# THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

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*City Directory.*

C. H. DeLONG,

DENTIST.

Office in Mildon's Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING, - (1-yr) - MICH.

M. H. CROCKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-yr

SWIFT & OSBORN,

ATTORNEYS,

ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-yr

A. LIDBERG,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

ISHPEMING, - - MICH.

All kinds of
PHOTOGRAPHS, TIN-TYPES, ETC.,
Finished in an artistic manner, and as cheaply as anywhere on the Upper Peninsula. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited. Gallery on First street. 1-yr

H. HARWOOD,

Dealer in

Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods,
Newspapers and Periodicals, Wall Paper,
School Books, Toilet Articles, Fine Cigars, Blank Books, Birds and Cages.
ISHPEMING, - (1m3) - MICH.

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Dealer in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

And Manufacturer of
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
ISHPEMING, MICH.
Stoves and Tinware cheaper than in any part of the city. 1-yr

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Dealers in

PAINTS, OILS,

Window Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING. PAPER HANGING AND CALCIMINING NEATLY DONE.

Orders from Outside Promptly Attended to. Shop on Division Street,
ISHPEMING, - (1m3) - MICHIGAN.

JOHN JONES,

Proprietor of

DRAY AND BUS LINE.

The Best Spring Wagons in the City.

THE BEST BUS IN THE STATE.

Parties carried to all adjoining locations at reasonable prices. If you want a first-class job of moving done, from the smallest article of glassware to a goodly sized mountain, call on him or address him at his office in Rock Store building. (1-yr) ISHPEMING, MICH.

N. LOSSEL[illegible]NG,

Proprietor of

ISHPEMING HOUSE.

Has ample accommodations for Travelers and regular boarders. Has also in connection a first-class FEED STABLE, capable of accommodating any ordinary amount of cattle.
Rates Low. 1-yr ISHPEMING, MICH.

T. HARRIS, JR.,

Dealer in

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

CHOICE PATENT AND

FAMILY FLOUR

Buckwheat and Rye Flour,
Corn Meal, Oat Meal,
Crockery, Glassware,
Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Tea and Coffee

Of all Kinds and Grades.

[illegible] Etc.


## A MODERN SCHOOL-TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and the teacher sat
Alone her task pursuing;
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all her class was doing.
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,
And so many girls, all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of graduates
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower;
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed, it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades;
And they met her there with a question fair
"State what per cent. your grade is."
Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces,
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State-house dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging, threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers,
And plucking the skull up, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.
"How easy it is to kill 'em!
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,
By the bones you can tell the creature!"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
Was a nineteenth-century teacher."

## STORY OF A LION.

When Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company went to Utica James Rounders was a lusty fellow of twenty, of some rural sagacity, and no school education. An interest in wild beasts had been developing in him for several years, and the odor of sawdust had become grateful to his nostrils. It was, however, only one kind of wild beast with which he was especially occupied. The quadruped of the noble aspect, stately gait, and tremendous roar—the lion—was the animal of Rounder's predilection and the object of his study.

He had gotten together some leading facts—so far as the stories of lion-killers may be regarded as such—concerning his favorite animal. He had heard how a lion had galloped off from the suburbs of the Cape of Good Hope with a two years' old heifer in his mouth, and jumped over a hedge twelve feet high, taking his burden over with him. In the same region of southern Africa another lion was seen bearing off a horse at a canter, the neck in his mouth and the body slung behind across his back. According to one who hunted the animal in the interior of Africa, a lion once sprang on an ox, his hind feet on the quarters, his fore feet about the horns and drew the head backward with such force as to break the back of the animal. On another occasion the same hunter saw a lion who took a heifer in his mouth, and though his legs trailed on the ground, he carried it off as a cat would a rat, and jumped across a wide ditch without difficulty. These accounts of the lion's strength were articles of faith with James Rounders. He had been told that the royal Bengal tiger of Asia was the equal in strength, if not the superior, of the African lion, he having been known to smash the head of a bullock by a single blow of his paw; but this Rounders did not believe.

He read with some difficulty, moving his lips as he did so in order to get the matter clearly before his mind. He regarded it as a laborious task, and would sooner have chopped a cord of wood than read for half an hour. Notwithstanding the irksomeness of reading, there were two books which had him conscientiously through their pages to the end—those of Gordon Cumming and Jules Gerardon the hunting and killing of lions. The two volumes comprised his library, and furnished his mind with all the literary nutriment which it required.

Rounders went to the opening performance of Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company. The ground leading up to the front of the canvas was garnished in the usual way. There were two small parasitic tents near the great one, on which primitive pictures hung of the woman of enormous girth and the calf with six legs. A man stood at the flap entrance of each, inviting people to enter and see the wonders of nature for a moderate sum. Near by was the lemonade wagon, whose proprietor was handing out glasses of his fluid with a briskness that showed that many were athirst.

When he entered the great tent the band was blowing blatantly, four cavaliers in rusty spangles and four dowdy women were riding round the ring, going through the old-time preliminary called the grand entry; for whatever else may change, the circus remains faithful to its traditions. The Yordick of the sawdust soon followed, and said the things which convulsed us with laughter in our tender years, and which cause us to smile in our maturity in the recollections they bring back. It was the same bold joke and the same grimace. The quips and quirks fore on as the fact that there is but little originality in the human mind, and this was substantially the reflection of Rounders as he turned an indifferent ear to the wearisome wit. He prided himself on his acumen, and was not to be taken in with such worn buffoonery. Yet I trow that even Rounders envied the children who gave themselves over body and soul to the accredited man of humor.

He looked at the women [illegible] through the hoops, the trick pony looking for the hidden hankerchief, and the bareback rider turning a somersault, with a mild interest, for he had seen them or something like them before. The strong man who threw up the cannon balls into the air, and allowed them to fall on his nape, to roll down the hollow of his back to the ground, hardly aroused this indifferent spectator. What he looked forward to with curiosity was the performance of the lion-tamer, and when it did come it exceeded his expectations.

The master of the ring, attired in what resembled the uniform of an officer of the navy, stepped into the middle of the arena, and with the affectation of good breeding characteristic of the class, said, "Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor to announce that John Brinton, the most extraordinary and celebrated tamer of lions in the world, will appear before you in his remarkable performance, during which every one is requested to keep his seat. Your attention is especially directed to the third part of it, as one of the marvels of the nineteenth century.

"To-morrow there will be a matinee at one o'clock, and in the evening the performance at the usual hour."

The speaker bowed and retired. The band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the Brinton in question came forward with that dash which belongs to lion-tamers everywhere. He was an athletic man between forty and fifty, of a stern countenance, and of a self-possession that was evident as soon as he appeared. He was arrayed in flesh-colored tights, with embroidered sky blue velvet around the loins. He bore in one hand a black rod, five or six feet long, and in the other a whip. His hair was short, and he was cleanly shaved. Men who put their heads between lions' jaws generally are, for the titillation of a straggling hair might produce a cough that would prove tragical. He was quick and decided in all his movements, as the lion-tamer should be, in order to leave the beast no time to work itself up to a decision.

The cage which he entered contained two lions. One was large, grumbling, and fierce, who had passed part of his life in the wilds of Africa; the other, and smaller of the two, was an emasculated beast, born behind the bars, and was as tractable as the animal is that has known freedom. The performance consisted of three parts. The first was of the kind common to menageries. The tamer entered by the little door in a corner, with the celerity which all tamers employ, and stood for a moment in the statuesque immobility to which they are given when coming before the public. Having done this, he started forward with the black rod in his left hand, approached the animals, driving them to the end of the cage, the end of the rod nearly touching their faces. Here they stood under protest, growling. Then he raised his whip, struck the smallest beast, making it run from one end of the cage to the other, and leap over his shoulder in a way familiar to people who have visited a menagerie. He threw it down, put his foot on its prostrated body, and folded his arms in the character of victor. He lay down on it, pulled open its jaws, and inserted his head therein. Then he jumped up and dismissed it, with a cut of the whip, to one corner. During this time the larger lion had been an indifferent spectator. The tamer approached, touching him with the rod, when he jumped forward with a growl, half crouching. Quickly the tamer caught hold of his upper jaw and tore it open, as great, rebellious cog-wheel growls issued from the animal's mighty throat. Then he spurned him with his foot, bowed to the audience, went to the door, let himself out like a flash, the two animals making a bound against it as he disappeared.

"A, B, C," said Rounders. "Nothing new about that."

During the interim venders went about holding up photographic portraits of the tamer, lustly shouting his professional and private virtues. Their voices were, however, soon drowned in the clash of the brass band, which played a prelude to what was coming. At the conclusion of this a lone and lost voice cried out, "Ice-cold lemonade," but it was promptly suppressed by those near the crier, as Brinton again appeared.

The second part was a short drama enacted with the larger animal, whose name was Brutus, the smaller one being driven into an adjoining cage. In the drama Brutus was the faithful friend of his master, the tamer, who is attacked by his enemies—a dozen supernumeraries in rusty spangles, who simultaneously thrust their spears through the bars from the outside of one end of the cage; when the spears are thus thrust through the bars, the master calls on his faithful servant Brutus to save his master's life, and rid him of his enemies, giving the command in the words:

"To the rescue, Brutus! Down with the miscreants!"

This was the "situation." Brutus advances at the word of command, and with a few blows from his great paws breaks the brittle spears which the somewhat *flasque* enemies hold from without. At this the tamer strikes an attitude, and shouts in a melodramatic voice:

"Saved! And by this noble animal!"

These words are accompanied with [illegible] butting [illegible] ately around the neck of Brutus. This is the denouement.

He bows and retires as before, this time amid increased applause.

"Not bad," said the critical Rounders, "but nothing extra."

As Brinton disappeared the voices of the venders arose again, to be drowned as before by the blare of the wind instruments. Silence was restored for his next appearance. It was the third part which Rounders desired especially to see, and a surprise was reserved for him. In it the tamer entered the cage with a great piece of raw meat in each hand, Brutus being [illegible] alone, standing in the middle o[illegible]ge, eagerly looking out for h[illegible] Brinton threw one of the [illegible]n in the middle of the fl[illegible] the beast pounced on it as only a wild beast can, holding it between his paws as he gluttonously devoured it—not with a lateral movement of the jaws but cat like—amid half stifled, threatening growls, with menacing eye turned from time to time toward the tamer. What the tamer then did was the most extraordinary performance which Rounders had ever seen, and sent thrills of admiration down his spinal column.

Brinton calmly approached the ferocious animal feeding, and took away the half finished piece of meat, and as he did so the beast growled, but submitted! After which he waved the half consumed beef in the air and bowed, amid great applause, in which Rounders heartily joined. Then the tamer said:

"Brutus, you have behaved so well I shall reward you with another piece."

Which he did, the beast siezing it and gorging himself as before. At this point the master of the ring stepped forth again as the tamer disappeared, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when you recollect how difficult it is to take a bone away from even a pet dog, it will give you some idea of the marvelous performance you have just witnessed. It will be repeated to-morrow during the day and evening."

"This is a real show," said Rounders, wound to enthusiasm. "But how does he do it?" This was the question which at once presented itself, and thereafter gave him no peace. With this perplexing inquiry was mingled a deep and abiding admiration. He was brought to a determination to which he had been moving for two or three years. In a word, he decided then and there to enter the vocation. He sought the man who had sent the tingling, shivering sensation down his vertebræ, and explained that he wanted to go with him on any terms and in any capacity.

Brinton had taken off his professional gear, and was undistinguishable from the sombre mass of his fellow citizens. He was out on the open space near the great tent, looking abstractedly at a man blowing with distended cheeks into a lung-testing machine. Rounders stood before him with the respect due to a man who snatches meat away from a ferocious lion.

After going through his work with the beasts, Brinton was usually tired and somewhat indifferent to the ordinary affairs of life. Other things seemed pale after the emotions of the cage. When Rounders explained to him what he wanted, the tamer said:

"You've got it."

"Got what?"

"The lion fever. You are lion struck. I've seen a good many like you. It's an up hill business. Not one keeper in fifty gets the handling of the brutes, and still the only way of going about it is to be a keeper. Besides handling them, you must have a *specialty*—a trick, you know. You've got to get up one yourself or worm it out of somebody else. As for the lion man telling anybody—that is something I haven't yet met with. You may take his life, but he won't give up his trick; it's his pride, his pleasure, and his bread and butter."

"I want to be a keeper all the same," returned Rounders.

"Come on, then," said Brinton; "for we want a keeper, as we left one at the last town. He was a young man who had been reading in natural history about the noble nature of the lion, and put his hand in between the bars to pat Brutus on the head. The surgeon examined him, and said his arm was fractured in several places—it was a regular chaw. We left him in the hospital. I tell you this as a warning not to go fooling around the beasts—that is, if you're coming."

The fate of the young man of a too trusting faith in the noble nature of the lion did not turn Rounders from his determination, and the next morning he was part of the establishment.

At first the tongue of the tamer was pretty closely tied touching matters of his profession, but in due time he expanded into talk when he saw the genuine enthusiasm of the keeper for all that related to the subject, yet naturally practiced strict reserve in everything concerning his particular work. In a word, professional secrets remained entombed.

He thought men were born to his vocation, and there was no resisting it. He had followed shows and hung around lion cages when he was a boy. Toward manhood the business had exercised such a fascination that he at last obtained employment with a tamer, whom he followed until he was killed by his beasts. This sanguinary spectacle deterred him for the time from the idea of entering a cage, but he continued the work.

There were two [illegible] of lions in the menagerie [illegible] raised in the cages and those caught as whelps wild in Asia and Africa. A few full grown were caught in pits. The first time he entered a cage was in a small show in a provincial town. The two lions whom he then encountered were old and sick, and bore the scars of twenty years' whipping on their bald hides; besides they were born and brought up behind the bars. They growled from force of habit, but there was not much danger in them. The posters of course announced the two brutes as two of the most ferocious kings of the forest.

From these he passed to cage-bred lions in their prime, thence to the wild animals, of which Brutus was one. Until the tamer was able to work with these last, he was not considered as belonging to the rank of real tamers. The sensation he experienced the first time he entered the cage of wild animals was difficult to describe; it was an appreciation of imminent danger coupled with courage. When he issued from the cage his tights and spangled cloth felt as if they had just come out of the wash tub. He was steeled up to the point of bravery before the brutes, but ten minutes afterwards a child could have knocked him over.

The principal secret of managing the brutes was not to be afraid of them. When the man showed fear he was lost. The mastery was not acquired so much through violence of treatment as an absolute sense of security in their presence. Audacity and self-possession were necessary every minute, every second; a moment's loss of equilibrium might prove fatal.

The buttery mode of treatment about which bookmen wrote had no existence in fact among showmen. No man managed his beasts with kindness. When his Brutus licked his face in his performance it looked affectionate, but it was not; he did it because he was afraid; and when the animal went through this osculatory business he was obliged to keep his eye on him with all the concentration of his will, for there was something in the beast's eyes which showed that he would sooner use his teeth than his tongue.

There was an impression that a lion once tamed is tamed for good, as a horse is broken to harness. This was an error; the lion had to be tamed every day anew in order to keep him in subjection.

