Experience and the laws of trade show that when we have any well established industry producing the greater part of what we consume, this home product controls our prices, home competition cheapens them, and the foreigner pays the duty, which does not affect the price. Imported cotton cloth, for instance, affects prices little, if any. When we make any article, and import a large share of what we use of the like article, sometimes the foreigner pays the duty and sometimes we pay a part, as supply and demand fluctuate, but our competition with the foreigner always reduces prices. A protective duty on a new industry may sometimes keep the price up for a short time; sometimes a foreigner reduces his price to cripple our new industry, and we reap the benefit,—as in the case of steel rails, on which English prices were reduced some \$20 per ton as soon as they were made here. Whenever an article of home manufacture happens to be dearer than a like foreign article the difference is surely held up as a tax on the consumer, caused by the duty, but when home competition brings the price down, as it has done in many cases, that is ignored. To point back to higher prices under lower duties would greatly damage a free trade treatise. Home competition, home markets, better wages, varied employment and capital used at home are silently passed by; to exaggerate alleged injury and ignore real benefits is the aim. The process by which manufacturers are shown to gain immense profits is equally incorrect and untrue. Sometimes a factory pays nothing to its owner for years and then come good dividends. The years without profit are ignored, but the good dividend is paraded and magnified to keep up prejudices against "the monopolists." Hon. W. A. Russell, M. C., gives the reports of fifty-one textile manufacturers known in Boston, showing their dividends for ten years, from 1873 to 1882 inclusive, to be 6.6-10 per cent. yearly average on \$55,000,000 capital. Approximately it would be safe to say that for thirty years our factories and mills in the whole country have not paid their owners five per cent. yearly. Many cases can be given where a single crop has paid for the farmer's land and labor. Would it be fair to hold them up as proofs that those farmers are constantly getting rich at the cost of the consumers of food? Start any new industry, with fair protection, and it gains and grows and these results follow:—better processes and machinery, economy of production, less cost of manufacture on a larger scale, ability sometimes to pay more for raw material and for wages, yet to sell the product lower, and a rise in the price of lands in the vicinity along with the growing cheapness of the product of the mill.

CARL SCHURZ wanted to use the Evening Post, of which he was editor, in the interest of the telegraphers' brotherhood, at the time of the strike, but was not permitted to do so. That's why he left that paper.

JAY HUBBELL, with his fur-trimmed duds overcoat, left the city last evening for Chicago. That's the way the Free Press alludes to our u. p. great man. The F. P. won't have a subscriber in this neck 'o' woods if it keeps on. "Dude," indeed!

"UP LIKE a rocket, and down like a stick," can not be said of Henry Villard. He went up all right, but it is the men who trusted in him who tumble. Villard is kicked out of the positions he has held in the Northern Pacific and its connections, but he knew that was coming—knew the bubble must burst soon, and hedged. He saves his millions—his friends and those who took their cue from him lose. On the whole, while Villard is infamous, it is scarcely worth while to waste sympathy on the geese he has plucked. Geese exist, chiefly, that they may be plucked.

SENATOR SAWYER'S bill declaring forfeited to the United States to the extent necessary to protect and confirm the rights of persons holding proper government titles to lands granted to Michigan for the construction of railroad from Ontonagon to the Wisconsin state line, is a measure in the interest of the people, and adverse to the claims of a railroad corporation whose rights in the premises seem to have been forfeited long ago. The Ontonagon and Brule River R. R. seeks a revival of a defunct grant, and its claim would ruin a very large number of settlers who located in good faith and who are entitled to protection, having received patents from the government. There is a strong presumption that congress will prefer to stand by the individuals whose interests are jeopardized rather than to inflict irreparable injury upon thousands of innocent persons in order to profit a single corporation which would be less seriously affected by defeat.—Fond du Lac Commonwealth.

The house of representatives, by resolution (unopposed) requested the president to inquire into the case of O'Donnell, as to his being an American citizen, having had a fair and impartial trial, etc. Our R. G. Horr, thinking it well while resolutions were going to have a hand in the game, offered the following: which was promptly objected to and went over, under the rule:

"Resolved, that the house bring to the notice of the president the case of the recent murder of several citizens of the United States, and the serious injury of several other persons, also claimed to be such citizens, at Danville, in the state of Virginia, in the hope that the president may ascertain whether the said persons so murdered and injured were citizens of the United States, and, if so, whether the killing and injuring of said citizens, if they were such, were in contravention of the provisions of the municipal law of the state of Virginia, or of any law of the United States."

THE January Atlantic opens the new volume brilliantly. The place of honor is given to the first chapters of a striking serial story, "In War Time," a story of the War for the Union, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Mr. Crawford's serial, "A Roman Singer," one of the strongest and most able serial novels ever published in an American magazine, is continued, and will run through several more numbers. Henry James, who knew Turgeneff and greatly admired him, writes of him as an author and a man. Dr. Holmes has a poem, "At the Saturday Club," in which he pays noble and discriminating tributes to Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorn and Emerson. Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody contributes an article on "The Study of Greek," apropos of the famous address of C. F. Adams, Jr. Octave Thanet tells, a very interesting story, "The Bishop of Vagabond;" H. H. White entertainingly of "Chester Streets;" Richard Grant White adds "A Sequel to Mr. Washington Adams," in a letter from Mr. Mansfield Humphreys; Prof. E. P. Evans has a learned paper on "Hale of Shiraz;" E. V. Smalley surveys "The Political Field" from an unpartisan standpoint; and there is an unusually full department of reviews, and a varied Contributors' Club. The Atlantic is so sure to be excellent every month that it can safely be recommended to every intelligent reader. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, or Preston or Godley, here.

THOSE who see danger to the republic and injustice to the masses in the accumulation of immense fortunes have prepared and will present to congress on amendment to the constitution of the U. S. of which the following is the substance:

No citizen of any of the states, territories or district comprised within the United States, shall be permitted to possess, in all kinds of property, an aggregate value of more than ten millions of dollars, which sum shall be the limit of property in any individual's ownership. And whenever and wherever such ownership shall be found to exceed the limit above named, the surplus shall all be condemned as a public nuisance and a public peril, and be accordingly confiscated into the United States treasury. And the states, etc., shall each and all, enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation; failing which, Congress shall so enforce it.

That the control of such vast sums as those which constitute the Vanderbilt, Gould and other fortunes is inimical to the general welfare will not be disputed except by the holders of those fortunes, but the remedy proposed leaves untouched an equally serious menace to the public weal, viz., the control by corporations of vast properties, and the unrestricted use by corporations of franchises which make them (the corporations) masters of the public wealth. The great railway corporations and the telegraph monopoly are more oppressive in the present and threaten the future of the country to a greater degree than is possible in the case of any individual or a class of individuals; and, as these corporations are creatures of law, they are more easily reached by law than individuals. The corporations should have the precedence when limitation is attempted. Then, too, every lever struck at the corporations falls with equal force upon the Vanderbilts and Goulds, whose immense accumulations are the profits of corporations. Again the remedy proposed, the constitutional amendment quoted, is weak and vague. A mere declaration amounts to nothing. Tax the big properties (beginning with one million, not ten millions), tax them so heavily that it will not be worth any man's while to accumulate the second million. That would mean something—might effect something.

THE Algonah got lost in a heavy snow storm, the pilot mistook the mill whistle for one at the proper landing and the boat was beached near the Rabbit Back. Not much harm, other than delay.

"LITTLE BILLY" CHANDLER was master of ceremonies at a lecture delivered by Matthew Arnold, at Washington, and succeeded in exhibiting his donkey to such an extent that his friends are compelled to apologize for him by saying "Oh, Chandler was drunk."

AN EXCHANGE says that Arthur is the candidate of the monied men—the "buy 'em off" candidate, and Blaine the candidate of "the boys"—the "knock 'em out" candidate. The president needs to contradict that, "officially," or he'll get left.

If THE duty on salt be abolished why should that on sugar be retained? One is as much a necessity of life as the other. Salt is and will continue to be a home product, while sugar is essentially a foreign one. Why should the new York or Michigan salt-boiler be stripped of protection and the Louisianian sugar-planter continue to receive it? Michigan congressmen will ask these questions when Mr. Maybury's bill putting salt on the free-list comes up for discussion.

THE contents of "Choice Literature" for December are "On Being Pilled;" "The 'Why' and the 'How' of Land Nationalization;" "Wallenstein in the Drama;" "The Lake George Tour;" "Inequality in Punishment;" "The Towers of Silence;" "Wordsworth and the Duddon;" "The Church in the Catacombs;" "Canadian Home Rule," by Lord Lorne, "The Future Prospects of Madagascar;" "November Meteors;" "Senilia" by Ivan Turgeneff, "Robert Browning;" "The New Birth of Christian Philosophy" and "Sleeplessness." John R. Alden, 18 Vesey st., New York; \$1 a year.

"RICHLIEU" ROBINSON, at an indignation meeting in New York, let the cat out of the bag, just as Abe Hewitt did in the house of representatives. He said:

Unless the committee on foreign relations, soon to be appointed, should make a speedy and just report on the insolence of the British government in this matter the minds of half a million democratic voters of this country would be unsettled.

There's where the shoe pinches. The democrats have the house; the committee is democratic; unless this democratic committee and house takes up the case of O'Donnell and does what is possible to embroil us with England, the democratic party will lose its grip on "the Irish vote." Mr. Robinson should not state the case so plainly. He blows the froth of patriotism off his schooner of partisanship.

SPEAKER CARLISLE announced the standing committees on Saturday last. The chairmen are these: elections, Turner, Georgia; ways and means, Morrison, Ills.; appropriations, Randall, Pa.; judiciary, Tucker Va.; banking and currency, Buckner; coinage, weights and measures, Bland; commercial, Reagan, Texas; rivers and harbors, Willis, Ky.; agriculture, Hatch, Mo.; foreign affairs, Curtin, Pa.; military affairs, Rosecrans, Cal.; naval affairs, Cox, N. Y.; postoffice and post roads, Money, Miss.; railroads and canals, Davidson, Florida; public lands, Cobb, Indian affairs, Welborn; territories, Evans, S. C.; manufactures, Bagley; mines and mining, Warner, Tenn.; levees and improvements of the Mississippi, King; militia, Miller, N. Y. Congress adjourned, on Saturday, until Jan. 7.

WE SUBMIT, without a word of comment, the following, from the Negaunee Iron Herald of last week:

Col. Van Duzer, of Escanaba PORT, is an earnest advocate of water-works for that city. If his agitation has the desired result those who now oppose the proposition will be surprised at themselves later on. There were men in Negaunee of good judgment, who doubted the propriety of making the outlay, who are wondering why the project should have been delayed so long. Insurance rates reduced, the fire department dispensed with and the most ample protection against fire afforded. About all are furnished with a constant supply of pure water, which is better for the public health. Here the system has been established and the tax-payers will never recall the outlay. The same would be the case in Escanaba with like good management of the work. The IRON PORT need have no fears of making permanent enemies in its advocacy of the water-works question. In the accomplishment of the enterprise these opponents will be among the first to appreciate the blessing and to applaud the promoter of it.

