

THE LION AND THE AGNIATOR.

NEWETT & McCARTHY, Publishers.

Devoted to the Interests of the Lake Superior Region in General and the City of Ishpeming in Particular.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

VOL. I.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

NO. 2.

City Directory.
C. H. DOLGO,
DENTIST.
Office in Milson's Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING, MICH. (1-77) MICHE.
M. H. CROCKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-77
SWIFT & OSBORN,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-77

ATTORNEYS,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-77

A. LIDBERG,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-77
Photographs, Tin-types, Etc.,
Finished in an artistic manner, and as cheaply
as anywhere on the Upper Peninsula. Ba-
talion guaranteed. A trial solicited. Gallery
on First street. 1-77

H. HARWOOD,
Dealer in
Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods.
Newspapers and Periodicals, Wall Paper,
School Books, Toilet Articles, Fine Cigars,
Black Books, Birds and Cages.
ISHPEMING, MICH. (1-77)

G. S. M. LOTH,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-77
Stoves and Tinware cheaply in any part
of the city. 1-77

M. SWEYN & OLSON,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS,
Window Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARBIDE PAINTING,
PAPER HANGING AND CALCIMIN-
ING SHUTTER DOOR.
Orders from Order Promptly Attended to.
Shop on Division Street.
ISHPEMING, MICH. (1-77) 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 down from the smallest article of
glassware to a poorly staid mountain, call on
him or address him at his office in Bank Street
building, 1-77. ISHPEMING, MICH.
N. LOSSELYONG,
Proprietor of

ISHPEMING HOUSE.
Has ample accommodations for Travelers
and regular boarders. Also in connection
a first-class RESTAURANT, capable of accom-
modating any ordinary amount of cattle.
Rates Low. 1-77 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.
Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Etc.
Goods delivered in any part of the City or
Mines Free of Charge.
Store in Mathews' Block, Main Street,
1-77 ISHPEMING, MICH.

DOWN ALONG THE STREAM WE GLIDE.

Down along the stream we glide,
Drifting with the dimpled tide,
O'er the water sweetly drest,
With the day's last beam,
From the chairs of ivy trees,
To the seats of the sun-dried sand,
Where the mirrored rind and root
Fringe the silver stream.

As we move along the shore
See the drops fall from the eaves,
Making circles o'ermore,
Waiting in the water,
O, our pleasures—may they be
Like the circles which we see,
Widening thus to you and me,
Till we pass the grave.

Slowly onward still we go
Where the trees the shadows throw,
Tress above and tress below,
Doubled in the tide,
Now a glass our souls shall be,
Doubled all that's sweet to see,
Virtue, love, and joy,
While through life we glide.

And when Eve her bells shall ring,
Only purple clouds shall be left;
That shall show no better thing
For a life than ours;
And along our tired way
We will float beneath the ray
That lingers beneath the day
Till happy lovers.

THE STORY OF A LION.
[Continued.]
"To the lions' den," down
with the maircants! At the same time
pointing as usual to the spears with
the enemies behind them. Brutus,
who was at the opposite end of the
cage—the tamer in the center—did not
move. Brinton gave the command a
second time, stamping with his feet to
enforce it. The eyes of the lion did
not turn in the direction of the speaker
as they had done when the animal was
ordered to the rescue, but still
in a somber manner on Brinton, who
the lion had been gradually to approach.
At this moment Rounders, who as
narrowly watching the proceedings,
observed a momentary quivering of
the eye in the tamer; still he called
himself expressive again, and gave the
order for the third time to the ag-
grievedly advancing brute, whose eyes
steadily fixed on him. The tamer
of Rounders beat quick; he held his
breath. The theory then flitted
through his mind about the gaily
human eye being able to hold the lion
in subjection or deter him from attack-
ing, and he scanned the eyes of Brin-
ton. They were both fixed at the
beast, but there was no sign of the
beast's quivering. Brinton cursed
and shouted at the brute, the noise of
which Rounders quickly understood,
another theory being that the lion is
prevented from attacking in this way.
This scene seemed rather to contribute
to the fear of the lion, but it was
presently drowned in his noisy roar.
The culminating point of anger was
reached, the mane stood out on end,
and the lashing tail stiffened into a
straight line, as the animal made a
bound toward Brinton, who still bore
himself as if he were a simple man.
Brinton fell. Quick as a flash, Round-
ers closed the single window of the
little door, and made a lunge at the
brute on top of the illen man.
The men with the spears started him
from behind, and as the animal turned
for a moment to face them Rounders
took advantage of it to clutch Brinton,
drag him to the door, and out of the
cage.

At this the applause was deafening.
It was the first in his commu-
nity, and the spectators thought it was
in the play. The heart of Rounders
trembled sick as he heard the admiring
shouts. He pulled Brinton into the
little tent-chamber; there he smuggled
him into an adjoining hotel.

The beast had ripped the flesh from
the heart nearly the length of the leg,
as the surgeon afterward, who was
secretly called in. Fortunately no
bones were broken. Five minutes
after the event of the cage, the man-
ager of the concern came before the
audience and stated that the celebrated
lion-tamer, John Brinton, who had
been engaged at a fabulous sum, and
had performed before all the crowned
heads of Europe, was killed. Round-
ers declared the single window of the
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the old assailed lion who appeared
to the public in the same cage with
Brutus. To which question Rounders,
picking a heart of grace, said he
thought he might.

"I don't," said the manager, "of
course, keeping Brutus out of the
cage, all condoning your handling to
Pompey, who is not a bad-natured
animal. Have you the courage to go in
to him?"

Rounders said he had.
"Don't want any foolhardiness,"
continued the manager. "If you can
manage to make Pompey run around
the cage a little, that will do until
Brutus recovers."

