

THE IRON PORT.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1895.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Matters Pertaining to Escanabans and Their Movements.

The Iron Port's Society Reporters Gather in a Goodly Grist of New Items Concerning People Whom We All Know.—Social.

Wm. J. Riley, a Northwestern conductor well known here, was married last Monday, at Green Bay, to Gertrude, daughter of T. R. Hudd of Green Bay and formerly member of congress from that district. The marriage was a quiet one and the family of the bride was not informed of it until the blessing had been said. "Billy's" friends in this city congratulate him.

Geo. Ranous, who got the g. b. a while ago, he being then a conductor on the Northwestern, is now doing duty as a brakeman on a road out of Milwaukee. He will soon have a train again.

Misses Russell, Labelle, Marchand, Delorier, Baunier and Foyette and Misses Salyall, Roberge, Fillon, St. Louis, Grenier, and Leduc spent last Sunday at Garth, on a picnic.

Misses Cunningham and Taylor, of Mackinac, who had visited the Misses Bartley, departed for home Sunday. Mrs. Geo. Bartley and Mrs. Charles Dady accompanied them.

Mrs. C. Clement, of Manston, Wis., with her grandson, Eugene Hartge, arrived Tuesday morning to visit her daughter, Mrs. James Tolan.

The two daughters of the late Seth D. Perry, Misses Mabel and Maud, visited the family of their uncle, A. G. Crose, this week.

Johnny Peterson writes, from the school for boys at Lansing, in good spirits. His letter shows a marked improvement in the lad.

Misses Rose and Sophie Welch returned from Prairie du Chien, Wis., where they have been attending school, last Saturday.

Prof. Beer, who has taught French and Music here for two years past, departed for Chicago on Monday last.

Wm. Loeffler, of Barkville, was in town last Saturday. He took charge as postmaster of Barkville Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Welch, of Hermansville, and Mrs. Sigworth, of Anamosa, Iowa, are visiting Mrs. Robt. McCourt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Quincy returned Tuesday morning from quite an extended trip in the south and west.

Mr. T. Higgins, of Neenah, Wis., attended the annual meeting of the Lighting Co. on Wednesday.

Misses Jo and Vinnie Longley visited at Gladstone this week, the guests of Mrs. John Hancock.

Miss Katharine McLaughlin spent the fourth at Green Bay with her sister, Mrs. Snyder.

Jo. Cooney says that the Rapid River oration business was only one of the Mirror's fakes.

Mrs. Stack and her daughters arrived at home Tuesday morning by the Goodrich boat.

James Corcoran returned home Wednesday to spend his vacation with his parents in the city.

Miss Greene, lately of Burns' millinery rooms, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Jesse McCourt visited here this week. He is going "on the road" for a Chicago house.

Geo. Cotton, of Grand Rapids, has this week visited his brother, our Dr. Cotton.

Dr. J. I. Bates has decided to return to our city and may be expected about July 20.

John J. Dunn and wife arrived here on Tuesday and may remain permanently.

Fred Norman was in town, from Atkinson where he is employed, over the fourth.

Miss Hazel Tidman, of Muskegon, is visiting Mrs. O. B. Fuller, at Ford River.

Mr. A. Lathrop, of that ilk, spent the fourth in town and visited this office.

Louis Kaufman, his family and friends, spent Sunday on the Escanaba river.

Miss Nan Reynolds, of Grand Haven, is the guest of Dr. H. B. Reynolds.

Mrs. E. Welch, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. H. Rolph.

James Kennelly and wife arrived from a brief bridal tour last Monday.

Gus. Mathews came down from Gladstone Sunday to see the ball game.

Miss Shippe, of Chicago, is guest in the family of J. K. Stack.

A daughter was born to Sam, Stonhouse and wife last Sunday.

Hon. I. Stephenson and some friends were at Wells over Sunday.

Miss Eda Nicholas, of Gladstone, visited Escanaba last Monday.

Anthony Manley arrived, from Chicago, Wednesday morning.

August Nehls, of Phillips, Wis., was in town over the fourth.

J. F. Corcoran was in from "the range" to spend the fourth here.

James Cleary and his bride arrived at home Sunday morning last.

Mrs. W. H. Hamm and her children are here for the summer.

Geo. J. Farnsworth, of Nahma, was in town last Saturday.

Dr. Phillips now occupies his own house on Campbell street.

Otto Mertz was another of the visitors from Gladstone Sunday.

Fred Suddaby, of Gladstone, was in the city on the fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Kratze went to Gladstone Monday.

John McIntyre came down from Gladstone Thursday.

Lakeview Cemetery.

The following circular is issued under date of July 1, and The Iron Port adds its "Amen" to its prayer:

The treasury of the Lake View Cemetery association is empty, and the directors of said association take this method of making a direct appeal to you, and all those who have friends and relatives buried there, for assistance, believing that the mere mention of the fact will awaken deepest interest in the hearts of those who will ever remember each sacred spot in Lake View cemetery, to such an extent that a faithful and competent sexton may be retained, all needed improvements made and the grounds kept in the best possible condition. None but the directors of the association know the exact condition of its finances, needs and labor required to keep it in proper condition, and watch it year after year that it may always remain a well kept resting place for our loved dead—hence it is naturally supposed to be self-sustaining. But for reasons plainly evident to any one who will scan the books of the association, such is not the case, and we whose names appear below, assure all who are interested that strict economy and diligent care has been practiced by the directors in years past with the present result as above stated. We therefore appeal to you as one whose departed friends and relatives mingle with ours, for such financial assistance as you may be able to offer toward placing it on a solid basis, from which the directors in after years may be enabled to keep it a sacred and eternal resting place for the dead.

Donations will be received and receipted for by John J. Sourwine.

CHAS. CHAPPEL, President.

D. A. BROTHERTON, Sec.

W. J. MATTON, Treas.

F. E. HARRIS,

J. S. ROGERS,

JAMES ROBERTSON,

C. H. BROWN,

L. T. ABEL,

JNO. J. SOURWINE, Directors.

Our Turn Will Come, By and By.

Being at the base of the trade, iron ore is the last to feel the improvement in that trade, but our turn must come, by and by, though not, perhaps, until next year. The demand for ore is brisk and the output large, but it is covered, mostly, by contracts made early in the season and only upon a few small lots do producers advance on the prices then prevailing. The Iron Trade Review of the 4th has this: "A sale of 35,000 tons of ore for a Bessemer mixture is reported at a ten-cent advance. It has now come to the point at which several furnaces are trying in vain to increase their purchases of standard Bessemer and are compelled to take ores higher in phosphorus to mix with low phosphorus ore already bought" and, in another article, this: "A noteworthy feature of the Lake Superior ore trade this year is the increased tonnage sold to eastern furnaces. This applies not only to low-phosphorus Mesabi ores, but to standard Bessemer, and there is also noted a movement of the better non-Bessemer ores which will go into foundry mixtures. It appears to be the purpose of certain eastern Pennsylvania foundry furnaces to meet the Pennsylvania of the valleys, which have been going into New York markets and into the territory east of the Hudson, with iron likewise made from Lake Superior ores. The increased sales of Bessemer ores have been due to the low price at which they have been available, making those of high iron content competitive with foreign ores even at a 40 cent tariff. There may be a different situation next year, however, with the higher prices Lake Superior Bessemer are sure to bring."

A Threatening Blaze.

Yesterday at about 7:00 p. m. a fire broke out in the office of the Water Works company which, for a few minutes, threatened the destruction of the building. The firemen were prompt, however (as they always are), and confined the damage to the room in which the fire originated and extinguished it before that was more than badly scorched. The main item of damage was the breaking of the plate glass front and that and all other damage is fully covered by insurance.

The fire originated in the bath room in which was a gasoline heater that heat the water for the bath. Sup't McGowen had just lighted the burner when he noticed a leak in the pipe which conveyed the gasoline to the burner and attempted to smother the small blaze but unsuccessfully, the pipe crumbling and the blaze growing greater as he tried. Abandoning that effort he sent in an alarm and closed the front doors, and at that moment the tank of gasoline exploded filling the room with flame and giving him barely time to escape by the rear door. By that time—it was hardly more than three minutes—the fire wagon was at the back door and in two more minutes the boys had a stream on the fire. It was, as it needed to be, quick work. This morning the office is damp and disheveled, but business goes on as usual.

His Grievance.

The Gladstone Tribune pitches into the city council. Bids for gravel had been advertised for and two received; one, in the exact words of the notice, at 95 cents a yard and one, specifying a certain gravel by the name by which it is known, at \$1.23 per yard, and the higher bid was accepted. The Tribune says "Perhaps the material chosen and the tender accepted may be the most beneficial to the city, but the result has been brought about by evasions and subterfuges that if tolerated or sanctioned, would render the salutary provisions of law, protecting the people from unnecessary burdens of taxes of no effect. While there is no evidence of this contract being tainted with corruption on either side yet the grossest corruption and the most scandalous action could be covered up in exactly the same way. There was such a wide departure between the advertisement for tenders and the final determination of the Council that strictly speaking the work was let without tender, or if there was no departure, then the work was not let to the lowest bidder."

Literary Notices.

The North American Review for July is a star number. Mark Twain criticizes our first American novelist, Cooper. F. C. Penfield contributes a paper on "Contemporary Egypt." E. R. Williams writes of "Thirty Years in the Grain Trade." Director Leech, of the mint, explains at length "How Free Silver Would Affect Us." Dr. Robinson writes of "Wild Traits in Tame Animals." George E. Waring of "The Disposal of a City's Waste," a subject upon which he is authority. Vandam continues his reminiscences of the second (French) empire; Harvey (Coin) hits back at his critics, and there other other articles of interest and value. To be "posted" in current questions of public interest one should read the North American Review.

ROSEBOOM'S PROPOSAL.

Mayor Gallup Laid It Before the Council Tuesday Evening.

A Good Deal Is Demanded But the Council Is Willing to Concede All, and Perhaps It Is the Best That Can Be Done.

After the routine business had been dispatched by the council last Tuesday evening the Mayor presented to it the following communication, which was read, commented upon and action taken:

Chicago, July 1, 1895.
Hon. Geo. Gallup, Escanaba, Mich.

Dear Sir: Referring to our conversation in your office on June 22nd, will say, we have concluded to make you the following proposition in relation to the Cochrane plant, now owned by your city, consisting of the following property, as we understand it, viz:

The main building and the foundry building connected thereto, known as the Cochrane factory plant; one two story brick cottage and one frame double cottage standing on said property, together with the land that originally belonged to the property, consisting of about eight and a half (8½) acres, as shown us in spring of 1892; also contents of said property consisting in part of the following property: Three boilers and their settings and connections as they now are set in the main building; also the large engine, together with the steam heater, pony pump and all connections belonging thereto; also steam piping for heating the building that is now in the building; also main shafting including that that runs out of the building over to what is known as the "Lille building"; also the frame lumber dryer now standing in the grounds, including the fan, coils and engine now standing in the boiler room of the main building; also any belting that may belong to the property; also the capola in the foundry and other material that belongs to the property.

The said real estate to be deeded to us as soon as the contract or agreement is signed and the personal property to be transferred to us by bill of sale at the same time. The said bill of sale and deed to be put in escrow and held with the contract for the faithful performance of contract, either with the First National Bank of Escanaba, Mich., or the Commercial Loan and Trust Co. Bank of Chicago. Said deed to be delivered to us upon our fulfilling the contract, and in case there is any question about when the contract is fulfilled, it shall be left to arbitration, the trustee holding the deed in escrow to choose one of the arbitrators, we to choose the second and they to choose the third, and their decision shall be final on any controversies that may arise. We to have the privilege of business in this connection absolutely free from all taxes for the term of five years from January 1st, 1896.

In consideration of the above we agree to transfer our broom handle factory and lumber mill that we now operate at Alba, Michigan, to the above plant at Escanaba, Michigan, as soon as possible after September 1st, and fit up and be ready to commence business in Escanaba as near January 31st as possible. We agree to employ all the labor that is necessary for the successful operation of our business and to enlarge the business from time to time when we see that we can do so profitably, agreeing to operate two hundred and fifty (250) men for two hundred and sixty (260) days before the first of January, 1901; meaning by the above we will work as near as may be an average of fifty employees a day for ten months in the year for five years.

These are the general outlines of what we would do and require. If on looking them over you and the honorable board of aldermen conclude to accept the proposition you may arrange for a meeting when we can get together to make out the contract. In that case we would prefer very much that you go over to Alba and see what we are operating there, so as to have some kind of an insight as to what our business is and the extent to which we are operating at the present time.

Of course if we move to Escanaba we shall try to do a much larger business than we are doing in Alba, as the plant is so large that there will be plenty of opportunities for more business. At the same time we do not feel that we can afford to tear up our business in Alba and move over there—promising to do very much more than we are doing at Alba, as it depends very largely on the amount of timber we get in the mill, the cost of same and the quality of same, to what extent we could run the business. We can not figure that we can move this plant and put it up in proper shape in the building at Escanaba without an expenditure of from four to five thousand dollars and we do not feel that we are justified in very large expenditures above what we have now in the business.

In order to successfully operate the Cochrane plant with our line of business it is absolutely necessary that we have at least the amount of ground that originally belonged to this plant for log storing, and we should have at least five acres more than that, as three or four million feet of logs covers a vast space of ground unless piled very high, and in piling very high it maintains an enormous extra expense.

We wish however in the whole matter to impress on your mind and on the minds of the honorable board of aldermen, that we are not figuring on any schemes. If we come to Escanaba we have to sacrifice a good deal of money at Alba and we come there with the intention of doing business, with capital sufficient to back our business and shall work exclusively for W. L. Roseboom & Co., if we come. At the same time we expect if we do business successfully for ourselves we cannot help but incidentally be a benefit to the community, and we shall certainly, as good American citizens, become one of you in the community, if we move our plant there.

In relation to protecting you in the property if transferred in the shape suggested, would say, we will insure the property to the extent of \$5,000 for the benefit of the city and in case we make a contract we will give you bonds that we think you will approve to the amount of \$1,500 to \$2,000, as an earnest of good faith on our part, but same to become null and void when we take possession of the property and commence fitting up for business. In case the proposition is accepted and the property is turned over to us, we should require you to keep your watchman some time in September, as we find it would take us fully to the first of September to finish our present cut at Alba.