AFTER reciting, in the preamble, the facts connected with the grant of certain lands to the O. & S. L. railroad, the forfeiture of the said grant and the acquisition of portions of the granted lands by private parties, Senator Sawyer's bill (No. 691) provides:

That the rights and title of all parties holding patents or claims title under certificates or lists of lands issued or certified by the Secretary of the Interior or the Commissioner of the General Land Office, or under certificates of entry issued by the register and the receiver of any local land office, and of all parties who have made homestead entries, or pre-emption settlements, or claims of and upon any of the lands within the limits of said grants from Marquette and Ontonagon to the Wisconsin state line, upon either the odd or even numbered sections, and in conflict with or affected by said grants, shall be, and hereby are, confirmed and protected in the same manner and to the same extent as though no grant, reservation, or withdrawal of said lands had ever been made; and the lands granted under said act for the construction of a railroad from Ontonagon to the Wisconsin state line are hereby declared to have been, and to be, and now are, forfeited to the United States to the full extent necessary to confirm, protect, and make effectual the title to all of such land as has been patented, certified, listed, entered, or pre-empted as aforesaid, but no further.

Our representative, Mr. Breitung, will introduce the bill in the house. It would be well for every holder of lands threatened by the O. & B. R. charter as passed by the Michigan legislature, and for every one who desires to see justice done to write to Senators Conger and Palmer. Address Omar D. Conger and Thomas W. Palmer, Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

Our Neighbors.

Marquette Mining Journal.
 —The reported death of Hugh Logan, of Seney, was a canard. He is alive, all over.
 —Capt. John McKay, of the Manistee, never commanded the Pevabic. Capt. Geo. McKay, who did command her when she was lost, was a brother, but was not blameable for the disaster, not being on watch at the time.
 —The board of control of railways vetoes the proposed crossing "at grade" of the Marquette & Western and M. H. & O. railways at Negaunee. Quite a set-back for the M. & W.

—The Thurber-Berringer gold exploration is down on the vein between 40 and 50 feet, at which depth the vein is seven feet wide, between well-defined walls, and the vein-stuff heavier and more strongly charged with the precious metals than near the surface.
 —The negotiations for the sale of the Erie mine have been finally broken off. The unsettled condition of the iron market is the reason given, but the M. J. is of the opinion that the high royalty demanded by the owners of the fee had more to do with it.

—The two Semitic merchants were not burned in the Commercial house fire. Tom Hickey called, at their door, "Bankrupt stock—going cheap"—which was enough.
 —The Ishpeming firemen did first-rate work on the Commercial fire with everything against them.

—Dr. Townsend Heaton, late of Michigan, died, of consumption, at Hamilton, Va., on Sunday, Dec. 16.

L'Anse Sentinel.
 —Thos. Nester was severely hurt by the upsetting of his sleigh.

—The Ontonagon extension of the M., H. & O. road will leave the main line at Baraga, where a new ore dock will be built when that at L'Anse becomes unfit for use.
 —Concerning an attempt, by the M., H. & O. railway company, to procure congressional action authorizing a change of route for the western extension of that road, says: "Though we doubt that such an attempt will be made, we don't think, if it should, that there would be such a terrific opposition aroused. The people hereabouts have made money enough during the past year to assume a self-satisfied, sleepy attitude, and take the world easy. We don't think there will be much objection."

Marquette North Star.
 —Don't like to see democrats shooting each other, as they did in New Orleans.
 —Three attempts have been made to throw the C. & N. W. train off the track; all in the vicinity of Frenchtown.
 —The body of a man was found hanging from a tree in a grove of small pines on the Michigan side of the river, near the bridge. It was identified as that of Crook, a hard case. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide. [It is more likely a murder. The clumsy hanging calls to mind the case which occurred here last spring. The man found here was killed by blows upon the head. An autopsy would perhaps have shown the same state of things at Menominee.]

Manistique Pioneer.
 —Shows, plainly, that the Major is still laid up, but says not a word as to his condition.

—A post of G. A. R. is to be established if a sufficient number of veterans answer at roll-call.

—Concerning the whisky to be procured "where the IRON PORT lives," the editor pro tem speaks with the tone of a connoisseur. [It is bad stuff—especially that "Injin whisky" they give to fellows in mackinaw shirts and boot packs.]

Menominee Herald.
 —The completion of the branch of the W. & M. railroad will take place within a few days.

—Sam Stephenson was 52 years old on Christmas day, and a surprise party was gotten up in honor of the double event. [He is the father of Menominee, and it is to be hoped that it may be many a year yet before the town shall be orphaned.]

—A saloon building at Marinette was burned on Wednesday morning and "Uncle Tom Dutton" was suffocated and consumed in it.

Green Bay Advocate.
 —Theodore Krause chopped his old father with an ax and took a spade to his mother, cutting them both, badly. [Such a son ought to have another name. If God gave him, as it signifies, "the other fellow" seems to control him now.]

—Jones, the DePere banker, was arrested on a charge of criminal conversion of funds entrusted to him. He "speculated" on the Chicago grain market with the cash and was cleaned out.

Hancock Mining Journal.
 —Dennis Dwyer fell 200 feet, at the Hancock mine, and was killed.

—Joseph Paull, a pioneer of the copper region, died Dec. 14, at Houghton, at the age of 61 years.

Marinette Eagle.
 —Says the face and neck of Crook's body hardly showed signs of suffocation to warrant the verdict of the coroner's jury.

—Publishes a "holiday supplement" and makes a good thing out of it.

—Sing Key is in hard luck. Last week burglars went through him and the other day one "Charlie Ross" walked off with two dollars and a half's worth of work, offering to shoot but refusing to pay. Sing laid for him and had him jailed, but he's out the two dollars and a half, all the same.

Ontonagon Miner.
 —Jack Condegon, a trapper, lay for five days in a brush camp, with a broken leg and without food or fire, and is still alive.

—By the "Rhineland" road and Chynoweth's stage line passengers can reach Ontonagon in less than 27 hours from Milwaukee, and at about half the expense of the route via L'Anse.

NEW STORE.

DEROUIN & LONSDORF

Wishing their patrons "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," take the opportunity to say that they have a very large stock of

Warm Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps and Fancy Dry Goods

All of which they offer during the HOLIDAY SEASON and until further notice for BARE COST. Others do so and they must. They mean it, too, as a call upon them will prove.

OVERCOATS BELOW COST!

TAILORING.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL, Merchant Tailors--Gent's Furnishers

A large stock of French, German, English and American Worsted and Cassimeres of all shades and quality. Also a complete line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Lumbermen's Goods, and the celebrated "Libby" shoe. 2

JEWELRY.

LOUIS STEGMILLER

Dealer in everything in the JEWELRY LINE that is beautiful, useful and cheap, including Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gent's Chains and Charms, Rings and Pins. Also the most complete line of Clocks in the city. Repairing promptly attended to and prices down low.

FLOUR, FEED, &c.

BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

Southeast corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets. 3

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

MEAT MARKET.

A. & H. BITTNER,

—PROPRIETORS OF THE—

City and Marine Meat Market,

And Dealers in Fresh, Salted and Smoked Meats, Canned Meats and Fish, Sausage, Mince Meat, Butter, Eggs and Cheese. 2

FURNITURE.

D. A. OLIVER,

(Successor to John Braithwaite.)

Dealer in Furniture, Moulding, Frames, Brackets

Etc., all of the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. 2

SEWING MACHINES, COFFINS and TRIMMING'S. Ludington St.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

KIRSTINE & REINWAND,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Having, in the six months since they bought out John Peck, succeeded in establishing a reputation for good work and prompt service, take occasion to refer to the fact, and to say that their stock of goods for suits or single garments is unexcelled by any in the city; that their styles are the latest, and that perfect fit and the best of work is guaranteed on every order, large or small. Returning thanks for past favors they solicit further orders.

HARDWARE.

DIXON & COOK,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL HARDWARE

A large stock of everything, and at the lowest prices.

JOBGING A SPECIALTY. WAGONS, ETC.

Ludington St., 3 doors west from Dousman St. 2

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK,

(Agent) —DEALER IN—

HARNESS AND SADDLES.

ALL REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY.

OLD STAND. 2 TILDEN AVE.

DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL COUNTY DIRECTORY. DAVID OLIVER, Sheriff. FRANK H. ATKINS, Clerk and Register of Deeds.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

DELTA LODGE NO. 195, F. & A. M. Regular communications are held at their hall, over Ephraim's store, on the third Thursday in each month.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 116, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings are held in their hall, over P. N. Cardozo's store, every Monday evening.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 117, A. O. U. W. Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 85, I. O. G. T. Regular work suspended during the summer.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. H. W. Thompson, pastor. Services at 11:00 and 7:00 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. E. W. Garner, pastor. Services at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. F. Butterman, pastor. Services in the morning at 8 and 10:30 o'clock.

ST. STEPHEN'S PROT. EPISCOPAL. Rev. J. H. Eikhbaum, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

SWEDISH METHODIST CHURCH. Rev. O. E. Lindner, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening service, 7:30.

TIME TABLES.

Table with 2 columns: Train No. and Time. Includes CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN and MENOMINEE RIVER BRANCH.

Table with 2 columns: Train No. and Time. Includes MENOMINEE RIVER BRANCH and WELCH MOUNTAIN BRANCH.

Table with 2 columns: Train No. and Time. Includes WELCH MOUNTAIN BRANCH.

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MEDICINAL.

An Old Doctor's Advice. This can be done by the use of TOWNS' GERMAN VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER.

Dr. Towns also treats, with unvarying success, all CHRONIC DISEASES. Especially such as arise from self-abuse.

Dr. Towns also treats, with unvarying success, all CHRONIC DISEASES. Especially such as arise from self-abuse.

HARDWARE.

GET THE BEST! RATHBONE, SARD & CO. ACORN STOVES & RANGES.



LEAD ALL OTHERS! Conolly & Moran. North side of Ludington Street, Escanaba, one door East of Wolcott Street.

Builders' Hardware. On hand or furnished upon plans and specifications.

Special Notices.

Wood Sawing. Having got through with the threshing I am now ready to saw wood.

Information Wanted. Mary Briese of Shamokin, Pa., desires to know what become of her husband, John Briese, who was in Escanaba, Mich., 14 or 15 years ago.

Maple Ridge Taxes. The tax-roll for the township of Maple Ridge, for the year 1883 is now in my hands.

Treasurer's Notice. The Tax-Roll for the township of Bay de Noquette is now in my hands for collection.

OLE GUNDERSON, Township Treas. Bay de Noquette, Dec. 10, 1883.

The Conductor. Conductor Warren, of Winona, Minn., says: I used one bottle of Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup.

Tax Notice. The Tax-Roll is now ready and in my hands for collection.

Masquerade Costumes. The Firemen have decided not to procure masquerade costumes to rent as has been their practice heretofore.

Stockholders' Meeting. A meeting of the stockholders of the Little Lake Mining Company will be held at the office of the company at Escanaba, on January 14 at 10 a. m.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure burns, bruises, cuts, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, cancers, piles, chilblains, corns, tetter, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions.

A Run on a Drug Store. Never was such a rush made for any drug store as is now at Preston's for a trial bottle of Dr. King's new discovery for consumption, coughs and colds.

Notice to Tax-payers. The tax roll of the city of Escanaba has this day been placed in my hands for collection.

Quite a Sum of Money. Was picked up on the stage road between here and Menominee during the last winter that the stages ran between the two places.

Notice to Tax-payers. The tax roll of the city of Escanaba has this day been placed in my hands for collection.