Now minutes afterward Rounders
was in the room of the wounded tan-
ner, whom he said:
"I'm going in to do the business
with Pompey, until you get well."

The expression of languid suffering
on the face of Brinton, as he asked,
"What are you going to do with him?"
"Do what you did with him—or try
it."

"Perhaps you may do it, Rounders,"
said the manager. "I don't
know but I might try that on him."
"Look here, Rounders," said the re-
taining man, "I have a word to say to
you. You tried to get Sally Stubbs
away from me for that I didn't like
it, but what you have done to-night
wipes that out, and puts something to
the credit of your account. This
being the case, let me give you this
advice: Don't try the 'meat kick,'
and when you go into Pompey, go at
him before he has time to think."

Brinton was left in the town where
he met with his mishap, under the
charge of the doctor, and the train
moved on to the next village, where
Rounders was to make his first ap-
pearance as a performer. He had faith
in iron, and as soon as he got inside
of the cage door he went to Pompey
with the magic wand. The animal
stood a moment and lashed his tail,
when Rounders quickly frizzled his
nose before he had time for reflection.
Then he gave way, retreating to one
end. Here Rounders strode toward
him with his whip and gave him a cut,
returned to the middle of the cage,
and stamped his foot as he had seen
Brinton do. The animal hesitated.
Rounders stamped his foot again and
raised his whip; then Pompey jumped
over his shoulder and up and down the
ends of the car in the traditional fash-
ion. The new scene pulled open his
jaws, lay down between his paws, and
stood over him with a foot on his neck
in sign of victory. After which he
bowed and retired. This was the
whole performance as far as the lions
were concerned, the others—Cleopatra
and Brutus—being simply exhibited.

"Not so bad for a beginner," said the
manager when he came out of the cage.
Miss Stubbs, who was standing by in
light, cloud-like skirts and flesh col-
ored, said something more hand-
some, being in closer sympathy with
Rounders than the manager.

For two or three weeks Rounders
continued to go through a performance
like the initiatory one, but at the end
of that time his ambition moved him
to do something more. Pompey was
tractable, and he determined to try the
"meat kick." He had not forgotten
the advice of Brinton, but he thought
it was given through jealousy. He
communicated his determination to the
manager, who told him if he thought
he could do it, to go ahead, for the
managerial mind was absorbed with
the idea of additional attraction. He
also informed Miss Stubbs of his pro-
ject, who exhibited more solicitude, and
his first impulse was to dissuade the
ambitious Rounders from the undertak-
ing. Under such circumstances men
are not inclined to heed the words of
women, and in this instance Rounders
did not. His principal aim in making
the communication was to elicit infor-
mation. She knew Brinton perhaps
better than any else in the company.
Couldn't she give him some "points?" Alas! she had no "points"
to give, for, however expansive Brin-
ton may have been under Cupid's in-
fluence, he was as close as an oyster in
what related to his profession, as has
already been said. The few he was not
concerned for Rounders to pursue,
which was to play a close initiation of
Brutus.

The night of the representation came.
The first part of the performance passed
off, and the second was at hand.
The sweet sound on the forehead of
Rounders in drops as it had on that of
Brinton when Rounders saw him on
the night of his resolution. He, in-
stead from the little tent-chamber with
a piece of meat in each hand, as he
had seen Brinton do, Miss Stubbs
had seen Brinton do.

stood at the door of the cage in her
professional costume, with the magic
wand in her hand.
"Jim Rounders," said she solemnly,
"keep cool. If you lose your presence
of mind you're gone."

"All right, Sally Stubbs," said he
reassuringly as he opened the door and
went in with the two pieces of meat.
The hungry animal jumped to his feet
and switched his tail. He snelt the
meat. Rounders threw him a piece,
which he seized with the voracity com-
mon to lions, and began to eat, growl-
ing between each bite. Rounders eyed
the maddening beast for a few moments,
as it fed, then he approached and put
his hand, at which there was a louder
and more threatening growl. It was
the growl of warning. A low femi-
nine voice reached Rounders' ear from
the cage door, until said,
"Jim Rounders, don't do it! But
Rounders was not a man to renounce a
project when it was once lodged in his
head; and he boldly reached down to
take hold of the meat on which Pom-
pey was feeding. A gurgling growl,
rising to a high key, was the response,
and a spring. Rounders was down
and the beast on top of him. At that
moment the cage flew open. Sally
Stubbs ran with the magic wand
against the beast and stuck it into his
mouth, and as it went in, the animal
like putting a stick in the fire. She
caught the prostrate man by the arm,
and drew him behind her with her free
hand, and thus holding him, she drag-
ged him back toward the door, hold-
ing out her foot in front to prevent a
renewal of the attack. The two got
out safe together. On examination it
was found that Rounders had sustain-
ed no other injury than some severe
bruises.

"No more of that, Rounders," said
the manager. "I don't want the pros-
pects of my show ruined by a tragedy.
You have had a narrow escape. Let
it be a lesson to you not to undertake
a thing you don't understand."

Rounders' first act after the rescue
was to kiss Miss Stubbs on both
cheeks, saying as he did so,
"Sally Stubbs, you are the only one
of the kind."

"Mister Rounders," said she, partly
pushing him back, "none of them
liberties with me. I may be foolish enough
to go into the cage after you, but I'm
not foolish enough to suffer them."

After that there was no performance
with the lions for over a week, during
which Rounders was despondent. He
was still occupied with the extraordi-
nary feat of moving meat from under
the jaws of a feeding lion. It pursued
him night and day, and he told Miss
Stubbs that he would never be happy
until he found out the secret.