In case you conclude to go to Alba to look at the business, which we earnestly hope you will, would suggest that you do not go until

next week, as the mill will probably shut down Wednesday of this week until Monday of next, giving the help a few days' vacation.

We should like to hear from you in relation to the matter and any suggestions you might offer will receive our due consideration. Awaiting your favors, we remain

Respectfully yours,
W. L. ROSEBOOM & Co.

The proposal of H. S. Roseboom & Co. was received and placed on file, and it was resolved that the common council of the city of Escanaba hereby accept the proposition therein contained and request A. R. Northrup and Ole Erickson, trustees, to enter into a contract with the said parties in accordance therewith in relation to that part or portion of land and buildings held in trust by them, and that the Mayor and city clerk be authorized to execute a bill of sale of the personal property owned by the city mentioned in said proposition and to make and execute a contract with said parties exempting them from taxation for the time mentioned in said proposition.

So, unless some unforeseen contingency arises, the Cochrane property will be disposed of on the terms and in the manner specified, and the city will gain, we doubt not, a sound and energetic business concern in exchange for a property for which it has no use and which is now a charge upon its revenues.

Farmers' Institutes.

The state board of agriculture, authorized by late legislation, proposes to hold in each county of the state, a "Farmers' Institute" for the farmers of the county to attend. The board has appointed Kenyon L. Butterfield superintendent of the work and arrangements have been made for the assistance of lecturers from the state agricultural college. These gatherings are for the purpose of giving farmers the latest ideas from the experiment stations and from the experience of others upon the various branches of their work.

Mr. Butterfield is in correspondence with leading farmers of this county and upon their advice and desire depends the question of an "institute" for this county. Institutes will be held between Nov. 15 and February 15, as the time of the lecturers is otherwise occupied during the remainder of the year. Any who take an interest in this project can address Kenyon L. Butterfield, Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich. He will be glad to hear from them and to give any assistance possible in getting the matter started and bringing it to a successful conclusion.

For the Industrial School.

Last Sunday a half-dozen, more or less, of kids who knew better invaded the home of Albert Edger, at the time in charge of a lad of eleven years, and took therefrom some articles of small value and a trifling sum of money. Two of them were arrested Tuesday morning—James Cleary and John O'Donnell—and after a hearing before Justice Moore were adjudged guilty as charged. The agent of the State Board of Charities and Corrections recommended that they be committed to the Industrial School for Boys, at Lansing and the court made order in accordance with that recommendation, and Sheriff Beachamp conducted the lads thither. There were other lads equally guilty who, because of tender age, and for other reasons, were not included in the complaint but who will reach the school (or a worse place) in good time unless they are restrained by their parents.

A day later: The lads are not at the school. Taking advantage of a moment's inattention on the part of the sheriff young O'Donnell gave leg ball and is probably by this time among his kinsmen on Beaver Island. An appeal has been taken in the case of the other, young Cleary, and he awaits trial before the circuit court.

Gladstone Gleanings.

The barbers will have no more on Sunday. The board of review finished its labors Thursday. Very few kickers appeared and little change was made in the assessor's roll. The need of this city at present is small tenement houses. We have stores and business buildings, plenty, but a man moving into the city with a family has a hard time of it getting a place to shelter them. The stove factory started up for the season on Monday last and now everything is running smoothly. The Washboard company is increasing its plant and shipping vast quantities of boards. "The middle of the week" was a cold day, and a small fire was comfortable. It's rather tough to be compelled to pay tribute to the coal dealer and ice man at one and the same time.—Delta.

Wins On the Appeal.

The Metropolitan Lumber Co. again wins its case against McElwee and Carney. The case grew out of the failure of Barker & Co., of Chicago, who handled the Metropolitan Co.'s cut of lumber in 1892, and the amount involved was \$12,000 or more. The case was tried first in the United States circuit court in Marquette and judgment was rendered in favor of the Metropolitan Co., was then taken on appeal to the United States court of appeals and by that court, sitting at Cincinnati last week, the verdict of the circuit court was affirmed. The attorneys were Mead & Jennings and Ball & Ball for the Metropolitan, and F. O. Clark and Hanchett & Hanchett for McElwee & Carney.

Homesteaders vs. Canal Co.

The Canal homesteaders were notified this week by the Canal company to appear at Grand Rapids on July 1st, and show cause why judgment should not be issued against them. The Deputy U. S. Marshal was here this week and served notices on about 70 or 80 of the boys. They will be represented at Grand Rapids by Benj. Vosper, and every inch of ground will be contested, so that the Canal company will have to do some hustling if they succeed in getting judgment against the homesteaders.—Iron Co. Reporter.

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining un-called for at the Escanaba, Mich., postoffice, for the week ending June 29th, 1895: Frank Bourdage, H. A. Deagon, John Ferguson, John Foster, Charles Forsythe, Martin Larson, Addie Jarvis, Aleck Jerne, L. O. Haggan, Del McLure, P. C. Maloney, P. G. Norqvist, Ole Olson, Mrs. Rouse Paine, Louis Savard, J. W. Ward. Marine mail: Capt. J. P. Harow, Bert. Rasch, care J. L. Lyon, marine reporter.

Sheridan Ore Sold.

A block of 20,000 tons of Sheridan ore has been sold and will be shipped at once. As our readers know, the mine is owned by Escanabans and they are glad to know that they got a price for their ore that will leave them a profit. They lately bought one half the fee, so that the outgo for royalty is reduced to a low figure—fifteen cents if we are correctly informed.—The ore sold is already mined and its sale raises the question of again operating the mine.

"THE EVER GLORIOUS."

Escanaba Celebrates and Our Neighbors With Us.

The Town, Itself, was Like Sunday After Ten O'clock but the Parks were Full and Nobby, Each of Them.

The natal day of the republic dawned with a dense fog and rain was feared, but the "hay-maker" got in its work early and effectively and by the time when it was needed a perfect day was inaugurated and continued to the end. The procession was formed as announced and the march and the exercises at the Tilden house grounds—the reading of the declaration by Geo. S. Power and brief patriotic addresses by Mayor Gallup and Hon. A. R. Northrup—were got through with and then the crowd (a big one) streamed out, by all sorts of conveyances, from the electric car "shanks" mare," to the grounds of the Agricultural Association, the South Park and the base ball grounds, where the real business of celebrating was at once in full blast. Of the pic nic at the South Park no special mention is needed, the crowd there put in its time in the usual manner and "got its money's worth," of course. The doings at the base ball grounds are chronicled in the "bulletin," but the interest of the day centered at the new grounds of the Agricultural Association where a thousand and a half of Delta county people were assembled. The thing, there, was the racing, and that consisted of three races—one for horses having a record of 2:40 or better, in which there were entered a black mare owned by R. Perron, a brown mare owned by A. Spooner and a brown gelding owned by John Alger, of which Perron's mare proved the speedier, taking the first heat in 2:40½ and the second in 2:43.

The second race was for three-minute horses and there were four entries—a roan mare by Jennings (of Ford River), a black horse by Hessel, a bay horse by Caswell (of Rapid River) and a bay horse by A. Spooner. The Ford River horse took the boodle, losing the first heat to Hessel's horse in 2:54 but taking the second in 2:55 and the third in 2:56, Caswell's and Spooner's horses being withdrawn after the second heat.

Then came a running race (the two previous having been trotting) and for that there were entries by Hodgkins, Coburn, Blair, LeMay, Breitenbach and Brickley. The race was won by Blair's "Nellie C." in two straight heats—1:02 and 1:02½—only LeMay's and Breitenbach's entries staying for the second heat.

G. M. West acted as starter; R. Lyman, Ed. Donovan and D. A. Oliver as judges, and John McGuire as time-keeper. The wheelmen, for some reason to us unknown, were not much in evidence, but Johnson went a mile, against time, in 3:03. Other sports, of which we have no memorandum, filled out the day and a dance at The Peterson—largely attended—the evening.

The fears that the crowd would be so split up between the three points of attraction as to render each unremunerative were vain—the crowd was big enough for all—and the treasury of the Agricultural Association was materially strengthened—the receipts of the day must have reached \$700, gross, and netted the association about \$400. On the whole, the celebration was a success and the country is safe for one more year.

Base Ball Bulletin.

Of the game last Sunday the tale is soon told; the Oshkosh fellows did not play a little bit and the crowd began to leave the grounds at the third inning, when the home team had scored thirteen runs and the visitors none. Of course such a weak opposition made our boys careless and the visitors got in a couple of runs, finally, the score at the end standing twenty-eight to two. Manager Cleary must get better teams and give us better games or he will lose his hold on the crowd; the games with the Chiltons were the only good ones this season.

The two games on the fourth were saddle-bagged. The morning game was all our way, so much so as to excite suspicion that the Quins (who could evidently play ball if they chose) were "laying for bets" on the game of the afternoon. The score at the close was 21 to 4 in favor of the Escanaba team.

The suspicion may or may not have been well-founded but one thing is certain, our boys lost the afternoon game by a score of 12 to 19. It was not a game for the Quins to brag on, though. The Escanabas went to pieces and good playing by the visiting team would have shut them out entirely. Taking the two scores together the Escanabas had ten more runs to their credit than the Quins.

To-day and to-morrow, July 6 and 7, the Kaukaunas will be here to play the Escanabas; a week later, July 13 and 14, the Marquettes will see what they can do, and still a week later, July 20 and 21, a Chicago club—the Edgars—will be here. It is believed that each of the games will be close; it is certain that the Marquette-Escanaba games will be hotly contested, there is local pride as well as pride of achievement in that match.

The Ford River-Flat Rock game announced for last Sunday on the Ford River grounds did not come off; the grounds were being overhauled and the game was necessarily postponed.

To-day at 3:00 p. m. and to-morrow at 2:30 p. m. there will be games—the Kaukaunas and Escanaba teams—on the home grounds, and it is expected that both will be close and interesting.

Marquette beat Baraga—9 to 3—last Sunday. Can not Manager Cleary arrange to meet Marquette? The Escanabas owe that club a defeat or two.

The Escanabas will play the Marquettes on the Marquette grounds on Saturday and Sunday, July 13 and 14.

An Old Race Horse.

The old trick—with an old race horse—was played last week at Menominee and a Marinette man was out \$50 as a result. The old gray mare, which is used in a wood yard, was put on the track Monday evening, and made a mile in 2:30. The Marinette man bet was that she couldn't perform the feat in less than forty-five. In her halcyon days the old gray had a mark of 2:17.

A Principal Arrested.

W. T. Wells, principal of the Dollarville school, was arrested Saturday night, charged with criminal conduct with Bell Lawrence, a 15-year-old pupil. Wells is a married man with a family of small children. It is alleged the intimacy has existed for a year past. He is in jail in default of bail.

Want Help to Build Roads.

Suppose you want to sell a forty farm, miles from town and railroad station; the first question asked by an interested purchaser is, "what kind of roads have you got?" You would surely get 20 per cent. more for it if there was a good road between it and the town. This means that land holders should work for good roads as well as farmers, because it will increase the value of their land.

What this county needs is a good gravelled road through it where the most travel and the most settlers, and should touch every township in the county; but I am safe to say that we never in our life will get it, without we adopt the County Road System.

Then we have a prospect to get such a road but we shall not expect to build all that road in one or two years (as the taxes for county road are limited and can not exceed two mills on each dollar's valuation.)

Good things do not come so easy, neither do they come at all, unless we unite, faithfully and honestly take hold and work for it.

The old pioneers, fifty years ago, dreamed of the upper peninsula, which we now have reason to be proud of, the wealth of mineral and lumber. And we now have experience, that we in Delta county can raise wheat equal to the best in the United States, and everybody knows that we have the best potatoes. Every taxpayer should work for good roads, as good roads mean more business and more prosperity in every town and city in the county. It means more money for the farmer; it means a saving on his wagon, harness and horse; a saving on the wages of his hired man in the amount of time it takes to market his products, for the reason that if a farmer only can haul 25 bushels of potatoes on a poor road, he can haul 50 or 60 bushels on a good road or save half the time, half the wages of the man, half the wear and tear of the rig. As a business proposition every person that has the good of his town, city or county at heart should aid in the building of good roads. Good roads means better homes, better education, better society, better people, a closer relation between the farms and the cities. In short there is at present nothing that will tend more to make better citizens and give them a broader view of the rights of their neighbors than the uniting of the cities and towns with good roads. Let us try the county road system.

FARMER.

From the Soo News of last Saturday we clip the following: Assistant Engineer Glen E. Balch, of the U. S. lake survey, who returned this week from Batchewang Island, an isolated, uninhabited island near the north shore of Lake Superior, 60 miles west of the Soo, in Batchewang Bay, reports finding on that island the effects of a rather mysterious demonstration of the powers of nature, in the form of an upheaval such as might have been caused by an earthquake. "The disturbance occurred on the south side of the island," he said. "It affected a strip from 200 to 300 feet wide and about 1,200 feet long, on the island. It also extended several hundred feet into the lake, the rocky bottom of which was elevated out of water. On the shore the earth was thrown up into a series of great ridges. Trees were torn out by the roots and broken to pieces. Everything showed the effect of some mighty force. As to the cause of the disturbance I have no theory. I think it must have been of recent occurrence, judging from the appearance of the broken rocks at the edge of the water."

The formation of Batchewang Island is of the azoic age, which was the first formed in the creation of the earth according to geology. The most probable theory is that the disturbance of the rocky shore of Batchewang Island was caused by an earthquake. It is furnishing lots of food for speculation among local scientists.

The Cleveland Ore Market.

JACK'S DOG, LEO.

BY MARY ROWE.

He was a poor tramp. He appeared suddenly in the path, standing motionless at a respectful distance from the open door, as we sat together at dinner in the old farm house. Shaggy, unkempt, grunt and hungry-looking, he fastened a longing eye—he had but one—on the rapidly disappearing viands. As no one noticed him, his anxiety and suspense presently became unbearable.

"Wow!" said he, gently. It was a humble, propitiatory little bark, such as a dog who had been so unfortunate as to lose his master would naturally learn to use when presenting himself to strangers. As we stared in surprise he shivered visibly, with head and tail indicating very low spirits. Then, not receiving his accustomed marching orders in the dreaded "Get out!" he ventured to lift his head and whine a little.