Rounders asked him if he meant to say that all lions were vicious. To which he answered negatively. There were good lions and bad lions, just as there were good and bad men. The bad beasts, however, were more numerous than the others, for it was their nature to kill to provide for their hunger. The book talk about their generosity was not trustworthy; the instinct of the beast was to kill when it was hungry, but when its stomach was full it was less dangerous. He had seen the beast in its wild state, having hunted him in Africa. He had captured Brutus there when the animal was two years old; he was then ten, but always retained something of his wild nature. He was secured in a pit with his mother, the mother being shot.

In another menagerie with which he had been connected his principal performance was "the happy family," in which he brought together in the same cage two lions, several wolves, a couple of bears, a sheep, a small elephant with a monkey on his back. The crowning feature of this was the introduction of the sheep's head into the lion's mouth, which he held open by the upper lip with a strong grip. The sovereignty of the lions was acknowledged by the other animals, who looked at them with fear, getting as far away as the cage would permit. He had to pull each one into the cage by force. He compelled a bear to stand with his nose in close proximity to that of a lion; he called this the kiss of friendship; the bear had to be kicked and pushed into position, looking at the lion with terror; the lion did not deign to look at the bear, but kept his eye fixed on his master, whom of course he obeyed under protest. When the sheep was brought forward, and its head was put between the lion's jaws, it was almost in a swooning condition, and excited general pity. He had to get a new sheep every month, the daily fear causing them soon to decline unto death.

The foregoing, in substance, was a portion of the talk with which Brinton gratified himself as well as his listener, the appreciative Rounders.

The trick of pulling away the meat from under the jaws of Brutus was technically known under the canvas as the "meat jerk." It continued to remain uppermost in the mind of the new keeper.

The nomadic life had pleasures for Rounders aside from the fascination of the "meat jerk." He drove a gaily-colored wagon in the caravan, as it moved through the country. At night, like the Arabs, they folded their tents and stole away, and at dawn they were on the march. Perched on the seat, Rounders' eyes dwelt on the landscape with its purple tints of the morning, and his nostrils sniffed the sweet odors of nature while she was still in dishabille. Silently, like a variegated serpent, the caravan crept around the hills and through the valleys. The musicians, clad in gold and scarlet, rode through the country in their magnificent chariot, and gave out no sound, their breath being reserved for the towns and villages. The vestal silence remained unbroken by the stridulous clarinet and the blatant trombones.

Every man has [illegible]ness, and Brinton had his. He was in tender thraldom. He loved the woman that jumped through the hoops and balloons on a padded horse. Whenever her eyes turned on him they sent a thrill through him more than that produced by Brutus. He generally stood near the ring-board when she appeared in public, and envied the ringmaster the agreeable duty of assisting her to mount. Admiringly he watched her shapely legs going through the hoops and over the garters, as her eyes sparkled and her face flushed with excitement, but there was no indication of his love being returned.

When Rounders discovered this tenderness in the heart of the tamer, he thought of Samson and Delilah, and wondered if something of the kind could not be done with natural comeliness instead of a pair of scissors. Guided by instinct, Rounders, who was a shrewd fellow, as has already been said, made his court to Mlle. La Sauteuse, known in private life as Sally Stubbs. There were conventional barriers between a keeper and a rider, but Rounders by tact and good looks got over them, and whispered sweet nonsence in the porches of Miss Stubbs's willing ear.

One evening after the performance, as the moon shone athwart the great tent, and the brass band was hushed, Sally Stubbs stood against a background of canvas, bathed in the sheen from on high. Quiet reigned in the tents of the elephantine woman and the calf with six legs. The lungtester had folded up his machine and departed. The sound of "ice-cold lemonade" had died in the general stillness. Mlle. La Sauteuse leaned over lovingly to the new keeper, and asked in a low, sympathetic voice,

"What can I do for you, Jim Rounders?"

"Find out the 'meat jerk,'" was the swift response.

"Alas," said the fair Stubbs, "when you've been as long in the tent as I've been, you'll know that that is impossible. You might as well ask me for a slice of the moon that is now lookin' down on this here peaceful scene atween you and me."

"You've heard the Sunday school story about Samson and Delilah?" pursued Rounders.

"What's that got to do with John Brinton's secret?"

"What's been done can be done again. Delilah wormed it out of Samson: why can't Sally Stubbs worm it out of Brinton?"

"Cut off his hair, as the Bible woman did?"

"That's too thin," said Rounders rashly, without fear of theological dogma. "That's allygory. They call it hair-cuttin', and when they call it that, its hairsplittin'. Take my word for it, Sally Stubbs, that when she got the secret out of that hefty, longhaired man, she did it with her pretty ways and good looks."

Still, Miss Stubbs affirmed that such a project as Rounders entertained was impossible; and it was true. In his weakest, or most sentimental hours, Brinton knew how to withstand even the blandishments of the charming Stubbs when she approached professional topics. Under her smile he opened up like a morning-glory kissed by Aurora; but when she tried to penetrate into the mystery of his great lion act, he closed up like the same flower when it encounters the sun. He had a well-ordered mind divided into compartments—business was one thing and love was another.

Meanwhile the keeper kept his eye on every movement of Brinton. He was his shadow. When he was not occupied with the master, he was looking after the animals. Reciprocity of kindness is a principle of nature which Rounders had observed, and in which he had some faith, notwithstanding the pessimist views of Brinton. He began by familiarizing Brutus with the sight of his face, person, and voice. He spoke to the animal in the most sympathetic accent of which he was capable. He hung around his cage as long and as often as his duties would permit. He reached the point of cajolery, and assumed friendship, as:

"Well, Brutus, how are you, old boy? How did you like the last feed? I'm afraid this travellin' round in confinement, on wheels, is injurin' your complexion. Of course you would like to be footin' it like the rest of us. I reckon it *would* be better for you, but it might be bad for some of us two-legged fellows. Eh, bully boy?"

This jocularity was in strange contrast to the sombre indifference with which the king of the forest looked down on the speaker. Rounders infringed on the rules laid down by Brinton in giving bits of meat to the beast whenever an opportunity presented itself; but notwithstanding these offerings, the two sombre eyes continued to regard him with an unchanged expression. One day, to arouse him from his condition of indifference or latent kindness, Rounders introduced a stick under the bars to poke him up in a friendly way, touching him on his extended paws. The beast struck quickly, and almost caught his hand. As it was, one of his fingers was bruised by the blow. Brinton unperceived by Rounders, had been standing behind him noting the incident.

"Rounders," said Brinton, "you're lucky. About two months ago a fellow did the same thing as you've been doing, but he did not come out as well as you."

"What befell him?" asked Rounders.

"Brutus caught his hand [illegible] bars, pulled in his arm, reached out his other paw in an effectionate embrace around the man's neck, pressed him against the bars, and mashed him. When I came up it was too late. He dropped on the sawdust and never got up again."

In noting their habits, Rounders observed that they were more afraid of the short pole which Brinton carried into the cage than they were of the whip. Brinton called this bit of dark wood his magic wand, which in a measure justified its name, for as soon as he touched them with it, they gave way and drew back to the end of the cage. He usually carried it with him into a little tent-chamber, which was rigged up near the lion's cage. One night, after issuing from the cage, he forgot to take the magic wand with him, leaving it lying on the sawdust, alongside of one of the wheels which carried the beasts. Jim Rounders picked it up with curiosity, and found it very heavy. In a word, it was iron. He drew his hand caressingly from one end of it to the other, as he thought of the effects which it produced when it came in contact with the lions' noses. As his hand softly reached down to the other end he drew it back as if bitten by a viper, with an exclamation that would not have met with favor in the Young Men's Christian Association. The end was hot. He carried the rod into the little tent-chamber, and left it there. It was now made clear to him why the animals showed such an aversion to the end of the magic wand.

The wife of Brutus was a lioness called Cleopatra, generally kept in another cage. In the order of nature she was at times more affectionate to her husband than at others, and during such periods Brutus became irritable, and difficult to manage. It was hard to keep him down, even with the hot iron. As they wended their way from village to village, and town to town, over the old fashioned turnpikes, Brutus entered on one of the irritable phases of his life, during which, it is hardly necessary to say, the vigilant eye of Rounders was nearly always on the tamer in his management of the brute. One night, through a chink of the little tent-chamber, he saw Brinton standing irresolute, although behind his time for entering the cage; the beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he held his heated iron in his hand; then he roused himself to decision, spat on the heated end of the magic wand, which hissed, and strode quickly to the cage.

This was a revelation to Rounders. It was apparent that even Brinton, plucky as he was, had his moments of apprehension and demoralization, from which he concluded that the danger must be real. Rounders, as usual taking a deep interest, followed him to the cage and took his station near the front of it. Brinton's first action as soon as he got into the cage was to run at the nose of Brutus with his hot iron and drive him back to one end. Rounders fancied he could almost hear the frizzle of the flesh. He went through the first part of the performance with the cage-bred lion, whipping him and making him jump over his shoulders in the usual way, but he omitted that part where he tore open the jaws of Brutus, and made him lick his face.

The dramatic event took place in the second part. Brinton in his preoccupation of that night left the magic wand reposing against the wheel near the door of the cage as he entered it, to play the drama. Brutus, rebellious and gloomy, went through his part until the scene where the spears are thrust through the bars arrived. His master gave the word of command:

(*Concluded next week.*)

GIVE HIM A TRADE.—If education is the great buckler and shield of liberty, well-developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing source through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions are speculative employments—may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor choose to use it. Let him feel, to, that honest laborcrafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades, the real creators of what is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with. They, above all others, in whatever repute they have been held by their most fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown-handed tradesmen think of this, or appreciate the real power and position they compass. Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or is likely to inherit. With this he can battle with temporal want, and can always be independent. A young man who commences his life with not liking his business has no very promising prospect before him. Let such a one believe himself to be under the immediate influence of "an evil eye," and set about releasing himself at once by a resolute refusal to retain any thoughts but such as appertain to duty clearly before him, and how to [illegible] well and honestly. It is a gre[illegible]take to be prepossessed with [illegible] advantages to be derived fr[illegible] other calling than the one wh[illegible]umstances have combined to [illegible] as an introduction to the [illegible] mankind.

# THE WE... AGITATOR.

NEWETT & McCARTHY, Publishers. | Devoted to the Interests of the ... hpeming in Particular. | TERMS, TWO DOLLARS ...

VOL. I.

*City Directory.*

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DENTIST.

Office in Mildon's Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING, - (1-yr) - MICH.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-yr

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Buckwheat and Rye Flour,
Corn Meal, Oat Meal,
...re,
... and Yellow Ware.
...Coffee
...rades.
...v, Etc.

## A MODERN SCHOOL-TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and the teacher sat
Alone her task pursuing;
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all her class was doing.
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,
And so many girls, all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of graduates
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower;
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more,
She slept, she dreamed, it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades;
And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what per cent. your grade is."
Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces,
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State-house dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging, threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers;
And plucking the skull up, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.;
"How easy it is to kill 'em!
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat.
"By the bones you can tell the creature!"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor; "that
Was a nineteenth-century teacher."

## STORY OF A LION.

When Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company went to Utica James Rounders was a lusty fellow of twenty, of some natural sagacity, and no school education. An interest in wild beasts had been developing in him for several years, and the odor of sawdust had become grateful to his nostrils. It was, however, only one kind of wild beast with which he was especially occupied. The quadruped of the noble aspect, stately gait, and tremendous roar—the lion—was the animal of Rounder's predilection and the object of his study.

He had gotten together some leading facts—so far as the stories of lion-killers may be regarded as such—concerning his favorite animal. He had heard how a lion had galloped off from the suburbs of the Cape of Good Hope with a two years' old heifer in his mouth, and jumped over a hedge twelve feet high, taking his burden over with him. In the same region of southern Africa another lion was seen bearing off a horse at a canter, the neck in his mouth and the body slung behind across his back. According to one who hunted the animal in the interior of Africa, a lion one day sprang on an ox, his hind feet on the quarters, his fore feet about the horns, and drew the head backward with such force as to break the back of the animal. On another occasion the same hunter saw a lion who took a heifer in his mouth, and though his legs trailed on the ground, he carried it off as a cat would a rat, and jumped across a wide ditch without difficulty. These accounts of the lion's strength were articles of faith with James Rounders. He had been told that the royal Bengal tiger of Asia was the equal in strength, if not the superior, of the African lion, he having been known to smash the head of a bullock by a single blow of his paw; but this Rounders did not believe.

He read with some difficulty, moving his lips as he did so in order to get the matter clearly before his mind. He regarded it as a laborious task, and would sooner have chopped a cord of wood than read for half an hour. Notwithstanding the irksomeness of reading, there were two books which he him concientiously through their pages to the end—those of Gordon Cumming and Jules Gerard on the hunting and killing of lions. The two volumes comprised his library, and furnished his mind with all the literary nutriment which it required.

Rounders went to the opening performance of Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company. The ground leading up to the front of the canvas was garnished ... the usual way. There were two small parasitic tents near the great one, on which primitive pictures hung ... woman of enormous girth and the calf with six legs. A man stood at the flap entrance of each, inviting people to enter and see these wonders of nature for a moderate sum. Near by was the lemonade wagon, whose proprietor was handing out glasses of his fluid with a briskness that showed that many were athirst.

When he entered the great tent the band was blowing blatantly, four cavaliers in rusty spangles and four dowdy women were riding round the ring, going through the old-time preliminary called the grand entry; for whatever else may change, the circus remains faithful to its traditions. The Yordick of the sawdust soon followed, and said the things which convulsed us with laughter in our tender years, and which cause us to smile in our maturity in the recollections they bring back. It was the same bold joke and the same grimace. The quips and quirks force on us the fact that there is but little originality in the human mind, and this was substantially the reflection of Rounders as he turned an indifferent ear to the wearisome wit. He prided himself on his acumen, and was not to be taken in with such worn buffoonery. Yet I trow that even Rounders envied the children who gave themselves over body and soul to the accredited man of humor.

He looked at the women ... through the hoops, the trick pony lo... ing for the hidden hankerchief, an... bareback rider turning a somer... with a mild interest, for he ha... them or something like them. The strong man who threw ... cannon balls into the air, and ... them to fall on his nape, to ... the hollow of his back to th... hardly aroused this indiff... tator. What he looked ... with curiosity was the per... the lion-tamer, and when ... it exceeded his expectatio...

The master of the ring ... what resembled the unifor... ficer of the navy, step... middle of the arena, and ... fectation of good breedi... istic of the class, said, ... gentlemen: I have the ... nounce that John Brin... extraordinary and cele... lions in the world, wil... you in his remarkab... during which every o... keep his seat. Your ... pecially directed to t... it, as one of the mar... teenth century.

"To-morrow there ... matinee at one o'clock, and in the evening the performance at the usual hour."

The speaker bowed and retired. The band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the Brinton in question came forward with that dash which belongs to lion-tamers everywhere. He was an athletic man between forty and fifty, of a stern countenance, and of a self-possession that was evident as soon as he appeared. He was arrayed in flesh-colored tights, with embroidered sky blue velvet around the loins. He bore in one hand a black rod, five or six feet long, and in the other a whip. His hair was short, and he was cleanly shaved. Men who put their heads between lions' jaws generally are, for the titillation of a straggling hair might produce a cough that would prove tragical. He was quick and decided in all his movements, as the lion-tamer should be, in order to leave the beast no time to work itself up to a decision.