At length Brinton overtook the
company, having come by railway. He
was completely restored, and as anxious
to begin again as the manager to have
him do so. He was informed of the
accident which had befallen him but
had attempted to walk in his traces.
He turned to Rounders saying,
"Now I suppose you'll own that I
wanted to do a good job of it."
"I acknowledge it—I was presumptu-
ous and wanted tapping," answered
Rounders with proper humility.
"As I told you before," continued
Brinton, "I owe you something. Sit
down here and let me talk to you."

Brinton picked up a piece of shingle,
took out his knife, and whittled as the
two sat down together.
"You want to learn the business,
but you begin at the wrong end. You
don't know much about lion nature,
and you want to do the high art in
the profession on sight. A man must
creep before he can walk. Now, you
tried to begin by walking, and you
know what came of it."

This was a specimen of a bit of the
talk given for the benefit and guidance
of the lion tamer *ex hoc*, and the piece
of Brinton got through with his ad-
vice, his words had a salutary effect,
at least for the time being.

There was a smoldering gleam of
vengeance in the eye of Brinton when
he entered the cage for the first time
after his accident, which brightened
almost into a flame as he bowed down
on Brutus with the hot rod. He per-
sistently thrust it at him; the great
cogwheel growled issued from his
throat, and he tried to break down the
rod with his paw; then he indignantly
fell around the cage as Brinton chased
him with his whip. This was accom-
panied with curses low but intense,
which would have shocked the Chris-
tian spectators of the assembly had
they heard them.

In playing the drama, Brinton took
the precaution to have put in the cen-
tre of the cage, as part of the decora-
tion, a stump of a tree, which was
hollow, and contained a navy revolver
and a bow-knife. When he gave
the command to Brutus to leap for-
ward against the spears, Brinton stood
along side the stump with one hand
inside of it, his forefinger playing with
the trigger of the revolver. The ap-
prehension of a recurrence of the criti-
cal scene which has been narrated was
however groundless. Brutus dutifully
leaped forward and smashed the brittle
spears, without hesitation, and calmly
settled himself to be embraced as a
"noble beast" afterward.

The "meat-kick" was given with the
success which usually characterized it
in the hands of Brinton, the applause
being enthusiastic.

"And yet," said Rounders to Miss
Stubbs, as they both stood looking at
the performance, "he does it just as I
tried to do it. How easy and natural!"
As he says, it's high art."

"I don't think it's anything to be
compared to standing on my cream-
colored horse and jumping through the
balloons."

"Ah, Sally Stubbs, we can't see
these things with the same eyes," said
Rounders with a sigh.
Miss Stubbs noted that sigh as she
had the other signs to which Rounders
gave himself over ever since his failure.
She was persuaded that the man was
incurable, unless that particular
mystery was unfolded to him.

One day, as the caravan wound
the shoulder of a steep hill, the horses
dragging the wagon containing Brutus
shied at some object in the woods,
which precipitated horses and wagon
down an embankment of twelve or
fifteen feet. The outside woodwork
broke in several places, and the shock
stopped, and several of the company's
The driver jumped up unhurt, but con-
sternation was depicted on his face
when his eyes turned toward the cage.
Brutus was standing on the ground
lashing his sides with anger at the
bruises which he had received from the
fall. Word went along the caravan
that the lion was out; all the vehicles
stopped, and several of the company's
people ran to the brow of the embank-
ment and looked down on the scene of
the catastrophe and the infuriated lion.
Brinton, who was riding in a buggy a
short distance ahead of the wagon of
Brutus, jumped out and ran back to
the spot where the disaster had just
taken place. He held in his hand an
ordinary whip used in driving a buggy.
With this he approached the angry
animal, the people falling back. When
he got near him he raised his whip
menacingly. The brute made the
quick bound for which he is known,
and struck him down, his claws sink-
ing deep into vital parts. He called
out a word of warning, but the angry
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the catastrophe and the infuriated lion.

The early history of the steel pen is
curiously obscure. The most diligent
search fails to discover the first maker
or earliest date of this implement.
There were steel, or rather, iron pens
made, we believe, in Holland, as early
as the 17th century. Towards the
close of the last century, Mr. Harrison,
an ingenious Birmingham mechanic,
made steel pens for Dr. Priestly. One
of these is nothing more than a tube
turned out of a flat piece of metal, with
the sides and points filed away in the
shape of a pen. The first actual sup-
ply of such pens, it is believed (the
authority for the statement is no more
than tradition), was made by a Shef-
field workman whose name is forgotten.
From time to time as far back as 1800,
steel pens, hand-fashioned, turned and
filed, were made as curiosities, or lux-
uries for presents; but it was not until
about 1824 that such instruments were
produced in considerable quantities as
regular articles of manufacture. Mr.
James Perry was the first manufactur-
er, but the process was tedious and
costly. The metal was steel rolled out
of wire, and for this Mr. Perry paid
much as seven shillings a pound. To
the first person he employed he gave
five shillings for making each pen;
and even when the trade had become
regular, he gave for some years as much
as 36 shillings a gross to his workmen.
Now, thanks to machinery and modern
improvements, pens—not very good,
perhaps, but good enough to write with
are made and sold at a profit for
three cents per gross!