Still nobody came to kick him. So, after another short pause, and a glance of most anxious inquiry, Jack's dog—elect—rose up suddenly on his haunches, made his back as stiff and as straight as a grenadier's, pointed his nose straight up at the zenith, and emitted a long, loud, most melancholy howl.

"Sakes alive!" cried Jack's mother, with her hands to her head.

But Jack's father laughed, and Jack was delighted. He not only managed to place a sumptuous repast before the hungry tramp, but also succeeded in smuggling him over to his stronghold, the barn, where the dog without a master and the boy without a dog soon made a compact and rubbed noses on it.

The rest of us looked coldly on the poor, shabby tramp—he was so manifestly of no account. He was not handsome, nor aristocratic, nor well-mannered. He was incurably lame in his left forefoot, and had but one eye—the result, probably, of some dreadful conflict in his unknown past. And though that surviving eye remained peculiarly bright and watchful, a one-eyed, three-legged dog could not expect to be regarded by the general public as a valuable acquisition.

But Jack's dog seemed not to expect admiration. He had evidently a poor opinion of himself. And though he soon learned, under the stimulus of Jack's friendship and protection, to carry himself with an air of spirit and self-respect, no dog's tail was ever more quickly depressed by an unkind word than his.

However, Jack loved him devotedly. He used to brag about him to the other boys. Sam Peters had a lovely young Newfoundland—at least his uncle had—a beautiful creature, but stupid, Jack said, just simply stupid, when compared with Leo—the somewhat ambitious name which Jack had bestowed on his favorite. Leo was short for Leonidas.

"That dog of mine now," he would say, with a fine air of proprietorship, "why, he'll fetch the cows quicker than I can!" This feat Sam was laboring heavily to teach to the handsome and dignified, but as yet strictly ornamental, Bruce. "And he's just the smartest dog with the sheep! He can do anything he's a mind to with them. He's a Scotch collie—partly. I don't know what the rest of him is," concluded Jack, rather lamely.

"My dog Bruce," said Sam, very slowly, cudgelling his brains the while for something noteworthy that his dog Bruce could do, "he always sleeps on a rug close to my door. I guess a burglar would have a lively time of it if he tackled us."

"Not if he carried pistols," struck in Tom Ketchum. "Why, your dog's scared to death of a firecracker!"

"That pup of mine," Jack began again, "I could shut him up in a yard full of chickens and rabbits and things like that and starve him for three days besides, and he wouldn't touch one of 'em—I don't suppose. Why, he's awfully faithful! I wish you could have seen him when the team ran away last week. I'd left my goat on the seat and told him to take care of it, and he curled up on it just as if he was going to sleep—but he wasn't! They ran more'n two miles, an' pa and I after 'em, clear down by Jenks' mills, and through the creek and up Anderson's hill, and they were so tired when they got to the top they just pulled up and went to feeding by the roadside."

"Well, sir"—Jack drew a long breath—"when we came up with them there sat that pup on that coat of mine, just as cool as a cucumber, sir! And he looked at me, and he grabbed that coat with his teeth—see? Ain't they rippers? And he held it up and shook it to show 'twas all right, and sort of laughed in his way—didn't you, old feller, hey? There, can't he laugh? See? Look at those teeth—and that eye!"

Jack's father's farm lay near the top of an elevation known in that locality as Mutton Hill. As its name implied, sheep raising was at that time one of its prominent uses. Consequently the disposition, morals and manners of its canine population received a good deal of attention. One dog addicted to an occasional moonlight rail on the sheep pens of his vicinity is pretty sure to demoralize others; and a couple of willing, vigorous dogs—they usually hunt in couples—will do dire execution in a very brief time.

So thought Uncle Ben Peters one fine morning, ruefully regarding his slaughtered sheep and trying to compute damages. To him came Mr. Elias Cafferty, with wrath in his eyes and a war-like pucker between them.

"Your dog's been killing my sheep, Uncle Ben," quoth he.

"Guess not," said Uncle Ben. "Your dog's been killing mine."

"My dog was shut up; I locked him into the barn myself. I've tracked yours all the way up the hill," Elias declared. "He had his gun in his hand, and looked very fierce."

"Some other fellow's tracks, likely."

"We've shot Ketchum's Kaiser—I tracked him home, too. We reckoned

the other one was your Bruce, Uncle Ben."

"Well, twan't," drawled Uncle Ben. "The dog slept in the house, as he always does. But he was terrible uneasy, and came and scratched on our door—and my wife got up and cuffed him for scratching the paint off. That hurt his feelings, and he went and lay down on his mat again, as if he didn't care if the dogs killed all the sheep in the county. But that pup's got a conscience, same as folks—and in a minute or two there he was whining at the door again. So I got up; and there were two dogs out here with the sheep. They saw me and put for the swamp, but one of them, from the way he hollered, has got a charge of shot inside of him, anyhow. You didn't notice any marks on Ketchum's dog, I suppose, Elias? And your dog was shut up, you say?"

"Yes, he was. But Tige ain't that kind of a dog, anyhow," said Elias Cafferty, very positively. "No more ain't Bruce," declared Uncle Ben. And then, casting about in their minds for one that was that kind, they bethought them, alas! of Jack's dog.

They found Jack's father deep in perplexity on his own account; for he could not find his sheep at all, living or dead. "Where's your dog?" demanded Elias, grimly.

"Can't find him either!" Jack's father made answer, in great irritation. "But I'll call the boy—he'll find him quick enough."

So he called the boy, and the boy called the dog.

Since the arrival of Leonidas on the farm, never had it happened that Jack's lightest whistle failed instantly to disclose the whereabouts of Jack's dog. Now, much to his dismay, he whistled and called, and whistled and called again, without producing any apparent result.

Suddenly he stopped. What melancholy, demoralized-looking object was it that came crawling slowly and painfully out from under the barn, soiled, besmirched, abject, with head, tail and legs all pointing one way? Jack knew, and his heart rose into his throat as he looked.

For if Jack's dog had not been out making a night of it along with Ketchum's Kaiser, then certainly appearances were very much against him. Not that Jack himself believed in those appearances for a single instant—he knew better. Leonidas was always morbidly sensitive to a harsh or unkind tone, and here were strange men talking angrily together and looking fiercely toward him, and, of all things, flourishing a gun! As for the plight he was in—well, probably he had been off hunting woodchucks—or something; not sheep, anyhow.

Meantime Jack's dog, seeming to pull himself together, sat up stiffly on his haunches, facing his enemies. One ear hung down, the other was cocked with an absurd—or was it pathetic?—air of alert inquiry, and his one bright eye turned quickly from face to face, as if he would ask what they meant to do about it.

"I guess—I guess—he's—he's afraid of your gun!" Jack stammered, his frightened eyes searching the grim faces of the visitors.

"I'm—like enough!" responded Elias, with a stern smile. "Flash! Bang! Leonidas bounded into the air, and fell back upon the earth writhing in agony. Only for a moment; then, stretching himself along on the ground, Jack's dog laid his head on Jack's feet—and was dead."

"If dogs kill sheep, they've got to be shot," said Elias Cafferty, breaking the awkward silence that followed.

No one answered. Jack's father, a kindly, easy-going man, looked melancholy and displeased. Jack tried to say: "He never did it," but his lips quivered too fast. He got down on the ground beside his poor favorite, and stroked the rough head with his trembling hands. What! his dog—Leonidas?

The lump in his throat grew so big that he was nearly suffocated, and the trees blurred and swam before him. But those men would think he was crying! He scrambled up, jamming his hat well on, and, with his hands shoved deep into his pockets, walked off down the orchard by himself. His dog—his Leo, dead!

Elias went up to his victim and poked him nervously with his foot; then bent to examine him closely.

"Why, this dog's bit and tore in a dozen places," said he.

"Any shot holes?" demanded Uncle Ben.

"None but them I gave him. He's been fighting—see? Well—he won't fight again. It's queer what's come of those sheep, ain't it?"

"Ban-aa-ah!" said a plaintive voice over his shoulder. Elias jumped as if he were shot himself.

There were the missing sheep, close behind him, under the barn; a safe enough retreat, apparently, for there was not a bite nor scratch on one of them.

But the ground before the narrow entrance, torn, trampled and smeared with blood, testified to a furious conflict there. And the doughty champion whose steadfast courage had repelled the assailants was the poor shabby tramp, Jack's dog—no other. For there was no other.

Elias Cafferty, however, still doubted. If Jack's dog did not assist Ketchum's Kaiser to slaughter his sheep, who did? That was the question.

It was answered when he got home, yet still not to his entire satisfaction. Stone dead on the barn floor lay Tige, with the charge from Uncle Ben's shotgun in his side. Looked in? Of course he was; but he had scrambled through the broken window, as he had done many times before.

Yet to this day Elias Cafferty believes, or stoutly affirms, that his dog Tige was shot by tramps, seeking lodgings in his barn on that momentous night. But as for Jack's dog—Jack knows that he was basely slain, after fighting like a hero in defense of his helpless charge.—Youth's Companion.

WAR SCARES THAT WERE REAL.

The Panic of 1887 in Germany and the Unseen Causes in St. Petersburg.

Persons who passed the winter of 1886-'87 in Berlin are not likely to forget the great war scare of that season. They must remember the succession of great speeches with which Prince Bismarck tried to force an army bill through the reichstag, the inflammatory leaders in which the Berlin press discussed Germany's relations to France and Russia, and the intense nervousness which seized the whole nation when it became evident that the reichstag would be dissolved and a new election held. Those who have not known a war scare from experience, who from the safe distance of three thousand or four thousand miles were wont to laugh at war talk as a cry of "Wolf," can not imagine the excitement which then pervaded every home, shop and factory in the empire. Every day and every newspaper edition brought new rumors of an international crisis. Now it was the suspension of all furloughs, then the hurrying of empty railway cars to Metz and other convenient points near the French frontier; again, the increase of the coal reserve near the Russian boundary. Even the purchase of horses—the unmistakable sign of an approaching mobilization—was reported a dozen times in the restaurants Unter den Linden and in the Behren Strasse, where subordinate officers and politicians are accustomed to gather. In the houses the one topic after the other was the prospect that Karl or Fitz must go soon to the front—for in a country with universal military service there is not a household to which the word mobilization fails to bring its fears and sorrows. In the shops the clerks went about with long faces and the proprietors were always ready with the exclamation:

"Ach, there is no business! If they would only strike out and fight it would be better than this suspense!"

In the great industrial cities the manufacturers were begging for the latest news from authentic sources, for the ordering of their goods had been reduced one-half, and calculation upon the future had become impossible.

After the election the government got its majority for the army bill. The fever which had shaken the nation for weeks gradually went down. There was a revival of business. The English newspapers came out with their stock comment that Bismarck had beaten the big war drum merely to frighten the people into doing his will. Even many German editors, when they found themselves well out of the woods, took pains to scoff at this familiar government trick, as they designated it, and to predict that Bismarck could not work it again.

In one of his greatest speeches Prince Bismarck reviewed the modern history of Germany and Prussia to prove that hardly a year had passed since he entered the ministry without its own peculiar danger of war. It is hardly a year since Gen. de Gallifet told a reporter how the sword was half drawn during the Empress Frederick's famous visit in Paris. The young German emperor, he said, had been so exasperated by the demonstration against his mother that for a day he was on the point of ordering German troops to cross the border. In fact, Freiherr von Marschall of the German foreign office had warned the French ambassador that one more demonstration against the Empress Frederick would mean war, as the emperor could then be restrained no longer. The testimonials to the genuineness of war scares have been strengthened by the revelations made several weeks ago in the Hanoverian Courier concerning the crisis in the winter of 1886-'87. The Hanoverian Courier is Rudolf von Benningsen's organ. It guarantees that the following story comes from absolutely unimpeachable authority:

"Czar Alexander III. was not Germany's friend. He was in the hands of his advisers, who were led on the one side by Pobiedonoszeff, procurator of the holy synod and head of the Pan-Slavist party, and on the other side by M. de Giers, the representative of the group friendly to Germany. After an interview with Pobiedonoszeff Czar Alexander was for war with Germany; after an interview with Giers he was against it. According to the influence exercised by each of these men upon the Russian monarch St. Petersburg sentiment turned now toward France, now toward Germany. But the agitation of the Pan-Slavists, among whom were most of the ministers, together with the diplomatic advances from the French politicians, eventually won, and consequently in 1887 a combination of circumstances had brought it about that Alexander III. was fully determined to begin war against Germany and Austria. France naturally was to join voluntarily in the war against us."

"The critical position in which we then found ourselves, after the old reichstag was dissolved and a new one was summoned to pass the government's army bill, has not been forgotten by anybody. In St. Petersburg the order of mobilization was expected daily. The German embassy was fully informed of the course of events, and the whole staff had prepared to depart, even to packing their trunks."

"Before beginning the last decisive preparations Czar Alexander called to him for a final consultation the ministers of war and navy. The minister of the navy said that the navy was not quite ready. The minister of war made a similar statement regarding the land forces. These revelations affected the czar disagreeably for he wished to strike out at once; and he asked, how this unpreparedness in army and navy could be made good. After long reflection the minister of war (Wannowski) replied that he knew of but one way in which, despite all existing defects, the troops could be brought into the field effectively and in the proper spirit."

"And that is?" asked the czar.

"For your majesty to place yourself at the head of the land troops," re-

plied the minister, "and lead them in person."

"This the czar refused to do and thus defeated his own project of war. The peace of Europe had hung by a thread, but the thread had not been cut and the staff of the German embassy unpacked their trunks. The choice had fallen on the side of peace, not out of love of peace, but out of impotence. Germany was at that time prepared and could have stood her ground against France on the one side and Russia on the other. Eight days after the czar's decision the managers of the great south-western railway from Moscow to Vienna were obliged to suspend traffic seven days for lack of coal, and later were not able for some time to run more than a few trains. This was additional proof of Russia's unreadiness to carry on war with Germany and Austria."

This story was kept secret during Alexander III's life, the Hanoverian Courier explains, for state reasons which no longer exist.—N. Y. Sun.

THE NEED OF SLEEP.

It Varies Greatly, but the First Rule Is to Sleep Enough.

It is probable, however, we quite admit, that the effect of night on individuals differs greatly, and that a process of natural selection is continually at work, men who can not bear night work, avoiding it, while those to whom it is recuperative—and every journalist knows such men—through into the professions in which sitting up, if not obligatory, is at least advantageous. There are extraordinary differences of instinct in this respect, a few men being literally unable to bear night work, while a few others deliberately leave their whole work to be done after the sun has disappeared.