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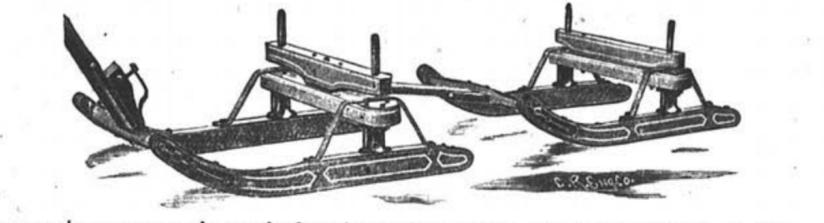
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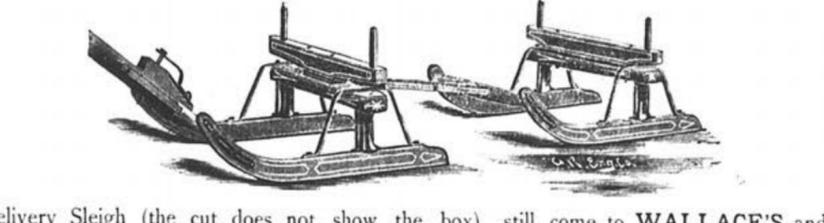
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SLEIGHS & HARDWARE.

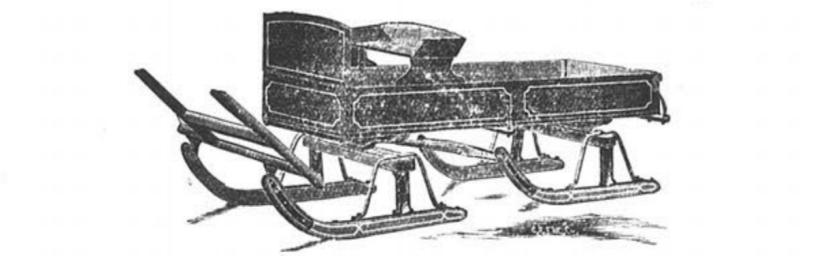
SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS! Come and get your sleighs like this Tote Sleigh



Cheaper than you ever dreamed of getting such an article; or a Logging Sleigh, of which we have no picture, or a heavy



Delivery Sleigh (the cut does not show the box), still, come to WALLACE'S and get it—a Lansing Sleigh, as perfect as the best of material and the finest of workmanship can make it—for it can be had nowhere else in Escanaba.



Delivery Sleigh, like this, or a Pleasure Sleigh, in all the glory of paint and upholstery, come to the Old Corner Hardware Store, WALLACE'S, and get what you want.

Prices to Suit the Times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 Acres OF PINE, CEDAR & FARMING LANDS FOR SALE IN MENOMINEE AND DELTA COUNTIES.

A Run on a Drug Store. Never was such a rush made for any drug store as is now at Preston's for a trial bottle of Dr. King's new discovery for consumption, coughs and colds.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver.

A Sufferer from Headache writes: "AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion."

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

THE REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the constipation, and have visibly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Positive Cure for Piles. To the people of this County we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catholic Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration.

Free to all Ministers. I will give two bottles of Warner's White Wine of Tar, free of all costs, to any minister who will send us an order from his store-keeper for two dozen bottles of the same.

LIVERY STABLE.

"EAGLE" LIVERY STABLES, Under Music Hall and at the Washington House.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE RIGS AT ALL HOURS. Orders for 'Bus Service or Baggage Transportation may be left at the Ludington street stable.

MUSIC HALL.

the largest and best appointed assembly room in the city is part of the property. Apply at office for dates. GEO. ENGLISH.

MEAT MARKET.

HESEL & HENTSCHEL, DEALERS IN FRESH & SALT MEATS BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.

45 Ludington St. and Mary St., between Ludington St. and Wells Ave.

INSURANCE.

The Washington Life Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK. ASSETS \$7,000,000.

DR. S. L. FULLER, General Agent for Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, Detroit, Michigan.

A. H. HAWES, Manager of Agencies, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Issues all forms of non-forfeiting policies, the most popular being that of the Semi-Endowment. Policies written and and collections made by H. L. MEAD, Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

LUMBER.

N. LUDINGTON CO., ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH WHITE PINE LUMBER

Either at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices. LUMBER YARD IN THE REAR OF "THE IRON PORT" OFFICE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD. Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY.

TRADE MARK. Also sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, packages of twelve for \$1.00. Order and testimonials free.

LEGAL.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA. Notice is hereby given that on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1883, a writ of attachment was duly issued out of the circuit court for the county of Delta at the suit of Ole Gunderson, the above named plaintiff, against the lands, tenements, goods and chattels, moneys and effects of Peter Peterson, the defendant above named, for the sum of two hundred and seventeen dollars, which said writ was returnable on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1883.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT. Terms of court for 1883 and 1884. State of Michigan, ss.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the laws of the State, I have fixed and appointed the times of holding the several terms for the years 1883 and 1884 of the Circuit Court in and for the counties constituting the Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit of said State as follows, to-wit:

In the County of Marquette, on the first Monday in March, the first Monday in June, the third Monday in September, the third Monday in December, in the County of Delta, on the fourth Monday in February, the fourth Monday in June, the second Monday in October.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. Probate Court for said County of Delta, ss. County.

At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba on Monday the 23 day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

IN A QUANDARY.

I'm half in love with her, I vow,
For through this crowded city
A whole day might a fellow go
And meet no girl as pretty,
Her eyes are limpid as the brook
That down the hill-side dances,
And long and dark the lashes are
That veil her sunny glances.
And when I look at her I think
That I am here most truly;
But when I don't the thought will come:
"She's such a little foolie!"

Now how I bow at beauty's shrine,
And it would give me pleasure
To see it in a home of mine,
And know I owned the treasure.
But, ah! I fear a lovely mouth,
Though sweet as ripest peaches,
Would lose its charm, if doomed to make
Forever silly speeches.
And limpid, soulless eyes would drive
A man to thoughts unruly.
Oh, why is she so pretty when
She's such a little foolie?"

—Harper's Bazar.

ROBBING THE STAGE.

The four-horse mud wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road which led to Logtown.

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an Eastern importation of the genus "drummer." Pete rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear of his high leader and said:

"No, sir, I don't get no pay for fightin', an' I don't do no fightin' for her Company. If any galoot stops this hyer stage and perlitely like asks for the cash box, he's a gwine ter git it. Tain't no use, no ways, to fight them fellers, they always hev ther drap on ye."

"But," said the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route?"

"Wal, no, but I've seed fellers a loafin' round heer ez I thought mought do it some time or other."

"And if they did stop you, you would give them the express box and drive on, eh?"

"Yer bet! If ther Express Company wants to perfect ther box they must send a messenger along."

The stage crawled up slowly to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly on the brake-strap, and with a "scat em, boys," the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly-varying road the stage and the passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canyon which yawned below them.

The sun was down and the moon was painting weird and restless shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

It was just the time for the imagination to picture scenes of violence, robbery and blood. Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long shining black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command of "stop, stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the bottom of the stage, pulling out the express box and muttering, "cuss yer, take it," threw the box into the road. The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

"Wa-was that a highwayman?" gasped the drummer.

"In course it was," answered Pete. "didn't yer see ther shootin' iron? Ther goes a cool thousand dollars, as I know on you. Yer ther boys'll be in arter him to-night. I shouldn't wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some poetry. Leaves it in the box when he gets through with it. Didn't yer notice how level he held that ther shootin' iron right towards me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew brought the stage up to the hotel porch where it stopped with a loud "whoa!" from Black Pete. Not many minutes elapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as soon as the story of the bold robbery of Wells & Fargo's box was related a dozen or so ready miners volunteered to search the woods for the road agent. After half an hour's swearing and drinking over the matter they saddled their horses and started for the scene of the robbery.

It was a little, cramped-up helterskelter mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until ten in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, and built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world. The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their earthly days at the insane asylum. Every morning when the echoing of the booming blasts and the thud of the pick had ceased in the half dozen mining claims surrounding the camp at the little cabin in which was placed the telephone, and gave vent to their pent-up feelings by, not a free fight, but by a free interchange of gossip with the residents of the camps above and below them on the line of the wire.

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuit which did not require active labor with their hands and such was their chivalric devotion to the fair sex, that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady by the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 20th 1890, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting

for the nightly crowd of manly gossipers to come in.

The little rocking-chair in which she sat went bumping to and fro noisily and nervously upon the pine floor, and the tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo in unison with it.

"It's too bad," she cried, impetuously, "it's too bad for Charley to work down in that old hole in the ground all the winter and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married this summer, too,"—and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face.

"He shan't do it. Charley don't know anything about a mine and he might have a little bonanza and not know it, just hear the dear simpleton."

LOGTOWN, CAL.

MY PRECIOUS FRANK!—Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers \$1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have about made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash, I could have the face to ask you hasten that long-hoped-for happy day. For your sake, darling, I believe it will be best for me to take this offer. If I do, you may look for me down early next week.

Yours forever,
CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank," shouted a smothered voice close to her ear, "are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down, and they could not ring the bell."

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here; what is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage to-night to Logtown. Tom says there's at least \$10,000 in sight. Motley is a school-marm, and don't know it. Don't forget now, Good-by."

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as these words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness sake! who is he talking to? Oh-h-y-e-e-s! why it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Motley is a school-marm, is he? There's \$10,000 in sight and Charley don't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey to-night. Oh dear, what shall I do? I'll go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's twenty from Bokey. It's five o'clock and the stage gets there at nine."

Frank was a California girl, and there were no perils to her on the eight-mile trail to Logtown, and if there had been, the slur cast upon Charley's keenness, and the eager desire to save that \$10,000 in sight for him would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited her. Running over to the post-office, she hurriedly engaged the young clerk to take care of the instrument for her, and, dashing back to her room, she soon appeared ready for her eight-mile walk to Logtown. A little silk cap surmounted her head and over it was stretched a black veil to protect her face from the sun and from the evening breeze after dark. Spreading her jaunty parasol she threaded her way along the narrow trail which led through the chaparral into the dark woods.

The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills, and the trail was steep and rocky; but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself, when she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest. "Charley's a school-marm, is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight and he don't know it, eh? Well, he shall know it, and have all the credit of the discovery, to, there now?" Up up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it, until tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse and a most crying, she saw the county highway in the somber moonlight, just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulders she heard the rumbling old stage coach coming round a bend close to her.

With a despairing resolve to go in at least with the stage if she could not before it, she pushed her closed parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement: "Stop! Stop!"

But to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping the driver ratched down into the foot, and, with a "cuss yer, take it," threw a heavy box into the road, and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canyon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage and poor Charley—oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl and she was not to be beaten until she was.

She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started on again to Logtown. It was not far, and not a half hour elapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canyon below her.

Breathless and panting she hurried to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street, clinking saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

"Don't I know?" he was angrily shouting. "I tell yer twar only a mile back, an' ther cuss shoved his shootin' iron right under my nose! Why didn't I run for it? Ther war two uv 'em thar as sure as fightin'!"

Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, twenty men galloped up the road with a suggestive-looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charley. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, Charley, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No, and don't believe I can. That man Bonn sent the money up by express and a road agent got away with the stage to-night, and the money went with it. I don't believe he'll risk another thousand on a played-out mine."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Frank. "I've got here in time. Road agent? Oh, that is too rich. Oh, dear, oh dear, I shall die!"

—and Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter.

"Frank, Frank! what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?"

Frank was holding to her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laugh.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all; I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a box at me—"

"What does this mean, Frank. Tell me. What were you doing on the road at this time of night, all alone?"