Deadwood—Deadwood! The city
that was burned. Where is it? The
census-takers of 1870 found in Dako-
ta a big dead town, a Civil War
town—which could not have been the
Grecian Bend one, briefly in vogue—
but they discovered no Deadwood.
At the end of 1875 the post-offices of Da-
kota, which could not have numbered
a dozen all told in 1870, had become
nearly one hundred and fifty, but still

there is no Deadwood. Not a gazetteer
nor a general railroad map, nor, as far
as we can ascertain, any special map
or atlas, locates the town. In the
United States Official Register for 1877,
however, we find that there was a post-
office at Deadwood, in Lawrence Coun-
ty. Here again we are puzzled, for
even the excellent map of Rand, Mes-
sally & Co., copyrighted in 1876, shows
no county of Lawrence. Yet
Deadwood has been burned down,
two thousand of the inhabitants of the
town have been deprived of shelter,
and one of the many merchants who
have lost their goods by fire, estimates
his loss at \$100,000. The growth and
destruction of the town remain one of
Jonah's gourd, in the rapidity with
which both took place. Deadwood is a
mining town in the Black Hills, in
Southwestern Dakota, and the Territory
of Dakota bids fair, with its mines, and
the immense agricultural resources in the
eastern half of it, to grow, before the end
of the present century, into one of the
great States of the Northwest.

THE SUEZ CANAL—A letter received
at the Interior Department from Dr.
T. Woodbridge, agency physician for the
Fort Peck agency, gives the following
graphic description of the annual
"sun dance" of the Sioux nation,
which took place near Poplar River in
Montana Territory about four weeks
ago. "I have just witnessed the great
Indian festival of the 'sun dance' of the
Sioux nation. The great pavilion
worship of the sun. Great prepara-
tions have been made for it, and every-
thing was on the grandest scale. The
city of lodges was moved and the In-
dians camped on a plain including a
hollow square large enough for the
movements of thousands of horsemen.
In the center the great pavilion of
medicine lodge was erected, 150 feet in
diameter, the outside formed of small
poles of green poplar, and willow
thickly interwoven with green branches.
Resting on this, and on a rule frame-
work within all around for about
twenty feet the space was covered with
buffalo hides, and the 'dances' of the
people assigned to the musicians and
actors or dancers. In the center was
the great medicine pole fifty feet high.
Only the men occupied the deep circle,
where they were feasted, during which
time about forty dogs were immolated
and eaten, besides large quantities of
buffalo meat, wild turpitudes and hot
cabbages, and other articles that are
unnecessary. About 5,000 Indians were
present. All had on their holiday at-
tire. The dresses of some of the chiefs
and those acting as directors or priests
were gorgeous. When all was pre-
pared, amid the waving of banners, music,
and the loud shouting of the assem-
bled throng, over fifty brass entered,
each carried and naked to the waist.
Each carried in his hand an ornamented
whistle made from the bone of an eagle's
wing, which was shrilly blown during
the dance. Each also carried a bouquet
composed mostly of the wild sage.
The first afternoon's performance would
have been called wonderful for display
of heroism and power to endure and
suffer. Many had from 50 to 200
pieces cut out of the flesh of their arms
and back. The dance was kept up all
night with unabated fervor, every per-
formance having something new and
startling. But in the morning torture
reigned supreme, men dancing with
two, three and four buffalo heads fast-
ened to the flesh of his back, and in
the stooping posture he was forced to
assume they had torn the cuts in his
back to the extent of three inches.
Others were held by four different cords,
two in the breast and two in the back,
fastened to four staves, and still others
were fastened to the center pole with
ropes which were fastened to the breast
and back. Some, in addition to being
fastened by the flesh of their breasts,
had buffalo heads suspended from the
back, and they would be seized by the
hanging heads and jerked until one
would think their life would be forfeit-
ed. Others made frantic efforts to
break loose, and I often noticed the in-
terment to be stretched three or four
inches from the body. Some fell faint
and exhausted, and with wild shouts,
the din of music, and weird songs,
made of it a perfect pandemonium.
The dancers took neither food, sleep
nor water during the festival. Their
dancing, their invocations and their
prayers were fervent. They laid their
faces on the buffalo heads while pray-
ing for success in hunting, and the
priest went and asked the Great Spirit
to give them success in the chase, and
then he went to their wives and chil-
dren. Also to give them plenty of
horses to prosper them and help
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ned the tamer, "it's as simple as A, B, C,
when you know how it's done."

The secret, as explained by the fol-
lowing man, was in substance as follows:
It is a work of several months. You
begin by giving the lion a large piece
of meat, and when he has polished it
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and when he fastens on that you pick
up the bone. After awhile you will be
able to take the bone from under his
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meat in its place. In time he gets to
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you bow to the audience as if the feat
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"And as you did not see through
it," to resume the words of Brinton,
"though you watched me like a hawk."

"How simple!" said the enthusias-
tic tamer.

"So simple," continued the wound-
ed man with effort, "I'm sure you won't
do to yourself you never thought of it
before."

Here he gasped for breath. After a
pause he gathered himself together for
another effort and went on.

"You tried it on Pompey. He was
never tamed, and of course you failed.
If you are afraid of handling Brutus,
you can train Pompey as I did Brutus."

The tamer stopped again to get
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those which preceded it. He was weak
unto death. The faint reflection of a
smile flitted over his features as he said
in a hoarse whisper.

"My last performance now—no post-
ponement—on account of the weather."

After another long pause, in the
same hoarse whisper, he said:
"This secret will be a fortune to
you, Jim Rounders. Now shake hands
and let—us die."

And two hands clasped. One was
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life, but the other was dead. As
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THE SUEZ CANAL—A letter received
at the Interior Department from Dr.
T. Woodbridge, agency physician for the
Fort Peck agency, gives the following
graphic description of the annual
"sun dance" of the Sioux nation,
which took place near Poplar River in
Montana Territory about four weeks
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THE LION.

NEWETT & MCCARTHY, Publishers.

Devoted to the Interests of the Lake Superior Region in General and the City of Ishpeming in Particular.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NO. 2.

VOL. I.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

City Directory.

C. H. DELONG,
DENTIST.
Office in Midson's Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING, (C-37) MICH.
M. H. CROCKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37
SWIFT & OSBORN,
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

ATTORNEYS.