The incapacity and the faculty are connected in some way with the differences in the power of sleeping, which still remain among the perplexities of physicians. Why can some men sleep at will, and some "nervous" men too, while others, sometimes very "heavy" men with apparently immovable nerves, are tortured by insomnia? Why, too, do some men seem to obtain sufficient rest in five hours' sleep, while others require nine? Do some men "sleep slow," as Mr. Smedley jocularly argued in one of his amusing stories, or do they actually require more sleep? We can not answer the question any more than the doctors can, but we agree on one side of the subject most heartily with the British Medical Journal. The popular prejudice against sleep works an infinity of mischief. There are plenty sluggards even among the cultivated class, but the sleep-sluggard is in that class a very rare specimen. The tendency of the educated is to wakefulness, and the man who does intellectual work and exhibits what his friends think a disposition to oversleep, is obeying a healthy instinct. Sleep recuperates him and he knows it. The popular notion that a young man who works with his head yet sleeps for nine hours is a sluggard, is popular nonsense. No man whose brain is active and who does not drink ever sleeps more than is good for him, and the cure if he seems to do it, is to let him sleep till he gives his habit up.

Sleep is a delight till you have had enough of it, but five minutes beyond that point it becomes an insufferable bore. Nobody sleeps twice around the clock, or once round the clock, unless impelled there to consciously or unconsciously by exhaustion, for which, again, sleep is itself the best and most natural remedy. The contrary idea has arisen, as we believe, purely from selfishness, the extreme inconvenience and household upsetting which arises when any one necessary member of the family will not "keep hours." Women, we fear, are constantly injured by the demands made on them in this respect, and so not unfrequently are men, the penalty in the former sex being paid in the shape of nerves on edge, and in the latter in a kind of weariness most fatal to fruitful intellectual exertion. We suppose seven hours of sleep suffices for the majority, or they would not have fixed upon that period as the proper stint, but numbers of young men positively require eight, and half the women who think would be the better for ten. There is no rule, of course, and can be none, any more than there can be a rule as to the precise quantity of food which benefits an individual; but opinion should be more merciful than it is. It has hardened itself from studying an old experience, and forgets that in our day the nerves are twice as much tried as they were a century ago, and that the grand medicine for the nerves and brain is continuous sleep. Wake any animal from sleep before it has done sleeping and see what its temper is like.—London Spectator.

Frozen by Heat, Melted by Cold!

In Germany, the land of scientific curiosities, a substance has been produced by chemical experiment, which seems to contradict the law that heat melts and cold solidifies. The new substance is called "cryostaz," and is formed by combining equal quantities of phenol, camphor and saponine with a little turpentine. When its temperature is lowered below the point at which water freezes, it becomes liquid, but when it is heated it turns to the solid state.—Youth's Companion.

Answered.

"Johnny, dear," said his mother, who was trying to inculcate a lesson in industry, "what do you suppose mamma would do for you if you should come to her some day and tell her that you loved your studies?"

"Lick me for telling a falsehood," said dear little Johnny, with the sweet frankness of youth.—Chicago Record.

A machine shop of refreshing and picturesque gloom on the west side of New York city is manufacturing and shipping south an ingenious and complicated machine for sowing, cultivating, and weeding cotton. A glimpse of the machine gives a northern man a revelation of the serious character of cotton culture.

ORIGIN OF THE BOWLERS.

Where the "Hard Heads" That Annoy the Northern Farmer Come From.

Almost everywhere throughout the northern half of the United States, as also in Canada and Europe, the farmer finds lying upon the soil, or buried within it, many large rounded stones, or boulders. In cultivating his fields he finds it necessary to dig these out and haul them away on his "stone-boat," or by some other means to get them out of the way. They often come handy for use in the foundations of barns or other buildings, for walling wells, and other purposes. But in some places they are so numerous that in order to get them out of the way of the plow and the reaper they are built up in heaps in the middle of the field.

Whether the farmer considers them as convenient and substantial building material or only as a troublesome nuisance, the question must often have come to him as to where all these "hard-heads" come from. Were they created on the spot, and so have been here ever since the beginning? Or did they grow here just as the trees grow where we find them?

But stones do not grow, they have no means of growth. The only change in size which they undergo is to become smaller, by crumbling or wearing away. They might have been created in the place and form in which they are found, no doubt, just as easily as in any other place and form; but we shall find that they are not so created. The soil that is accumulating at the mouth of the Mississippi river might have been created where it is now. The snow might have been created or formed on the ground just as we find it lying several inches or feet in depth in the winter. The dry leaves that we find covering the ground in the forests might have been created just in the place and condition in which we find them.

But in all these cases we know that while the Creator might have done these things in the manner suggested, He has not seen fit to do so, but has used some different method in each case. The earth that is accumulating at the mouth of the Mississippi has been brought down that stream for hundreds and even thousands of miles in the form of sand and mud; the snow is formed in the upper air and is often carried for miles by the wind before it finally finds its resting place upon the surface of the earth; the dry leaves now lying upon the ground once formed the green foliage on the trees for which they have fallen. So also it is with the boulders, they are only fragments of rock that have at some time been broken off from solid ledges or cliffs, and have in some manner been carried or transported to the place where we now find them.

In the case of the leaves and the snow and the sand we can watch them in their course as they are being wafted or floated from the place in which they were formed to the place where they are brought to rest. But who, you ask, ever saw a huge boulder being carried by any such natural means from a ledge, perhaps, hundreds of miles away? For we often find them at such distances from any ledge from which they could have been broken. That is not at all an unreasonable or improper question to ask. But as a matter of fact it was the watching of boulders of all sizes being thus carried from their native cliffs that furnished the explanation as to their origin.

In the higher valleys of the Alps and other lofty mountain regions there are fields of snow and ice that never melt away, even during the warmest summer. At their lower edge they melt sufficiently to produce considerable streams of water, that help to form the Rhone and other similar rivers. But they are renewed year by year by the heavy snowfall of winter, and especially on the upper part of the field near the summit of the mountains. This partial melting in the summer and at the lower edge, followed by freezing and the addition of a great weight of snow in the winter, keeps the snow constantly changing to ice, and also keeps the mass steadily moving downward and outward into the valley below, which affords its only outlet.

Upon these glaciers, or moving fields of snow, broken rocks are constantly falling from the mountain cliffs that tower above them. These rocks are thus carried onward year by year, but not always riding upon the back of the glacier. They sink down into the mass, or fall into the crevasses or cracks that are formed in the ice, and thus they usually find their way eventually to the bottom of the glacier. But they are not allowed to halt there, any more than while riding upon the surface. The only difference is that they are scraped and scratched and partly worn away by the terrible grinding they receive while being pushed along under the enormous weight of ice. In this manner their sharp corners are worn off, and they become more or less rounded in form.

As long as the ice in which they are buried continues to move these boulders must continue to move with it. But as fast as they reach the point at which the ice is melted they are dropped upon the ground and there they remain—unless they are small enough to be carried on by the stream of water that is always flowing out from beneath the front edge of the glacier.

While there are no known glaciers at present that are large enough in extent to carry these fragments of rock more than a few miles from the cliffs from which they were broken, there is the clearest possible evidence in such countries as Switzerland that they have carried them to enormously greater distances at some time in the past. The path and former outline of many a glacier can be clearly traced for miles and miles down the valley and across the country from where it ends at present. The same kind of worn rocks that are still being dropped at the end of the glacier are found scattered continuously over the entire length of this path. These rocks are of the same kind as the mountain cliffs from which we may still watch them

break and fall, and there is no more reason to doubt their origin than there is to doubt that the dry leaves fell off from the trees that still continue each year to bear just the same kind of leaves as these dry ones.

With reference to the boulders that are scattered over our northern states, we know that they have been brought in a similar manner from ledges of the same kind of rock that are found always to the northward of where the boulders now rest. In some cases they must have been transported for some hundreds of miles, and it is no wonder that they have been worn into such rounded forms as many of them now present.

How there came to be such a condition of climate as to cause such an extensive field of ice to move downward from the north over all this region of country, about how long ago it was that this condition existed and other questions that naturally arise in this connection, are interesting problems upon which scientists are still diligently at work. But on the question of where the boulders came from and how they were brought here there is no longer any room for doubt or difference of opinion among them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A JOURNEY TO TIMBUCTOO.

What a French Traveler Saw There and on the Way Thither.

The traveler from Senegal to Timbuctoo begins his journey by taking the train from Dakar to St. Louis. To proceed thence to the Sudan, the traveler taking the steamer furnished with all modern improvements, on board which the living is good. The voyage to Kayes lasts about eight days. From Kayes, the capital of the Sudan, the traveler again takes the train and crosses a country which often reminds him of the forest of Fontainebleau. At length he reaches the Niger, where the traveler embarks on board a great lighter barge propelled by oars.

Diennes is the commencement of the marvelous region of lakes and luxurious prairies with imposing herds of wild cattle. At length the sandy downs behind which Timbuctoo is sheltered appear. "Lying like a sphinx at the gate of the desert, Timbuctoo realizes all that her great reputation promises." During a stay of several weeks his interest was kept constantly on the alert, and went on increasing. Timbuctoo is the great city of the desert, the queen of the sands which swept up against its walls and invade its squares and streets. It has from seven thousand to eight thousand inhabitants. There is not a vestige of a monumental building, nothing but big houses built of mud and straw or wood. The population consists of negroes with the blood of all the races of northern and central Africa in their veins. Such elements, which appear modest and at first disconcert the visitor, do not prevent the commerce of the city amounting to millions of francs a year. M. Daboia prophesies that the western valley of the Niger will, at a comparatively early date, become one of the finest of the French possessions, if its destinies are confined to men who know the country.—London Standard.

Electricity in Wool.

Almost anyone who has the habit of observation has noticed that woollen garments will sometimes crackle and appear to be attracted by the warmth of the hand. This varies greatly in different temperaments; some people being so charged with electricity that it literally emanates from all of their wearing apparel. A number of instances are recorded where women have worn as inner wraps what are known as crape shawls, these being made of oriental silk heavily wrought with embroidery and with long, thick fringe. After rapid walking, especially in the cold, the woollen outside garment is suddenly dropped off, the fringe of the silk instantly rises in a horizontal line and stands out like rays all around the body. One lady has the power of creating this condition at will simply by throwing a woollen wrap over the silk one and walking smartly about the room for five minutes. This electric peculiarity is much more observable in silk than in wool, although in the latter material it is sufficiently abundant to cause no little annoyance in factories where the raw staple is worked up. The electric annoyance, however, is almost always coincident with the extreme cleanliness of the wool. If it is slightly wet and saturated with oil, there is very little trouble, and it may be so heavily weighted in this way that all inconvenience disappears. In olden time, when women spun their yarn, it was often found necessary to use very pure and warm lard in order that the threads might run more smoothly, otherwise the fibres seemed to crinkle and kink, and the thread would be rough and of inferior quality.—N. Y. Ledger.

Bread Bowls.

The best material for bread bowls is neither wood nor metal, but earthenware. As earthenware is not a rapid conductor of heat and cold, the bread may be kept in such a bowl, if it is covered, at an equable temperature for a long time. There should be a tight-fitting cover for it of metal, for a cover of earthenware is not likely to fit closely, and may be easily chipped. Over this metal cover a thick woollen blanket, called by housekeepers the bread blanket, should be thrown. A huge earthenware bowl, suitable for this purpose, may be found at ninety cents, which will hold a large baking. There are smaller ones at seventy-five cents, which are especially nice for cake. With proper care such bowls will last a lifetime. Woodenware should never be used for cake, bread or any batter. The pores of the wood become filled, so that no scrubbing can make them perfectly clean. Earthenware can always be kept pure and sweet, as long as the batter or dough does not stick to it as it does to wood. The ideal breadboard is not one of wood, but of glazed porcelain or marble.—N. Y. Tribune.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

An important new railway line has been commenced in Siam. Commencing at the Siamese seaport town of Aior Star, the line will proceed some eighty miles in a north-east direction to its terminus at Singorah, on the Gulf of Siam. When this section is finished, a southerly extension is to be commenced, which will finally be extended to Perak.

The number of unfortunates banished to Siberia last year in Russia, including those who followed the prisoners voluntarily, was 11,560—7,529 men, 1,715 women and 2,319 children. According to their religious creeds there were 4,331 Orthodox, 1,254 Mahomedans, 519 Jews, 506 Catholics, 274 Lutherans, 119 Roskolniks, 23 Gregorians, 20 Skopzes and 53 "heathen."

Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of Lady Smythe and Her Children," which in 1878 was sold for \$5,250, brought \$24,000 at the Montrose sale. On the other hand, his "Mrs. Powell as Hebe," bought in last year for \$3,000, fetched only \$1,400, and Gainsborough's "Mme. Lebrun," bought in at \$15,500, was sold for \$10,750.

Bagdad date mark is the name given to a mysterious disease that attacks nearly everyone who stays in Bagdad for any length of time, and is found also at Aleppo and other places in Turkish Asia. It is a sore that comes only once, but lasts a year, leaving a scar the shape of a date. Nearly all the natives are marked with it. No remedy has been found for it, but hypsulphite of soda seems to have some effect on the mark.

The Prussian state railroads during 1894 gave long-service allowances to 1,310 laborers who had served 25 years, to 277 who had served 35 years, and to 14 who had served 50 years. Moreover, seven of the oldest were decorated. These men do not belong to the class of regular employes, but are engaged as employes and are liable to dismissal at any time. The allowances vary from 25 to 100 marks—\$5 to \$24.

A means of forecasting the weather from a morning cup of coffee is given by the Leeds Mercury, which asserts that it has proved more trustworthy than the official guesses. Drop two jumps of sugar carefully into the middle of the cup; if the air bubbles remain in the center of the cup it will be fine; if they rise rapidly and go at once to the sides it will rain all day; if they gather in the center and then go in a cluster to one side, look out for showers.

People are not much better and not much worse than they have always been. The earliest form of insurance was marine insurance, and the first insurer was Emperor Claudius, who insured the vessels bringing wheat to Rome. And alas! they used to put up jobs on the emperor. They loaded up old hulks with weevily grain, sunk them and claimed the insurance. That is 1850 years ago or thereabouts, and it is suspected that similar schemes are worked on the marine companies today.