The cage which he entered contained two lions. One was large, grumbling, and fierce, who had passed part of his life in the wilds of Africa; the other, and smaller of the two, was an emasculated beast, born behind the bars, and was as tractable as the animal is that has known freedom. The performance consisted of three parts. The first was of the kind common to menageries. The tamer entered by the little door in a corner, with the celerity which all tamers employ, and stood for a moment in the statuesque immobility to which they are given when coming before the public. Having done this, he started forward with the black rod in his left hand, approached the animals, driving them to the end of the cage, the end of the rod nearly touching their faces. Here they stood under protest, growling. Then he raised his whip, struck the smallest beast, making it run from one end of the cage to the other, and leap over his shoulder in a way familiar to people who have visited a menagerie. He threw it down, put his foot on its prostrated body, and folded his arms in the character of victor. He lay down on it, pulled open its jaws, and inserted his head therein. Then he jumped up and dismissed it, with a cut of the whip, to one corner. During this time the larger lion had been an indifferent spectator. The tamer approached, touching him with the rod, when he jumped forward with a growl, half crouching. Quickly the tamer caught hold of his upper jaw and tore it open, as great, rebellious cog-wheel growls issued from the animal's mighty throat. Then he spurned him with his foot, bowed to the audience, went to the door, let himself out like a flash, the two animals making a bound against it as he disappeared.

"A, B, C," said Rounders. "Nothing new about that."

During the interim venders went about holding up photographic portraits of the tamer, lustily shouting his professional and private virtues. Their voices were, however, soon drowned in the clash of the brass band, which played a prelude to what was coming. At the conclusion of this a lone and lost voice cried out, "Ice-cold lemonade," but it was promptly suppressed by those near the crier, as Brinton again appeared.

The second part was a short drama enacted with the larger animal, whose name was Brutus, the smaller one being driven into an adjoining cage. In the drama Brutus was the faithful friend of his master, the tamer, who is attacked by his enemies—a dozen supernumeraries in rusty spangles, who simultaneously thrust their spears through the bars from the outside of one end of the cage; when the spears are thus thrust through the bars, the master calls on his faithful servant Brutus to save his master's life, and rid him of his enemies, giving the command in the words:

"To the rescue, Brutus! Down with the miscreants!"

This was the "situation." Brutus advances at the word of command, and with a few blows from his great paws breaks the brittle spears which the somewhat *flaccid* enemies hold from without. At this the tamer strikes an attitude, and shouts ... melodramatic voice:

"Saved! And by this noble animal!"

These words are accompanied with ... putting ...

... ng ou... w one of ... ddle of the ... nced on it as only ... lding it between his ... uously devoured it—not ... al movement of the ja... ike—amid half stifled, ... growls, with menacing eye tu... time to time toward the tamer ... the tamer then did was the m... ordinary performance which ... had ever seen, and sent thrills ... ration down his spinal column.

Brinton calmly approached t... cious animal feeding, and took ... the half finished piece of meat, ... he did so the beast growled, but ... mitted! After which he waved ... half consumed beef in the air ... bowed, amid great applause, in whi... Rounders heartily joined. Then th... tamer said:

"Brutus, you have behaved so well I shall reward you with another piece."

Which he did, the beast siezing it and gorging himself as before. At this point the master of the ring stepped forth again as the tamer disappeared, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when you recollect how difficult it is to take a bone away from even a pet dog, it will give you some idea of the marvelous performance you have just witnessed. It will be repeated to-morrow during the day and evening."

"This is a real show," said Rounders, wound to enthusiasm. "But how does he do it?" This was the question which at once presented itself, and thereafter gave him no peace. With this perplexing inquiry was mingled a deep and abiding admiration. He was brought to a determination to which he had been moving for two or three years. In a word, he decided then and there to enter the vocation. He sought the man who had sent the tingling, shivering sensation down his vertebræ, and explained that he wanted to go with him on any terms and in any capacity.

Brinton had taken off his professional gear, and was undistinguishable from the sombre mass of his fellow citizens. He was out on the open space near the great tent, looking abstractedly at a man blowing with distended cheeks into a lung-testing machine. Rounders stood before him with the respect due to a man who snatches meat away from a ferocious lion.

After going through his work with the beasts, Brinton was usually tired and somewhat indifferent to the ordinary affairs of life. Other things seemed pale after the emotions of the cage. When Rounders explained to him what he wanted, the tamer said:

"You've got it."

"Got what?"

"The lion fever. You are lion struck. I've seen a good many like you. It's an up hill business. Not one keeper in fifty gets the handling of the brutes, and still the only way of going about it is to be a keeper. Besides handling them, you must have a *specialty*—a trick, you know. You've got to get up one yourself or worm it out of somebody else. As for the lion man telling anybody—that is something I haven't yet met with. You may take his life, but he won't give up his trick; it's his pride, his pleasure, and his bread and butter."

"I want to be a keeper all the same," returned Rounders.

"Come on, then," said Brinton; "for we want a keeper, as we left one at the last town. He was a young man who had been reading in natural history about the noble nature of the lion, and put his hand in between the bars to pat Brutus on the head. The surgeon examined him, and said his arm was fractured in several places—it was a regular chaw. We left him in the hospital. I tell you this as a warning not to go fooling around the beasts—that is, if you're coming."

The fate of the young man of a too trusting faith in the noble nature of the lion did not turn Rounders from his determination, and the next morning he was part of the establishment.

At first the tongue of the tamer was pretty closely tied touching matters of his profession, but in due time he expanded into talk when he saw the genuine enthusiasm of the keeper for all that related to the subject, yet naturally practiced strict reserve in everything concerning his particular work. In a word, professional secrets remained entombed.

He thought men were born to his vocation, and there was no resisting it. He had followed shows and hung around lion cages when he was a boy. Toward manhood the business had exercised such a fascination that he at last obtained employment with a tamer, whom he followed until he was killed by his beasts. This sanguinary spectacle deterred him for the time ... the idea of entering a cage, but he continued ... work.

There were two ... of lions in the menagerie ... raised ...

... courage ... his tight... if they ha... tub. He ... of bravery b... utes afterward ... ked him over. ... ncipal secret of ... was not to be afraid ... man showed fear ... mastery was not acq... ough violence of treatm... ate sense of security ... e. Audacity and self ... necessary every minute, a moment's loss of equi... prove fatal. ... mode of treatment about ... wrote had no existence ... showmen. No man ... beasts with kindness. When ... Brutus licked his face in his performance it looked affectionate, but it was not; he did it because he was afraid; and when the animal went through this osculatory business he was obliged to keep his eye on him with all the concentration of his will, for there was something in the beast's eyes which showed that he would sooner use his teeth than his tongue.

There was an impression that a lion once tamed is tamed for good, as a horse is broken to harness. This was an error; the lion had to be tamed every day anew in order to keep him in subjection.

Rounders asked him if he meant to say that all lions were vicious. To which he answered negatively. There were good lions and bad lions, just as there were good and bad men. The bad beasts, however, were more numerous than the others, for it was their nature to kill to provide for their hunger. The book talk about their generosity was not trustworthy; the instinct of the beast was to kill when it was hungry, but when its stomach was full it was less dangerous. He had seen the beast in its wild state, having hunted him in Africa. He had captured Brutus there when the animal was two years old; he was then ten, but always retained something of his wild nature. He was secured in a pit with his mother, the mother being shot.

In another menagerie with which he had been connected his principal performance was "the happy family," in which he brought together in the same cage two lions, several wolves, a couple of bears, a sheep, a small elephant with a monkey on his back. The crowning feature of this was the introduction of the sheep's head into the lion's mouth, which he held open by the upper lip with a strong grip. The sovereignty of the lions was acknowledged by the other animals, who looked at them with fear, getting as far away as the cage would permit. He had to pull each one into the cage by force. He compelled a bear to stand with his nose in close proximity to that of a lion; he called this the kiss of friendship; the bear had to be kicked and pushed into position, looking at the lion with terror; the lion did not deign to look at the bear, but kept his eye fixed on his master, whom of course he obeyed under protest. When the sheep was brought forward, and its head was put between the lion's jaws, it was almost in a swooning condition, and excited general pity. He had to get a new sheep every month, the daily fear causing them soon to decline unto death.

The foregoing, in substance, was a portion of the talk with which Brinton gratified himself as well as his listener, the appreciative Rounders.

The trick of pulling away the meat from under the jaws of Brutus was technically known under the canvas as the "meat jerk." It continued to remain uppermost in the mind of the new keeper.

The nomadic life had pleasures for Rounders aside from the fascination of the "meat jerk." He drove a gaily-colored wagon in the caravan, as it moved through the country. At night, like the Arabs, they folded their tents and stole away, and at dawn they were on the march. Perched on the seat, Rounders' eyes dwelt on the landscape with its purple tints of the morning, and his nostrils sniffed the sweet odors of nature while she was still in dishabille. Silently, like a variegated serpent, the caravan crept around the hills and through the valleys. The musicians, clad in gold and scarlet, rode through the country in their magnificent chariot, and gave out no sound, their breath being reserved for the towns and villages. The vestal silence remained unbroken by the stridulous clarinet and the blatant trombones.

Every man has ... loves, and ... Brinton had his. He was in tender thraldom. He loved the woman that jumped through the hoops and balloons ... a padded horse. Whenever her eyes ... him they sent a thrill through ... that produced by Bru... stood near the ring- ... in public, and ... agreeable ... Ad- ... garters, as her ... face flushed with exci... was no indication of his ... ned.

When Rounders discovered this tender ... in the heart of the tamer, he ... of Samson and Delilah, and ... if something of the kind ... done with natural comeliness ... of a pair of scissors. ... inct, Rounders, who was ... as has already been ... t to Mlle. La Sau... ate life as Sally Stu... onventional barriers ... a rider, but ... looks got ... them ... sweet non- ... in the ... Stubbs's ... ear.

... evening ... performance, ... on shone ... wart the great ... he brass band was hushed, ... stood against a back- ... as, bathed in the sheen ... Quiet reigned in the ... ephantine woman and ... ix legs. The languescent ... up his machine and de- ... sound of "ice-cold lemonade" had died in the general stillness. Mlle. La Sauteuse leaned over lovingly to the new keeper, and asked in a low, sympathetic voice,

"What can I do for you, Jim Rounders?"

"Find out the 'meat jerk,'" was the swift response.

"Alas," said the fair Stubbs, "when you've been as long in the tent as I've been, you'll know that that is impossible. You might as well ask me for a slice of the moon that is now lookin' down on this here peaceful scene atween you and me."

"You've heard the Sunday school story about Samson and Delilah?" pursued Rounders.

"What's that got to do with John Brinton's secret?"

**"What's been done can be done again. Delilah wormed it out of Samson: why can't Sally Stubbs worm it out of Brinton?"**

**"Cut off his hair, as the Bible woman did?"**

"That's too thin," said Rounders rashly, without fear of theological dogma. "That's allygory. They call it hair-cuttin', and when they call it that, its hairsplittin'. Take my word for it, Sally Stubbs, that when she got the secret out of that hefty, longhaired man, she did it with her pretty ways and good looks."

Still, Miss Stubbs affirmed that such a project as Rounders entertained was impossible; and it was true. In his weakest, or most sentimental hours, Brinton knew how to withstand even the blandishments of the charming Stubbs when she approached professional topics. Under her smile he opened up like a morning-glory kissed by Aurora; but when she tried to penetrate into the mystery of his great lion act, he closed up like the same flower when it encounters the sun. He had a well-ordered mind divided into compartments—business was one thing and love was another.

Meanwhile the keeper kept his eye on every movement of Brinton. He was his shadow. When he was not occupied with the master, he was looking after the animals. Reciprocity of kindness is a principle of nature which Rounders had observed, and in which he had some faith, notwithstanding the pessimist views of Brinton. He began by familiarizing Brutus with the sight of his face, person, and voice. He spoke to the animal in the most sympathetic accent of which he was capable. He hung around his cage as long and as often as his duties would permit. He reached the point of cajolery, and assumed friendship, as:

"Well, Brutus, how are you, old boy? How did you like the last feed? I'm afraid this travellin' round in confinement, on wheels, is injurin' your complexion. Of course you would like to be footin' it like the rest of us. I reckon it *would* be better for you, but it might be bad for some of us two-legged fellows. Eh, bully boy?"

This jocularity was in strange contrast to the sombre indifference with which the king of the forest looked down on the speaker. Rounders infringed on the rules laid down by Brinton in giving bits of meat to the beast whenever an opportunity presented itself; but notwithstanding these offerings, the two sombre eyes continued to regard him with an unchanged expression. One day, to arouse him from his condition of indifference or latent kindness, Rounders introduced a stick under the bars to poke him up in a friendly way, touching him on his extended paws. The beast struck quickly, and almost caught his hand. As it was, one of his fingers was bruised by the blow. Brinton unperceived by Rounders, had been standing behind him noting the incident.

"Rounders," said Brinton, "you're lucky. About two months ago a fellow did the same thing as you've been doing, but he did not come out as well as you."

"What befell him?" asked Rounders.

"Brinton ... his hand ... bars, pulled in his arm, reached out his other paw in an effectionate embrace around the man's neck, pressed him against the bars, and mashed him. When I came up it was too late. He dropped on the sawdust and never got up again."

In noting their habits, Rounders observed that they were more afraid of the short pole which Brinton carried into the cage than they were of the whip. Brinton called this bit of dark wood his magic wand, which in a measure justified its name, for as soon as he touched them with it, they gave way and drew back to the end of the cage. He usually carried it with him into a little tent-chamber, which was rigged up near the lion's cage. One night, after issuing from the cage, he forgot to take the magic wand with him, leaving it lying on the sawdust, alongside of one of the wheels which carried the beasts. Jim Rounders picked it up with curiosity, and found it very heavy. In a word, it was iron. He drew his hand caressingly from one end of it to the other, as he thought of the effects which it produced when it came in contact with the lions' noses. As his hand softly reached down to the other end he drew it back as if bitten by a viper, with an exclamation that would not have met with favor in the Young Men's Christian Association. The end was hot. He carried the rod into the little tent-chamber, and left it there. It was now made clear to him why the animals showed such an aversion to the end of the magic wand.

The wife of Brutus was a lioness called Cleopatra, generally kept in another cage. In the order of nature she was at times more affectionate to her husband than at others, and during such periods Brutus became irritable, and difficult to manage. It was hard to keep him down, even with the hot iron. As they wended their way from village to village, and town to town, over the old fashioned turnpikes, Brutus entered on one of the irritable phases of his life, during which, it is hardly necessary to say, the vigilant eye of Rounders was nearly always on the tamer in his management of the brute. One night, through a chink of the little tent-chamber, he saw Brinton standing irresolute, although behind his time for entering the cage; the beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he held his heated iron in his hand; then he roused himself to decision, spat on the heated end of the magic wand, which hissed, and strode quickly to the cage.

**This was a revelation to Rounders.** It was apparent that even Brinton, plucky as he was, had his moments of apprehension and demoralization, from which he concluded that the danger must be real. Rounders, as usual taking a deep interest, followed him to the cage and took his station near the front of it. Brinton's first action as soon as he got into the cage was to run at the nose of Brutus with his hot iron and drive him back to one end. Rounders fancied he could almost hear the frizzle of the flesh! He went through the first part of the performance with the cage-bred lion, whipping him and making him jump over his shoulders in the usual way, but he omitted that part where he tore open the jaws of Brutus, and made him lick his face.