A. LIDBERG,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
All kinds of
PHOTOGRAPHS; TIN-TYPES, ETC.
Finished in an artistic manner, and cheaply
as anywhere on the Upper Peninsula. Satisfaction
guaranteed. A trial solicited. Gallery
on First street.
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Dealer in
Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods,
Newspapers and Periodicals, Wall Paper,
School Books, Toilet Articles, Fine Cigars,
Blank Books, Birds and Cages.
ISHPEMING, (Ind) MICH.
G. M. LOTH,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
And Manufacturer of
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.
ISHPEMING, MICH.
Resident and Traveler cheaper than in any part
of the city.
M. SWEENEY & OLSON,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS,
Window Glass, Varnishes, Etc.
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARriage PAINTING,
PAINTS, HANDBLING AND GARDENING.
N. H. NIELSEN, DORE.

Orders from Outside Promptly Attended to.
Shop on Division Street.
ISHPEMING, (Ind) MICHIGAN.
JOHN JONES,
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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 good sized mountain, call on
him or address him at his office in Block Near
building. (C-37) ISHPEMING, MICH.
N. LOSSLEYONG,
Proprietor of
ISHPEMING HOUSE.
Has ample accommodations for Travelers
and regular boarders. Has also in connection
a large STEAMER, capable of accom-
modating many amount of cattle.
ISHPEMING, MICH.
J. H. HARRIS, JR.,
Proprietor of
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCK PATENT AND
FAMILY FLOUR
Heat and Rye Flour,
Corn Meal, Oat Meal,
Glassware,
Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Tea and Coffee
Of all Kinds and Grades.
Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Etc.
Goods delivered in any part of the City or
Mines Free of Charge.
Store in Mathew's Block, Main Street,
1-37 ISHPEMING, MICH.

DOWN ALONG THE STREAM

WE GLIDE.
Down along the stream we glide,
With the water sweetly dyed,
Over the water sweetly dyed,
With the day's last beam,
From the chains of labor freed,
Past us by the scented wind,
Where the mirrored sun and red
Fringe the silver stream.
As we move along the shore
The drops fall from the eaves,
Making circles evermore
Whirling in the water;
O, our pleasures—may they be
Like the circles which we see,
Widening thus and thus,
Till we pass the grave.
Sowly onward still we glide,
Where the trees their shadows throw,
Tress above and tress below
Doubled in the light;
Such a bliss our souls shall be,
Doubting all that's sweet to see,
Virtue, love, and joy.
While through life we glide,
And when five her bells shall ring,
Only purple clouds shall bring
The life of the soul;
And when our feet shall be
We will that with spirits gay
We will that beneath the way
To happier lands.

THE STORY OF A LION.

[Concluded.]
"To the rescue, Brutus! Down with the miscreants!" at the same time pointing as usual to the spears with the enemies behind them. Brutus, who was at the opposite end of the cage—the tamer in the center—did not move. Brinton gave the command a second time, stamping with his feet to enforce it. The eyes of the lion did not turn in the direction of the spears, as they heretofore did when the animal was ordered to the rescue, but settled in a somber manner on Brinton, who was the least being gradually to approach. At this moment Brinton, who was narrowly watching the proceeding, observed a momentary quailing of the lion in the tamer; still he gave up his fierce expression again, and called the order for the third time to the gradually advancing lion, whose eyes were steadily fixed on him. The heart of Brinton beat quick; he held his breath. The theory then flashed through his mind about the steady human eye being able to hold the lion in subjection or deter him from attacking, and he scanned the eyes of Brinton. The lion was looking at the heart of the beast, but there was no sign of the beast's quailing. Brinton cursed and shouted at the brute, the motive of which Brinton quickly understood, another theory being that the lion is prevented from attacking in this way. This scene seemed rather to contribute to the ire of the beast; besides it was presently followed in his mighty roar. The culminating point of anger was reached, the mane stood out on end, and the lashing tail stiffened into a straight line, as the animal made a bound toward Brinton, who still bore himself as if he were complete master. Brinton felt. Quick as a flash, Brinton seized the quick wind, burst open the little door, and made a lunge at the brute on top of the fallen man. The men with the spears attacked him from behind, and as the animal turned for a moment to face them, Brinton took advantage of it to clutch Brinton, drag him to the door, and out of the cage.
At this the applause was deafening. It was the first night in this community, and the spectators thought it was in the play. The heart of Brinton turned sick as he heard the admiring shouts. He pulled Brinton into the little tent-chamber; where he smuggled him into an adjoining hotel.
The beast had tipped the flesh from the bone nearly the length of the leg, as the surgeon ascertained, who was secretly called in. Fortunately no bones were broken. Five minutes after the event of the cage, the manager of the concern came before the audience and stated that the celebrated lion-tamer, John Brinton, who had been engaged at a fabulous sum, and had performed before all the crowded heads of Envoys, was taken with a sudden indisposition to which he was sometimes subject, and would be obliged to deny himself the pleasure of appearing again that evening. Then he added some remarks about the noble beast of the forest, who probably regretted the non-appearance of his master—whom he positively loved, as much as the people before him.
After the show was over that night, the manager asked the doctor how long the wounded tamer would keep his bed, to which answer was made that it would be several weeks. The manager did not know what was to be done. Then, turning to Brinton, he said:
"There's good still in you, Brinton. You've got to go into Pompey until Brinton gets on his legs." (Pompey being the lion's name.)