Divorce petitions in England for the ten years from 1883 to 1892 averaged 333 a year, there being nothing to indicate a progressive increase; the lowest number, 450 in 1885, was followed by the highest, 551 in 1886; the number for 1892 was 539. The same holds true for divorces granted, the average being 266, with the extremes of 316 in 1885 and 400 in 1890. The remarriages of divorced persons, however, show a steady increase year by year, from 123 in 1883 to 190 in 1892, the average being 163.

One plan of entertainment for the Paris exhibition of 1900 is to reproduce the Boulevard du Temple of Louis XIV's time. It was there that the fairs were held, and on it were the Vauxhall, the Royal circus, the wax works of Curtius, Mme. Nicole's menagerie, the Jardin turc, the Funambules, and many cafes. The proposer, M. Bertrand, manager of the Opera, suggests that to these shows be joined the old Hotel de Bourgogne, the theater that preceded the Comedie Francaise and Lull's opera.

THE BROWNINGS' PALACE.

All the Gondollers of Venice Know It—Relics of the Poets.

On the Grand canal at Venice there is a singularly interesting group of buildings. First, at the corner of the small canal which every tourist traverses on his way to and from the station, is the great red pile known as the Palazzo Foscarini. It is now used as a sort of business college and young Venetians learn bookkeeping in the banquet halls of the old Doge. Next to it are two gray and ancient buildings, leaning against each other and the Foscarini for support. They form one of the Gustiniani palaces, and harbor a mosaic factory. Beyond is a solid and rather gloomy-looking building, standing somewhat aloof from the neighbors, and with a broad, semi-circular flight of steps leading from the pillared entrance down into the water of the Grand canal. The posts outside for the convenience of the gondolas are painted a dull brown in contrast with the blue and white posts of the other palaces. High iron gates close the entrance.

The first trip you make on the watery highway of Venice your curiosity will be satisfied in regard to this palace, if on no other point, for every gondolier knows the Browning palace. Get him to poke the nose of his gondola between these brown posts, and, if the custodian is not in sight, ring the bell beside the iron gates. A rather crabbed-looking man will let you in, and, with a gruffness which is only, as it were, skin deep, tell you to go through the court and up the broad stairway at the rear. In the court you will find a bronze statue of a beautiful woman, about whose nude body a serpent has coiled its folds; she holds its head to her bosom, and looks at it with a strange fondness. If you like speculation you will begin to wonder what manner of man it is that modeled this

figure, and you will climb the staircase, with more than ever of anticipation, for the sculptor is Robert Barrett Browning, the sole heir to the names of two great poets and the master of the house you have come to see.

At the top of the broad stairs the custodian will be waiting for you at the doors leading into a great hall with a high frescoed ceiling by Tiepolo and a polished wood floor. If you are as young as it is to be hoped you are, you will take an experimental whirl across this shining expanse while the custodian's back is turned. Result, an envious sigh when he announces that this is the salle du bal.

The custodian unwittingly helps to ground you in the faith by leading you through one apartment after another filled with beautiful old wood carving, and wrescoes, inlaid cabinets, and pictures and statues by the owner of it all. More interesting than the works of art, however, are the reminders of the two poets whose personalities are so dear to thousands of people. Here is a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, modeled by her son, and her portrait by the same careful hand. And there is an earlier portrait of her, more beautiful than those one generally sees, and a bust of her as a young girl, with the curls in the same way that she wore them all her life. In one corner is the small writing desk she used, and near it is the bust of her husband. In a small alcove is a reproduction of a memorial tablet in Florence.—Boston Advertiser.

FACTS ABOUT BANK NOTES.

They Have Been Used for Many Curious Purposes.

Curious and not uninteresting is the fate which occasionally befalls bank notes, as the following instances will show. Some time ago a wealthy gentleman in the north of England caused quite a sensation at a fancy dress ball by appearing in a costume covered entirely with bank notes, which were attached on. The gentleman secured the first prize for the best dress of the ball, but it may, perhaps, be questioned whether he arrived home without finding himself minus a few of his valuable adornments.

It is said that the duke of Wellington once, during a battle in the peninsula, made use of a bank note in a unique way. In the heat of an engagement he found it necessary to send a dispatch to a distant point of the field, and, not having any paper convenient, wrote his message on the back of a "five."

A few years ago a bank note was made use of, by an unlucky gambler, in a sad and tragic manner. The unfortunate man, who had ruined himself beyond redemption on the turf, blew his brains out, and his last bank note served for the wadding of the pistol.

An amusing story is told of a farm laborer who one day presented at a bank a rag of gray paper, crumpled and pulpy, the type hardly legible, which he said was a bank note. His explanation was that a pet goat in his kitchen had got hold of it and eaten it—a goat of expensive habits. The note had been in the animal's stomach some time before it was missed, and was only suspected to be there, because one of his girls had seen Nanny "munching over" a bit of gray paper. The owner went through a serious domestic struggle before he decided whether to sacrifice the pet on the chance of recovering the money. The struggle between sentiment and "siller" ended unfavorably for the goat, and, after all, the "promise to pay" extracted from so straggle a hiding place was so becheved and mangled that the poor man was kept in suspense for some time as to whether he might not lose both his money and his pet. But his story was ultimately believed, and he went away comforted.

There was an old, eccentric lady of means, moving in high society, who always slept on a certain pillow, which she would allow no one to touch but herself, and always carefully kept locked up during the daytime. No one thought there was any particular value attached to the pillow, but put her conduct down to eccentricity. After her death, accident disclosed the fact that the pillow contained banknotes amounting in value to several thousand dollars. No doubt the old lady found it very soothing to sleep on so much wealth. Readers who suffer from insomnia may feel inclined to take the hint.—Boston Traveler.

Pete's Mistake. He was the owner's nephew, and when he came to the ranch "to learn something about raising cows, you know," he was unanimously nicknamed "The Kid." Shortly after his arrival he came over to the kitchen one morning while the boys were at breakfast and sought Pete, the cook, in dismay.

"I say, Pete, have you seen anything of my camphorated chalk?" "Your—how much?" "My camphorated—my tooth powder." "What might it look like, Kid?" "It's a white powder in a little round tin, and—"

"Well, I'll be darned! Say, were that teeth powder? Why I asks yer pardon, Kid, but I thought 'twas bakin' powder and used it in ther biscuits!"—Life.

In sawing through a white oak log three feet in diameter a few days ago a sawyer at Blanchester, O., came across the date 1789 carved in the wood near the middle of the log. The figures were very distinct. The carving was doubtless done when the tree was young, and in some way the wood grew around and over it without filling up the carved furrows.

Allens, that is, unnaturalized foreigners residing in this country, are found only in the north, and are mostly Canadians, who come to this country for a working season and return to their homes in Canada to remain during the rest of the year.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Rice Muffins: Take a pint of soft-boiled rice, a teacupful of fresh milk, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and as much wheat flour as will make a thick batter. Bake in muffin rings in the oven or on a griddle.—Prairie Farmer.

Gems: Fill half a cup of molasses with boiling water. Put one teaspoonful of soda into half a cup of hot water, mix and add one and a half cups of Graham flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in gem tins fifteen minutes.—Western Rural.

Rhubarb Jelly: Stew about one pound of rhubarb till tender, with enough sugar to taste. Pass it through a sieve, and add one ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water. Color with a little cochineal, and pour into a mold. This is a very pretty sweet when garnished with strips of angelica and whipped cream.—Leeds Mercury.

Cranberry Tart: Stew the cranberries in a very little water until they are well done. Rub them through a sieve, and add one ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water. Color with a little cochineal, and pour into a mold. This is a very pretty sweet when garnished with strips of angelica and whipped cream.—Leeds Mercury.

Foamy Omelet: Yolks of five eggs beaten stiff, add five tablespoonfuls of milk, season. Take a spider the size of an ordinary tea plate, put in a bit of butter; when it is hot and bubbling pour in two tablespoonfuls of the egg, or enough to cover the bottom of it. Cook two minutes. Place in the oven to dry about a minute. Put back on the stove, spread one-half with two tablespoonfuls of the whites beaten stiff, fold over and serve.—Chicago Record.

Fried Salt Pork: Cut in rather thin slices, and freshen by letting lie an hour or two in cold water, or milk and water, roll in flour and fry till crisp (if in a hurry, pour boiling water on the slices, let stand a few minutes, drain, roll in flour and fry as before); drain off most of the grease from frying pan, stir in while hot one or two tablespoonfuls of flour, about half a pint of new milk, a little pepper, and salt if not salt enough already from the meat; let boil and pour into the gravy dish. This makes a nice white gravy when properly made.—Farmers' Voice.

Birds-nest Pudding: Pare and core as many apples as will set in the dish, fill the holes in the apples with white sugar and grated lemon-peel. Mix as much custard as will fill the dish, allowing seven eggs to a quart of milk, and season it with sugar and lemon or peach water. Fill the dish quite full, set it into a pan with a little water, and bake it one hour. Serve with cold or wine sauce. It is very nice without any sauce, but in that case it should be made rather sweeter, or the apples should be scalded in a little sugar and water before it is baked.—Boston Budget.

STYLISH BLACK GOWNS.

New Designs for Seasonable Dress Costumes.

When a fashionable dressmaker is asked for stylish black gown suitable for morning wear, both in town and country, during the summer, she suggests one that is not only extremely chic, but is serviceable and practical as well—a gown of black mohair with a large collar of grass-linen and a belt of cream-white kid with a gold buckle. It is also further impressed upon the purchaser that the mohair must be very lustrous, and of the heavy yet smooth weave, the thick threads almost forming basket squares, instead of the fine, closely-woven surface familiar in alpaca. The collar of grass-linen may be embroidered all over, or it may be made of many fine tufts with yellow lace insertions, but it must be very large, and of the natural ecru or unbleached dark-linen color.

Among new designs for these gowns women who are supplied with still shorter jacket suits choose Paquin's late model, a round waist with hollow box-plaits on an open blouse front, and a seamless back with a slightly-lapped fold extending from each shoulder to the belt. The plaits on the front are merely reversed box-plaits, the box part turned in next the lining, leaving the two edges meeting outside. One such plait extends from each shoulder, to droop on the belt directly in the middle, and is prettily decorated on the bust with twelve small, smooth, dull gilt buttons, six in a row down each edge, quite near together. The open V space from throat to belt is filled in with a plastron or chemisette of grass-linen in finely-tucked bands alternating with half-inch insertions of yellow Valenciennes, and finished around the neck with a collar-band made of similar tufts and insertion edged top and bottom with narrow scalloped lace to match. This collar is gathered in two little frills in the back, and is hooked there. A very large collarlette flaring out on the sleeves and square across the back, also of grass-linen, insertion, and edging, continues as revers down the open mohair front, showing the plastron between, and coming to a point near the belt. To decorate the front further a flat bow of open loops in the Louis Quinze fashion is made of the yellow insertion neatly applied on the mohair at the end of the revers, two loops and an end being on one side, with the same on the other, making a complete tied bow when the front is hooked. With this goes a white kid belt, unless the wearer prefers black satin ribbon folded on the edge of the waist to make a belt an inch wide hooked in the back under a very small simple-tied bow of two ends. The large-topped sleeves have six gilt buttons at the wrist on the seam disclosed by tucked batiste cuffs basted inside and turned back. The gored skirt five and a half yards wide is lined and interlined, the side breadths folding forward in a narrow lap on the front, and held at the top by rows of buttons.—Harper's Bazar.

Down in the Grass. Down in the grass so low I heard the rustling of many winds Through a green world come and go. And the dream of a song in a faint white flower Before it began to blow And this got I for the stooping Down in the grass so low.

This much I got for the stooping Down where the soft winds blow The feel of the moist young green things That feed on the sun and dew. And the song that I learned from the small white flower.

It stretches the whole day through That bloom in the grass and young song— Anna H. Branch, in N. Y. Independent.

Safe in Port. Safe in port, the voyage o'er, Sleeps the good ship by the shore, All the dangers now are past, Tossing waves and warning blast, Nights of darkness, days of gloom, Fears that told of certain doom, Safe in port! the sailors sing, Safe in port! hearts echoing.

Safe in port—still on the sea, Storms assailing you and me, Dangers thickening all about, Mists of ever-deepening doubt, Now we mount the ink wave, Now we sink into the grave— Safe in port!—when shall we sing, Hearts of loved ones echoing:— G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Little Cheer. A little ache, a little pain, A little grief or sorrow; Cheer up, cheer up, and take my word It will be gone to-morrow! A little cold, a little rain, A little cloud we borrow; Cheer up, cheer up, sun, bloom and bird Will all be here to-morrow.— M. P. Neill, in Woman's Journal.

Low Rates to Colorado. On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with \$2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable sojourn in the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

A MAN may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Summer Tourist Rates. The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Headwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to Agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

"FAME," said Uncle Eben, "am er good deal laik any udder kin' ob advertisin'. Tain't no use ter a man unless he had do right kin' ob goods ter back it up wid."—Washington Star.

Tobacco Destroys Vitality. Nervous system paralyzed by nicotine means lost manhood, weak eyes, and a general all gone look and feeling that robs life of its pleasure. Tobacco is the root of many of our most distressing ailments. No-To-Bac a guaranteed cure that will make you strong, vigorous and happy in more ways than one. No-To-Bac guaranteed and sold by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away." Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

"THE COTTON KING" remains two weeks longer at McVicker's Theater, closing an eight weeks' engagement July 6. Seats secured by mail.

Don't Get Sear'd. If you should hear that if some place to which you are going malaria is prevalent. To the air poison which produces chills and fever, bilious remittent and dumbague there is a safe and thorough antidote and preventive, viz., Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The great anti-malarial specific is also a remedy for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility.

"Er man," said Uncle Eben, "hez gotter be er berry' ceptional fibner to make er baw'lick story do er collaterel foh er loan dese days."—Washington Star.

THE NEW TROCADERO, Battery D, Michigan Avenue and Madison Street, will on June 30th open with a high class vaudeville and concert entertainment. Refreshments served, bicycles checked, and everything done to give Chicagoans a first-class music hall. Mr. Harry G. Summers, treasurer of McVicker's Theater, is manager.