The dramatic event took place in the second part. Brinton in his preoccupation of that night left the magic wand reposing against the wheel near the door of the cage as he entered it, to play the drama. Brutus, rebellious and gloomy, went through his part until the scene where the spears are thrust through the bars arrived. His master gave the word of command:

(*Concluded next week.*)

Give Him a Trade.—If education is the great buckler and shield of liberty, well-developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing source through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions are speculative employments—may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor choose to use it. Let him feel, to, that honest laborcrafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades, the real creators of what is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with. They, above all others, in whatever repute they have been held by their most fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown-handed tradesmen think of this, appreciate the real power and position they compass. Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or is likely to inherit. With this he can battle with temporal want, and can always be independent. A young man who commences his life with not liking his business has no very promising prospect before hi... such a one believe himself ... The immediate influence ... eye," and set about releasi... by a resolute refus... thoughts but such as ... clearly before him, a... well and honestly. ... take to be prepossess... advantages to be de... other calling than the ... cumstances have comb... as an introduction to ... abilities ... manhood ...

...GAN, OCT. 11.

## ...TATORY.

...enting to the people of Ish...g, and the Lake Superior region ...general, this, the first number of THE WEEKLY AGITATOR, we feel called upon to set forth briefly the motives which have prompted its publication, as well as the course of policy which is intended to be pursued in its future career. We have long felt that Ishpeming, more than all the other towns or cities of Marquette county, was really in need of a good, live, local newspaper—a paper that might be called a fitting representative of its vast mineral resources and other industries. At the present time, when the prospects of a speedy revival of the "good old times" are every day becoming more apparent, and an era of prosperity once again seems about to dawn upon the iron trade, we feel more than ever that such a paper has become an absolute necessity to this community. While we are painfully aware of the fact that the work of placing such a publication before the people of this region might have fallen to the lot of other and more capable persons than ourselves, we have nevertheless decided to make the effort, hoping that by hard, earnest labor, and the closest attention to business, we may be enabled at all times to make the AGITATOR all that it should be, a representative paper of a representative town. And now for our policy: The AGITATOR will at all times be strictly independent, and its columns will always be used, not to cater to the wants or requirements of any man, party or clique, but to express the free, unbiased opinions of its publishers—at least so long as we shall continue to preside over its destinies. In short, while we shall at all times endeavor to be consistent, so far as the general policy of this sheet is concerned, we shall at all times claim the right to "paddle our own canoe." We expect to lay before our readers each week all items of interest transpiring in and about the mines of the iron region, as well as all parts of the Upper peninsula, together with the news, condensed, from the outer world. Politics and religion will not be discussed.

In a word, we shall endeavor to make the AGITATOR a paper which the people of Ishpeming may be proud of, and which may be read with pleasure and profit by all, expecting in return that, and only that, part of the public patronage which we may deserve.

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THE New York Mining company are doing their share of mining and are hoisting a large amount of first-class ore. Where the rock-fall occurred in the early part of the season they are again at work, having removed the rock so as to admit of easy and safe mining. The mine is looking well and bids fair, under the present management, to continue so to look. The stock-pile has dwindled down to a small heap, and would have been taken away long ere this could cars and vessels have been procured.

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wood's pit in the beginning of May last and some time will yet elapse ere the ore deposit is reached. When we state that half a millon feet of lumber will be used in stays, supports, etc., at this place, it will readily be seen that it is the intention of the company to make the mine perfectly secure against like accidents in the future. The mine at other points gives every evidence of being safe and has a remarkable showing of ore in sight. The new pocket and skip-road at the incline mines is nearly finished. At the extreme western portion of the old schoolhouse mine a small gang of men, who were confident that a good deposit of ore existed somewhere in that vicinity, and being desirous to find the same, are at work, but as yet have struck nothing that confirms their opinions, though it is possible thay a good vein may be discovered. The Clevenad company, like nearly all others in this district, have been hindered, in regard to shipments, on account of the scarcity of vessels.

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## ISHPEMING.

The editors of THE WEEKLY AGITATOR feel that they would be but illy repaying the many kind favors already extended them by the business men of the city of Ishpeming, as well as the public generally, were they to launch this publication upon the editorial sea without endeavoring, in a measure at least, to lay before their readers a brief synopsis of the business interests of this, the representative city of the iron region of Lake Superior, as well as its vast mineral wealth, great natural resources and manufacturing industries. Only a few short years ago, and the ground on which now stands the prosperous and growing city of Ishpeming was an unbroken wilderness, while to-day it stands at the head of all and singular the cities and towns of the Upper peninsula of Michigan, as regards population, the number and variety of its manufacturing and producing interests, and its live and energetic class of business men, than which no better are to be found in any city or town in the country. Since the opening of the Cleveland mine in 1852 the then almost unknown mineral wealth of what now constitutes the city of Ishpeming has been steadily coming to light, until at the present day there are no less than six mines of iron ore within its borders, viz: the Superior, Cleveland, New York, Barnum, Lake Angeline and Salisbury, the aggregate annual production of which will reach something like 400,000 net tons, while recent explorations with the diamond drill have proven conclusively that the entire city is underlaid with a bed of excellent ore of wonderful vastness. [illegible] of the immensity of mining [illegible]

from the following estimate, which has been furnished us, of the amount paid out for labor each month; and when it is considered that nearly, if not quite, as much more is paid out in the same length of time for the single item of freight, it will at once be seen that the business of iron mining within the limits of the city of Ishpeming is no insignificant item:

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|---|---|
| Lake Superior | $20,000 |
| Cleveland | 19,000 |
| New York | 8,000 |
| Barnum | 6,000 |
| Lake Angeline | 4,000 |
| Salisbury | 4,000 |
| Total | $61,000 |

Making a grand total of $732,000 per year for labor only. The bulk of this money is of course spent here at home among, and to the benefit of our citizens. Besides these there are many other mines within a few miles of the city, and which may virtually be called a part of it, among which are the Saginaw, Winthrop, Lowthian, National, Mitchell and Nelson. Each of these mines contribute liberally each year to the sum total of shipments from this district, and are a source of much benefit to the citizens and business men of this place, inasmuch as all their supplies are gotten direct from here. Nor is it at all probable that iron ore will, for any great length of time, continue to be the only staple to which this city can look for support, for within the past year or two large and excellent beds of slate and variegated marble have been found within a few miles of the city, and will, no doubt, be worked to their fullest capacity at no distant day. There is one iron furnace within the city limits, known as the Peat furnace, which was built by the Lake Superior Iron company in the summer of 1872, and started up the same year. At the time of its erection it was intended to utilize for fuel the large beds of peat in this neighborhood, which, however, proved a partial failure. The furnace afterward underwent some few changes, was enlarged and otherwise improved, and, we believe, converted into a charcoal furnace. When the panic came on all operations were stopped. The furnace has remained idle ever since, and the machinery was taken out at different times and placed in various parts of the company's mines. Recently, however, the Carp River Iron company, of Marquette, of which H. A. Burt, Esq., is agent, have taken a lease of the furnace, and it is now being put in shape for immediate operation. An article in reference to the changes and improvements now being made will be found in another column. The Deer Lake furnace, although not situated within the city, is generally looked upon as a city institution. This property consists of two stacks, one of which was built in 1873, is an iron shell, and one of the best charcoal furnaces in this region. Neither of the stacks are now in operation, but it is reasonable to assume that with the recent advance in prices of all kinds of manufactured iron they will not now be allowed to remain for any great length of time in a stagnant condition. An industry from which Ishpeming derives a direct benefit is the saw and planing mill of the Deer Lake Iron and Lumber company, also located at Deer Lake, though the company have an office and yard in this city. This mill is now fairly overrun with work, so much so that considerable difficulty is experienced in filling orders, and all kinds of heavy timber, rough and finished lumber, shingles, lath, etc., are being turned out each day in immense quantities. All the material sawed at this mill is brought into the city by teams, where it is loaded on cars and shipped to outside parties or sold to the resident public. The capacity of the mill is 20,000 feet per day. Mr. E. R. Hall is the agent and manager of the concern, than whom none is more capable or efficient. Though it is not the purpose of this article to enumerate in detail the different industries in and about Ishpeming, there is still another which merits attention, viz: the Ishpeming Foundry and Machine shops, which is owned and operated by Messrs. Rood & Ray. Up to the time that these gentlemen took hold of this concern, it had been running along with varying success, changing hands in rapid succession, and being sunk deeper and deeper in debt each successive year. But the present management, by the inauguration of a new state of affairs and close attention to business, have raised the concern from the mire into which it had fallen, and it is now one of the solid institutions of the city. Instead of straggling orders coming in occasionally, and most generally when the concern was but illy prepared to fill them, as was the order of things in days gone by, the establishment is now worked to its fullest capacity at all times, orders coming in about as fast as they can be filled, while the mechanical force is being steadily increased. The work turned out consists of all kinds of machinery, including steam engines, mining and mill machinery, steam boilers, castings, etc. Besides these above mentioned, there are the round-houses and shops of the C. & N. W. R'y [illegible]

pany, this city being the northern terminus of the first named road.

The city of Ishpeming proper dates its origin from the year 1868, at which time Mr. Robert Nelson, having bought large tracts of land, divided it up into lots, which at once found a ready sale. Residences, business houses, churches, etc., rapidly sprang into existence as if by magic, and in a surprisingly short time Ishpeming was, as it is to-day, the busiest town on the peninsula. From a township it soon expanded into a village, and in the early part of 1873—less than five years after its birth—it was granted a city charter and at once assumed the airs of a full-fledged city, with Capt. F. P. Mills, late superintendent of the Clevland mine, as its first mayor. All went well with the young and prosperous city until April, 1874, when nearly the entire business portion was destroyed by fire; the insufficient [illegible] protection at that time against the ravages of the fire fiend not [illegible] sufficient to stay its fury. This [illegible] short time, cast a shadow of gloom over the business men and people generally, but it was of short duration; for the indomitable pluck and energy which has always characterized the people of this city, was at once aroused, and in a few short months the city had arisen triumphant from its ashes, having been built up in a much more solid and substantial manner than before the fire. Despite the damaging effects of the panic, Ishpeming has steadily improved ever since, in population as well as business prosperity. The city now numbers some 7,000 inhabitants.

To give a full and detailed statement of the merchantile business of the city, with a digest of each individual house, would repuire too much labor and space to be prepared for this, our first issue, though at some time in the very near future both will be freely accorded. Suffice it to say that there is not a city or town in the country of its size, or even twice its size, than can boast such a liberal, straightforward class of business men as can the city of Ishpeming, and we doubt very much if any are more successful or receive better returns for the capital invested. Men have come here from all parts of the country to engage in business, and have come to stay, and a better lot could scarcely have been selected if a commission had been organized here at home to scour the country in search of them. What cannot be procured here in the way of general merchandise, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, millinery and dress goods, light and heavy hardware, lumber, wagons, carriages and sleighs, or, in fact, *anything*, it is needless to look for this side of the wholesale markets of Chicago or other eastern cities. Ishpeming is justly proud of its business men, who are in turn just as proud of Ishpeming.

The hotel accommodations of the city during the summer just past have been somewhat inadequate to the wants of the resident and traveling public, which was occasioned by the destruction by fire, during the month of May last, of that most magnificent hotel, the Barnum House. This building in itself had spread the fame of Ishpeming far and wide, and at the time of its destruction many people outside the city—everybody who had ever found shelter under its hospitable roof, in fact—sincerely regretted the sad disaster. But here again the pluck and energy of the citizens prevailed. A stock company was formed with Mr. Robert Nelson, owner of the old building, at its head, and the Nelson Hotel, on a much grander scale than the burned building, is now being rapidly pushed forward to completion on the site of the old Barnum House. In the meantime the little Barnum house was opened up, which together with the Commercial and several less pretentious houses, have very fairly supplied the city with hotel accommodations. The new hotel will be a model of beauty and elegance, and will be ready for occupancy about Christmas time, and Ishpeming will then once more be able to boast the finest hotel this side of Milwaukee.

Nothing, perhaps, goes farther to show the growth of Ishpeming than its public school system. In 1870 one small building furnished all the school room necessary; the next year outside buildings had to be hired and additional teachers engaged; and during the year of 1872 the schools became so crowded, every available nook and corner being occupied, that it was evident more school room should be had. The upshot of all this was the erection, in 1873, of the present commodious and handsome building, the pride and joy of every man, woman and child in the city. It is known as the Ishpeming Graded School, and it is situated in the center of the city, the grounds occupying some two acres. The building is 52x87 feet, three stories above basement, and contains in all twelve school rooms, beside recitation rooms, wardrobes, closets, etc. The building is well ventilated, and the air of neatness and cleanliness which pervades all its branches, in and out, speaks volumes in praise of the principal and teachers [illegible]

generally. The average attendance of scholars for the month just past was 840, which necessitates the use of 12 rooms and the employment of 12 teachers. Prof. H. Olcott is principal, and has been for the past two years, assisted by his daughter, Miss Amelia Olcott.

This article cannot be closed with any degree of satisfaction to the writer without making complimentary mention of the Ishpeming Fire Department, the pride of the city, and a source of comfort and safety to all its people. This department was organized in 1874 at which time the city purchased a rotary steam fire engine of the Silsby pattern, which was named the Robert Nelson, in honor of our respected townsman, and it is without doubt the best machine of the kind in this section of the country. In 1876 a handsome and commodious engine house was built and supplied with all the modern appliances for drying hose, etc. This engine house is two stories in height, the lower floor being the engine room proper, while the second story is used as a firemens' hall and engineer's residence. The department itself is composed chiefly of the city officers, and principal business men, Hon. John P. Outhwaite, mayor of the city, being chief engineer, H. H. M...don 1st assistant engineer, D. Wadsworth, 2d assistant engineer, W. F. Swift, foreman, P. H. Devine, 1st assistant foreman, W. O. Tislov, 2d assistant foreman, E. G. St. Clair, secretary, H. Asgaard, treasurer. Mr. Peter Onderkirk is engineer of the steamer, and the fact that he is retained in his position at a higher salary than other engineers have proffered their services for, shows conclusively that he knows his business, and has the entire confidence of the public. And the same thing might be said of the entire department, from beginning to end, which is conceded by all to be one of the best and most efficient in the state, and one that never fails to turn out at a moment's notice when occasion requires, though it is composed entirely of volunteer members, 35 in number. Long life to our Fire Department!

In conclusion, we would state that in the rush and hurry of placing this, the first number of THE WEEKLY AGITATOR, before the public, it is more than probable that we have omitted something, or perhaps allowed some few errors to creep into the composition of the foregoing, though we have endeavored to use the material at hand to the best advantage. If so, we ask our friends to be lenient with us for a time, at least, promising to make amends at an early day. If not, then we shall be most agreeably surprised, and satisfied with the effort so hastily made.


*General Merchandise.*

THE LADIES WILL FIND OUR STOCKS OF

# DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR,

Fancy Yarns, Embroideries, and Cloaks,

Direct from the New York Manufacturers,

ESPECIALLY COMPLETE AND ATTRACTIVE!

# CLOTHING!

At our Store in McKey's Block, Main Street, all fresh and desirable. We do not keep our Stock up on Job Lots. Also

FINE LINE OF PIECE GOODS TO MAKE GARMENTS TO ORDER.

Parties wishing Latest Broadway Styles can have an opportunity of selecting from the largest line of samples in this section, and have goods manufactured by one of the best Broadway Tailors. Garments guaranteed to fit and suit or no sale.

MYERS, WRIGHT & CO.,
Old Rock Store.