the old celebrated lion who appeared to the public in the same cage with Brutus. To which question Brinton, picking up heart of grace, said he thought he might.
"I understand," said the manager, "if you keep Brutus out of the cage, and confining your handling to Pompey, who is not a bad-natured animal. Have you the courage to go in to him?"
Brinton said he had.
"I don't want any foolhardiness," continued the manager. "If you can manage to make Pompey run around the cage a little, that will do until Brinton recovers."
A few minutes afterward Brinton was in the room of the wounded tamer, to whom he said:
"I'm going in to do the business with Pompey, until you get well."
The expression of languid suffering left the face of Brinton, as he asked, "What are you going to do with him?"
"Do what you did with him—or try to."
"Perhaps you may do it, Brinton," said the manager. "I don't know but I might try that on him."
"Look here, Brinton," said the manager, "I have a word to say to you. You tried to get Sally Stubbs away from me; for that I didn't like you. But what you have done to-night wags that out, and puts something to the credit side of your account. This being the case, let me give you this advice: Don't try to 'meat jerk,' and when you go into Pompey, go at him before he has time to think."
Brinton was left in the town where he met with his mishap, under the charge of the doctor, and the train moved on to the next village, where Brinton was to make his first appearance as a performer. He had faith in hot iron, and as soon as he got inside of the cage door he went for Pompey with the magic wand. The animal stood a moment and lashed his tail, when Brinton quickly frizzled his nose before he had time for reflection; then he gave way, retreating to one end. Here Brinton strode toward him with his whip and gave him a cut, returned to the minute of the cage, and stamped his foot as he did Brinton do. The animal hesitated. Brinton stamped his foot again and raised his whip; then Pompey jumped over his shoulder and up and down the ends of the car in the traditional fashion. The new train pulled open his jaws, lay down between his paws, and stood over him with a foot on his chest in sign of victory. After a while he bowed and retired. This was the whole performance as far as the lions were concerned, the others—Cleopatra and Brutus—being simply exhibited.
"Not so bad for a beginner," said the manager when he came out of the cage. Miss Stubbs, who was standing by in short, dark-like skirts and high colored gaiters, said something more handsome, being in closer sympathy with Brinton than the manager.
For two or three weeks Brinton continued to go through a performance like the initiatory one, but at the end of that time his ambition moved him to do something more. Pompey was trouble, and he determined to try the "meat jerk." He had not forgotten the advice of Brinton, but he thought it was given through jealousy. He communicated his determination to the manager, who told him if he thought he could do it, to go ahead, for the managerial mind was absorbed with the idea of additional attraction. He also informed Miss Stubbs of his project, who exhibited much solicitude, and her first impulse was to dissuade the ambitious Brinton from the undertaking. Under such circumstances men are not inclined to heed the words of women, and in this instance Brinton did not. His principal aim in making the communication was to elicit information. She knew Brinton, perhaps better than any one else in the company. Couldn't she give him some "points"? Alas! she had no "points" to give, for, however expansive Brinton may have been under Cupid's influence, he was as close as an oyster in what related to his profession, as has already been said. There was but one course left for Brinton to pursue, who was to play a close imitation of Brinton.
The night of the representation came. The first part of the performance passed off, and the second was at hand. The sweet sound on the forehead of Brinton in drops as it had on that of Brinton when Brinton saw him on the night of the first performance. Brinton went from the little tent-chamber with a piece of meat in each hand, as he had seen Brinton do. Miss Stubbs stood at the door of the cage in her professional costume, with the magic wand in her hand.
"Jim Brinton," said she solemnly, "keep cool. If you lose your presence of mind you're gone."
"All right, Sally Stubbs," said he reassuringly as he opened the door and went in with the two pieces of meat. The hungry animal jumped to his feet and switched his tail. He smelled the meat. Brinton threw him a piece, which he seized with the voracity of a lion, and began to eat, growling between each bite. Brinton eyed the menacing beast for a few moments, as it fed, then he approached and put on his hand, at which there was a louder and more threatening growl. It was the growl of warning. A low feminine voice reached Brinton's ear from the cage door, which said:
"Jim Brinton, don't do it."
But Brinton was not a man to renounce a project when it was once lodged in his head; and he boldly reached down to take hold of the meat on which Pompey was feeding. A gurgling growl, rising to a high key, was the response, and a spring.
"Jim Brinton," said she, "keep cool, and the best on top of him. At that moment the cage flew open. Sally Stubbs ran with the magic wand against the beast and stuck it into his mouth, and as it went in, the act sounded like putting a steak on the fire. She caught the prostrate man by the arm, and drew him behind her with her hand, and then holding him, she dragged him backing toward the door, holding out her foot in front to prevent a renewal of the attack. The two got out safe together. On examination it was found that Brinton had sustained no other injury than some severe bruises.
"No more of that, Brinton," said the manager. "I don't want the prospects of my show ruined by a tragedy. You have had a narrow escape. Let it be a lesson to you not to undertake a thing you don't understand."
Brinton's first act after the rescue was to kiss Miss Stubbs on both cheeks, saying as he did so,
"Sally Stubbs, you are the only one of the kind."
"After Brinton," said she, "perky, pushing him back, 'none of them liberties with me. I may be foolish enough to go into the cage after you, but I'm not foolish enough to suffer them.'"
After that there was no performance with the lions for over a week, during which Brinton was despondent. He was still occupied with the extraordinary feat of moving meat from under the jaws of a feeding lion. It pursued him night and day, and he told Miss Stubbs that he would never be happy until he found out the secret.
At length Brinton overlooked the company, having come by railway. He was completely restored, and as anxious to begin again as the manager to have him do so. He was informed of the accident which had befallen him and that he had attempted to walk in his traces. He turned to Brinton's saying,
"Now I suppose you'll own that I wanted to do you a good turn."
"I acknowledge it—I was presumptuous and wanted to play a 'meat jerk' on Brinton with proper humility."
"As I told you before," continued Brinton, "I owe you something. Sit down here and let me talk to you."
Brinton picked up a piece of shingle, took out his knife, and whittled as the two sat down together.
"You want to learn the business, but you begin at the wrong end. You don't know much about lion nature, and you want to do the high art in the profession on sight. A man must creep before he can walk. Now, you try to begin by walking, and you know what came of it."
"This was a specimen of a bit of the talk given for the benefit and guidance of the lion tamer on his nature, and the time Brinton got through with his advice, his words had a salutary effect, at least for the time being.
There was a smoldering gleam of vengeance in the eyes of Brinton when he entered the cage for the first time after his accident, which brightened almost into a flame as he looked on Brutus with the hot rod. He persistently thrust it at him; the great one-eyed growl issued from his throat, and he tried to break down the rod with his paw; then he indignantly flung around the cage as Brinton chased him with his whip. This was accompanied with curses low but intense, which would have shocked the Christian spectators of the assembly had they heard them.
In playing the drama, Brinton took the precaution to have put in the center of the cage, as part of the decora-