HE—"I've been watching for a chance to kiss you for the last ten minutes." SHE—"You must be near-sighted."—Life.

"FELT slippers," advertised in the shoe stores, are thought to be those felt by boys in their rude young days.

Peto's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Astoria, Ore., April 11, 1894.

MERELY REPOSEFUL.—Hardworker—"Idleness is as fatiguing as repose is sweet." Tramp—"That's why I ain't never idle."

FATHER—"Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail." TOMMY—"I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it."—Life.

A FEMINIST is a man with a near-sighted soul.—N. Y. Press.

TWO HEADS are better than one in a dime museum.—Puck.

HOTELKEEPERS are people we have to put up with.

BE SURE to read adv't of Cheap Farming Lands on "Geo" Railway, in this paper.

MOTHERS Recovering from the illness attending child-birth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription" MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of child-birth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child produced.

COOK BOOK FREE. Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them. "The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook." Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper, ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

MR. MUSHLEY—"John has got the hypochondria." Mrs. Gushley—"What kind of a disease is that?" Mrs. Mushley—"Why, you know, rheumatism in the hip."—Boston Courier. BILLY—"Maw, I should think it would be a heap more careless to cast pearls before chickens than to cast 'em before swine." His Mother—"Why so, Billy?" Billy—"Cause they'd eat 'em." GETTING rich on earth is impossible without first laying up some treasures above.—Ram's Horn. Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS FOR ONE WRAPPER OF ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI. Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike. ADAMS & SONS CO., 72 Cortlandt St., New York.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS? If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why constitute an inferior system for other year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST. "Baby" All styles and capacities. Price, \$75, upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue. THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 72 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

GO TO DENVER and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado.

In July, 1895. Lake Shore and Southern Michigan and Southern Ontario Dressmakers. FIND THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS IN L'Art de La Mode. 8 Colored Plates, Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIAN ARTISTS. Order it of your Newsdealer or send 25 cents for latest number to THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO., 8 East 19th St., NEW YORK. LEWIS' 98% LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED). The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it is a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 30 minutes without lye. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, pans, etc. FENNER, SALT TYPING CO. Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa. A. N. K.—A 1528

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many News Items Gathered From Our Various Exchanges.

All Sorts of Items, From All Sorts of Places, Concerning All Sorts of Persons and All Sorts of Haps and Mishaps.

Two common phrases, the old world and the new world have gained an application which would hardly have been given them had men known in the past what they know now, that America is, geologically considered, probably the oldest of the continents and that man perhaps inhabited the western hemisphere as early as he did the eastern.

The announcement of the death of Prof. Thomas H. Huxley will cause the keenest regret in the scientific world, as with those of Spencer, Tyndall and Darwin, his name stands at the head of English science.

What a great thing it would be for the state of Michigan and particularly the upper peninsula, should copper be placed by congress upon a parity with gold, or even with silver.

Anna Westbrook and Anna Burton were rivals for the love of George Bell, of Memphis, Tenn. Now the Burton woman is dead and Westbrook is wanted for her murder.

John Chambers tore up his cash—paper money—and scattered the fragments and then drowned himself rather than live in Chicago.

Seaman, the doctor who attended Emma Hall, at Detroit, escapes, the jury disagreed and he will not be tried again.

A shower of fish fell in the Kinzua valley, Pennsylvania Sunday. Some of the fish were a foot long—or somebody lies.

Two firemen were killed and seven wounded by the collapse of a burning building at Worcester, Mass., on Sunday.

New York saloons were closed last Sunday—front, side and back doors—and thirty people had to go to Jersey.

A Pittsburg iron mill which cost a million was sold at auction Tuesday for \$11,000—cost of sale and taxes due.

Gomez, the leader of the Cuban revolutionists, is marching on Havana at the head of 8,000 well armed men.

The mill of the Canton Steel Co., Ohio is closed by a strike. The men want a 25 per cent advance of wages.

A new train between New York and Chicago is called the "theater express" because it leaves at midnight.

Mattie Knox, only ten years old, underwent the operation for appendicitis at Indianapolis last Monday.

Dr. Buchanan, the wife murderer, was executed by the electric chair in Sing Sing prison last Monday.

Duluth ordains that children under fifteen years of age shall not be upon the streets after nine o'clock at night.

Archbishop Kenrick submits to the papal decree removing him and making Kain archbishop of St. Louis.

The U. S. loses its case against the estate of the late Senator Stanford. The claim was for fifteen millions.

Letters from Japan suggest that the emperor is dead and the fact is concealed for diplomatic reasons.

An international "prison congress" is now in session at Paris. Twenty-seven countries are represented.

The Otis steel company, Cleveland, Ohio, raised the wages of its employes ten per cent last Monday.

The widow of Benson Bennet killed her two children and herself last Sunday at Jeffersonville, Ind.

The Cornell crew now in England is "at outs" with its trainer, Courtney, and its show to win is nil.

Cuban insurgents (or revolutionists) have bought three torpedo boats to fight Spain on the water.

Russia has 808,000 soldiers massed at Vladivostok in readiness for a row with Japan.

English capital will lay a cable from Vancouver to Auckland—a distance of 6,484 miles.

Two men, named Mannow and Windrath, are in arrest for the murder of Birch at Chicago.

Secretary Morton has selected the successor to Mark Harrington but has not yet named him.

A cloudburst in Dundy county, Nebraska, washed out the Burlington road in five places. Cardinal Gibbons was offered a position at Rome but preferred to remain in America.

The U. S. turned Mackinac Island over to the state of Michigan last Monday.

The coopers employed by Britton, at Green Bay, are on a strike.

The new directory of St. Paul shows a population of 196,000.

Prof. Huxley died last Saturday. He was seventy years old.

The launch of the Defender was completed last Monday.

Bismark is very ill and the end is not far in the future.

The Japs are not pushing things in Formosa.

The British parliament will be prorogued today.

Dynamiters are again at work in Ireland. War is imminent between Turkey and Bulgaria.

Feixoto, ex-president of Brazil is dead.

Saw Mill For Sale.

The saw mill at Lathrop station, having a capacity of twenty thousand feet a day, is for sale or may be rented. Apply to A. Lathrop, Lathrop, Michigan. 26-31

Baking Powder. Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair. DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Marine Notes.

Notice is given that a second class can buoy painted black, has been established in twenty feet of water on the northeasterly extremity of the shoals off South Point, entrance to Milwaukee Bay, west coast of Lake Michigan. The water between the buoy and South Point is foal, containing rocks with but twelve feet of water.

The first of the Conneaut-Port Dover car ferries will be ready for launching at Toledo about July 5. Machinery and boilers are being put in and the boat will be so nearly completed when launched that she will go into the service in a very short time.

The Lehigh Valley liner Cayuga, which was sunk in the straits of Mackinac in May by collision with the steamer Joseph Hurd, has finally been located. This wreck lies in 18 fathoms of water and can probably be raised.

Monday's dispatches from Cleveland say that any broker who can get together half a dozen big boats so as to make it an object to the shipper will have no trouble in advancing the Lake Superior ore rate to 90 cents.

Bids for the construction of a first-class composite light vessel, to be known in the lighthouse institution as No. 66, will be received at the office of the lighthouse board, Washington D. C., until Thursday July 11.

During the month of June Cleveland, Ash-tabula, Fairport, Lorain and Conneaut received 1,047,304 tons of iron ore, or nearly 300,000 tons more than was received during the same month a year ago.

The steamer Grecian struck an obstruction at Ashtabula Sunday, and punched a hole in her bottom plates. She will go to Cleveland to go into dry-dock.

The strong easterly wind of Saturday last backed the water of Lake Superior away from its outlet and the canal had only 12 feet 2 of depth that day.

Notice is given that the red spar buoy, marking Calumet entrance, north, off South Chicago, Ill., has gone adrift.

The tug war at Buffalo is still waging and tows are now being sought for tugs from that port as far as Dunkirk.

Sailors' wages on Lake Michigan continue at \$1.50, the rate agreed upon at the opening of navigation.

Capt. Thomas English, who has been a follower of the lakes for 50 years, died last week.

The longshoremen's strike at the Soo has been settled to the satisfaction of the men.

UPPER PENINSULA NEWS

Gathered From Our Exchanges and Condensed.

Furnace Blown Out—Ores Sold For Less Than Cost—Schlesinger Spreading Out Again—Marquette Did Not Celebrate.

Iron Ore says: "The iron ore producers are now selling non-bessemer at a figure 25 cents per ton lower than received last year. The business is being done at an absolute loss. A considerable tonnage of this ore is used and will be. To meet the price made, \$2 per ton, delivered in Cleveland, none can make a cent. What is the sense in giving the non-bessemer away? It would be better to hold for a living price. Some of the mines of this county have instructed their sales-agents to sell no more of it at the two-dollar figure. All producers should issue similar instructions. There is no sense in exhausting the mines without securing some benefit."

Iron county has some \$55,000 of floating debt and it is proposed to sell county bonds to get money to square these debts and then, with a board of supervisors disposed to be honest and economical, it is not improbable that Iron county would soon be removed from the slough of financial distress in which it is now mired and be placed on a respectable business footing. The bonds seem to be the shortest route out of the woods.

A terrific clap of thunder occurred late Thursday afternoon, while there was scarcely a cloud in the sky. The bolt struck John W. Molloy's farm, about a mile north of the city, demolishing a gate and completely ripping the barb wire from the fence for a distance of ten or twelve rods.—Florence News.

Robert Stewart, a young man who has been working at the Lake Angeline mine for some time past, took his own life near his boarding place Monday night. He had been drinking quite hard during the past four or five weeks and was somewhat under the influence of liquor when he shot himself.

Ferd. Schlesinger has obtained control of the Anvil mine, near Bessemer, and is said to be negotiating for the Buffalo group, near Ne-gawnee. He will "make a spoon or spoil a horn," always.

The Aragon mine, with 105,000 tons of ore in its stock pile, has sold but 7,000 tons. Angus Smith who controls the Aragon, evidently does not believe in giving away the product of the mine.

Manistique will vote on the question of borrowing \$40,000, to pay for a water system, next Wednesday, and is talking of a new schoolhouse too.

Red Jacket loses one whom it can well afford to lose. Riggs has sold his law library and goes to Cheboygan county to deal in lumber.

The Norway electric light plant is idle and dilapidated and the Current says "Start her up gentlemen, or sell out to somebody who will."

Tipton, the man who lately published a "tourists' guide" of this region, has left Hancock and there are stories of crookedness.

A bolt of lightning struck a span of horses at Norway last week, killed one of them and seriously injured the driver, M. Allard.

Three young men are in arrest at Iron Mountain for stealing from the cars of the Northwestern railway.

The postoffices at Limestone and Winters, Alger county, are hereafter to be supplied from Rapid River.

The Herald says that the bagnio at the north end of Ontonagon county are "practically cleaned out."

Marquette did not celebrate the fourth formally; there may have been some informal jubilation.

Thomas Vincent, a pioneer of Iron Mountain, hanged himself last week. Old age and ill health.

The logs are out of the tributary streams and the Menominee drive is on its way to the mills.

Neganee needs a new schoolhouse but can't build it this year for want of funds.

The Lafenier child is still missing from Ishpeming and has no doubt perished.

The national geological survey finds diamond bearing rock in this peninsula.

The Excelsior furnace, at Ishpeming, has been blown out for repairs.

The Excelsior furnace is out of blast and resumption is in doubt.

TERSE TOWN TOPICS.

Many Minor Municipal Matters Briefly Mentioned.

Paragraphs Especially Designed to Interest The Iron Port's Multitude of Readers.—The Suburbs Are Also Given Attention.

The Chilton Times charges the defeat of the Chilton team to the umpire, which is the shrewdest nonsense Georges was impartial and correct in his decisions; the Chilton team was outplayed, that's all, and has no reason to be sore. Indeed, we don't believe the men of the team are sore, but the Times may be.

Besson, late deputy sheriff, did not go far. He was apprehended on another charge and Justice Glaser gave him ninety days in the county jail, which sentence he is now serving.

Joseph Mercier, formerly of Fairbanks township—not the supervisor, but another of the same name—committed suicide by drowning last Tuesday at Manistique.

The coroner's jury said that Jos. Mercier was "temporarily insane" when he drowned himself. His body was brought to his old home, Puffy Creek, for burial.

The calendar of the University School of Music, with portraits of Messrs. Lamson and Jonas, professors, is received and at the service of our friends.

Dr. O'Keefe was here again on Tuesday last to perform the operation of ovariotomy upon the wife of Charles Jaegers, which he did successfully.

Cora Hive, L. O. T. M., will hold a dime social at North Star hall on Thursday evening next, July 11. The hall should be full.

The report that A. C. Yoder was to teach at Ford River next year is denied by that gentleman.

Coburn's pony was sick or the result of the race in which it was entered might have been different.

Daughters were born this week to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jones and Mr. and Mrs. B. Casop.

The Gladstone Delta has resumed newspaper form; the magazine shape did not take.

The editor dined on trout on the fourth and owed the treat to James Blake.

Books Worth a Small Fortune.

The highest price ever paid for a second folio Shakespeare was given in London the other day at the sale of the late Earl of Oxford's library. This was the first and purest copy known of the Second Folio Shakespeare, 1632, in the original calf binding, formerly the property of George Daniel, the noted Shakespearean scholar, at whose sale in 1864 it sold for \$740; it now advanced to \$2,700. Horace Walpole's copy of Boswell's "To the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson," with a number of autograph notes by him, sold at \$205. Catharine de Medici's copy of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," 1536, in contemporary Venetian light brown calf, brought \$750.

Half Rates to Boston, Mass.

On account of the International Christian Endeavor Convention, the Northwestern line will, on July 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, sell excursion tickets to Boston, Mass., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good for return passage until August 6, 1895, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway. 24-31

First Publication May 18th, 1895.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE—Default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date November 21st, 1894, executed by Alonzo Spaulding (widower) to Emilie Korman, which said mortgage was on November 2nd, 1897, recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Delta county, Michigan, in liber "E" of mortgages at page 38.