It took her a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charley stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played-out claim with "\$10,000 in sight."

No sooner had Frank told her story than he caught her in his arms with a wild shout: "You little darling, you shall have every cent of it."

About two hours afterward a file of disconsolate, disgusted horsemen wended their way up to the tavern, with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing \$1,000.

It is sufficient to relate that Charley did not sell his \$10,000 in sight, but on the contrary received a much larger sum; sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially. When enough of the story had been told in the bar-room to account for the stopping of the stage, Black Pete had to provide for a smile all round, with a continuendo.—*Los Angeles Recreation.*

Highland Signs.

I was dressing one morning at a shepherd's house and was putting on my shoes as the man came in with a basin of water. He stood stock still as soon as he saw me and exclaimed, in a tone of warning: "Are you going to do that?" I looked up in surprise. I was doing nothing but putting on my shoes. Neither of them was on, but I had the left one in my hand and was putting my foot into it. "You're not going to put that one on first?" "That one or the other," I replied; "whichever comes handy; it makes no difference to me."

"Well," said the man, "I wouldn't like to begin the day with the like of that."

Another source of bad luck almost as dangerous as putting on the left shoe first is to hear the cuckoo in the morning before you have had a mouthful to eat. This is a capital stimulus to early rising. "Many's the time," says Sandy, "when I was a lump of a boy, I've seen me jumping out of bed and swallowing a bit out cake for fear I would be hearing the cuckoo before I would get my meat."

One morning at breakfast the sister of the man at whose house I was, hastened to offer me some butter. "This will be a good day for you," he said, at once. "Why?" "I am sure you know it is good luck to get butter without asking for it." "I never heard that before."

"Well," said he, "there was a man in Mull and he was going to the wars, and when he was leaving his home his mother said to him: 'If you will get butter without asking for it on the morning of the fighting you will be sure to come back to me alive.' So when the day came for the battle he was taking his meat in a house, but he would not ask for any butter, and at last the wife offered him some, and then he knew he would come out alive."

It is considered very bad luck in Jura to start for any place and then turn back. A woman one day stopped at the house where I was living, on her way to the lower end of the island. She was suffering from a bad toothache, but it was thought there was nothing in the house to give her relief. Just as she had got three steps away from the door some brandy was found and she was called back. But she would rather have suffered from thirty-two toothaches than turn back after starting, and the brandy had to be carried out to her.

When a boat that has been drawn ashore for safety has to be launched again, it must, of course, be shoved into the water stern foremost. Its box will then face the shore, and it must be turned around before starting. The way in which this turn is made is full of omen in Jura. "I would be getting a fine hearing," said a man to me one day, "if old Archie saw me do the like of that." We were pushing off from shore, and he had merely turned the boat's head around from west to east. The rule is that the boat shall turn with the sun, never against it.

When Spring comes, with its new sights and sounds, there are various signs by which Jura people determine whether or not the year will be lucky for them. "Oh, this will be a good year for me," I heard a woman exclaim one day at Lagg, as a number of persons were walking down to the boats, and she stopped and gazed down at a snail crawling over the grass. It was the first snail she had seen that year, but if it had been crawling over bare ground or a stone it would have meant bad luck. "Is that the first you have seen this year?" asked the postman of me as we drove past a field in his gig. "I said it was. Well, then, there's a good luck coming to you, for he is looking straight in your face." It is also said of a lamb, as well as a foal, that to see the first one turned away from you is a sign of ill omen. I was sitting one day with some shepherds on the top of a hillock, waiting for the sheep around us to get dry enough to be shorn, when one of the men said to me: "See the spider. You will soon be getting new clothes, sir." A spider was crawling over me. In Gaelic the words for spider and weaver are the same.—*Cor. San Francisco Examiner.*

—Little do the readers of American papers know of the pains and perils of their English friends who have to consume London editorial articles. The *Telegraph* devoted one column and a quarter of its editorial page to an article on Secretary Lincoln's order that the old mule Mesquia should be fed for life. The article contained fully 3,000 words.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Washington, "remains a prominent society leader at the national capital, 'is every year growing more attractive to persons of means, and it will soon be the center of American art, science, literature and fashion, as it now is the political center.'"

The Economy Practiced by a Connecticut Invalid.

Edwin E. Curtis is one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Meriden, where he has lived an upright, useful life for seventy years. He resides in a cozy, old-fashioned house on Curtis street, in the oldest settled section of the city. For many years he was the trusted President of the Meriden Savings Bank. He has held city and town offices, and from boyhood has been a member of the Episcopal Church. A few years ago the weight of declining years warned him that he was no longer fitted to play an active part in the affairs of the world; so he resigned the presidency of the bank and retired to the seclusion of private life. He had become quite wealthy, by a most rigid economy, added to an occasional prudent investment. Mr. Curtis was very close in money matters. He paid to the last cent, and exacted his full dues from others. He accumulated slowly but surely, and what he had he held. Something over a year ago Mr. Curtis was taken seriously ill. Dr. Asa H. Churchill, his family physician, attended him.

"Doctor," the sick man would anxiously ask his physician each day, "do you think I will get over this sickness?"

"Oh, yes, I hope so," the physician would cheerfully reply. "While there's life there's hope, you know."

The invalid worried more each day. Some days the medical man had to be called twice, and even thrice. His patient did not seem to improve. The physician could plainly see that there was something on his mind that medicine could not reach. He pressed Mr. Curtis to tell what worried him. Finally the invalid said: "Well, you see, doctor, here you are coming to see me one, two, and even three times a day. Now, that is going to cost a lot of money—a great deal of money you know."

Dr. Churchill "reckoned" that it would.

"I have been thinking, then," said the sick man, "while I have been lying here, that if you and I could make a little bargain, it wouldn't do any harm. Now, what do you think," he said, raising himself up in bed on one elbow, "of my agreeing to pay you one dollar a day for every day I live, while you agree to give me such medical attention as I may need for that sum? Now, that isn't a bad bargain, is it?"

At first the physician thought that he would decline point blank to enter into any such arrangement; but he finally decided that, if he refused, the sick man would worry himself to death over the physician's charges. So the dollar-a-day contract was made. Almost from that hour the old man began to improve. It was not long before the doctor ceased his daily visits, and in a few weeks he had come down to two calls a week. The patient continued to improve, until now he can walk out, while last month the doctor called only twice, and one of these visits was to get a check for services rendered the preceding month at one dollar a day. The chances are now that the old gentleman is good for ten and even twenty years more of life, for he comes of a long-lived old New England family.—*Meriden (Ct.) Cor. Boston Herald.*

A St. Petersburg Pietree.

This (St. Isaac) is an illustration of the fact that when Russia really puts forth an effort she can and does surpass the modern world in the splendor of her architecture; since the treasures of her quarries are exhaustless, and the skill of her lapidaries unexcelled. It is, however, unfortunate that there is no eminence in the city on which St. Isaac could have been placed, for at this distance it is impossible to see to advantage the magnificent flight of steps leading to its portico. Yet, I assure you, each of these steps is granite, worthy of the Egyptian temple of Karnak. Moreover, the portico itself is supported by stupendous columns of the same materials, sixty feet in height, and seven in diameter, and polished like the unbroken surface of a mirror.

"Well," you perhaps exclaim, "what is there so remarkable in this portal to distinguish it from others?" But look along those columns for their lines of jointure. You will discover none. They are monoliths. Yes, every one of them one solid mass of beautifully polished stone! With the exception of Pompey's pillar in Egypt and the Alexander column in Egypt are indeed the largest monoliths which the hand of man has ever quarried, turned and polished! Now, ordinarily, a temple is content with one such portal as this; but reflect that this magnificence is here repeated on each of the four sides of the edifice.

Moreover, from the center of the structure the mighty dome rises to a height of 236 feet, and is itself surrounded by thirty monolithic shafts; while the roof, which gleams like a miniature sun, is covered with a mass of gold, worth \$250,000. What wonder then that the cost of the whole cathedral was, \$1,000,000 having been expended in merely driving into the soil a perfect forest of piles to make a sufficiently strong foundation for the enormous mass!

Now for the interior.

Before the gilded altar screen are ten columns of malachite thirty feet high, and columns of lapis-lazuli, each of which cost \$30,000. This exceeds every other display of these marvelous stones which the world knows. We are accustomed to regard a small fragment of either of them as a valuable ornament. Imagine whole columns of them five times as high as ourselves! Yet this is only in keeping with the entire building; for we tread there a pavement of variegated marble; to clasp rails of alabaster; we are surrounded by walls gleaming with pieces of Jasper, verd-antique porphyry and malachite cut in various designs and exquisitely polished, interspersed here and there with vast mosaic portraits of the saints, and shrines of gold incrustured with jewels! The whole, in fact, is so magnificent as to seem incredible till actually seen.—*Stoddard's Red Letter Days Abroad.*

—At Brownsville, Mo., Mr. Graham and his son opposed Lizkie Graham's marriage to John Westbrook. John horsewhipped both and the wedding was assented to.

Religious.

HE GUIDETH ME.

I may not know the way I take;
If it bring good or ill;
But this I know: if faith is mine
In love Divine,
That love will make,
If I mistake,
Light in the darkness shine.

So dark my path sometimes
I can not see the purpose of Thy plan
For me;
And yet, I dare not pray,
Father, in some brighter way
Lead Thou me home:
Some path my own,
That I would choose,
Lest I a greater blessing lose.

'Tis mine to follow (not to lead,
Even though a cross it be;
Simply to trust, nor ask
One step ahead to see;
Assured there is no ill;
But all is good,
If understood
To be my Father's will.

Then why am I cast down,
And filled with anxious fear?
Since the Eternal Lord
Hath promised in His word
My every step
He will direct
And make my life His care.

I'll rest upon His word;
And claim each promise mine;
So shall I prove
His faithful love;
That each event
To me is sent
A Father's wise design.

—N. Y. Observer.

LOST LOVE.

This is the fitting lament of Agnosticism, the fashionable religious nothingness of to-day. It has not annihilated infinite love, but it has necessarily lost the knowledge of it. Its essential profession is that it simply does not know. Was Jesus of Nazareth more than a man? It does not know. Did he really rise from the dead? It does not know. Is there a God in the universe, a being of infinite wisdom and love? It does not know. Is another life possible to man? It does not know. Is there any near or "far-off" Divine event, to which the whole creation moves "as to the solution of the great enigma of good and evil; any coming triumphant vindication of the ways of God with men—if God there be at all? It does not know. Infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, infinite love—these are hidden from its gaze, it finds them not, can take of them no account. They may still exist; but to the mind they are as if they were not. Finite love, of course, remains—love of kind, love of country, love of family, love of wife—these, happily, are not necessarily nor probably lost to agnosticism, however seriously the beauty of them may be tarnished and the zest of them abated. But love at its highest, its noblest, its longest, its best—this is gone. The loss is unspoken. The calamity is immeasurable. Life can, now that infinite love is lost, never be what it was before. There was always before some saving clause in the severest sentence of doom; some imaginable reserve in the healing resources of Providence, something better to come, something more cheering to discover, some larger possibility of forgiving and healing mercy to hope for, so long as God remained, and so long as the abiding God must needs continue to be infinite, free, eternal love.