tions, a stump of a tree, which was hollow, and contained a navy revolver and a howie-kick. When he gave the command to Brutus to leap forward against the spears, Brinton stood along side the stump with one hand inside of it, his forefinger playing with the trigger of the revolver. The apprehension of a recurrence of the criminal scene which has been narrated was however groundless. Brutus dutifully leaped forward and smashed the brittle spears, without hesitation, and calmy suffered himself to be embraced as a "meat jerk" afterward.
The "meat-jerk" was given with the success which usually characterized it in the hands of Brinton, the applause being enthusiastic.
"And yet," said Brinton to Miss Stubbs, as they both stood looking at the performance, "he does it just as I tried to do it. Easy and natural! As he says, it's high art."
"I don't think it's anything to be compared to standing on my cream-colored horse and jumping through the balloons," said she.
"Ah, Sally Stubbs, we can't see these things with the same eyes," said Brinton with a sigh.
"You tried it on Pompey," said she had the other sight to which Brinton gave himself over since his failure. She was persuaded that the man was incorrigible, unless that particular mystery was unfolded to him.
One day, as the caravan moved the shoulder of a steep hill, the horses drawing the wagon containing Brutus alight at some object in the woods, which precipitated horses and wagon down an embankment of twelve or fifteen feet. The outside woodwork broke in several places, and the shock knocked the door of the cage open. The driver jumped up nimbly, but concentration was depicted on his face when his eyes turned toward the cage. Brutus was standing on the ground lashing his sides with anger at the bruises which he had received from the fall. Word went about the caravan that the lion was out; all the vehicles stopped, and several of the company's people ran to the brow of the embankment to look down on the scene of the catastrophe and the infuriated lion. Brinton, who was riding in a buggy a short distance ahead of the wagon of Brutus, jumped out and ran back to the spot where the disaster had just taken place. He held in his hand an ordinary whip used in driving a dog. With this he approached the angry animal, the people looking back. When he got near him he raised his whip menacingly. The brute made the quick bound for which he is known, and struck him with his claws sinking deep into vital parts. He called out the name of Brutus with a groan. At this juncture the animal discovered that it was his master, as he quickly lay down on his back, and that day Brinton put on a new suit of clothes, and when he ran toward the animal it was evident he had not recognized him. Brinton lay unconscious on the ground, the animal not making any further attack after the discovery of the identity. The brute lashed his pony across at what he had done, did he give any proof of affection. He simply became indifferent, and while he was in this state, Brinton cut him into another cage by the display of a piece of meat, and as soon as he got him in, he jumped out and locked the door.
The wounded man was picked up, and conveyed to a neighboring farmhouse, Brinton being one of the men who carried him. In proceeding to the house he revived, and when they reached it, they carefully placed him on a couch. The nearest physician was sent for, he living two or three miles away. Making an effort to control the manifestations of suffering, Brinton requested all to leave the room except Brinton. His request was complied with. He asked Brinton to sit down alongside of him, as he could not speak loud, and he wanted to reserve his strength.
"Jim Brinton," said he, with a softened expression of his eyes, "have something to say to me, and I want to say it before it is too late. I was in no way sending for the doctor—I won't be here long."
At this Brinton offered a consolatory word to inspire hope, but Brinton understood what intent it was uttered, and took no notice of it.
"Jim Brinton," pursued he, "you owe me something, and I want to pay you before I die. It's about the 'meat jerk'—I want to be here long."

And the tamer, "it's as simple as A, B, C, when you know how it's done."
The secret, as explained by the sinking man, was in substance as follows:
It is a work of several months. You begin by giving the lion a large piece of meat, and when he has polished it to the bone, you give another piece, but of some of importance, the public will be told. After awhile you will be able to take the lion from under his mouth as you slip the other piece of meat in its place. In time he gets to know that when you take the first piece away from him, though it should be only half finished, it is to be replaced by a larger piece. Gradually you let a little time pass between the taking away and the giving, which he will get accustomed to. This is the time you bow to the audience as if the feat were finished, and when you give the second piece in an indignant manner, with some of importance, the public will not see through it.
"Just as you did not see through it," to resume the words of Brinton, "though you watched me like a hawk."
"How simple!" said the enthusiastic Brinton.
"So simple," continued the wounded man with effort, "I'm sure you wonder to yourself you never thought of it before."
Here he gasped for breath. After a pause he gathered himself together for another effort and went on:
"You tried it on Pompey. He was never trained, and of course you failed. If you are afraid of handling Brutus, you can train Pompey as I did Brutus."
The tamer stopped again to get breath, and the pause was longer than those which preceded it. He was weak unto death. The faint suggestion of a smile flitted over his features as he said in a hoarse whisper:
"My last performance now—no postponement—on account of the weather."
After another long pause, in the same hoarse whisper, he said:
"This secret will be a fortune to you, Jim Brinton. Now shake hands and let me die."
And two hands clasped. One was warm, and pulsating with vigorous life, but the other was dead. As Brinton held the lifeless hand in his, he resolved to renounce the ungrateful profession; but after the burial of the dead tamer, the ruling passion took possession of him again, and he did not rest until he had performed the "meat-jerk" with Brutus. Indeed, he was not satisfied to walk in the footsteps of Brinton, but became in his turn a creator of a Biblical drama, which he called "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

