

# THE ILLUMINATED ACQUINTANCE.

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## City Directory.

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## DENTIST.

Office in Midway's Building, up stairs, ISHPEMING, (D'Y) MICH.

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## ABU BEN ABEND'S DONKEY.

Abu Ben Abend was old and rich and stingy. His brown face was puckered and wrinkled like an apple that had baked too long. His body was bent over till it looked like the letter C, and he could not walk without the aid of a stout stick; but he was as keen as a lapin and as alert as a fox. He kept money as if he were young and strong. His only pleasures were counting over his money and beating his daughter and his donkey.

His daughter, Fatima, was beautiful and good; but he did not love her. He valued her only for the price he thought he should receive for her some time. "I do not know whether it is because girls are worth more or less than they are sold in Turkey," Ziba, his donkey, was a perfect treasure of a beast. Out of him Abu Ben Abend got any amount of work, for he hired him by the day to any driver who would pay his price, but Fatima he required nothing. She sat in her chamber day after day with dead old Ziba, her nurse, and made tattling and embroidered pin-cushions; but she wished with all her heart that she could do something more useful and interesting. Once in a while she was allowed to take a ride on Ziba's back, when the poor little beast could not be rented, and that she thought was the greatest joy on earth.

Across the way from Abu Ben Abend's stately mansion was an old house in which lived a handsome young fellow named Yousif El Kedar, with his mother and sisters. He had a right to wear the green turban for he was a descendant of the prophet; but he was so poor that he wore an old felt hat, except on holy days, and carried bundles or ran errands, or did any thing by which he could earn a copper.

For him Abu Ben Abend had the utmost contempt and hatred. He despised him because he was poor and hated him because he was young and handsome. Often, when he struck his daughter for some little offence, he would say: "By the beard of my grandfather, you shall marry that young man of no account if you do not strive to please me now." And when he heard Ziba, between the blows he would cry out: "To destruction with you, most unkind of all animals! I'll sell you to Yousif El Kedar if you don't earn me some money."

Now, when one hears a man's name spoken often, either for good or ill, one desires to see him. So Fatima watched for Yousif with great interest, and when at last she saw him, standing in the street tall and straight, like a palm tree, she fell in love with him, and thought of him constantly from morning till night. But as it is considered unlaudable in Turkey for a maiden to uncover her face or to speak to any man not of her own family, Fatima contented herself with peeping at her neighbor through her barred window or from her latticed balcony.

One afternoon, when her father was away collecting his money, Fatima crept down stairs to the stable of Ziba, the one creature in the house she could pet and love.

"Dear Ziba," said she, throwing her arms about his father's neck, "I am very unhappy; my little beast could me every noontide in the house."

"Climb upon my back and let me take you into the lacy streets," said the donkey, rubbing his soft warm nose against her rose cheek.

Fatima shrunk back alarmed, for Ziba had never spoken to her before.

"Don't be scared, dear mistress," said he, "when donkeys have been bitten nine hundred and ninety-nine times the prophet gives them the power of speech as a recompense. Do as I have bid you. Put yourself in your prettiest gown, put on your yellow slippers and your veil, and I will carry you into the world and we will see what will happen."

Fatima put on her nicest clothes and hung over her face a veil, which was made of thick white cloth, and left only her beautiful blue eyes visible; then she skipped down stairs and climbed upon Ziba's back. Away he trotted, through crowded streets and over high bridges, and across open squares, till he came to an unfrequented lane that led through fields of wheat.

A young man was walking in the road, and when Fatima overtook him Ziba began to act in a singular way; for he pranced, backed, and finally reared up on his hind legs, and would have thrown his mistress to the ground had not the young man caught her in his arms.

As he did so, the cautious veil slipped

to one side, and Yousif El Kedar (for it was he), saw Fatima's lovely, blushing face lying on his breast.

"Allah be praised!" he cried, and kissed her on the lips.

Yousif helped Fatima to mount upon the back of the naughty Ziba, and insisted on walking by her side till they reached the street in which they both lived.

"You are a sad beast," said Fatima to Ziba, as she tied him in his stall; "why did you try to throw me over your back?"