# FOR SALE CHEAP.

Come once and see us and we will guarantee that you will come again and keep coming. Bring your friends, and not only your friends, but

J. O. St. CLAIR & CO.

also your sisters and your cousins and your aunts. Don't forget the place. We deal in Everything

*Tailoring.*

# FITS!

If you want good ones, call on

G. H. ARTHUR & CO.,

Merchant Tailors!

ISHPEMING, MICH.

The Best Goods and Workmen in the City.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

J. W. Matson, Prop.

Best Accommodations in the City.

Lately Repaired and Re-Furnished. Rates reasonable. A Trial Solicited.

ISHPEMING, MICH.

H. ASGAARD,

Dealer in

Furniture!

Coffins, Etc.

CONTRACTOR.

And Manufacturer of [illegible] Repairing neatly done [illegible] attended to with prompt[ness] [illegible]

*Brewery.*

# LAGER BEER!

MESKE & HOCH,

Late of Milwaukee,

Having recently made many improvements in the Brewery at Marquette formerly owned and operated by Geo. Rublein, wish to announce to the people of Ishpeming and surrounding country that they are now prepared to fill all orders for

Lager Beer

Of their own brewing, and of the very best quality. Give it a trial; and after you have done so you will say that as good beer can be made on Lake Superior as anywhere else.

Beer delivered in any part of the City of Ishpeming daily by wagon. Mr. Wm. Webber is the resident agent. 1yr

THE LITTLE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER.

J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,

Dealers in

CARRIAGES

WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.

ROBES, BLANKETS AND HARNESS

Of all grades, at bottom prices never before reached in Marquette County. Especial attention is called to the

Model Business Buggy, price $65.00.

Portland Cutters, prices, $[illegible]

Nickel-Plated Single Harness [illegible]

1yr

*Hay and Grain.*

JOHN MOCKLER,

Dealer in

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, ETC., ETC.

Makes a specialty of

HAY & GRAIN,

Which he is prepared to furnish in large or small quantities, to suit purchasers.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

The new Brownstone Front, next door to AGITATOR office, Main street,

ISHPEMING, MICH.

1yr

J. W. JOCHIM,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE,

CUTLERY,

Stoves, Nails, Etc.

And Manufacturer of

TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE.

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| Salisbury | 4,000 |
| | $61,000 |

[...],000 per [...] of this [...]at home [...] citizens. Besides these there are many other mines within a few miles of the city, and which may virtually be called a part of it, among which are the Sagi[naw ... Win]throp, Lowthian, National, [...] Nelson. Each of these [...]ute liberally each year to [...] of shipments from this [...] and are a source of much benefit to the citizens and business men of this place, inasmuch as all their supplies are gotten direct from here. Nor is it at all probable that iron ore will, for any great length of time, continue to be the only staple to which this city can look for support, for within the past year or two large and excellent beds of slate and variegated marble have been found within a few miles of the city, and will, no doubt, be worked to their fullest capacity at no distant day. There is one iron furnace within the city limits, known as the Peat furnace, which was built by the Lake Superior Iron company in the summer of 1872, and started up the same year. At the time of its erection it was intended to utilize for fuel the large beds of peat in this neighborhood, which, however, proved a partial failure. The furnace afterward underwent some few changes, was enlarged and otherwise improved, and, we believe, converted into a charcoal furnace. When the panic came on all operations were stopped. The furnace has remained idle ever since, and the machinery was taken out at different times and placed in various parts of the company's mines. Recently, however, the Carp River Iron company, of Marquette, of which H. A. Burt, Esq., is agent, have taken a lease of the furnace, and it is now being put in shape for immediate operation. An article in reference to the changes and improvements now being made will be found in another column. The Deer Lake furnace, although not situated within the city, is generally looked upon as a city institution. This property consists of two stacks, one of which was built in 1873, is an iron shell, and one of the best charcoal furnaces in this region. Neither of the stacks are now in operation, but it is reasonable to assume that with the recent advance in prices of all kinds of manufactured iron they will not now be allowed to remain for any great length of time in a stagnant condition. An industry from which Ishpeming derives a direct benefit is the saw and planing mill of the Deer Lake Iron and Lumber company, also located at Deer Lake, though the company have an office and yard in this city. This mill is now fairly overrun with work, so much so that considerable difficulty is experienced in filling orders, and all kinds of heavy timber, rough and finished lumber, shingles, lath, etc., are being turned out each day in immense quantities. All the material sawed at this mill is brought into the city by teams, where it is loaded on cars and shipped to outside parties or sold to the resident public. The capacity of the mill is 20,000 feet per day. Mr. E. R. Hall is the agent and manager of the concern, than whom none is more capable or efficient. Though it is not the purpose of this article to enumerate in detail the different industries in and about Ishpeming, there is still another which merits attention, viz: the Ishpeming Foundry and Machine shops, which is owned and operated by Messrs. Rood & Ray. Up to the time that these gentlemen took hold of this concern, it had been running along with varying success, changing hands in rapid succession, and being sunk deeper and deeper in debt each successive year. But the present management, by the inauguration of a new state of affairs and close attention to business, have raised the concern from the mire into which it had fallen, and it is now one of the solid institutions of the city. Instead of straggling orders coming in occasionally, and most generally when the concern was but illy prepared to fill them, as was the order of things in days gone by, the establishment is now worked to its fullest capacity at all times, orders coming in about as fast as they can be filled, while the mechanical force is being steadily increased. The work turned out consists of all kinds of machinery, including steam engines, mining and mill machinery, steam boilers, castings, etc. Besides these there mentioned, there are the round-houses and shops of the C. & N. W. R'y [...]

pany, this city being the northern terminus of the first named road.

The city of Ishpeming proper dates its origin from the year 1868, at which time Mr. Robert Nelson, having bought large tracts of land, divided it up into lots, which at once found a ready sale. Residences, business houses, churches, etc., rapidly sprang into existence as if by magic, and in a surprisingly short time Ishpeming was, as it is to-day, the busiest town on the peninsula. From a township it soon expanded into a village, and in the early part of 1873—less than five years after its birth—it was granted a city charter and at once assumed the airs of a full-fledged city, with Capt. F. P. Mills, late superintendent of the Clevland mine, as its first mayor. All went well with the young and prosperous city until June, 1874, when nearly the entire business portion was destroyed by fire; the inefficient [...] protection at that time again[...]vages of the fire fiend not [...]ient to stay its fury. This [...]rt time, cast a shadow of gloom over the business men and people generally, but it was of short duration; for the indomitable pluck and energy which has always characterized the people of this city, was at once aroused, and in a few short months the city had arisen triumphant from its ashes, having been built up in a much more solid and substantial manner than before the fire. Despite the damaging effects of the panic, Ishpeming has steadily improved ever since, in population as well as business prosperity. The city now numbers some 7,000 inhabitants.

To give a full and detailed statement of the merchantile business of the city, with a digest of each individual house, would require too much labor and space to be prepared for this, our first issue, though at some time in the very near future both will be freely accorded. Suffice it to say that there is not a city or town in the country of its size, or even twice its size, than can boast such a liberal, straightforward class of business men as can the city of Ishpeming, and we doubt very much if any are more successful or receive better returns for the capital invested. Men have come here from all parts of the country to engage in business, and have come to stay, and a better lot could scarcely have been selected if a commission had been organized here at home to scour the country in search of them. What cannot be procured here in the way of general merchandise, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, millinery and dress goods, light and heavy hardware, lumber, wagons, carriages and sleighs, or, in fact, *anything*, it is needless to look for this side of the wholesale markets of Chicago or other eastern cities. Ishpeming is justly proud of its business men, who are in turn just as proud of Ishpeming.

The hotel accommodations of the city during the summer just past have been somewhat inadequate to the wants of the resident and traveling public, which was occasioned by the destruction by fire, during the month of May last, of that most magnificent hotel, the Barnum House. This building in itself had spread the fame of Ishpeming far and wide, and at the time of its destruction many people outside the city—everybody who had ever found shelter under its hospitable roof, in fact—sincerely regretted the sad disaster. But here again the pluck and energy of the citizens prevailed. A stock company was formed with Mr. Robert Nelson, owner of the old building, at its head, and the Nelson Hotel, on a much grander scale than the burned building, is now being rapidly pushed forward to completion on the site of the old Barnum House. In the meantime the little Barnum house was opened up, which together with the Commercial and several less pretentions houses, have very fairly supplied the city with hotel accommodations. The new hotel will be a model of beauty and elegance, and will be ready for occupancy about Christmas time, and Ishpeming will then once more be able to boast the finest hotel this side of Milwaukee.

Nothing, perhaps, goes further to show the growth of Ishpeming than its public school system. In 1870 one small building furnished all the school room necessary; the next year outside buildings had to be hired and additional teachers engaged; and during the year of 1872 the schools became so crowded, every available nook and corner being occupied, that it was evident more school room should be had. The upshot of all this was the erection, in 1873, of the present commodious and handsome building, the pride and joy of every man, woman and child in the city. It is known as the Ishpeming Graded School, and it is situated in the center of the city, the grounds occupying some two acres. The building is 52x87 feet, three stories above basement, and contains in all twelve school rooms, beside recitation rooms, wardrobes, closets, etc. The building is well ventilated, and the air of neatness and cleanliness which prevades all its branches in and out, speaks volumes [...]

generally. The average attendance of scholars for the month just past was 840, which necessitates the use of 12 rooms and the employment of 12 teachers. Prof. H. Olcott is principal, and has been for the past two years, assisted by his daughter, Miss Amelia Olcott.

This article cannot be closed with any degree of satisfaction to the writer without making complimentary mention of the Ishpeming Fire Department, the pride of the city, and a source of comfort and safety to all its people. This department was organized in 1874 at which time the city purchased a rotary steam fire engine of the Silsby pattern, which was named the Robert Nelson, in honor of our respected townsman, and it is without doubt the best machine of the kind in this section of the country. In 1876 a handsome and commodious engine house was built and supplied with all the modern appliances for drying hose, etc. This engine house is two stories in height, the lower floor being the engine room proper, while the second story is used as a firemens' hall and engineer's residence. The department itself is composed chiefly of the city officers, and principal business men, Hon. John P. Outhwaite, mayor of the city, being chief engineer, H. H. Mildon 1st assistant engineer, D. F. Wadsworth, 2d assistant engineer, W. F. Swift, foreman, P. H. Devine, 1st assistant foreman, W. O. Tislov, 2d assistant foreman, E. G. St. Clair, secretary, H. Asgaard, treasurer. Mr. Peter Ouderkirk is engineer of the steamer, and the fact that he is retained in his position at a higher salary than other engineers have proffered their services for, shows conclusively that he knows his business, and has the entire confidence of the public. And the same thing might be said of the entire department, from beginning to end, which is conceded by all to be one of the best and most efficient in the state, and one that never fails to turn out at a moment's notice when occasion requires, though it is composed entirely of volunteer members, 35 in number. Long life to our Fire Department.

In conclusion, we would state that in the rush and hurry of placing this, the first number of THE WEEKLY AGITATOR, before the public, it is more than probable that we have omitted something, or perhaps allowed some few errors to creep into the composition of the foregoing, though we have endeavored to use the material at hand to the best advantage. If so, we ask our friends to be lenient with us for a time, at least, promising to make amends at an early day. If not, then we shall be most agreeably surprised, and satisfied with the effort so hastily made.


DRY G[...]

Fanc[...]

ESPEC[...]

At our Store in [...]

FINE LINE OF [...]

Parties wishing [...] ing from the largest [...] tured by one of the [...] suit or no sale.

FOR [...] L

O[...] CHE[...]

Come once and see us and
we will guarantee that you
will come again and keep
[...]g. Bring your friends,
not only your friends, but
also your sisters and your
cousins and your aunts.
Don't forget the place. We
deal in Everything.

J. O. St. CLAIR & CO.

*Tailoring.*

# FITS!

If you want good ones, call on

G. H. ARTHUR & CO.,

Merchant Tailors!

ISHPEMING, MICH.

The Best Goods and Workmen in the City.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

J. W. Matson, Prop.

Best Accommodations in the City.

Lately Repaired and Re-Furnished. Terms reasonable. A Trial Solicited.

ISHPEMING, (1yr) MICH.

H. ASGAARD,

Dealer in

Furniture!

Coffins, Etc.

CONTRACTOR.

And Manufacturers of [...] Repairing neatly done, [...] attended to with prom[...]

*Brewery.*

# LAGER BEER!

MEESKE & HOCH,

Late of Milwaukee,

Having recently made many improvements in the Brewery at Marquette formerly owned and operated by Geo. Rublein, wish to announce to the people of Ishpeming and surrounding country that they are now prepared to fill all orders for

Lager Beer

Of their own brewing, and of the very best quality. Give it a trial; and after you have done so you will say that as good beer can be made on Lake Superior as anywhere else.

Beer delivered to any part of the City of Ishpeming daily by wagon. Mr. Wm. Webber is the resident agent. 1yr

THE LITTLE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER.

J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,

Dealer in

CARRIAGES

WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.

ROBES, BLANKETS AND HARNESS

Of all grades, at bottom prices never b[...] reached in Marquette County. Especi[al atten]tion is called to the

Model Business Buggy, price $65.00.
Portland Cutters, prices $25.00 to $[...]
Nickel Plated Single Harne[ss ...]
1yr

*Hay and Grain.*

JOHN MOCKLER,

Dealer in

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, ETC., ETC.

Makes a specialty of

HAY & GRAIN,

Which he is prepared to furnish in large or small quantities, to suit purchasers.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

The new Brownstone Front, next door to AGITATOR office, Main street,

1yr ISHPEMING, MICH.

J. W. JOCHIM

—DEALER IN—

HARDW[AR]E

CU[...]

Stoves, [...]

And Manufactu[rer of]

TIN, SHEET IRON AND [...] WARE.

# THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

## CITY AND COUNTY.

WILL they ever give us a rest—the street peddlers, we mean.

A REFRESHING and exhilirating shower dampened *terra firma* in this vicinity last evening.

THOSE desiring to purchase a house and lot cheap will do well to consult advertisement in another column.

REMEMBER the concert to be given by Phillip Phillips and family at the M. E. church this Saturday evening.

MR. AND MRS. D. McVICHIE had the misfortune to lose, on Saturday last, the second of their infant children.

PHILLIP PHILLIPS gives an evening of sacred song at the M. E. church to-night. Admission, 35 cents. Go and hear him.

A NEW crosswalk has been laid at the intersection of Main street and Cleveland avenue, from the AGITATOR corner to Partridge creek bridge.

C. H. KIRKWOOD, who has been confined to his home by sickness a few days during the past week, is out again and attending to business.

THE Ishpeming branch of the Marquette Chasseurs leave here for Marquette on Wednesday next, going thence by boat to the brigade encampment.

JOHN HARBOUR, the veteran night-watchman, is again on duty, after having been confined to his home for a week or so by a severe attack of pleurisy.

CAPT. WM. SEDGWICK is building a neat portico about his residence, which, when completed, will be quite an improvement in the appearance of the premises.

THE new steam heater for the fire steamer Robert Nelson is expected to arrive the present week or early next. As soon as it arrives the steamer will be supplied with a new set of flues.

MRS. MARQUETTE and her daughter Minnie returned to the city from Champion Monday last, where Miss Minnie had been prostrated by an attack of the measles while making a visit there.