No loss more serious than this can be contemplated, so far, at least, as the present healing and help of the heart is concerned. There is nothing so dear to us as love; nothing so full of solace and inspiration; nothing so fruitful in true nobility of character; nothing so prolific of strong and helpful actions. Everything else goes down before the majesty of love. Love begins life, love ends it. Wealth, learning, position—all own the supremacy of love. Give us something to love, or we break our hearts. Strip us of all other possessions, beggar us in everything else; but only grant hearts to love us and accept our love, and still in spite of all our losses we are rich. No fact in science is more sure than this. History attests it. Myriads of living hearts declare its truth. In short, there can be no scientific account of the universe so much as hopefully attempted which does not set human nature clear out in the front before all forms of nature outside man, and which does not, in measuring man, pay supreme regard to the dimensions of his love. The truest science must be that which takes most careful account of the greatest, most fruitful, most marvelous phenomena. Man, beyond all question, the most wonderful natural phenomenon which can be submitted to philosophic investigation, is the phenomenon of human love. Whence has it come? What its secret? What its end? How can it be best explained? These are questions to which Agnosticism can give little or no answer. It must still declare that it simply does not know.

But where Agnosticism fails, Christian revelation succeeds. Finite love has its roots in Infinite Love; man's love springs from God's. There is no breadth, no variety, no persistence, no tenderness, no yearning, no pure delight in human love which does not find its adequate solution here. God is love. He made us to love. By His ordainment a loveless existence is unblest. This resting of human love in the Divine is a conception which satisfies the intellect; for not only does it in a general way assign an adequate cause for a known effect, but it finds a creative pattern to the most various and diverse manifestations of the great principle. Nature, it is true, to the believing man, is full of illustrations of the manifold workings of the love of God. But in Christ the very extremes of love meet—its most diverse movements are gloriously harmonized. In Him is satisfied the ideal which claims of us that we reconcile outgoings of love so diverse that they often appear to be conflicting. Christ loved His enemies; He loved His friends. He tenderly pitied the fallen, the miserable, the outcast, the helpless, but He loved the loveable, the appreciative, the faithful, the helpful, with a choice affection which took delight in all that was Divine in the human, never once deeming that the gracious and the beautiful were of no account. A more complex conception, more perfectly harmonized, unified and explained than that of Christ's love at once to the world and to the Church can not be imagined. There is, however, much more than a mere intellectual completeness in the position that man's love finds its source in God's. Experience here has

a verdict to give. Myriads of Christ-loving souls know—as surely as they know anything within the sphere of the mind and heart—that their love in its movements towards their fellows is undergoing continual renewal, continual correction, continual recovery, continual elevation and purification, because (in their faith) it has its roots in God. They love God, therefore they love men. God's love wearies not, therefore theirs does not faint. God's love leads to self-sacrifice, therefore does their own. Their love is never wanting, never weary, never puzzled, never baffled, never thwarted, but it finds refreshment, guidance, strength, ennoblement in the more perfect love of God. This action of God's love on their own is to them a matter of experience, and as such it is a subject of knowledge. In a word, it is science; and to say all, there can not be any adequate philosophic exposition of all the facts of human life which does not include the science of love.—*Commonwealth.*

Figures That Do Not Lie.

The *Evening Post* of this city has now on its staff some of the writers who have made the *Nation* so offensive to orthodox Christian readers. In a late issue the attempt was made by one of these writers to break the force of the statistics that have been presented to show that Christianity is not losing its hold on the people. The chief arguments presented were two: 1. Church statistics are notoriously misleading, as Christian churches admit, by including many who are dead, or beyond the care of the churches; so that the figures should be diminished by one-third. 2. A very considerable percentage of the membership of the Evangelical churches is made up of children under sixteen years of age.

The first argument is not regarded as worth much by the writer himself, so we shall waste no time on it. The second is worth consideration. It is urged that the basis of comparison has been changed by the growth of the custom of receiving children into the church, so that the statistics of the present can not be compared with those of the past without taking this fact into the account and making due allowance for it. In 1880 there was said to be one communicant for five inhabitants, against one communicant to fourteen in 1830. But in 1880 the churches consisted wholly of adults, while now they consist largely of children. This makes the comparison misleading. It can not be said now that each communicant represents three children and adherents, so many of them being children.

The *Post* writer is wholly astray in his assumption of the large percentage of children in the Evangelical churches of to-day. It is true that there has been a considerable change of conviction with regard to the possibility of the early conversion of children since 1830. It is true that while then children of sixteen years of age were very rarely or never received into the churches, cases of their reception now are by no means rare. The old prejudice does still survive, however, and the churches as a whole have not yet come to believe in the early conversion of children. When young children of Christian parents give what would be accepted in older persons as credible evidence of regeneration by the Spirit of God, their parents are accustomed to discourage their wish to join the church. We have known many cases where such children were kept back from membership in the church for years, all the time giving evidence in their daily lives that they were as truly Christians as any of their elders. We have often protested against this feeling on the part of older Christians, but the feeling remains. The truth is that there are not half so many young children in our churches as ought to be there. As to the proportion, no accurate figures are at hand to answer the question; but from our knowledge of Baptist churches, at least, we are prepared to say that less than five per cent. of their membership is composed of those who are under sixteen years of age. We have no reason to believe that the proportion is any greater in other Evangelical denominations.

The writer in the *Post* betrays his ignorance of the Evangelical churches in this assumption of his. It is fundamentally wrong, as any pastor will tell him. This basis of comparison has been very little changed since 1830. Some allowance ought doubtless to be made for the children who are now members in our churches in instituting such a comparison, but the error will not in any case be a serious one. Some other way than this must be found of discrediting the statistics of our religious bodies, and the *Post* conceals that unless this can be done it must be allowed that an excellent case has been made out by the defenders of the Christian faith. It is a good case. The truth is always a good case.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Gems of Thought.

—Good has but one enemy—the evil; but the evil has two enemies—the good and itself.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

—Happy the heart to whom God has given enough strength and courage to suffer patiently and find one's own happiness in the happiness of others.—*Colton.*

—God pity the man of science who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods; for if ever a human being needed Divine pity he does.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

—The grand old Book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred Word.—*Prof. Dana.*

—A church, if it is to do God's work, must grow with the life of God; it cannot be created in a year by calling together a heterogeneous mass of people held together by no tie stronger than that of admiration for a choir, an organist, or a preacher.—*Exchange.*

—Zion's Herald thinks that "good, sound, homelike Saxon is the best style for the pulpit, which addresses, not scholars exclusively, but mixed audiences, upon many of whom words of foreign origin are often worse than thrown away—they are misunderstood."

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

GIVE THEM NOW.

If I should lie before you, still and white,
In death's unbroken sleep,
Wrapt in the holy stillness of the night,
Wherein no care can creep,
Would you not shower upon my poor dead
face
Sweet kisses that I crave?
Give them—stunt those words and warm embrace
To take into my grave?

O, give them ere I pass beyond the reach
Of loving smile and word!
For it may be your gift of kindly speech
Will be too long deferred;
One little act—though trivial it may seem—
Tendered for love's sweet sake—
Would bring my troubled life one golden gleam,
And soothe its wear and ache.

One tender smile—such as you used to give
In other, happier days
(When, darning, it was oh, so sweet to live!)
Would light earth's darkest ways,
One heart-felt kiss—that I have missed so long—
With its glad, old-time thrill;
One—only one—I think would make me strong
To bear all earthly ill.

The path appointed for a woman's feet,
At least, is hard and rough;
To know that we are loved is passing sweet;
But oh! 'tis not enough!
My heart would fain with the meager dote
That you so oft bestow;
I know you love me, dear, with heart and soul!
But, darling, tell me so!

Am I less dear than when you loved me first?
Less worthy of your praise?
My craving heart is hungry and athirst
For love's enlivening ways,
O, give them ere I pass beyond the reach
Of loving smile and word!
For it may be your gift of kindly speech
Will be too long deferred.

MRS. ROSAMOND.

It is sometimes a mere chance which will tangle, untangle, or unite the threads of two lives. Mr. Church, an eccentric gentleman of wealth and leisure, who had been several times disappointed in friendship and in love—perhaps through an error of judgment in forming a higher standard than frail human nature can attain—found himself attacked by an acute malady of the eyes, for which the oculist prescribed a somewhat peculiar treatment, and inserted an advertisement in one of the daily papers—a copy of which was wrapped hastily around some work and carried to Mrs. Rosamond Wynne.

This lady was at all times fonder of reading than of sewing, and the sight of a fresh newspaper was an event so rare as to be regarded as a treat. She lighted her lamp and gave herself a holiday, while she ran her eye up and down the columns. Naturally she turned to the advertising page; for she was of a hopeful temperament and liked to fancy that some day she would find some more congenial employment than that of making buttonholes; but, as usual, the papers had little to offer to a decayed gentlewoman. She had not the skill or training to fill the situations of nurse, cook, or laundress; her inclination did not prompt her to apply for the position of housekeeper to a middle-aged widower with four engaging children; nor did she wish to correspond with a young man with a light mustache with a view to matrimony. She was about to put the paper down with her customary sigh of disappointment, when her eyes fell upon the following:

A gentleman suffering from inflammation of the eyes wishes to secure the services of a person not an oculist but who can read intelligently and agreeably for five or six hours per day. Must be able to pronounce correctly all English and most foreign words. Salary ten dollars per week. Apply at once at No. 36 Claydon street.

Mrs. Rosamond felt her heart beat with the sudden elation of her hope. This, at least, was something she could do, and ten dollars a week was opulence to a person in the habit of making buttonholes for twenty cents a dozen; but she had lost a day already, and with it perhaps the opportunity of a lifetime. The excitement of the new idea unfitted her for her usual work. She moved restlessly about, brushed and rebrushed her old dress, and tried to turn the crape on a hat which had braved the storms of several seasons.

The next morning she set out as early as was consistent with propriety. It was a long walk, and she did not feel justified in the extravagance of taking a street car. The weather was bad, and she was wet and weary before she reached the house.

"I read an advertisement in the Times yesterday," she began timidly to the man who opened the door.

"Yes, miss; step in," said the man. He was plump, florid, good-natured, and unmistakably Irish. "Take a seat, miss," he said, indicating a chair. "There's a young man with Mr. Church at present, but he won't stay long." Mrs. Rosamond's eyes asked the question her lips did not utter.

"I know his name," replied the man. "He was a blusterin' chap, and Mr. Church is so nervous with settin' so long in the darrik that he can't abide an AI reader, let alone a sledge-hammer craveller."

Mrs. Rosamond made no comment upon this information. She asked herself: "What manner of man-servant is this, who converses familiarly with ladies?" and then glancing at her shabby attire fancied she saw in it the explanation of his familiarity. His sociability was not easily discouraged.

"I'm what ye might call a dasint reader meself, and many's the time in California I've read to Mr. Church by the camp-fire about Charley O'Malley and the rest of 'em, but now he's got so hard to please nobody can shut him."

A sharp tinkle of a bell up-stairs interrupted his eloquence. He disappeared, and shortly returned, followed by a huge, sulky-looking young man, who went out and banged the door after him. "Now, miss," said the man, and our heroine rose, trying to steady herself for the trial that awaited her. It was evident that she had found favor in the eyes of her new acquaintance, for he stopped at the head of the stairs and whispered: "Ay yer would let me give you a bit of advice. Don't drop a book for the wurruld, or crack a chair, or rustle your dress, or spake until he speaks to you."

His friendliness was so evident that Mrs. Rosamond said "Thank you," and smiled at him in a way which bewildered him completely.