"That Yousif El Kedar might have a chance to see you and speak to you," said Ziba coolly.

"Allah be praised!" said Fatima, and she gave him twice his allowance of supper.

The next morning Abu Ben Abend filled the house with uproar. He swore and stamped and tore his beard, and threatened to beat himself within an inch of his life.

"Yousif El Kedar, a beggar and a son of a beggar, has written me a note demanding your hand in marriage," he cried to Fatima. "By the head of Mohammed I would fry him in oil for his impudence if he were in my power."

Fatima went down to the stable to see her one friend. "Be contented, dear lady," said Ziba. "A kind act is never lost. Yousif El Kedar is the kindest friend I have ever had. Lose my halter and let me go and see what will happen."

Not return, and told him so. "A kind act is never lost. Does a bird you and we shall see what shall happen," was his only reply.

Fatima untied him, gently patted his shaggy gray hair, kissed him between the eyes, and untied the gray Ziba thrust her nose under her hands for a moment, then turned and ran swiftly down the street.

As soon as he knew the donkey was missing from the stable, Abu Ben Abend had another angry fit; and as the days went by and he did not receive Abu Ben Abend, like all greedy people, magnified his loss, till it seemed to him the most precious treasure he had ever had was Ziba, and he was willing to give anything to regain him.

A month had passed and brought no tidings, when one day Yousif El Kedar, dressed in his green turban and his best clothes, and having at his side his grandfather's sword, which was shaped like the neck, knocked at Abu Ben Abend's door.

Abu Ben Abend opened it himself. "Ah," he cried, his face turned red with anger. "You want an answer to your letter, do you? Bring back my donkey this afternoon at three o'clock, and you shall marry my daughter!"

But when he slammed the door in Yousif's face.

For a moment Yousif felt like kicking the door down and slicing off Abu Ben Abend's head with his sword; but his anger cooled quickly for he thought: "Five hours must elapse before that time. I can at least look for the beast. Abu Ben Abend may find that a bargain is a bargain."

Ronald and round the city Yousif went till he came to the lonely lane where now as yellow as amber, and ready for the sickle. Way down the road he saw a little gray figure, very much like a donkey.

"Ziba! Ziba!" he cried. But when he walked the beast ran, and when he walked the beast ran, so he could not overtake him. And they soon came to a high hill, when the gray figure seemed to melt away into the wall of gray rock.

"Ziba, Ziba! Most lovely of animals! I am promised the hand of your mistress, the good and beautiful Fatima, if I restore you to your master. Do not hide from me."

"Knock on the rock five times," said a voice.

Yousif knocked, and the gray stone swung open like a door, and disclosed a narrow staircase which seemed to go downward into the heart of the earth. On either side this wall was sharp knives that twinkled and glittered like thousands of stars; and far down the descent stood Ziba. Yousif ran down the steps unmindful of the sharp knives and soon stood by the side of Ziba.

"Ah, my treasure, my heart's delight! My dear girl! Come with me at once from this place, and return to Abu Ben Abend, that I may marry the rose of women, the beautiful Fatima."

"On one condition," said Ziba. "Name it," cried Yousif.

"You must buy me," said Ziba.

"Alas!" groaned Yousif, "you ask the impossible. Abu Ben Abend would not sell you for a thousand gold pieces, and I am very poor."

"Knock on the wall before you," said the donkey.

Yousif did as he was bidden. The wall opened as the rock had done, and he saw a large vaulted room in which great heaps of gold were piled, before which strange creatures sat, looking in their arms silver harps upon which they made sweet music.

"This man," said Ziba to them, "has never done a dishonorable act; his never spoken a cross word to a living creature, nor struck a blow upon the upper part of his body; he has kept the stately of knives proves it. Give him, I pray you, his reward."

One of the strange creatures laid a sack upon Ziba's back, and another filled it with gold and precious stones, till the little fellow cried: "I can bear no more. Now," said he to the astonished Yousif, "we will return to the upper world and we will see what will happen."

Precisely at three o'clock Yousif entered Abu Ben Abend's gate, leading Ziba by the arm.