The early history of the steel pen is curiously obscure. The most diligent search fails to discover the first maker or earliest date of this implement. There were steel, or rather, iron pens made, we learn in Holland, as early as the 17th century. Towards the close of the last century, Mr. Harrison, an ingenious Birmingham mechanic, made steel pens for Dr. Priestley. One of them is nothing more than a tube turned out of a flat piece of metal, with the sides of points filed away in the shape of a pen. The first actual supply of such pens, it is believed (the authority for the statement is no more than tradition), was made by a Sheffield workman whose name is forgotten. From time to time as far back as 1800, steel pens, hand-fashioned, turned and filed, were made as curiosities, or luxuries for presents; but it was not until about 1824 that such instruments were produced in considerable quantities as regular articles of manufacture. Mr. James Perry was the first manufacturer, but the process was tedious and costly. The metal was steel rolled out of wire, and for this Mr. Perry paid as much as seven shillings a pound. To the first person he employed he gave five shillings for making each pen; and even when the trade had become regular, he gave for some years as much as 36 shillings a gross to his workmen. Now, thanks to machinery and modern improvements, pens—not very good, perhaps, but good enough to write with—can be made and sold at a profit for three cents per gross!

Deadwood—Deadwood! The city that was burned. Where is it? The census-takers of 1870 found in Dakota a big Sioux town, a Civil Bend town—which could not have been the Gretna Bend once briefly in vogue—before the city was destroyed. At the end of 1875 the post-offices of Deadwood, which could not have numbered a dozen all told in 1870, had become nearly one hundred and fifty, but still there is no Deadwood. Not a gazetteer nor a general railroad map, nor, so far as we can ascertain, any special map or atlas, locates the town. In the United States Official Register for 1877, however, we find that there was a post-office at Deadwood, in Lawrence County. Here again we are puzzled, for even the excellent map of Rand, McNally & Co., copyrighted in 1878, shows no county of Lawrence. Yet Deadwood has been burned down, two thousand of the inhabitants of the town have been deprived of shelter, and one of the many merchants who have lost their goods by fire, estimates his loss at \$100,000. The growth and destruction of the town remind one of Jonah's gourd, in the rapidity with which both took place. Deadwood is a mining town in the Black Hills, in southwestern Dakota, and the Territory of Dakota lies fair, with its mines, and the immense agricultural resources in the eastern half of it, to grow, before the end of the present century, into one of the great States of the Northwest.

THE SEX-DANCE.—A letter received at the Interior Department from Dr. T. Woodbridge, agency physician for the Fort Peck agency, gives the following graphic description of the annual "sun dance" of the Sioux nation, which took place near Poplar River in Montana Territory about four weeks ago: "I have just witnessed the great Indian festival of the 'sun dance' or worship of the sun. Great preparations have been made for it, and everything was on the grandest scale. The city of lodges was moved and the Indians camped on a plain including a hollow square large enough for the movements of thousands of horsemen. In the center the great pavilion or medicine lodge was erected, 150 feet in diameter, the outside formed of small posts of green poplar, and yellow thickly interwoven with green branches. Nesting on this, and on a rude framework within all around for about twenty feet the space was covered with buffalo skins, forming the 'dance circle,' places assigned to the musicians and actors or dancers. In the center was the great medicine pole fifty feet high. Only the men occupied the deep circle, where they were feasted, during which time about forty dogs were immolated and eaten, besides large quantities of buffalo meat, wild turkeys and hot cauldrons of other eatables that are nameless. About 5,000 Indians were present. All had on their holiday attire. The dresses of some of the chiefs and those acting as directors or priests were gorgeous. When all was prepared, amid the waving of banners, music, and the loud shouting of the assembled throng, over fifty braves entered, each painted and naked to the waist. Each carried in his hand an ornamented staff, and the dance was begun. The wing, which was shirley blown during the dance. Each also carried a bequest composed mostly of the wild game. The first afternoon's performance would have been called wonderful for display of heroism and power to endure and suffer. Many of the men from 50 to 200 pieces cut out of the flesh of their arms and back. The dance was kept up all night with unabated fervor, every performance having something new and startling. But in the morning torture reigned supreme, men dancing with two, three and four buffalo heads fastened to the flesh of his back, and in the stooping posture he was forced to assume they had torn the cuts in his back to the extent of three inches. Others were held by four different cords, two in the breast and two in the back, fastened to four stakes, and still others were fastened to the center pole with ropes which were fastened to the breast and back. Some, in addition to being fastened by the flesh of their breasts, had buffalo heads suspended from the back, and they would be seized by the hanging heads and jerked until one would think their life would be forfeited. Others made frantic efforts to break loose, and I often noticed the ineffectual to be stretched three or four inches from the body. Some fell faint and exhausted, and with wild shouts, the din of music, and wild song, made of it a perfect pandemonium. The dancers took neither food, sleep nor water during the festival. Their dancing, their innovations and their prayers were heard. They laid their faces on the buffalo heads while pressing for success in hunting, and I priest wept and asked the Great Spirit to give them success in the chase. At last they have food for their wives and children. Also to give them pleasure of horses to prosper them and help them to subdue their enemies."

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