The next moment the handle of the door was turned and she found herself in a room like a library, furnished luxuriously. Across one end of it ran a dark curtain, hung from a rod fastened to the ceiling. She rightly conjectured Mr. Church to be sitting behind it. She moved softly across the floor and took her seat in a chair near a table heaped with books, magazines and newspapers. She was trembling with excitement and nervousness, and was very glad of the interval of several minutes which elapsed before a weary and rather querulous voice said:

"Will you be good enough to read something aloud, that I may judge of your voice and manner?"

She went to the table and hastily made a selection from the stock before her. The perfect freshness of the binding proclaimed "That Lass o' Lowrie's" to be still unread; the talkative manservant had betrayed his master's taste for novels.

In spite of her agitation, her voice sounded sweet and clear, and she gained confidence as she went on. She had the natural gift for reading which comes from an intuitive sympathy with the author. Even the rough Lancashire dialect did not disconcert her, and as she read Joan's strong, forcible utterances her listener felt the thrill which must have subdued the "pit-girls" who were persecuting "Liz."

She finished the first chapter and paused; there was no comment, so she read the second. At the end of this she waited until he said: "Go on, please," in a voice which betokened a languid interest. So she went on until the light failed, and she was obliged to close the book. The clock struck four, the heavens were obscured with dense, gray clouds, and a fine, dull rain was falling. She was hungry and tired.

"I can not see to read more," she said, with a slight sense of irritation.

"I am sorry," said the voice behind the curtain. "You will come again to-morrow?"

"If it is to be a permanent engagement," said Mrs. Rosamond, who had learned in the last two years to take care of herself.

"Certainly. You will find the week's salary in advance between the leaves of a blotting-book in the second drawer of the table. Be good enough to write a receipt, and leave it in the place of it."

Mrs. Rosamond's face flushed as she obeyed these directions. The haughty manner of her employer annoyed her. She would gladly have declined the money until it was due, but she was hungry, and this slender bill represented supper and fire and the right to remain in her dingy lodging.

She took her place in the library every morning punctually at half-past ten and went away as punctually at four, but she made no progress in acquaintanceship with Mr. Church. She learned accidentally that he went to drive in a close carriage every morning before her arrival. She found him in the same place day after day, or supposed him to be there, for she never saw him. The only visitors she ever encountered were the physicians, a prominent lawyer of the city, and occasionally the clergyman of the parish.

The readings gradually embraced a wide range of topics. Sometimes the book was laid aside while she made notes and referred to other authors for corroboration or refutation of fact or theory.

At noon when the talkative manservant, whose name was Michael, brought her some luncheon, of which Mr. Church never partook, she observed in his manner to his master an unrebuked familiarity, which was all the more puzzling in its contrast to the excessive formality of her own relations with him.

The reserve in which he shrouded himself almost amounted to mystery. Never was the curtain lifted or did the remotest personal allusion give her a clew to his circumstances or history. This peculiarity enhanced her interest in him; gradually the thought of him began to haunt her. She dreamed of him at night, and more than once awoke cold and trembling with the idea that the motive of his seclusion was some hideous deformity.

Meantime, her new studies had quickened her intelligence and roused in her a power of thought of which she had never before been conscious. The clever gentleman who received his intellectual diet at her hands did not disdain to converse with her, and the book would often be neglected for an hour during an animated discussion of its contents. Still, to the average woman a purely intellectual intercourse is a barren thing. There are sprouting sympathies and tender yearnings toward confidence which need cultivation and support. Mrs. Rosamond, looking into her glass, observed that the color had come back to her cheeks, and that her figure, in the next walking-dress which she could now afford to wear, had resumed its rounded contour. She sighed and wondered if inflammation of the eyes was quite incurable. Not that she would ever have sighed if she had known that I would write it down; for she was a proud woman, and kept a strict watch over those sensibilities of which we were about to speak. Still, to the sympathetic companionship of her mirror every woman will lay aside that which is at once her ornament and her safeguard.

All the same, she might never have known of this and this story might never have come to a crisis but for the spring which was making insidious advances—and every one knows what subtle influences are stirring with the quickening of young leaves and the housekeeping songs of the little birds. Mrs. Rosamond was not impervious to these sweet influences. One morning she formed a daring resolution. She stopped at a flower-stall and purchased a bunch of blue violets. When she reached the house she did not take her usual seat, and began formally reading the leading editorials. Without stopping to think she walked boldly to the curtain, and, thrusting the violets through, said sweetly and tremulously: "I have brought you a little bit of the spring."

There was a moment's pause, then she felt the touch of cold, soft fingers laid uncertainly upon her wrist. The blossoms were taken from her hand and her hand carried impulsively to the lips of her invisible companion. When it was released she sat down in her accustomed chair, and, taking up the morning paper, began to read aloud. When she had finished a long editorial, of which she had not understood a word, he said:

"Excuse me, but was that about the Turkish war?"

She referred to the heading and replied: "No, it is about the annual exportation of grain."

There was a pause of embarrassment. "Pardon my inattention," he said, formally, "I am somewhat preoccupied to-day."

"Would you like me to read something else?" she suggested.

"I think, if you do not mind coming in here, I would rather talk to you instead."

This proposition put our heroine in quite a flurry, but she arose, parted the curtain, and timidly walked into the darkened chamber. She found a chair with some difficulty, and sat down timidly, fixing her eyes upon the floor. She had speculated so much upon his appearance that even after she became accustomed to the darkness she felt that there would be a sort of indecency in looking at him.

"In a few days more," he said, "I shall know whether the experiment has been a success or a failure."

"The experiment?" said Mrs. Rosamond, without looking up.

"The experiment of passing six months in almost total darkness," he replied. Her eyes were cast down, she did not speak.

"You have done a great deal to make my captivity endurable," he went on. "If I have been exacting I beg you to forgive me."

"You have been kind," she murmured.

"If the oculist who is coming to-morrow reports favorably of my eyes I shall probably sail at once for Europe; if unfavorably—" He stopped and tried to conceal his emotion by a short, nervous laugh. For the first time she glanced at him. In her thoughts she had wronged him. He was pale and thin to emaciation, his forehead was high and noble, the lower part of his face was concealed by a soft beard, a light bandage rested upon his eyes. "If unfavorable," he repeated, "I shall perhaps claim your services again."

Mrs. Rosamond answered the interrogation in his voice. "I shall be happy to serve you," she said, softly.

He held out his hand to her. "I will send Michael to let you know the result. If it is what I fear it will be," he said, "for of course the verdict will be final, you will come to me?"

She promised, and he pressed her hand gently. She felt that she was dismissed. She said good-bye, adding a word of sympathy and encouragement, and left the room.

Outside the spring-day was bright, but the sun-shine saddened her, and the bird-songs had a note of melancholy. She reached her dull little room, and, sitting down by the window, thought of the awful blank which his going away would make in her life. "When his eyes are cured," she said to herself, "he will have no further use for me, and he will forget me utterly, whereas if he were blind I could be the consolation and delight of his life." This thought had no sooner crossed her mind than its wickedness appalled her, and she fell upon her knees and begged to be forgiven.

The two succeeding days were passed in suspense and wretchedness. Upon the following morning Michael tapped at her door. She scanned his face eagerly, but found no change in its expression.

"Mr. Church told me to bring the carriage, and to remind you of your promise to spake wal him," he said. She dared not ask a question, for the words of her friend recurred to her, and she felt that she would not have been summoned thus if the report of the oculist had been a favorable one. Her mind was in a strange tumult as she made her toilet, and she could not define the complex sensations which brought the smiles to her lips and the tears to her eyes.

She found no change in the appearance of the library as she entered it. She approached the curtain and spoke his name in a timid voice, which, nevertheless vibrated with love and sympathy. He heard her and answered the summons, parting the curtain and entering the room with his hands outstretched in a groping, uncertain fashion. The bandage was still over his eyes. It moved her with a sharp pity to see him thus blindly feeling his way. She ran to him, took his hands and led him to a chair.

"I will close the blinds and shut out some of this light," she said, pitifully, but he detained her.

"Never mind," he said, sadly. "It does not matter now; it will never matter again." She sat down in a chair near him. There was a lump in her throat, and she dared not trust herself to express her distress at his misfortune. Perhaps he divined this, for he said, after a pause:

"I did not send for you to make any demand upon your sympathy, but to remind you of your promise to come to me as usual upon my return; for the oculist thinks my general health has suffered greatly from the confinement, and that I must take a trip which may prolong my absence for several months."

"It was not necessary to remind me," said Mrs. Rosamond. "I should not have forgotten." Her voice was broken by a little sob. Another pause ensued, which she could not fill with any of the commonplaces of conversation.

"Although I have known you so long," said her companion at last, "and part from you with so much regret, I know nothing of your history. Do not tell me anything if it distresses you. I know from your voice that you are young; from the delicacy and dignity of your conduct that you are good."

Mrs. Rosamond flushed at this praise. "My story is very simple," she replied. "At sixteen I married against the wishes of all my friends, and learned too late that I had better have taken their advice. I could not go back to them, or appeal for aid after their words came true. My husband was ill for two years, and it was then I learned to read aloud. Since his death I have tried to support myself, but as I had no training for anything I have sometimes found it hard."

"No doubt," said the listener, gently. "So," said Mrs. Rosamond, trying to be cheerful. "If I have been of some service to you, you also have been of great assistance to me."

"Yes," he replied immediately, and subsided into another pause before he spoke again; and now the first trace of embarrassment which he had shown appeared in his manner.

"I have a favor to ask of you," he said, "which I am sure, under the circumstances, you will not misinterpret or refuse to grant."

"It is that you will allow me to pass my hand over your face. I think I can thus form some idea of your features, and perhaps verify the ideal I have formed of you."

Tears sprang to the little woman's eyes at this touching request. She transferred herself to a low stool at his feet and let him lay his hand upon her head. She felt the cool, soft fingers touch her brow, her eyelashes wet with sympathetic tears, her cheeks hot with an unaccountable flush, the soft curve of her mouth and chin.

"Thank you," he said, at the close of this investigation. He leaned back in his chair and, taking a silken handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the finger that had brushed away one of her tears. Mrs. Rosamond fancied she discerned the ghost of a smile playing about his lips. She felt suddenly humiliated in her own eyes, with the thought that she had gone too far. She rose rather abruptly and said, with dignity:

"Well, I suppose I may wish you a pleasant journey, and a safe return?"

"Pardon me a moment," he said, rising, too. He groped in the drawer of the table and took something out.

"It is a custom among business-men," he said, smiling, "to give a 'retainer' or fee to a lawyer whose services they engage. It is a mere form, intended to bind the bargain, as they say, so to make out contact a lasting one I venture to offer you this." As he spoke he put into her hands a little pocket-book of Russia leather.

Mrs. Rosamond was stunned for a moment. When she recovered herself she said:

"I need no 'retainer,' Mr. Church, to make me remember a promise, and I shall never be poor enough to accept such a gift as you offer me."

She held out the pocket-book and as he did not take it, it fell to the floor. He stooped swiftly and suddenly as a hawk and picked it up. A suspicion darted into her mind. "How did you know where it was?" she demanded, sharply.

"I heard it fall," he replied, flushing. "You saw it fall," she cried; and carried away by the impulse of the moment she snatched the bandage from his eyes. He put up his hand to screen them, but in vain. They were no sightless orbs which tried to return the angry flashing glance with which she confronted him.