"Allah be praised, and all donkeys delighted," cried Abu Ben Abend, falling upon him with a stout kick. "I'll teach you, ungrateful beast, to stay in your stable in future!"

"Holla," said Yousif, seizing his arm. "For how much will you sell so miserable an animal?"

"Five hundred gold sequins!" shouted Abu Ben Abend. "Five hundred gold sequins, though beggar. Not a para less."

"I will pay that price for him," said Yousif, calmly opening his grille.

"And to make you feel less lonely at giving up the good and beautiful Fatima, I shall be glad to add to that sum 500 lira as a wedding gift."

Yousif counted out the money, and as a lira is worth about \$3.50, a sequin is worth about \$1.25, the whole amount made quite a little hill of gold on Abu Ben Abend's table.

"Bismillah!" cried the gentleman, shutting his eyes and dropping down upon his rug in an ecstasy of joy. "Bismillah! That I should have such a neighbor and not know it. Now I can depart in peace since so great and excellent a man is going to marry my daughter."

The wedding of Yousif and Fatima was celebrated with great splendor, as became a descendant of the prophet and the daughter of a rich young leader; and they began house-keeping in a beautiful villa that overlooked the sweet waters.

When they had been married a year and a day Ziba bade them an affectionate farewell, and trotted away down the lane between the hills till he saw till he came to the hillside, where he disappeared in the gray rock, as he did on the memorable day before described; but though Yousif knocked many times it answered none.

"That night a thick veil of wild roses sprang up about the gray rock and hid it, and Yousif, believing it to be a sacred place created a shrine there, and those who visited it sometimes heard a voice in the earth whispering: 'A kind act is never lost. Be kind. Be kind.'"

Yousif and Fatima were so very happy together, their bliss became a proverb, and when they died, at the close of a long life, and were buried beneath the shrine, among the roses, for many years young people made pilgrimages to the spot, to pray that in their wedding life they might be as happy as Yousif and Fatima. And the voice in the earth always answered: "Be kind. Be kind."

The Virginia City, Nev., *Chronicle* relates this incident. A work-keeper overhauled the train last night to overhaul a man who saved him \$16.

He announced his intention of wiping the platform with the man if he once got hold of him. He found the man, and had a long talk about the debt.

The creditor told a pitiful story of his hard luck, and he said he had only just enough money to get to Elk. The labor-keeper, in a kind-hearted way, and after hearing the story of the fellow's misfortunes, the tears stood in his eyes, and he remarked: "Mine Gott, Phil, ish dot so? Well, here's two dollars and a half for you to get grub on the way," and thrusting the money into the man's hand, he pressed it with it was grub and he tremulous "good-by, Phil," and went up town humming, "dot pay ish always in hard fig."

The greatest camp in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the

town of Riverhead, Mass. It covers five acres, and is now so full of cubs that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2,000 dozen of cubs into the pot, intending to have them "sold" for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feed," a peculiar shell-fish. The cubs know when they are to be fed, and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his horse calls thousands of them up to dinner, although anyone else may pound away all day without any effect.

One of these shell-fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, brings up in a few minutes several hundreds of cubs clinging to it.