THE collection of poll tax for this year in this city, not yet quite completed, foots up to the very respectable sum of $1,150. This is probably more than has ever been collected in any city or town on the peninsula.

A BERRYING party, which went some 20 or 30 miles down the C. & N. W. railway, Monday last, was one of the pleasant events of the season, and we participated in by the fairest ladies and bravest men in the city.

A GRAND picnic at Greenwood on Sunday last attracted some of our young bloods to the shades of that suburban hamlet. All report an enjoyable time, which they say can be had as well on Sunday as any other day at Greenwood.

THAT part of the county road running through Ishpeming township, from the limits of this city to the Ely township line, is said to be in a sadly dilapidated state, so much so as to make it dangerous to travel over, especially by night. The complaint should receive the attention of the proper authorities.

IF any town in the country was ever so overrun with nuisances as Ishpeming is to-day we'd like to hear from it. What with song peddlers, shoe blacking peddlers, corn doctors and the more respectable photo-copying agent, no wonder our people are sorely bothered.

THE hay crop will be pretty good in this vicinity the present season. The Lake Superior Iron company will cut about 150 tons on their farm, and the Deer Lake Iron and Lumber company will cut about 100 tons on theirs. Potatoe patches, too, look splendidly, and the yield will be immensely large.

THE first meeting of Zenith Lodge No. 33, K. of P., in their new hall, was held on Tuesday evening of last week, when the following officers were installed: Geo. W. Hayden, C. C.; W. F. Carpenter, V. C.; F. P. Tillson, P.; J. N. St. Clair, M. of E.; Geo. A. Newett, M. of F.; Edwin Hill, K. R. and S.; W. H. Rood, M. of A.; E. G. St. Clair, I. G., P. Oudekirk, O. G.

DURING the early part of the present month Gov. Crosswell pardoned a young man named Dominick Mollen from the state prison at Jackson, on the recommendation of the prison physician, who represented that the prisoner was dying of consumption. Mollen was a resident of this city, was tried and convicted of robbery in this county in 1875, and sentenced to the state prison for seven years.

IN a handsome residence, out on the classic shores of Lake Angeline, there came to light on Wednesday morning last a Diamond small and lustrous, but more precious by far to the present holders than all earth beside. Harvey says it's a boy, a regular bouncer, which we can readily believe. If the little stranger is anything like in size to the feelings of the happy father he must be a bouncer, indeed.

MIKE KENNEDY, Ishpeming's enterprising poundmaster, has several lawsuits on his hands. The nightly wanderings of the festive bovine were in truth a source of great bother and annoyance to our citizens till Mike became the proper officer under the city charter to suppress the nuisance. Mike did his work well—so well, in fact, that it is charged he went beyond the prescribed limits, took cows from places in the unplatted portion of the city—where they have a perfect right to be—and impounded them. The suits come off Monday, before Justice C. Kennedy.

## HEMATITE.

The hay fever crop is now ripe.

Two-wrists are quite plentiful in this section.

Uneasy rests the head that wears a black eye.

The national lying match has commenced in earnest.

Almost everybody would rather see a cowhiding than feel one.

Song of the milkman—when customers want milk I think it down.

Anglers from the lower states still persist in calling suckers trout.

They call it going on an excursion when a fellow passes from this life.

The county seat, like many other seats, is in a very dilapidated condition.

Dr. Tanner should not be visited so much by ladies, as he is a very fast man.

"Alas! my fairest hopes are blighted" is what the Wisconsin granger mutters.

Some editors are considerably like some hotel keepers, in that they are always preparing re-hash.

It is easier for a man to repair a hole in the sidewalk than it is to pay $1000 for a broken leg.

They have got the yellow fever at Bayfield—or, in other words, the gold fever. One is about as fatal as another.

We notice some men in marching never leave "footprints in the sands of time." They forget all about the time.

If you wish to get the spots knocked clean off you, buy a package of lightning eradicator and walk out to the lake.

There are a great many large suits coming off in the east now. They are bathing suits worn by visitors from Germany.

Hanlon is now shipping beer at his home in Toronto. He is bound to keep in practice, and when not rowing in his scull is engaged around schooners.

Ishpeming is the only city in the county that can afford a boot black. Don't blow any more about your hotel arrivals, waterjug places, metropolitan points, etc.

Poundmaster Kennedy, Hancock and Garfield are three of the most abused men in the United States to-day, but like many others, are willing to suffer that it provided it pays.

A fellow has no show of "taking time by the fore-lock" these days. Time goes so deuced lively that if a fellow can get a grip on the tail he may consider himself lucky.

Houghton people say that seventy-five cents for huckleberries and crackers is rather high in their section. They do not consider the fact that their town is not a fashionable watering place.

It has been said that the darkest hour is just before dawn. The darkest hour for a man is just about half-past six, when the old lady is pounding him in the ribs and ordering him up to build the fire and get up steam in the teakettle.

A butcher in Chicago was recently fined $10 for writing loving poetry to a girl. We think it very unjust to have treated the fellow so. When a butcher can't send tender loins to a girl without being fined for it, it is time to quit the business.

People on the Menominee range don't let much grass grow under their feet, judging by the way the home papers speak of the hay crop in that section. Well, when the dimensions of their feet are taken into consideration we do not wonder much at it.

A Houghton fireman, it is said by the night watch in the Nelson house, blew out the gas in his room, Tuesday night, and would have gone home without a spark of vitality in his pocket, had the night clerk not discovered the error and rectified it. Ishpeming is a good place for almost any kind of a "blow-out."

If some of our base ball nines would be a little more courteous toward each other, and play more with their hands than their feet, the national game might possess more charms to the citizens of the county than it now does. This "kicking" is disgusting; wiggle your toes less and play sass a trifle more, gentlemen.

At Albion, Mich., the highest circles are much interested in a law suit concerning a wealthy couple of that place, and the home paper states that women are quite plentiful and take their sewing to the court room. We suppose that the object of taking the sewing is to be busy at the time some interesting facts are being stated.

Kate Field works like a beaver.—*Detroit Free Press.* You allude, of course, to her Dress association, gotten up on the fur-sign style.—*New Orleans Picayune.* It is hoped that Miss Field does not, like the beaver, when she works hard, dam things generally.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.* Really the above are very cutting remarks, and should be cur-tailed somewhat.

There are few things in this world of which we are certain. A young man who took a girl to the show the other evening and saw her carried home by another fellow can substantiate this statement. It is rather aggravating to pay half a dollar to take a girl to see a play, and then have her leave you as soon as it is over to join another masculine; and besides the going home part of a show is generally the most interesting.

In almost every paper you pick up now-a-days you will see the advertisement of some mammoth circus, and in it the picture of a young lady being fired from a cannon, surrounded by smoke and flame. It is singular that some of them do not get killed. Just let us have a chance to load that cannon and select some of the ladies(?) running at large about the city, and if they are again seen before spring we miss our guess or else the old mortar will miss fire.

The watermelon is here and costs, on an average, about fifty cents. Think of this, ye grey headed grangers and voters, and, we might add, sinners. You are not willing to allow us privileges but when your watermelons are fit to husk, you husk them and ship them to this section, and with the proceeds aid the southern part of the state. Oh, you old bald-pated corn-dodgers, some night we will organize a squad and make a raid on your melon patches, and so bitter will be the war that not a melon will be left un-plugged in your whole district.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Was busily engaged in the very healthful
Pastime of raking together and piling
Up the sweet-scented hay.

A bumble-bee lit in her hair,
And Maud, whose love for bees had
Not as yet ripened until it was
On the point of exploding, jammed
The butt end of her rake into the
Globe, and in three seconds she was not there.

Fair Maud in all her innocence
Made a rush for a bed of pig-weeds,
Prostrated herself amongst them,
Rolled over and over for some
Minutes, and the bee was no more,
But the farmer, the skin-flinted
Old granger, for lost time, docked
Her the sum of fifteen cents.

Ishpeming can get up a first-class dance quicker than any other city in the state. It was nine o'clock Tuesday evening before the firemen's dance was proposed, and in exactly half an hour from that time ten sets were dancing in the hall to the music of a good orchestra, and many ladies were in the hall and not dancing. Some may say that our girls are red-headed and easily seen in the night, but 'tis false. It's all owing to a town entirely set up and run at home by a class of people who have the get-up-and-dustiveness about them.

Come, boys, dust around and collect iron specimens, as they will sell like hot cakes as soon as the American Institute of Mining Engineers visits us. It matters not whether the specimen is purely iron or not; experience has taught us that a good hunk of Jasper sells as readily as the purest mineral, provided it is represented to the learned professor in the correct manner, as any bright boy can soon learn to do. We distinctly remember how a certain lot of mineral-wise fellows, who visited us some three years since, carried away several hundred pounds of "rare mineral specimens and curiosities" which had been carefully selected by the small boy from a street which was being filled in with rock from the mines.

Two furnished rooms, in a most desirable part of the city, can be rented of H. M. Noble, over J. Mallanney's store. See advertisement.

THE firm of J. Stier & Co., cigar manufacturers, of this city, has been dissolved, J. Stier retiring. The business will be conducted by Wm. Creuz, and Stier will collect all bills now due the firm.

F. BRAASTAD & Co., being somewhat cramped for room in their old quarters, have removed their ready-made clothing department into one of the hitherto vacant store rooms in Anderson's building, directly opposite. Braastad & Co.'s store is enjoying a terrible large trade, which is day by day increasing.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of P. Ouderkirk & Co., which appears in another column of to-day's paper. They deal extensively in coal and wood, and will deliver the latter sawed and split if desired. Their yard is fast assuming business-like proportions, and the firm is determined to make a success of the enterprise if there is any such thing as doing so. Give them a call.

THE time for commencing the brigade encampment of the three regiments of Michigan state troops has been postponed from the 2nd to the 9th of August, and therefore the Marquette Chasseurs did not leave for Kalamazoo this week, as was supposed they would. They leave next week, however, and, it is said, in bran new uniforms, the delay in getting which for those companies in need of them caused the postponement of the encampment from the date originally decided upon.

*[To the Editor.]*

A CARD.—Permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to publicly express my most sincere and heartfelt thanks to those kind and generous people of Ishpeming who have been so very good to me during my severe illness in this city, as well as for the very large attendance at the entertainment given for my benefit on Monday evening last. Memories of the many kind attentions shown me will at all times be mingled with feelings of deep gratitude toward those who were kind enough to extend them, and I can but hope and trust that they may never be placed in such a position as to ever require such aid and sympathy for themselves.

JENNIE KIMBALL.

RESERVED seats for Henry Ward Beecher's lecture at Mather's hall, Marquette, on Thursday evening next, can now be secured at Tillson's drug store. A special train will be run from this city and Negaunee, enabling our people and those of our sister city to hear this eminent preacher. The price of tickets, including railroad fare to and from Marquette, has been fixed at $1.75, which is as reasonable as can be expected considering the very high price at which the reverend gentleman holds his services. It is supposed that every seat in the large hall will be taken, which, if so, will be due more to the gratuitous advertising given Mr. Beecher by the papers throughout the country during the past six years than any particular merit of his own. True merit and ability, in a lecturer at least, is seldom, if ever, appreciated in this section.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Peter Swanson, a Swede, lost his life at the Winthrop mine Monday morning last, being caught under a fall of ground and instantly killed, his neck having been broken. The man had been working at the mine for some time as a contractor, and had but just taken a contract to do some work at the point where he lost his life at seven o'clock the same morning. The work to be done was tunneling, and in prosecuting it the deceased dug too far under the supports of an arch, which gave way, the ground striking and killing him as before stated.

Deceased was a resident of this city, and was an old miner of many years' experience. He was much esteemed by his countryman and all who knew him as a sober, honest and industrious man. He was a member of the Scandinavian society, and the members turned out in a body to attend his funeral—one of the largest ever seen in the city—on Tuesday afternoon. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his sad and untimely death.

THE republican county convention for the appointment of delegates to the congressional and state conventions, both of which are to be held next week, was held at the Nelson house, in this city, Monday last. The following delegates were chosen to attend the state convention: Edward Breitung, William Rowland, H. O. Young, C. G. Griffey, H. H. Mildon and E. A. Maas. In the congressional convention the county is to be represented by W. H. Rood, E. E. Osborn, Wm. Sedgwick, James Pickands, H. E. Warner, C. Y. Osburn, Edward Breitung, C. G. Griffey, J. F. Stevens, Peter Pascoe and C. Merryweather. A number of the delegates from this county, it is stated, will endeavor to secure the nomination of Hon. Edward Breitung for member of congress from this district. Mr. Breitung has been a lifelong republican, is a very popular man on the peninsula, and fully deserving any honor the party can bestow on him. Had he been entered as a candidate earlier in the day there is but little doubt that he would receive an almost unanimous vote in the convention.

THEATRICAL.—On Saturday evening last the F. G. White dramatic combination returned to this city and produced "Rip Van Winkle" to a fair and appreciative audience. The play is said by all who were in attendance to have been extremely well rendered, and the audience was more than pleased from beginning to end, especially with Mr. White himself, who makes an excellent "Rip." The company very kindly volunteered to stay over and play on Monday evening for the benefit of Miss Jennie Kimball, the young lady member of Marble's company who laid at death's door at the Commercial house in this city for a couple of weeks, and some of our citizens interesting themselves in the matter, and making all necessary arrangements, the proposition was acted upon, the play presented being "Won at Last," together with a farce, "The Secret." The hall was reasonably well filled, and the amount accruing to Miss Kimball after the expenses of the company were paid was entirely satisfactory to all parties interested.

THE excursion given by the Ishpeming Temple of Honor to Republic, Saturday last, was a most decided success, socially and financially. Very nearly 500 people attended, mostly from this city and Negaunee, all of whom spent the day most pleasantly "taking in" the various amusements provided for their delectation. Dancing platforms had been erected in the beautiful grove which lies in the vicinity of the Kloman mine and just across from the Republic, where lovers of that sport could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. A base ball match between the Negaunee and Republic clubs was a source of much amusement and interest to a large number of spectators while it lasted, which was only till the last half of the third inning, when the Negaunee boys made a decided "kick" against the umpire, Mr. E. E. Weiser, and the game was declared won by the Republics by a score of 9 to 0. But probably that which drew the biggest audience from among the men folks, and created more fun than any other feature of the day's programme, was the Cornish wrestling match which was going on during the entire day. A goodly number of contestants entered the arena, among them the renowned Tom Carkeek, and the contest throughout was exciting and interesting. Other sports and amusements were provided by the ever hospitable people of Republic, and the excursionists returned home well pleased with their treatment. We believe the temple realized quite a handsome sum over all expenses, though the affair was gotten up more for pleasure than profit.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—About a quarter past 1 o'clock Wednesday morning last a young man named Frank Cahill met with a sad and painful accident in attempting to board engine No. 336, pulling the 1:15 freight at the Main street crossing, C. & N. W. R'y. Young Cahill was an employe of the C. & N. W. company, and consequently was accustomed to getting on and off trains while in motion. Being a resident of the New York mine location, and being about to go home at the time the train was going out, he attempted to get on the tank of the engine so as to ride, but missing the step in some manner, his right foot slipped underneath the engine and was run over by one of the wheels, cutting it through all the way from the toes to the instep. He was taken to the hospital, and the doctors decided that it would be best to amputate the leg at the ankle. The mother of the unfortunate young man, however, objected, and would not hear of having it amputated as long as there was any chance to save it. He was removed to his home Thursday, and the last report we hear is that at least a portion of the foot must be amputated this morning in order to prevent mortification from setting in. It is believed by all disinterested persons who have seen the injury to the foot, that if the doctors had been given their own way about the matter in the first place the sufferer would now be getting along much better than he is, or than he is apt to in the future. This accident should be a warning to those young men who are in the habit of attempting to board trains when they are running at a high rate of speed, moreover when it is done more for the fun of the thing than anything else. It is all well enough so long as nothing serious results, but the most proficient in the art of making "fly catches," as they are termed, is very apt to make one to their sorrow most any day. A railroad train is both a dangerous and stubborn thing to fool around, and the sooner that fact is realized by those in the habit of indulging in the practice the better for themselves.