"You have deceived me," she cried. "You have played upon my sympathies; you have induced me to allow you to take a liberty which I should never have suffered if I had not pitied you. You have insulted me with an offer of money—I will never forgive you." She stamped her foot upon the floor and left the room in a whirlwind of passion.

Mr. Church was an invalid, and enfeebled by long illness, but the fear that he had offended Mrs. Rosamond and lost her forever gave him strength and speed. He overtook her upon the stair, and, reaching the front door first, locked it and put the key in his pocket. He was so exhausted by this feat that he had no breath enough left to beg her pardon. He was, indeed, so completely overcome that she experienced some faint stirrings of pity, and, relenting, brought him in a stately manner a glass of wine from the sideboard, whereby being somewhat refreshed he announced that he could not allow her to leave the house except on condition of full and free forgiveness, and, being unwilling to become a permanent resident upon these hostile terms, Mrs. Rosamond submitted to a parley, whereof the result was made known to the world some weeks later by the following notice among the personals of a leading newspaper:

"Sailed for Europe the 25th ult. in the steamship Parthia, Mr. Frederick Church and wife, both of this city."

Chicago Tribune.

Cough.

The question is frequently asked "What is good for a cough?" In the absence of any information concerning the nature of the cause of the same, we must reply that cough is not a disease, but the symptom of some one or more of many diseases; it varies in character according to the nature of the particular disease with which it is connected, and, in any instance, it can be safely interferred with or healthily removed, only by attacking or curing the disease or diseases which occasion it. Coughs of different kinds attend almost all diseases of the respiratory organs, from the slightest to the most deadly—catarrh pneumonia, pleurisy, consumption, asthma, or thick wind and broken wind; and they do not only indicate the existence of these diseases, but, by their different kinds of sounds, actions, and sympathies, materially assist us to distinguish each of the diseases from the rest. Other coughs, especially such as are chronic or of long continuance are occasioned by diseases which might seem to have little or no special connection with the air passages—particularly by diseases of the liver, diseases of the stomach, irritations of the intestinal canal, and a great variety of nervous disorders. Nervous or spasmodic coughs are, of course, far more numerous and diversified in the human subject than in horses and cattle; but coughs are perhaps quite as many and troublesome. A cough, even before affecting the horse's "wind," though usually spoken of as a disease, under the name of chronic cough may be a symptomatic disorder of very diversified cause and nature, which ought to be attacked only through the disease which occasions it. When developing itself into severe or permanent injury of the respiration, it becomes identified with what is commonly called thick wind and broken wind.—Prarie Farmer.

Kid shoes can be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them once a week with pure glycerine or castor oil. The luster of morocco is restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.—The Housewife.

Our Young Folks.

EARLY AND LATE.

When Tom was a boy it was often said that he never wanted to go to bed; and he really appeared to take delight in punning about the streets at night. Ah! much too long would have been the day, and weary enough he'd have been of play, if this very wide-awake little chap had not extended his morning nap.

He'd sit up with the owls, and with eyes as bright as their own, ever so late at night; but no one had a chance to remark that Thomas ever arose with the lark. "Early to bed and early to rise" will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise" was an old-fashioned notion, Thomas said, and well enough for a sleepy-head.

But as Tom grew older he left the owls, and imitated domestic fowls by going to bed, oh, not as he used, but as soon as the chickens began to roost. And he had no patience, I've heard them say. With those who wanted to sleep all day, for he was around and out-of-doors in the early morning doing his chores.

And that is the way we turn about from youth to age, there isn't a doubt; and the very things that we once despised become the things that are highly prized. And if when your young you take delight in being up with the owls all night, when you are old you'll think it absurd to enjoy the ways of so dull a bird.

Why Minnie Staid at Home.

"But, mamma," said Minnie, looking grave but determined, "I shall have to wear this dress, because my only other white one that is clean is too tight for anything; it hurts me so that I can hardly breathe."

"I'm sorry, daughter," the mamma said, with equally determined face; "but you surely see that such a delicate muslin as that you have on is not suitable to wear to a lawn party. It will wear as easily as lace."

"But I've got to wear it, you see," said Minnie, with a touch of impatience in her voice. "You don't want me to wear tight clothes, you know."

"And what reason have you found for wearing that broad, blue sash?"

"Well, mamma, you know it is the only one that matches nicely with this dress and these stockings, and things ought to match."

"Yes; and why must the stockings be worn?"

"Oh, well," said Minnie, catching an end of the sash and twisting it, "I suppose I could wear other stockings, but I thought with my nice new slippers these would look the prettiest, and I didn't think you would care."

"Does it seem to you that 'nice new slippers,' that were bought to wear only in the house, are the proper things for lawn parties?"

"No'm; but I had to put them on. My boots have the ugliest great nails sticking into my toes; I could hardly walk around last night; so, of course, I had to put on the slippers."

Very grave looked the mamma. It was a sad fact that she had never heard of the dress that was too tight, or of the fearful nails in the high-buttoned kid boots, until this moment. Could it be possible that her little daughter was tempted, by her desire to appear in fine new clothes at the party, to speak not quite the truth? She sat thinking for a full minute before she decided that her child needed a severe lesson.

"Minnie," she said, and the little girl knew that when her mother spoke in that tone, and called her by her full name, there was no more chance for argument, "you can not wear that dress, and that sash, and those slippers and stockings, to the lawn party."

Now it was Minnie's turn to consider. She looked down and tilted the toes of her slippers most carefully into a figure of the carpet.

"Well," she said at last, drawing a long sigh, and looking as though the sorrows of life sat heavy on her heart, "I suppose I can go and change all my things; but I shall be very late. It is time to go now."

"Yes," said the mother, her face most sad "you may change all your things. Put on the calico that you wore this morning, and your every-day boots."

"Mamma," gasped Minnie, "don't you mean to let me go to the party?"

"There is nothing for you to wear, my daughter. I suppose you would not like to go in your every-day clothes, and you say your other white dress is too tight, and the nails in your kid boots hurt your feet. So, of course, you will have to stay home. If I had heard of this before, I could have altered the dress and had the boots put in order; but you know you have never said anything about it before."

Then was Minnie's face very red. "I can wear them, mamma," she said, turning away. "They are not very comfortable, but I can stand it."

"No, daughter, I can not allow you to stand it." You know I do not wish you to dress so you can hardly breathe, nor wear shoes in which you can hardly walk around. I see nothing for you but to remain at home."

Then did poor Minnie burst into a flood of tears! She poured the words out very fast. Her dress was not too tight, she did not have any trouble to breathe, and her shoes did not hurt her but just a speck, and she could wear them as well as not.

"Minnie," said her mother, breaking into the midst of this storm of words. "Then what have you been telling your mother?"

Poor little Minnie! It was a hard lesson. She went to no lawn party that afternoon; she sat on the back piazza in her dark calico dress and thick boots, and sobbed. She had grown so used to making little bits of things into great ones, when it suited her convenience to do so, that she actually did not realize that she was telling what was untrue. I know some other little people who have the same bad habit.—The Pansy.

What Can He Do?

If a boy reads the papers in these days, he will see much about work and learning to work. He will hear much said of the difficulty of getting good workmen. He will hear of new schools for boys, where carpentry, brick-laying, painting, carriage-making and many other trades are taught. Of course he means to do something himself, but somehow he does not care for these splendid new schools. It is nothing to him that good workmen are scarce and always find good wages. He is going into a store or an office, or means to be a doctor or lawyer. He

does not propose to soil his hands and wear rough clothes like a workman.

If there is any such boy who may read this, let him consider a moment. My cheerful young man, are you sure you know what you are talking about? What do clerks earn? How much does a young doctor receive? Oh! but you don't mean to be a poor clerk. You intend to be a great lawyer with ten thousand a year, or a doctor with his carriage. Charmed to hear it. It is a noble resolve, but are you sure you will get there? Really, now, how can a young man tell, how can he be sure he will succeed? In this way: A man succeeds who falls in love with his work. He thinks about it day and night, he studies it; he reads all he can find on the subject. He tries and tries till he can do it well. Then it is his medicine. You do not care much about medicine; you have no burning desire to study this magnificent machine, the human body. You don't care very much for dreadful work in hospitals, and yet you mean to be a doctor. You would secretly much prefer to have a kit of carver's tools, but of course you could never be a carver by trade.

Let us stop here. This is the summing up of a vast deal of homely wisdom. Do you love any work? Is there anything that, if you were independent, you would do before anything else? If there is—do that. There is your success; that way lies all the money, the rewards, the respect of others, and all the real honest happiness you will ever find. Boys make a mistake in thinking that only the lawyers and doctors and merchants succeed. It is a terrible blunder to leave a trade in which you make a first-rate workman, and have a chance to win a home, comfort and independence, to go into a profession you do not love. There is only one end to that road—a life of ill-paid drudgery, and failure after all.

Look at yourself; you are to yourself the most important person in the world. Find out what sort of a man you have in the little. What is your body good for? What sort of a mind have you received? Look to your tools, your hands, your senses, your brain. What will they do best—make shoes or preach a sermon? Choose now according to your tools, according to your love of work. Shoe-making may lead to a great fortune, while preaching may bring you to the "Home for Decayed Parsons." On the other hand, preaching may be the thing. There is only one fellow can decide this for you, and he lives in your house.

Let no boy imagine that the trades do not lead to fortune. Let no boy think, because he sees some workmen are always poor, that all are poor, or all stay at the bench all their lives. There is really to-day no surer road to success and fame, and all good things, than by the way of the bench and the anvil. Let the weak and the feeble-minded sell ribbons and keep day-books. That road is not for the brave, the strong, the lovers of good work. What can you do? Do what you can best.—Charles Barnard, in Golden Rule.

A Wise Man, Indeed.

He must be a wise man indeed, who, being an habitual whist-player, is aware that he is a bad one. In games of pure skill, such as chess, and in a less degree billiards, a man must be a fool who deceives himself on such a point; but in whist there is a sufficient amount of chance to enable him to preserve his self-complacency for some time—let us say his life-time. If he loses he ascribes it to his "infernal luck," which always fills his hands with twos and threes; and if he wins, though it is by a succession of four by honors as long as the string of four-in-hands when the Coaching Club meets in Hyde Park, he ascribes it to his skill. "If I hadn't played trumps just when I did," he modestly observed to his partner, "the result would have been exactly the same had he played blindfold. To an observer of human nature, who is not himself a loser 'on the day,' there are few things more charming than the genial, gentle self-approval of two players of this class who have just defeated two experts, and proved to their own satisfaction that if fortune gives them "a fair chance" or "something like equal cards," as they term the conditions of their late performance, they can play as well as other people. Of course, the term "good play" is a relative one: the player who wins applause in the drawing-room is often thought but little of in places where the rigor of the game is observed; and the "good, steady player" of the University Club is not a star of the first magnitude at the Portland. The best players used to be men of mature years; they are now the middle aged, who, with sufficient practical experience, have derived their skill in early life from the best books. "It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks," and for the most part the old dogs despise them. When I hear my partner boast that he is "none of your book players," I smile courteously and tremble. I know what will become of him and me if fortune does not give him his "fair chance," and I seek comfort from the doctrine of chances which tell me it is two to one against my cutting with him again. How marvelous it is, when one comes to consider the matter, that a man should decline to receive instruction on a technical subject from those who have eminently distinguished themselves in it, and have systematized for the benefit of others the results of the experience of a life-time. With books or no books, it is quite true, however, that some men, otherwise of great intelligence, can never be taught whist; they have had every opportunity of learning it—have been born, as it were, with the ace of spades in their mouth instead of a silver spoon—but the gift of understanding is denied them; and though it is ungrateful to say so, I have never known a lady to play whist well.—London Times.