There is now due and unpaid on said mortgage and the note accompanying the same the sum of \$350.00 principal and interest, and no proceedings at law have been instituted to recover the debt so secured or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by reason of said default in the payment of the sum so secured whereby the power contained in said mortgage has become operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein and hereinafter described to satisfy the amount now due thereon with interest on the principal sum at the rate of 10 per cent, to the date of sale and all legal costs of foreclosure including an attorney fee of \$15.00 provided in said mortgage and authorized by statute at public auction to the highest bidder at the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county is held) on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described as the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirty-two (32) in township forty (40) north of range eighteen (18) west, being in Garden township, Delta county, Michigan. Dated May 18th, 1895. EMILIE KORMAN, Mortgagee.

C. W. DUNTON, Attorney for Mortgagee.

First publication June 15, 1895.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss. Probate court for said county. At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Friday the 7th day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Susan Stonehouse, deceased.

On reading and filing the final report and account of Robert E. Morrell, special administrator of said estate.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the eighth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the legates and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

And it is further ordered that said special administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pending of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for three consecutive weeks previous to the day of hearing. EMILIE KORMAN, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.)

First Publication June 8th, 1895.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE—State of Michigan, county of Delta, ss. In the matter of the estate of Peter Leitlen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Peter Leitlen, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Delta, on the third day of June, A. D. 1895, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Monday, the 9th day of July, A. D. 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of making said sale, the following described real estate, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter (s e 1/4 of s e 1/4) of section three (3) township thirty-nine (39) north of range twenty-three (23) west situated and being in the township of Wells, Delta county, Michigan.

PETER SCHILS, Administrator of the estate of Peter Leitlen, deceased.

First Publication May 22, 1895.

NOTICE OF ATTACHMENT—State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for the county of Delta, Harry L. Hutchins vs. Eugene Gill.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, a writ of attachment was duly issued out of the circuit court for the county of Delta, at the suit of Harry L. Hutchins, the above named plaintiff, against the lands, tenements, goods and chattels, moneys and effects of Eugene Gill, the defendant above named, for the sum of two hundred ninety-six and sixty-three one-hundredths dollars, which said writ, was returnable on Tuesday, the seventh day of May, A. D. 1895, at ten in the forenoon of said day.

Dated the twentieth day of May, A. D. 1895. ROYCE & BARRAS, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 21-27

Professional Cards.

F. A. BANKS, D. D. S. DENTAL OFFICE, 501 Wells Avenue, Escanaba, Mich. Office hours 9 to 4. Established 1877.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. \$5. CORDOVAN. FRENCH ENAMELED CALF. \$4.30 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.49 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. \$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25 \$2.17. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS. MANUFACTURER.

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SPECIALS ON GROCERIES

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Canned Corn good . . . 10

Canned Corn better . . . 12

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Canned Tomatoes 3 cans . . . 25

Kirkoline washing powder per package . . . 18

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No. Not Strange That so many LADIES have their SHIRT & WAISTS done up at the ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY

Just try them once and you will find out why. Miller & Wolf, Telephone 39. 516 Ludington St.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the newspaper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or under any other name, is liable for the same.

I DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

Because I did not understand, Her little ways, I let life's best slip from my hand...

A PHANTOM LOVE.

Why a Young Man Made a Wild Goose Chase Abroad.

Four Girls Get Revenge—He Had Offended One of Them, But Blanche Willoughby Made Matters Even for Her.

It was a maker of musical instruments and his eyes twinkled as he looked around at his friends, who had been relating queer experiences of their own or their acquaintances.

side of the water, only to learn on returning that the whole thing was a practical joke, planned to secure revenge for an exhibition of ill temper which had deeply grieved and mortified a young woman.

"It was in a fashionable boarding house," said the instrument man, "in an uptown street, that four young ladies lived. With youth they combined good looks, cheerful dispositions and the woman's proverbial proneness for a desire for the admiration of the sterner sex.

"He frequently chatted with the girls after dinner, and when, one evening, the conversation turned upon flirting, he expressed himself very forcibly on the subject, saying no lady could descend to such an action, while a man of true honor would only despise her if she did this.

"He surprised the girls, one summer afternoon, by inviting the most modest looking of their number to accompany him to Manhattan Beach. She accepted and they left. Not to go minutely into details, they had a nice dinner and were listening to the music when two young men passed. One of them looked rather intently at the girl and smiled. She was some what near-sighted, and, telling of the matter afterward, she said she thought the young man was a friend, whereupon she smiled and bowed.

"I don't know your name, sir, but this lady seems to desire your com-



"THIS LADY SEEMS TO DESIRE YOUR COMPANY."

pany more than she does mine. She is Miss Blank, of No. — West — street, and I will leave her in your care, hoping you will see her safely to her home.

the scheme which sent 'the pride' to Europe on a wild goose chase.

The conspirators, the narrator continued, had a friend who was the postmistress in a small near-by town, and they enlisted her aid, she being only too willing, after she knew the circumstances. Soon "the pride" received a nicely scented letter, in a woman's hand, and the girls had the pleasure of seeing it on his plate at the breakfast table, and of noticing the pleased expression as he read it. They knew that the letter purported to be from a lady who had seen him, but had never met him, but was extremely desirous of knowing him—so much so that she suggested to make an appointment to meet her. She signed herself "Blanche Willoughby," and said she lived in Brooklyn, and requested him to send his reply to the Brooklyn post office, where she would get it by calling for it.

Whether he felt flattered or what it was that actuated the man who so detested flirting, he answered the letter, which, by prarrangement, was forwarded from the Brooklyn post office to the out-of-town postmistress, and from her hands it went direct to the fair plotters, who had all manner of fun with it. Then ensued an animated correspondence between "the pride" and Blanche, and it tickled the girls immensely to note his flush of pleasure when on going to the breakfast table he would find the daintiest notes from his supposed fair innamorata. Never did he read them at the table; they were too sacred for that; he gently put them in his pocket, waiting till he got to the seclusion of his room before breaking open the envelope.

But the young fellow was becoming impatient to meet her, so Blanche told him to be at Trinity church the next Sunday morning and to wear a large red rose as a boutonniere. He was on hand, and so were the four conspirators. As luck would have it, a young woman fainted and was carried from the church, placed in a carriage by her relatives and was driven away. Blanche's next letter expressed the deepest regret that the writer had been overcome by the heat and had to be helped from the church. She was still ill, she added, her doctors had ordered her to go to Europe, and she was to depart the following Saturday. She was sorry to go without having had the pleasure of meeting him, but after her return she would make it a point to find him.

Of course the young woman thought this would end the whole matter, for they were becoming tired of the joke. But what was their amazement when another letter was received by Blanche, in which the smitten young



THERE WAS A LETTER ON HIS PLATE.

man said he would follow her to Europe, and begging her to send him another letter informing him where he could meet her there. The next week he announced in the boarding-house that he was in need of rest and that in two weeks he would leave for Europe, where he expected to remain two or three months.

The news, instead of invoking sympathy, spurred the girls on to further efforts. One had a relative in Hamburg, another a married sister in Geneva, the third had some one in Paris in whom she could confide, while in London the fourth had a friend whom she would let into the secret. So five letters were written at once, four of them to go abroad and tell the friends how to act, the fifth being sent to "the pride," telling him where Blanche was to stop in London and how long; how she would go to Paris and where she could be found, and the same data concerning Hamburg and Geneva.

All the girls were on hand to see "the pride" depart, and he was very happy over what he thought was the secret locked up in his breast.

From letters received from the friends abroad he appeared at the address given in London, only to be told that Miss Willoughby had been there and had looked anxiously each day for a friend whom she expected. Much dejected at his non-arrival, she had departed for Paris earlier than she expected, leaving word that should a young man call for her he should be asked to follow her at once.

In this way he was sent to the four cities named, and then, losing all track of his phantom sweetheart, he traveled around on his own accord, hoping to find her. But, of course, he didn't, and when, three months later, he returned to this country and to his boarding house he was a heart-broken man. The next morning when he appeared at the breakfast table there was a letter on his plate which made his eyes twinkle with joy. He took it to his room, and this was what he read:

"POOR OLD SIMPSON: It is not very strange that you did not meet me in Europe, for I was never there. I had intended to take a slight jaunt through South America, so you might have the fun of following a will-o'-the-wisp but when I saw how foolish you were my heart softened. I am not Blanche Willoughby, and never was, but I took this means of punishing you for your contemptible conduct to a friend of mine. When you get this I will be another man's wife. Don't forget.

"Now," concluded the story teller, "if you don't believe this I will introduce you to my wife, who was Blanche Willoughby."—N. Y. Herald.

REPOSE OF MANNER.

A British Nobleman Says that is What American Women Need.

A foreign nobleman, for whose opinion on etiquette and the higher amenities of fashionable life the modish folk of the states feel a profound respect, has been heard to remark that, though fascinating in many ways, our pretty American women lack very sadly that repose of manner which marks the caste to which all rich, pretty and smart women strive to belong, the thoroughly aristocratic.

"American women," says this eminent censor of high breeding, "gesticulate too much, they laugh too much, are too restless and altogether, when animated, are calculated to throw a sensitive person into a hard attack of sympathetic fidgets." So much of this is true and so deep an impression has the frank criticism made upon the women of New York, at least, that few of them one meets but are vigorously studying what the nobleman calls "repose."

"To seem at rest," says one of the best exponents of this new doctrine of social conduct, "seat yourself carefully and at ease, smile a good deal if you wish and are amused; but laugh rarely and then in a modulated tone. Try to move your head about with graceful poising, but for the most part let your hands lie easily in your lap and try to make it a rule to do everything slowly. American women are nervous instead of graceful, jerk from one thing to another, and so mar the best effects of good gowns and fair faces."

Under this imported regulation one finds hostesses pouring tea with a deliberation that is positively restful to a weary soul; dancing no longer is a fast and furious rush of feet; and the last nights at the opera the pretty women in their boxes did not appear to be conversing so much in a wild gush, language with gymnastic arm and head movements, as in the low, sweet, voices with which nature has so kindly blessed the majority.—Philadelphia Times.

A Hotel Hoodoo.

"Don't shut that book. If you do you'll hoodoo this house," said a clerk in one of the largest hotels last night to a visitor, who, in leaving, had carelessly closed the hotel register. The clerk insisted, and the visitor returned to open the book and ask an explanation. "Why, don't you know," the clerk said, "that if you shut a hotel register and don't reopen it yourself you hoodoo the book? The next person registering on that book is sure to be a dead beat. At least that is the universal superstition among hotel men, and my observation has been that there is something in it. I wouldn't open that book to-night. I have often gone half way across the office to put my finger between the leaves to prevent some careless person like yourself from shutting the register. Almost everyone has a superstition, and that is one of the most important in a hotel clerk's creed."—Kansas City Star.

Curing a Balky Horse.

An officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was mounted policeman I learned of a most humane and kind way of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go take the front foot at the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes and let it down and the horse will go. The only way in which I can account for this effective mastery of the horse is that he can think of only one thing at a time, and having made up his mind not to go, my theory is that the bending of the leg takes his mind from the original thought."—Farm and Field.

His Discovery.

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Keapwit," said one young man. "I've thought better of it. She's a lovely girl, but her temperament prevented it. I found that she has an obstinate disposition." "You don't mean it!" "Yes. I asked her to be mine three months ago. She said 'no' then, and hasn't given in yet."—Washington Star.

Useful.

Keeper—Well, I went to see No. 337, who's been in the dark cell for the last ten days.

Warden—Did he offer to behave himself if we let him out?

Keeper—No. He asked me to get him a small red light and a camera full of undeveloped photos. He says he might as well make himself useful while he's there.—Pearson's.

A Colonial Episode.

"What!" exclaimed Pocohontas, in justifiable wrath, when she discovered Capt. John Smith making love to the daughter of the oldest settler. "I thought you loved me alone." "I love you both," said John, dreamily, stepping behind a tree.

"Then I am not your only girl?" "No, my dear. This is my original; you are my aboriginal."

The Wrong Gang.

"They've raked in a pretty rough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger who had dropped in at the police station. "You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken. "Those are not the prisoners, they are the lawyers."—Pearson's Weekly.

In Legal Terms.

She—Do you make love to every girl you know, as you do to me? Young Lawyer—My dear young lady, you should not ask a question that would tend to incriminate the witness.—Washington Star.

A Legal Experiment.

"What do they mean by a test case?" "A test case is one which is brought to see how much the lawyers can make out of it."—Puck.

—Money is only thus far a standard of value; that which it can measure is perishable; that which it can not is immortal.—Boyc.

PITH AND POINT.

—He—'You reject me because I am poor.' Heiress—'Say, rather, that you are poor because I reject you.'—Boston Transcript.

—Miss Amateur—"Are you musical, Prof. Blisten?" Prof. Blisten—"Yes, but if you were going to play anything, don't mind my feelings."—Sing Sing Courier.

"It seems to me," observed Criticus, "that Scribner's book reads as though he were addicted to the bottle." "Yes," assented Waarg. "To the muellage-bottle."—Harper's Bazar.

—The Recipe—"How did Woody White get his reputation for being bright?" "Why, by promptness. He's always the first to say 'chestnut' when somebody essays a clever observation."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always, except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pigheaded, or something of that sort."—Boston Transcript.

—Mean, Even Then.—Mr. Flushley—"Do you know that Jazblin beats his wife almost every night in the week?" Mrs. Flushley—"No, does he?" "O, the monster!" Mr. Flushley—"O, I don't know about that; you see he plays a much better game than she does."—Roxbury (Mass.) Gazette.

—"Proverbs was largely the ruin of me," said Mr. Everett West. "How?" asked the sympathetic citizen. "Take, for instance, that one about the race not being to the swift. I guess that there has made me lose more money on 4-to-1 shots than would burn a wet dog."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Wife—"Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?" Husband—"I have been reading them, my dear, and it occurred to me that after I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane."—Harlem Life.

—"Uncle George," said the little boy from the country, "are these the buildings they call skyscrapers?" "They are, Tommy," answered the city uncle. Tommy took a comprehensive look overhead. "The sky does need scrapin' here pretty bad, don't it, Uncle George?" he rejoined.—Chicago Tribune.

—This original paragraph from Editor Ham's recent New York letter is going the rounds of the country: "I would not give one good, wholesome, hearty, rosy-cheeked Georgia girl who can swing a pot, whistle a tune and kick a dog all at the same time for all of these military mummies between Battery park and Harlem suburbs."—Atlanta Constitution.