HOUGHTON FIRE LADDIES.—According to a notification received in this city a few days ago, the officers and members of Continental Fire Company No. 1, of Houghton, made a trip through this county the past week, going first to Marquette, where they arrived about noon on Tuesday last. After spending a few hours in that city, they returned here, arriving on the 6:45 P. M. train. They were met at the depot by the Ishpeming fire department in full uniform, as well as the Lake Superior brass band. Forming a line of march, the two companies, led by the chiefs of both departments, marched down town and proceeded directly to the Nelson house, where ex-Mayor Outhwaite, chief of the Ishpeming department, in a few aptly chosen words, welcomed the visitors to the city and called on all of the Ishpeming firemen and citizens generally to show them around and entertain them during their stay in the city. Messrs. Mildon and Wadsworth, first and second assistant chiefs, also made short speeches of welcome, all which were replied to in that mild and pleasant strain peculiar to R. M. Hoar, chief of the Houghton department. The boys who run with the steamer "Robert Nelson," in this city, then gave three cheers and a rousing tiger for their visiting friends, when all hands repaired to the dining-rooms of our different hotels and partook of the repast that had been prepared for them. After supper the firemen were walking about the town, the two bands were discoursing sweet music, (the Houghton company being accompanied by the German National band of that place), when all at once it occurred to the people here that no means of entertainment or amusement had been provided for the evening. An effort was made in the early part of the day to keep White's theatrical company here to play for the amusement of the visitors, but failed. At the time notice was received here that the Continentals were coming on the 27th inst., it was supposed to be entirely too late to get up a real good dance, so that idea was abandoned. But on Tuesday evening it became very evident that something had to be done, and that right speedily; so a couple members of the fire department here, assisted by one or two outsiders, hustled around a little, secured music and a hall, and the word was sent around that an impromptu dance was the immediate feature of the evening's programme. Suffice it to say that the dance was a success in every respect, for in less than an hour after it was first thought of fifty couples or more were dancing on the floor of Austin's hall, and the evening was spent in a most pleasant manner. The hall wasn't crowded to excess, either, though the affair was free, the doorkeeper—one of the biggest men in town—refusing to admit any man or boy who was not accompanied by his own or somebody else's girl, unless, of course, he was a fireman. Well along in the small hours of the morning the party broke up, after being enjoyed to the fullest extent by all who attended. And thus ended the first session.

During the earlier hours of the next morning most of the visiting firemen took advantage of the time and occasion to look over the various mines in and about the city. Further on the Ishpeming department turned out and gave them an exhibition of the workings of the steamer and the facility with which the department could lay the hose, go up to the buildings, etc. The steamer was brought out and placed over the reservoir at the corner of Main street and Cleveland avenue, and for a time three streams of water were thrown—one from the top of the Rock store and two on Cleveland avenue, throwing to the direction of the foundry. The display pleased the Houghton boys and appeared to give them the idea that the Ishpeming fire department, from the steamer to the lantern boy, knew its business. By the time the display was completed it was nearly noon, the time intervening being filled in by the German National band, of Houghton, which paraded the streets and discoursed some very sweet music, indeed. Shortly after dinner the city fire bell rang and the two departments again congregated at the engine house, where they were regaled with music by the two bands for half an hour or so. Again the line of march was formed, and the Ishpeming company, preceeded by the chiefs and assistants and Lake Superior brass band, escorted the visitors to the M., H. & O. R. R. depot, where they were to take the train for home. At the depot a very neat farewell speech was made by Chief Hoar, of Houghton, who expressed the hope that the Ishpeming fire department would return the visit at an early day, and thanking the firemen of Ishpeming and the citizens generally, for the kindness and attention shown the gentlemen from Houghton. He characterized Ishpeming as being, if not the most beautiful, certainly the largest and most enterprising town on the peninsula, and in being passed off the class of citizens that would do credit to any place in the country. Chief Outhwaite responded briefly and to the point, thanking the gentlemen from Houghton for their good opinion of the place and people, and adding that it was not at all unlikely that the visit would be returned in the near future. The train pulled into the depot, the visitors got aboard, the bands struck up parting airs, the iron horse sped on its way, the Ishpeming boys returned to their quarters, red shirts and white caps were exchanged for ordinary citizens' dress, Mose Toutloff had his picture taken in uniform, and the firemen's blowout was a thing of the past except in the memories of the participants and lookers on. The advent of the Houghton firemen created quite a ripple of excitement in this city, and it must be said that they are a fine looking and orderly set of men. The trip has revived interest in the former practice, now almost extinct, of the firemen of the peninsula exchanging visits, and it now appears, from what we can learn, that the firemen of this city will visit Houghton and the copper district before the close of the present season.

A CORRESPONDENT's view of the Republic-Negaunee base ball game on Saturday last will be found on the second page of this paper.

PERSONAL.—E. D. Nelson and family returned from Cleveland and other cities Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. St. Clair and W. H. Rood returned, on Saturday last, from a three weeks' visit to Chicago and other cities.

F. Austin, the old-time meat market man of this city, but now of Fort Howard, Wis., is again in the county. He can't stay away long at a time.

Professor Wood, of the High school at Oskosh, Wis., was in the city a few days the past week, the guest of Mr. F. P. Tillson. He is now in the copper country.

Mrs. Cook, of Minnesota, and Mrs. Jackson, of Wisconsin, are visiting Mrs. Chas. Marquette, who is a sister of the last named lady, at her residence in this city.

Mr. D. H. Wood arrived in town by yesterday's train, from the Menominee range. He goes down there again Monday next, with what intention we have not been informed.

Phillip Pullips and family arrived in town yesterday and are stopping at the Nelson house. This evening they are to give a concert in sacred music at the M. E. church at 8 o'clock.

L. P. Crary, of Marquette, and the proprietor of one of the best little job printing offices in the state, was in the city Monday, a delegate to the republican county convention. The AGITATOR acknowledges a pleasant call from him.

S. Kinney, editor and proprietor of the L'Anse and Michigamme *Bee*, was in the city Monday last, and paid his respects to the AGITATOR. Sylvester is a sprightly writer, and gets up an excellent local paper considering the materials at hand

## NEGAUNEE.

In consequence of the illness of the advance agent there was no performance at the "Bank" Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

V. B. Cochran, of this city, is now sojourning among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, having gone thither with the Detroit *Evening News'* annual excursion.

A social party given by Miss Carrie and Master Adolf Sporley, at the residence of their parents, on Wednesday evening, was participated in by most of our young folks and highly enjoyed.

The dissatisfaction existing between Ruppelt & Sporley, hardware dealers, is being adjusted by an arbitrator. It is understood that Sporley is to continue the business, and Leonard will take his chances among the rest of the "jours."

The Negaunee club returned from Republic last Saturday with its brooms reversed the other way. Score: 9 to 0, in favor of the Republics. The boys claim to have been badly treated at the hands of the umpire, who gave them good and sufficient reason for making the "kick" with which they are credited.

This column would be incomplete if we did note the progress made in the new hotel. And it is gratification to know that it is rapidly nearing completion. By the time this item reaches the eye of the reader the first floor will be ready for occupancy, while the work on the second, third and fourth floors is so far advanced as to render its early completion a assured fact. A detailed description of the building will appear in these columns within a few weeks.

A good and true republican at our elbow punches us in the ribs and says he regards the announced candidature of the up-town gentleman for the office of prosecutor out of place, and thinks the honor might be conferred on one of the numerous attorneys at the east end of the line who have done equally as much for the party. Not being a political adviser, the AGITATOR doesn't care a continental snap who gets the nomination so long as the man is worthy the office.

The Jackson Mutual Aid society advertises its fourth annual excursion, to occur on the 7th inst., (next Saturday). The point selected is Escanaba, where ample picnic grounds are to be prepared and every arrangement made conducive to a general good time. The people of Escanaba are as hospitable as you find 'em anywhere, and those who attend the excursion can with a certainty depend upon a good time.

Miss Delia Ray, of Ishpeming, who is an accomplished equestrienne, while out on Tuesday evening, visited this city in company with other equestrians and equestrienes. When near the Iron street crossing the saddle-girth of the lady's equipage broke, throwing Miss R. to the ground, from which, however, she recovered before assistance, which was gallantry tendered, was required. After making numerous calls, the lady rejoined her companions, eliciting the admiration of all who witnessed the accident.

Charley Thoren has his new building encased in brick, while the work on the interior is progressing as rapidly as a dozen workmen can push it. Medlin has his enclosed and will have the brick work commenced as soon as the contractors have finished on Thoren's. The entire block will be finished within thirty days, which is remarkable quick time, considering the difficulties that had to be overcome. Thoren will occupy his part as a merchant tailoring establishment and residence, while Mr. Medlin will fit his part up for a furniture store and general offices.

The existence of a workable silver vein near this city has long been a mooted question, but not until recently has the reality forced itself upon us that tributary to our domiciles lies one of the most extensive depositories (not excepting the United States treasury) east of Colorado. To demonstrate this fact remained for a knight of the jack-plane and saw, who, between times has been in the habit of perigrinating through the dense virgin forests that surround our inland city. Just where the bonanza is located is, of course, a secret, but from specimens exhibited there is no room to doubt that the aforesaid k. of the j. p. and s. has found the thing that all have sought, and if he is not a millionaire within a short time it will be because he doesn't stick to his new avocation. The silver specimens shown at the new hotel resemble the famous horn silver of California, and if, perchance, it does not "pan out" as such, it will have the credit of furnishing many a "horn" for those who have been consulted in the matter. *N'importe.*

## REPUBLIC.

Tommy, how is your nose?

The Temple of Honor excursion last Saturday enlivened Republic considerably. The picnic was a success.

The Fanny May combination, or, rather, a remnant of it could not secure a hall here, and, consequently, did not appear. Good enough.

The White Dramatic combination gave four entertainments here last week. It was to remain Saturday, but an invitation from Ishpeming called it that way. Crowded houses was the rule here.

Mr. Richard Miller, who has been confined to his bed for the past week, and was at one time considered dangerously sick, is rapidly recovering, and will soon be out again.

The *Iron Herald* correspondent from this place manages to get things most terribly mixed every week. In this week's communication he makes only five incorrect statements.

The wrestling match here on Saturday last was largely attended and participated in, and consequently a success in every particular. Tom Carkeek was present and could not stand the racket; so gave his back to one Johnny Gerry, of Republic, who was awarded the first prize, $30.00; Wm. Boshton, of Champion, second prize, $15.00; Richard Ricker, Republic, third prize, $10.00; John Richards, Republic, fourth prize, $5.00. The wrestling is said to have been the best witnessed in the county for many years.

The match game of base ball on Saturday last between the Negaunee and Republics terminated in a fizzle. The former came here with the idea that victory for it was a foregone conclusion, but soon perceived that such a victory for them was rather doubtful; it also occurred to them that they could not win this game by their old and favorite tactics of bulldozing the umpire to decide as they might dictate. Hence their only recourse to escape certain defeat was, as usual, to provoke a quarrel by disputing each and every decision given by the umpire against them, and thus break up the game. This they accomplished in the last half of the third innings, and in this wise: Wm. Corbett, of the Republics, having secured his first base on a splendid hit to left field, was forced to second on a ground hit to that base by the next striker. The baseman, however, fumbled the ball, and while in the act of picking it up touched Corbett, who was passing him, with his left hand and then threw up the ball in his right, calling for judgment, which was rendered "safe." Upon this decision the captain of the Negaunee club very emphatically refused to play any further. The Republics, willing to complete the game offered to concede this point and give the man out, and prevailed upon the umpire to reverse his decision, but nothing would induce the Negaunee club to continue the game, thus obliging the umpire to declare the game forfeited—9 to 0 in favor of the Republics. After this had been done the backers of the Negaunee club stepped in and endeavored to bluff the Republics by offering to bet $100 that the Negaunee club could defeat the Republics in a game to be played upon the grounds of the latter on Saturday, August 7th prox. The Republics being composed of a lot of poor hard-working boys, at first hesitated to accept this challenge, but on being assured by several citizens that they would be backed up, they finally accepted, and made good their deposit of $25. John McCarthy, Esq., of Ishpeming, has been chosen as umpire. Any of our citizens who wish to give the boys a lift are respectfully informed that the Messrs. John and William Corbett and Peter Pascoe, Jr., have been appointed as a committee to receive such compliments, and we hope there will be many of them.

## L'ANSE.

Anybody having lost a bunch of keys enquire of Mr. Kunick, on Broad street.

Brooklyn's world-renowned representative of divinity, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, will lecture at Calumet on the evening of the 7th of August. Subject: "New Profession."

Our tramps are around again, notwithstanding that they were threatened with imprisonment if they should return. They have defied the law in this case, and no doubt in a great many more cases. They look like veterans.

The Continental fire company, of Houghton, accompanied by a brass band, passed through on Tuesday last, en route to Marquette and Ishpeming. They came in a fine appearance, it must be admitted, and no doubt have had an immense time.

Our fire company exhibited the engine's capacity and their skill in handling the hose so as to throw over the liberty pole, and strike dogs at every opportunity just to see them tumble. It was quite amusing. Our engine, to-day, is in pretty good shape, and yet there is room for improvement.

John Omler, an employe of the M., H. & O. R. R., who has been in the copper country for a few days, returned last Friday bringing with him a reinforcement of 18 men, of the Swedish persuasion, to work at the Taylor branch, eight more being expected there every day, making in all a force of about 50 men at work on the road. A mile of it is said to be already completed. The length of the branch from the main road to the mine is, according to survey, two miles and a half.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. D. A. Curtis, on the evening of July 21st, Joseph R. Bray and Miss Mary Curtis, both of this place. No cards and no festivities, save a social gathering of the particular friends of both parties. Next morning the happy couple departed on a wedding tour to Chicago and other places of interest. We offer our good wishes to both, and trust their bark will sail smoothly on the sea of life.

A meeting of the trustees of school district No. 1 was held at the primary school house, on Saturday, July 24, for the purpose of hiring teachers, the selection for the ensuing year being the same as the year past:—for the Bay Shore school, P. R. McKernan; intermediate department, Thekla M. Guck, primary department, Annie E. Welsh—the principal's department not being filled yet. The above teachers, we hope, will do as well in the coming year as they have in the one gone by, which was apparently satisfactory to all concerned.

The public interest in our county has not yet been thoroughly aroused concerning the coming struggle for county offices. There is, nevertheless, considerable manipulating and surmising going on, as to who will or who will not be the nominee for this or that office. The office of sheriff, strange to say, which is the only office in the county this year that cannot be held by the same person without a vacation of two years, is the only one that has not more than one or two candidates. The others, notwithstanding the almost certainty of a re-election, are aspired to by persons who are going to be elected (in their minds.)

# THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

As we grow old, our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We grope as those in darkened ways,
Through all that is existent:
Yet far off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But falls—as falls the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain
The cards of memory sweeping,
Unlocks the flood-gates of our pain
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily;
Or if some living faces wear
The looks that beamed so gaily
From eyes long closed and we should smile
In answer to their wooing.
'Tis but the past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night
Are ever of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasures bright,
Or dark with olden sorrow;
And when we wake the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those in some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset's portals.

## THE JOCOSE AND PERSONAL.

Snowdrop—Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in full uniform.

The friendships of the world are often confederates in vice or leagues of pleasure.

Old young men generally preserve their constitutions, and make young old men.

"About the greatest tail-bearer I know," said the farmer's boy, "is our peacock."

People seldom improve, when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

Why not have female conductors? The ladies are adepts in the management of trains.

There is nothing more necessary than to know how to bear the tedious moments of life.

"Blessed are the piece-makers," said the small boy who dropped a costly porcelain ornament.

"What struck you most in Italy?" a recently returned traveler was asked. "The sun," says he.

There is a vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause—none from the awe of shame.

Many persons entertain false views of real life, who have the most just perception of human nature.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. Yes, and our neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

Human society can only be a perfect thing when it is the matured exponent of man's nature fully developed in it.

No man will ever find out what he is by a mere survey of himself. He must explore if he would know himself.

Mr. Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora, N. Y., has by a gift cancelled the whole debt, $30,000, of Werl's College, at that place.

John C. Hall, once known as "Coal Oil Johnny," has been arrested in Cincinnati as a bunko steerer.

President Andrew D. White, during his whole tenure of office at the head of Cornell University, has given the whole of his salary back to that institution.

Some men dislike the dust kicked up by the generation to which they belong, that being unable to pass, they lag behind.

In the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and dispatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

Flattery—the hocus-pocus nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived.

The woman who is exceedingly sweet to one's face, and is very bitter behind one's back, may be said to bear false sweetness against her neighbor.

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on their right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.

Genius, having intuitively what talent has to gain by toil, is less likely to be pedantic—values not that which is natural to it—dreams not of exaggerated price put on it by others.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if——" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

The clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

Anna Dickinson says she was offered $20,000 for twenty Grant speeches in 1872. She refused, and, instead, spoke once for Greeley without pay. The result was $14,000 worth of cancelled lecture engagements.

A Liberal Translation.—A young lady, moving in the most excellent society circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague," in which the listener can readily distinguish the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers, and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are produced, the finale being a thunder-shower which disturbs the sylvan revelers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through the preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in the lodge of some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all the slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he, "There is always some darned fellow who oversleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The woods were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon, the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like," she said, as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demi-john or the bung-hole of a beer keg."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes), and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said:

"I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat down in the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, totally unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.—*Galveston News.*

The Irresponsibility of a Glass Eye.—As a train on the Kansas Pacific pulled away from the depot at Denver a few mornings since, a tall, angular specimen of humanity took a seat opposite a lady passenger, and, to all appearances, was intently engaged in studying her face. At first the lady treated the rudeness with good natured indifference. But at last it began to tell on her nerves. It was a peculiar and astonishing piece of impertinence. He apparently had the faculty of looking two ways at once. One of his eyes was restless, excited, and roved in all directions. The other, fixed and stony, fastened on her with an undeviating stare. She turned her head away but it intercepted her vision. She tried to hide behind a paper, but she felt that cruel eye piercing through the screen and creeping with a stony look all over her features. It seemed to be picking them up one by one and examining them with care. The thing became unendurable, and she cried out to him fiercely:

"Sir, why do you look at me so persistently?"

"Me, madam; why, bless my soul! I haven't been looking at you."

"You have, sir. For half an hour or more your eye has been absolutely riveted on my face."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic.

"Yes, sir, it's that eye."

"Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It generally looks any way it pleases—it gives me a good deal of trouble. A great many complain of it. At first I thought they were making fun of me, but I've found out differently now. I've been knocked down two or three times for the impertinence of that eye. I would leave it out altogether but for the looks of the thing. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman," and he brought his other eye to bear upon her in undisguised admiration. The lady laughingly accepted the explanation, and the rest of the journey was passed very pleasantly.

Aaron Burr's Gallantry.—Colonel Aaron Burr wore a loftiness of mien that could not pass unnoticed by a stranger. His deportment was polished and courtly. The appropriate civilities of the drawing-room were performed with a grace peculiar to himself. His whole manner was inconceivably fascinating. He acted upon the principle that the female were the weaker sex; that they were all susceptible of flattery, and his great art consisted in adapting it to the grade of intellect he addressed. Such traits of character would appear to be incompatible with an elevated and towering mind, yet they frequently controlled one of the most extraordinary men of the age. A volume of anecdotes might be related as evidence of Col. Burr's quickness of perception and tact at reply. After his return from Europe, in 1812, he met a friend, a maiden lady, on Broadway. He had not seen her for many years. As she passed him she exclaimed: "Colonel Burr, you do not recollect me?"

"I do not, madam," was the reply.

"It is Miss K., sir.'

"What!" said he, "Miss yet?"

The lady, somewhat piqued, reiterated, "yes, sir, Miss K. yet."

Feeling the delicacy of his situation, and the unfortunate error he had committed, he gently took her hand and emphatically remarked: "Well, madam, then I venture to assert that it is not the fault of my sex!"

A Nevada Production.—Of all the myriad bugs which nature has invented to pester us, says the Homer (Nev.) *Mining Index*, the Mill Creek woodtick is boss. The thing has a shell like a terrapin, with mouths all around and a dozen or two of legs, each one armed with a diamond drill. It burrows into the flesh like a gopher, and often becomes extended with blood to the size of a hazel nut, when it drops off, leaving an egg in the cavity. This germ causes an intolerable itching and burning, and a sore that is often difficult to heal. It is next to impossible to guard against them. Men are attacked in the most sensitive places, and out of a dozen persons sitting in a saloon or anywhere else about here three or four will all at a time be popping up as if hoisted by a pigeon-trap, shrieking "Godlemity!" The new-comer is startled and inquires the cause of this queerness. The reply is: "Woodticks." Carpet tacks and patent rat-traps aint nothin' to them.

The sun's temperature, according to Newton, Ericsson, Senchi, and others, cannot be less than from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 degrees—that is, 1,800,000 to 3,600,000 Fahr.; but Pouillet, Vicaire, Violle, and many others maintain that the temperature cannot exceed 2,700 to 4,500 Fahr. Not long since the French Academy offered an important prize for the solution of the question, which resulted in a reward to Violle, certificates of honorable mention to Vicaire and Crova, and a withdrawal of the prize, in consequence of the difficulty and uncertainty involved in the problem. Senchi obtained more than 2,000,000 degrees by Newton's formula, while Violle obtained only 1,500 degrees by the formula of Dulong and Petit, from the same set of observations. M. Rosetti concludes that the temperature cannot be less than 18,000 or much more than 36,000 degrees Fahr.

There has just been a new sensation in St. Petersburg. A young widow, left penniless, tried her utmost to make a living, but failed; she then resorted to strategy. Assuming the name of her deceased husband, she changed her dress for that of a man, procured employment in a factory, and worked for years, undiscovered and contented. By and by she met a young woman who was maltreated by her parents, and in order to save her from further persecution, proposed marriage, after having informed her of her own sex. The wedding ceremony was duly performed in a church of St. Petersburg, and the pair lived happily until the facts were discovered and exposed. The pair were arrested and committed to trial, but the Judges were puzzled by a case which had not been foreseen by Russian law, and it has been sent to the Senate for decision.

Johnny's Essay on Dogs.—Last summer our dog Towser was a lyin' in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad that he couldn't, cos he had to catch 'em, and bine and by a bee lit on his head, and was workin' about like the dog was hisn. Towser he held still, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him like he sed you see what this old buffer is doin' he thinks I'm a lily-of-the-valley which isn't opened yet but you jest wait till I blossom and you'll see some fun, and sure enough Towser opened his mouth very slow, so as not to frighten the bee and the bee went into Towser's mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smile wen the bee stung him and you never see a lily-of-the-valley ack so in your life.

Mr. Gladstone's election expenses at Midlothian amounted to $13,520.

Dr. Paddock, from New Orleans, has located at Marquette for four to five months, and will visit Ishpeming (at the Commercial hotel) every Wednesday, and Negaunee (Jackson house) every Thursday, regularly each week. Dr. Paddock took over 60 patients in Marquette the first week, and has already effected some extraordinary cures. Consultation free, and terms made reasonable to start with. 42w2

Read this twice.—Five to thirty drops of Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure common sore throat. It never fails in croup. It will cure a cold or cough in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. In the name of humanity, we appeal, that you apply it in cases of wounds, burns and scalds.

Home.—A private shelter to cover two loving hearts, the corner-stone of which is the virtue of woman, and from whose doors all other blessings of civilized life are to be traced. But yet no home is complete without a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, to prevent disease, or for cure of coughs, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c.

Pope & Billau, Druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes:—"We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the customer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil."

Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil both for myself and family for Diphtheria, with very best results. I regard it as one of the best remedies for this disease, and would use no other."

A young lady said to her lover: Charley, how far is it around the world? "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he as his arms encircled her waist. She was the world to him. And so is Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil the world to every person who has used it for coughs, colds, rheumatism, excoriated nipples, dysentery, &c. It is unmeasurably the best remedy in use. All medicine dealers sell it.


## Taken Up.

Came into my enclosure on Thursday, July 15, at Fredrich's Kilns, a red cow and calf. The cow shows evidences of having been hipped. The owner will please call, prove property, pay charges and take her away.
42w3 OLIVER JERRD.

*Furniture, Upholstery, Etc.*

A. TITCOMBE,

Has just received and opened for inspection the finest line of

HOUSEHOLD AND OFFICE

# FURNITURE!

Ever brought to this city, and affords those in need of anything in his line a splendid opportunity from which to make selections.

Among the many novelties in my stock, I would call special attention to a PATENT

# Folding Bed!

For which I have the sole agency for this county. This bed is a vast improvement over any produced heretofore, and is a very convenient and useful article in any household. An examination will convince any one of its merits.

CABINET WORK

and Upholstering, in all their branches, promptly and neatly done.

Do not fail to call on TITCOMBE if you want anything in the Furniture line. 36y1

# C. A. FOHRMAN,

DEALER IN

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

And General

*MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.*

Sole Agent for Lyon & Healy Piano, J. & C. Fischer Piano, Steinway Piano and Burdett Organ. Keeps a full line of Violins, Guitars, Clarionets, Piccolos, Flageolets, Accordeons, Harmonicas, Banjos, Brass and Silver Band Instruments, Musical Toys for Children, Select Sheet Music, Banjo, Violin, Guitar and Harp Strings, (best Russian Gut and others), Mouth Pieces, and every single article pertaining to the Musical trade. Every article guaranteed to be strictly first-class, and just as represented. An inspection will convince the most skeptical.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE MUSIC STORE ON THE UPPER PENINSULA!

And therefore the only place were every article in the Musical line can be procured without incurring the expense of sending below for it. All kinds of repairing and tuning done in a thorough manner.

C. A. FOHRMAN,
Ishpeming, Mich., June 15, 1880. 37tf.

*Clothing and Furnishing Goods.*

# BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH!

We are just in receipt of the largest stock of MEN'S, BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING! Ever brought to Marquette county, having purchased it during the past week expressly for the Summer trade, and which will be offered at astonishly low figures.

"And don't you forget it!"

—THE—

# NORTONS,

(T. & P. J.)

# BOSS CLOTHIERS

AND

*FASHIONABLE TAILORS.*

Want the readers of this advertisement to call at their Store, corner of Main and Pearl streets, immediately and learn of something greatly to their advantage.

NOBBY BUSINESS SUITS, STYLISH DRESS SUITS, FASHIONABLE LINEN DUSTERS, NOBBY HATS AND CAPS, NECK TIES, SCARFS, GLOVES, Etc., Etc. UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, COLLARS, CUFFS, Etc., Etc. THIS IS THE TIME AND NORTON'S IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS CHEAP!

# DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT!

*Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, Etc.*

# J. MALLANNEY

Respectfully announces to the people of Ishpeming that he has added a large

# WANTS

and varied stock of TRUNKS AND VALISES, selected especially for this

# 3,000

market, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices, and he wants all

# MEN,

Women and children to call and look the stock over and get prices.

# OUR OPENING!

We respectfully invite the people of Ishpeming and vicinity to call and look over our

# NEW STOCK OF GOODS,

Which we fully believe eclipses all our previous efforts, and is equal to any to be found in the county.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, Crockery, Glassware, etc.

JOS. SELLWOOD'S NEW BRICK BLOCK,

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, OPPOSITE NELSON HOUSE.

C. H. SEABORG, Manager. 1tf JOSEPH SELLWOOD, Prop.

*Lake Transportation, Coal, Flour, Feed, Etc.*

Lake Michigan & Lake Superior

# TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S

Elegant Passenger Steamers Leave Marquette

GOING WEST: Every Tuesday and Saturday Morning.
GOING EAST: Every Sunday and Thursday Afternoon

For Tickets and Rates apply to F. B. SPEAR, Agt., Marquette.

F. B. SPEAR,

DEALER IN

# HAY, GRAIN, FEED, FLOUR,

SALT, OIL, HARD, SOFT AND BLOSSBURG COAL.

Marquette, June 10, 1880. 36y1.

CURES RHEUMATISM, CURE COUGHS AND COLDS.
CURES RHEUMATISM, CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.
Cures Sore Throat, Cures Diphtheria.
*CURES LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS.*
*CURES LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS.*
CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES.
CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES.
*FOR SALE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE, ISHPEMING.*

*Brewery.*

# LAGER

BEER!

MEESKE & HOCH,

Late of Milwaukee,

Having recently made many improvements in the Brewery at Marquette formerly owned and operated by Geo. Rublein, wish to announce to the people of Ishpeming and surrounding country that they are now prepared to fill all orders for

# Lager Beer

Of their own brewing, and of the very best quality. Give it a trial; and after you have done so you will say that as good beer can be made on Lake Superior as anywhere else.

Beer delivered in any part of the City of Ishpeming daily by wagon. Mr. Chas. Lry the resident agent. 1yr

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Spring street,

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

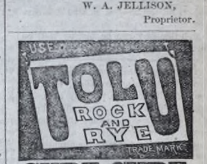
JUST OPENEND.

EVERYTHING NEW.

TERMS REASONABLE.

Jellison will be at all the Trains.

W. A. JELLISON,
Proprietor.




SURE CURE FOR

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, And All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Put up in Quart-Size Bottles for Family Use.

Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye, and other tonics. The Formula is known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemist, Prof. G. A. MARINER, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLU ROCK and RYE will afford the greatest relief for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, also Consumption, in the incipient and advanced stages.

Used as a BEVERAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delightful tonic for family use. Is pleasant to take; if weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human frame.

CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED by unprincipled dealers who try to palm off upon you Rock and Rye in place of our TOLU ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicated article made, the genuine having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

JAMES DWYER & CO., MARQUETTE,
30yr Agents for the Upper Peninsula.

# FITS!

If you want good ones, call on

G. H. ARTHUR & CO.,

Merchant Tailors!

ISHPEMING, MICH.

The Best Goods and Workmen in the Country
Send in your Orders. 1yr