—A Mexican boy fell into a well about fifteen feet deep and containing nine feet of water. The mother jumped in to save the boy, the grandmother followed suit to rescue her daughter, and the great-grandmother was in the act of going over the brink when she fainted. They were all saved by one man. All this is said to have transpired in Encinal County, Tex.—Chicago Times.

H. & G.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Friends, one and all, may the New Year bring you happiness and prosperity. Those of our friends who have favored us with their patronage are assured of our gratitude and appreciation. We are determined that 1884 shall find us better prepared to meet the wants of this community than ever before. We hope you will give us a share of your patronage during the coming year, and promise

OUR BEST EFFORTS

to make every purchase a satisfactory one. Honest goods, for cash, at fair prices is our method of doing business. By strict attention to the wants of our customers, fair dealing and a most attractive stock, we hope to gain and retain the trade of this community.

Yours respectfully,
HUTCHINSON & GOODELL.

1883

1884

H. & G.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, DEC. 29, 1883.

Personals.

—Fred Sensiba was in town this week.
—George Perrin spent Christmas at home.
—Geo. Lanskigne called on us on Monday.
—F. J. Draper departed, for copperdom, yesterday.
—Charlie Mason goes to Marinette on Sunday or Monday.
—The McGillis boys, John and Alex, were at St. Paul this week.
—Mr. & Mrs. John Connaghan arrived at home on Monday last.
—Matt Serwe has gone to Fond du Lac for the holidays.
—A. Cook, the short man from Ogontz, spent Christmas in town.
—Mrs. Bannister, of Green Bay, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. F. Brotherton.
—Capt. George Bartley and wife went, on Sunday last, to spend the holidays at Chicago.
—Ed Coffey is at St. Paul, at which place Mrs. Coffey will join him, soon.
—Dr. Mulliken will leave, to-morrow, for a short visit at the paternal fireside, at Lansing.
—Frank M. Blackwell has gone west. His present address is Springer, Colfax Co., New Mexico.
—C. A. Morrison and wife will spend the holidays in Fond du Lac, having left here on Monday.
—Thos. Fontanna and wife, of Fond du Lac, were among the guests at the Fontanna-Lutz wedding.
—Fred Merriam spent the Christmas holiday with friends here. Of course he gave the PORT a call.
—M. C. Burch, of Grand Rapids, called on us a few days since. He is counsel for G. T. Burns in the "trespass" case.
—Theodore Lutz, of Michigan City, son of Capt. John Lutz, was in town last week upon the occasion of his sister's marriage.
—Albert and Miss Bella Serwe, of Fond du Lac, visited their brother Matt, and attended Jake Fontanna's wedding, last week.
—Judge Noyes, of the Eagle, of Marinette, called on us on Christmas day, adding materially to our enjoyment of the holiday season.
—Jo. Harris, of Fayette, was in town on Saturday last; He drove from home to Day's River, stopping two hours at Mallman's, between five and fifteen o'clock.
—Ollie Ellsworth arrived at home on Saturday last to spend the holidays. He looks a trifle more matured than when he left us a year ago, but that's the only change.
—Wm. Leffer, of Bark River, called on us while the PORT of last week was going through the press. His pouch was lighter and ours heavier when he said "good day."
—Ed Jones, of Fond du Lac, (and possibly others of Jake Fontanna's Wisconsin friends—we can not be sure we have them all) was here last week to help his friend Fontanna "face the parson" without finching.

Range Items.

—Joe Busser, for larceny, awaits his turn before Judge Grant and a jury in jail at Menominee. An "expansion joint" of the hydraulic works blew out, under a pressure of sixty-five pounds, doing damage which it took several days to repair.—Menominee Range.
—Work of sinking at the Hamilton, delayed by the erection of a shaft house and changes in the plant, is now going on again. The ninth drill-hole on the Quinnesec property is now in quartzite at a depth of 235 feet. The Penn company is persevering. New pump and boiler at the West Chapin and vigorous work promised. J. R. Wood will sink a shaft to the ore-body cut by the drill at a depth of 300 feet, on section 14, adjoining the east Vulcan.—Menominee Range.
—Wolves are too plenty and too fierce. Thomas Williams, of Waucedah, was chased to his door by a pack of them which had just killed his dog. The county should offer a bounty for wolf-scalps. John Wagg or James Houlihan—he used both names) was found, badly bruised, half-naked and frost-bitten, on the railroad track near Vulcan. His companions say he was drunk and fell

down, nor does he contradict them, but it is believed that he was bitten by them. He narrowly escaped death and will be laid up all winter. Royalties ought to vary with the price of our [good idea] Norway Lumber.

Locals.

—Stan-laid Time, and Timepieces to keep it, at Gagnon's.
—All Holiday specialties at prices reduced to the lowest possible figure at Gagnon's.
—Give the Firemen a benefit—a rouser—and get ten dollars' worth of fun for a dollar.
—Mead, at the request of many customers, defers the award of the water-pitcher until New Year's day, so there is still a chance to win it.
—Godley invites inspection of his stock, confident that the goods and the prices at which he offers them will suffice to open the closest purse.
—For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is the specific endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.
—Those in need of stoves can do no better than visit Dixon & Cook, who will sell, until further notice, at prime cost, any and every stove in their extensive stock.
—Mead's Silverware, Watches, Jewelry and fancy articles, go, from now until after New Year's, at such prices as purchasers may fix. They "must go" to make room.
—Thirty dances on the program—take 'till daylight to get through, but you'll enjoy the last one as well as the first, if you go to the Masquerade on New Year's eve.
—That premium watch, offered by Gagnon, will be awarded to the winner on New Year's day—no postponement—and the last customer stands just as good a chance of winning it as any other.
—Malarial poison can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure, which contains a sure specific, in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other remedy. Warranted.
—Choice Fruits, fresh and in cans, and every variety of table delicacies; all groceries, either staple or fancy, and every sort of Ceramic wares, at extraordinarily low prices by Atkins & McNaughtan.
—Greenhoot invites especial attention to his remaining stock of ladies winter wraps; Dolmans, Cloaks, Sacques and Circulars, which will be sold, regardless of cost, for whatever price they will bring.
—Greenhoot will make it worth the while of any one to call. Whether the article wanted be in the line of Dry goods or of clothing—for the head, body, limbs, hands or feet—he has it and offers it at the lowest possible price.
—Firemen's 8th annual masquerade, New Year's eve (Monday evening next) at Music hall. It would be a sin to forget, or remembering to neglect it. Every lover of fun and every well-wisher of the company will be there.
—Remember your friends on New Year's day, and that they may be aware of it, send to each some token of the fact. This you can do at trifling cost by selecting the articles from Stegmiller's stock of Silverware and Jewelry.
—This is not Blow, but Business. We have an extensive and varied stock of stoves which we do not wish to carry over to another season, and to enable us to dispose of them, they have been placed at bare cost until further notice. The stock comprises stoves of every description, large and small, and the rule applies without exception.
DIXON & COOK.

Well Rewarded.

A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of liver, kidney or stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All blood diseases, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only 50 cts. a bottle. George Preston.

FREE!

We use the above head-line merely to call your attention to the fact that the holidays are at hand, and as usual you will have to get some presents for your friends. "Well, what will I get?" you will say. Now we propose to give you a few points on this perplexing question, and when we mention the article that suits your fancy and fits your pocket-book (nothing like harmony in all things) you holler "stop!" First we will consider your reputation for generosity and name

Overcoats!

AT THE FOLLOWING FIGURES:

	Former.	Present.		Former.	Present.
Black Chinchilla,	\$25 00	\$18 00	Lot 4117,	15 00	11 50
Black Diagonal,	26 00	20 00	Lot 2876,	25 00	18 00
English Melton,	25 00	18 00	Lot 3499,	15 00	10 50
Blue Chinchilla,	25 00	19 00	Lot 6230,	22 00	12 00
Black Worsteds,	22 00	18 00	Lot 6433,	12 50	9 50
Black Worsteds,	16 00	12 00	Lot 6465,	15 00	11 50

Overcoats as low as \$1.50. Or Sealskin Caps, Silk Mufflers, Neckties, Silk Handkerchiefs, Wristlers, and in fact everything usually found in a first-class Gent's Furnishing Goods House.

RATHFON BROS.

WOOD FOR SALE

Dry Maple, sawed for stove, \$7.00
Green Maple, " " " 6.50

Delivered, or at a reduction for five or ten cord lots. Also

Dry PINE SLABS at \$3 per Cord.

Inquire at the office on the OLIVER DOCK, of A. BOOTH & SONS.

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FINE FURNITURE.

UPHOLSTERING AND UNDERTAKING.

Supply or repair all kinds of furniture, furnish and attend funerals, or contract for house-building on the most favorable terms. Agents for the Singer Sewing Machines and attachments.

WANTS FOR SALE—TO RENT.

HOUSES TO RENT.
Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Scmer building 331 F. D. MEAD, Au'y.

MIDWIFE—MRS. EMILY STEINKE.
Geprüfte Deutsche Hebamme. Residence south side of Wells avenue, one block west of Presbyterian church, between Harrison ave. and Wolcott street.

TRESPASSERS—ATTENTION.
All persons are hereby cautioned against cutting wood or timber on N. Ludington Co.'s land, or they will be prosecuted, according to law.
G. T. BURNS, Agent.

RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.
The Chicago & North-western Railway Company are now offering for sale their land in Michigan at greatly reduced rates. Their hard-wood and farming lands will be sold to settlers on long time, with a low rate of interest, or a discount of 12 1/2 per cent. from their regular price will be made for cash.
For all information apply to or address
F. H. VAN CLEVE,
Land Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

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J. BUCKHOLTZ,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer.
IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Tobacco of every kind and Smoking Articles. The F. Miller Milwaukee Beer, in wood and glass at brewery prices.

JAMES R. HARRIS,
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Plans drawn and specifications written. Contracts furnished for any style of buildings, public or private. Ventilation and heating of buildings a specialty. Superintendence of erection of buildings promptly and practically attended to.
Terms liberal. A call solicited. Office and residence at F. E. Harris', on Ogden avenue.

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Shop on corner of Hale and Georgia Streets.
Plans prepared and contracts undertaken in city or county for any and all work in his line and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Fresh & Salt Fish
For home consumption. CAPT. GEO. A. DRIS-KO, will sell and deliver from his wagon all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and Salt Fish put up especially for this market. Having had an experience of

14 Years in the Business
He has confidence in his ability to serve his customers to their satisfaction.

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PAINTING
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With dispatch and on the most favorable terms.
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Marble, Granite, Coping,
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Building Stone Furnished to Order.

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At his old stand, corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets offers

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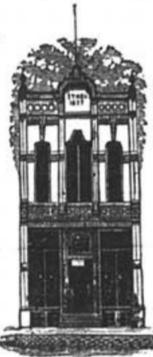
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CASH WILL BUY EIGHTY ACRES OF CHOICE FARM-ING LAND IN MARQUETTE COUNTY.
It lies near McFarland's Hill, on the C. & N. W. R'y. Is partly improved and balance in the Hard Maple Timber. Neighbors and school near by. For description address H. L. BUSHNELL, Box 45, Escanaba, Mich.

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