—First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—"About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel." Second Gentleman (sternly)—"I did, sir." First Gentleman—"And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard." Second Gentleman (haughtily)—"I remember, sir." First Gentleman (bitterly)—"Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight let me know."—Household Words.

—"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, who somehow never gets hold of an idea until it is old, "I have a good one for you. I think you'll appreciate it, only you must not let it make you angry." "What is it, Henry?" "What's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?" "The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes, and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when a real emergency arrives. That's the principal difference, Henry."—Washington Star.

DOES HEREDITY EXPLAIN THIS?

May Be Psychological Phenomena or Only Coincidences.

What is the occult influence of heredity? An English girl not long ago visited a loan collection of old portraits. She was an orphan, and despite her condition of worldly affluence, often complained of the loneliness of her position.

As she passed through the gallery one especial portrait attracted her attention, and she returned to it more than once, although her companion saw in it nothing but a commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century.

"It is such a nice, kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I think my father might have looked like that if he had lived!"

As most of the famous pictures were ticketed, they had bought no catalogue, but before going away Miss X. purchased one at the entrance and made a last visit to the picture for which she had felt so strong an attraction.

To her surprise she found opposite to its number her own name, and found on inquiry that the original was indeed one of her direct ancestors.

Another odd coincidence or psychological phenomenon, whichever it may be, happened a few years ago to a southern politician and capitalist, whose family is one of the oldest in the state.

He was examining the ancient archives and letters which had been stored away in dusty trunks for years, with a view to collect and publish whatever might be historically valuable and interesting.

To his amazement he came across a letter, yellow with age, which was written in his own, rather peculiar, handwriting and signed with his own name, with his own characteristic signature exactly, but which had been actually penned by one of his forebears a hundred years ago.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Doubtful Question.

Jack Uppers—Say, Scaddis, could you lend me a hundred? Scaddis—That's not the point, don't you know. I could lend it, but could I get it back?—Texas Siftings.

The World-Reformer and His Wife. Said Farmer John to Joiner Ned:

"Come put a back door on my shed."

Says Joiner Ned to Farmer John: "I cannot put your back door on. The guild 'I'm interested in."

For the abolishment of sin Meets at my house this very day, and so I cannot get away."

"Well, after you've abolished sin Come down to-morrow and begin: I want that back door in my shed." Said Farmer John to Joiner Ned.

"To-morrow, neither, can I come, The Friends of the Millennium Meet at the house of Deacon Kent, And I am first vice president."

"Well, then, next Wednesday, without doubt, When your millennium's started out, Just let it take its course and spread, And put that back door in my shed."

"I read an essay Wednesday, John, Before the Culture club, upon 'The Easiest Method to Secure Our Long-Lost Eden Here Once More! To foster peace, abolish war, And render virtue popular.'"

"Well, get your Eden here all right By sundown, prompt, next Wednesday night! And then, next Thursday morning, Ned, Come put that back door on my shed."

"The Anti-Hunger club convenes Next Thursday, down to Hiram Green's, And I have promised to orate On how to crush and extirpate Man's tendency for fish and meat, His groveling desire to eat."

"But won't you come down, by and by, We'll say two years from next July! You'll have your various schemes put through, You'll have the universe built new; Come down, then, with your tool-kit, Ned, And put that back door in my shed."

"I think," says Ned, "I'll take that chance If you will pay me in advance; For my wife says that we've no meat And no flour in the house, to eat; This cash may save domestic strife And kind of pacify my wife."

—Sam W. Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

Resignation. I feel thy chastening rod, O God! nor dare To murmur aught against Thy just decree; A bruised reed, I yet can come to thee, And know that Thou wilt hearken to my prayer.

The day is well-nigh spent, the night is near, But as the shadows gather over me, Through their dark gloom my weary eyes can see

The dawning of a day more bright and fair, Oh, give me strength to follow that clear light, Which, like the flaming pillar in the sky, From Egypt led the wayworn Israelite, And brought him forth from death to liberty!

Shine on my path, that I may see the way That leads from darkness to eternal day. —Louis A. Robertson, in Boston Transcript.

If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.—Ram's Horn.

A GROWING industry—farming.—Philadelphia Record.

"Smother and sweet," remarked the grocer, as he held up thirteen ounces of sugar and marked it "One pound."

"What do they mean by a test case?" "A test case is one which is brought to see how much the lawyers can make out of it."—Puck.

The just-collapsed Formosa republic couldn't have had the Chinese back of it. It didn't run long enough.—Philadelphia Times.

ADAM was proudly conscious that he never made a mistake in his boyhood.—Tammany Times.

Be a man! Find the right thing to do—then urge some fellow to go and do it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Woman is still far from her ideals." "O, I don't know. We don't wear them as loose as we did."—Detroit Tribune.

"How many foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German, and the one she talks to the baby."—Tit-Bits.

The press is the foe of rhetoric but the friend of reason.—Colton.

He who is in evil is also in the punishment of evil.—Swedenborg.

What orators want in depth, they give you in length.—Montesquieu.

There is an angel in every stone, if we only know how to get it out.—Ram's Horn.

There is no better government than self-control.—Galveston News.

Showers of blessing are not likely to fall upon the church except when the preacher has an overflowing cup.—Ram's Horn.



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THE ROADS QUESTION.

Better Roads are Imperatively Demanded Everywhere.

It is Not, However, Certain that Those Wanted by the Hickeys are the Best for the Farmers.
A New Idea.

The Malthusian doctrine of population teaches that the people will increase faster than the means to sustain them, and that it is only a question of time when the population will press upon the means of subsistence so as to prevent further increase in numbers, or in other words, that the entire energy of the people will be insufficient to supply them with food. Whatever ultimate truth there may be in this doctrine, it has no application to this country in our day and generation; for the reason that the food product has increased and is increasing faster than the population, notwithstanding the fact that the population has increased with great rapidity, and substantially according to the Malthusian rule of doubling once in twenty-five years. The explanation of this most important fact is not to be found in any changed condition of nature, by which her bounty is increased, but in the increased power and productiveness of human labor, whereby the output of product proceeding from the same unit of exertion has been increased from two to ten fold. This being true, a diminished proportion of the population is sufficient to supply all with food products, and an increasing proportion are thereby released from the necessity of producing the food supply necessary to sustain themselves.

It is a material question in the industrial progress of the country, how the labor so released from the former necessity can be best applied to minister to human wants. They can no longer be employed, nor employ themselves to any advantage or profit, in the industrial villages that formerly flourished in the agricultural regions within short distance of each other, for the reason that the output of their product when so employed by solitary and primitive methods, does not show that increased output which human labor should show, and does show, when congregated together in great numbers, so that the division of labor and the application of machinery come in to supplement their power.

The concentration of population, which has astonished so many, was inevitable, for it would be impossible to successfully and continually employ a larger proportion of the population in producing food than is necessary to produce a sufficient supply, and it would be equally impossible long to employ the increasing number of those not required in the production of food in primitive and solitary industrial processes which fail to increase the output of their product when other means have been devised which increase that product many fold in connection with the concentration of population and the division of labor.

Cheap transportation has contributed much to the increased capacity of labor, by making it possible to concentrate surplus food products and material for manufacture. The increasing ease with which the food products, the materials of manufacture, and the population are concentrated together by means of cheap and still cheapening transportation, together with the increasing output of product which results from human labor under such conditions, makes it certain that the prevailing condition by which nearly one-half of our population in the older settled parts of the country is concentrated in cities is a normal and not an abnormal condition, and being based upon scientific causes is permanent and not temporary.

There are three factors which produce the existing result. First, a cheap and abundant food produced by a diminishing proportion of the people. Second, a cheapened means of transportation whereby these products and the material for manufacture may be easily concentrated in the great centers of population; and, third, the increasing output of product which manifests itself where labor is concentrated and the division of labor is supplemented by the application of machinery.

Cheap transportation, so far as developed up to the present time, shows itself mainly in the decreased rates upon steamships and steam cars; and the rates have been so greatly lessened by these means that it is possible to transport a ton a thousand miles upon the great lakes at the same cost as would be required to move it five miles with a horse and wagon over a common road. Two hundred and fifty miles may also be reached at the same cost upon the steam cars. But with horses and wagons the rate of transportation has remained almost unchanged during all the years of this great development in cheap transportation.

Those who live in the rural districts and have seen the villages deserted, the farm houses abandoned, the population reduced in numbers, the rewards of their industry decreased, and the value of their property diminished, adversely criticize the fact that national and state roadbuilding has been dropped, and that railroad building has been very extensive during the last thirty years, and think that if the same energy and expenditure were given to the improvement of the common roads, the results would be equally beneficial, and perhaps more beneficial than those that have followed the era of railroad building.

I do not share in these opinions, and believe that the reason we have failed to cheapen transportation by means of horses and wagons results from the intrinsic weakness of such means rather than from the lack of devotion to them. The system of state and national roads, as formerly instituted, was intended to supply the means of through or long-distance transportation. The highest rate that prevails upon the steam cars is lower than the lowest rate that could ever prevail upon wagon roads built with public money, and the use contributed free to the carrier without toll. So nothing could be more absurd than the idea of taking public money to do that which is already better done without the burden of taxation. So far as county and township roads are concerned, while still necessary, their improvement would be unwise if they should be improved without reference to the facts already stated above, pertaining to the abandoned industries and the deserted villages.

A local system of improved or macadamized roads, built with a view of connecting villages that are now deserted, or of supplying the needs of a community equally distributed throughout the country, would not justify the expectation of those who contend for it. The rate of transportation with horses and wagons can never be brought on the average below twenty-five cents per ton per mile, while the average cost that prevails upon the steam cars is not to exceed one cent per ton per mile, and in many instances but half a cent a ton a mile. The steam railroads have served and will continue to serve a great purpose, but it is probable that the limit of their usefulness is nearly reached so far as the ramification of their branches is concerned; but at the very point where the ramification of these roads comes to be an advantage, the electric road comes in and is destined to contribute still

more to cheapen transportation than it is possible that the horse and wagon can do by any amount of expenditure directed to that end. The average cost per ton-mile upon the electric cars would not exceed five cents, and the cost of building the steel roadbed suitable for such cars to run upon would be no greater than the cost of building stone roads.

I therefore advocate an important and far-reaching change in the manner of building country roads. My plan is to extend the street-car tracks from our cities out into the circumjacent territory a distance of thirty or forty miles, so that all the territory between centers of population sixty or eighty miles apart would be reached. Let these tracks be so made and laid that wagons and carriages propelled by horses may go upon them, as well as cars propelled by electricity or other inanimate power.

It is already demonstrated that only one-eighth of the power is required to make a vehicle over a smooth steel track that would be required to move it over a gravel road, or one-eighth of that which would be required to move it over the best pavement. When this important fact becomes generally known to the farmers, they will realize that it is a poor policy to promote the building of macadam roads when an equal outlay would provide a good steel track. When the track is once provided so that cars and carriages propelled by horses can also go upon the same tracks with cars propelled by electricity, the superiority of the inanimate power will be so apparent that horse power will be quickly abandoned. And what we have seen in Cleveland and Columbus and other American cities we will see upon the country roads, namely: a complete substitution of electric power for horse power wherever the rails are laid.

Heretofore the use of electric cars has been confined to carrying passengers, and the extension of the system has depended wholly upon private enterprise. This must be changed by enlarging the use to which the electric cars are put, and by supplementing private enterprise by a more liberal and enlightened public policy. There is no reason why the electric roads should not be carriers of freight as well as passengers, and especially of food products from the field to the market.

It is not claimed that these electric roads could be built and maintained wholly out of the profits of the carrier, but that they should rest as a burden upon the benefited land area in the same way that other road improvements now rest. No better expenditure of public money could be made in the state of Ohio for road improvements than to build a system of electric roads connecting all the county seats with each other and with the great cities of the state. This could be done by the state or by the counties with state aid. And the roads when so built could be operated by leasing to lowest bidder or by taking toll for each vehicle, the same as the state now does from canal-boats.

I have estimated the increased value of agricultural lands resulting from the decreased cost of transportation over steel rails by inanimate power \$30 per acre. Observation to confirm this only waits upon experiment.
MARTIN DODGE.

Water in the Great Lakes.
The level of the lakes is unusually low for this season of the year, and there is consequent anxiety among vesselmen, says the Cleveland Plain-Dealer. Unless there is a decided rise in the connecting rivers and canals, enabling the larger vessels to carry loads nearer their capacity than at present, there will be a considerable falling off in the total amount carried by them during the season, and at the close figures ruling for freights this will mean a certain hole in the season's receipts. With some of them it will dispose of profits altogether. Owners of the smaller type of vessels; who have been always antagonistic to the deepening of the waterways between the lakes to their proposed proportions, are shaking their heads and pointing to the low water as a verification of their predictions that the deepening of the channels between the lakes would result in a quicker running off of the water, a consequent shortening of the high-water stage and permanent lowering of the mean level.

The engineers in charge of the work have admitted that in certain conditions this would be the case, but they deny the existence of those conditions. The barrier at Niagara remains the same, and therefore, they say, the outflow of the system of lakes above has not been increased in volume. Furthermore, the volume of water discharged from one lake into another by the deepened channels and canals is not increased. The material dredged up from the bottom of the channel is not carried away, but is deposited at the sides, displacing the same amount of water in the shallow parts of the river as that which takes the place of the solid material in the deepened channel. They, or, at least, those in immediate charge, and others who have given the subject considerable study, treat as chimerical the fears of the antagonists of the twenty-foot channel.

That the level of the lakes, as shown by the depth of water at the shallow connecting points, fluctuates considerably, that the fluctuations are more rapid and extreme than a number of years ago, that the mean level of these periods is falling are facts familiar to those who have followed the movements through a long term of years. While there are some features not clear even to such an observer, the general fact is not difficult to understand. The lakes, their feeders and their connecting channels are but exemplifications on a gigantic scale of what may be seen anywhere in the country, or even in the suburbs of a city, where there is a stream issuing from a wood, feeding a pool the surplus waters of which pass along a slight depression into another pool, and so on until the final outlet is reached.

Christian Endeavor Convention.
To the Convention of the Societies of Christian Endeavor to be held at Boston during the week ending July 20, the Soo Line will issue tickets for the round trip at \$29, \$31, \$35 and \$37; all good until July 31. The different prices are for different routes, the lower figure being for the shortest route going and coming, but the accommodations are the same on all routes.

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