THE HISTORY OF HERAT—A VICTIM OF PERSIAN ASSAULTS AND ENGLISH DIPLOMACY.—Herat is one of the most important towns in Central Asia. It is a great commercial centre, caravan routes converging upon it from every quarter of the compass. The strategic position which gives it importance, and for the last half century it has occupied a prominent place in all speculations regarding the best means of safeguarding India against Russian invasion. If ever it was proposed to invade India from central Asia, the easiest, if not the only practicable route for the army of invasion would be the route which has been followed by conquering armies in old times—namely, by way of Herat. The town lies in the valley of the Kerki Rud, to the west of the great Hindoo Kooch range of mountains, and thus lies in the way of any enemy desiring of evaluating that formidable barrier. Another of the advantages which Herat possesses for an invader is the fact that it is the principal town in a remarkably fertile tract. All the materials requisite for the organization of an army and the formation of depots are to be found there in abundance. The town of Herat is not itself, in the present state of its defenses, a strong place, although the engineering skill of a young English officer (Lieut. Pottinger) enabled it, forty years ago, to withstand a vigorous and protracted siege by a Persian army. It is surrounded by mud walls, and presents the form of a square, each side of which is little less than a mile in length. The interior is divided symmetrically into four quarters by four bazars, or covered streets, which start from gates placed each in the middle of one of the four walls, and meet in the center of the town. Forty years ago the population was estimated at about forty thousand, but it is not believed to be so large now. Readers of Indian history know that in the early part of this century one of the objects of English policy was to use Persia as a bulwark or buffer against Russian aggression, the so-called "Great Game" of the Napoleonic period by a rumored alliance between the French emperor and the czar, having for its object a simultaneous attack upon England in the east and in the west. Great Britain cultivated friendly relations with the shah, and even lent him English officers to lead his troops, with the result, it was said, of making them more less efficient than if they had stuck to the discipline to which they were accustomed. But when difficulties arose between the shah and the czar, British assistance was not so substantial as the former had expected, and the consequence was that Russian influence had become predominant at the court of Teheran. It was supposed to have been in consequence of this influence that Shah Mahmood insisted on the acquisition of Herat, Persia would certainly not have objected to seeing so important a position in the hands of an ally. But, as chance directed it, Lieut. Pottinger was on the spot, and with his help Herat stood the siege till Lord Auckland intervened, and the Persians withdrew, leaving Shah Kamran to his independence.

It was probably the attack of the Anglo-Indian government their first experiment at establishing a strong and friendly Afghanistan by setting up and supporting a prince of English nobility on the Afghan throne. It was this policy, at least, which precipitated that event, toward which the Anglo-Indian statesman had been leaning after the rupture of cordial relations with Persia. During the convulsions which followed the unfortunate experiment with Shah Soofiah Herat maintained its independence. But some ten or twelve years after its independence was again threatened by Persia, and the year before the Indian north-west England declared war

Persia to prevent its becoming an integral part of that kingdom. The danger of the absorption of Herat by Persia arose in this way: The viceroy of Herat quarreled with the Herat chieftains, and finding himself powerless to maintain his authority for himself, appealed to Persia for help, and made a tender of his allegiance to the shah. This tender the British government would not allow the shah to accept, and a convention was agreed to in January, 1833, by which Persia undertook not to send troops to Herat unless it were menaced from Candahar or Cabul. The relations between Persia, Herat, and eastern Afghanistan remained neutral under this convention for three years. In March, 1836, the Persians took possession of Herat. Soon after there was a popular rising, and the Persians were driven out of the city. Then there was another rising, and a new governor chosen by the Heratites while the Persians were at the gates of the city. Finally this new governor, despairing of success from the aid of Mahmood of Herat, surrendered Herat to the Persians. The last event took place in October, 1856, and some six months afterward the Persians were compelled, by the persuasion of an English expedition, to restore Herat to its independence. It remained for six years under the independent rule of a chieftain from the tribe of the Mohammed Khan was to undertake an expedition which Herat was added to the dominions of the amir of Afghanistan. It will thus be seen that Herat has not long been part of the dominions ruled from Cabul.

People who are in the habit of expending their surplus pocket money in the purchase of lottery tickets, will do well to make a note of the fact that, by a recent decision of the postmaster general, letters addressed to any lottery concern are not proper matter to transmit through the mail, and are to be detained by the postmaster of the office where they are deposited. Visionary individuals who expect to become suddenly rich through the favor of a rotating wheel, will find themselves much more competent to buy their daily bread and cheese if they sink their money in a stocking, or purchase a rotary sawbuck, than they will by sending their spare change to the snide lotteries in Louisville or New Orleans.

A real nudge was one of the attractions in the play of "The Forty Thieves" as produced in Virginia City, Nev. The result is described by the *Chronicle* as follows: "No sooner had all come out of the cave with his bags of wealth, and attempted to put them on the back of the beast, than he began to play the performance: He let fly with his heels, kicked the shavings (the supposed fishes) out of the logs, kicked down the curtain, kicked the whole floor, kicked down the wings, kicked the end of the bass-viol, leaning against the stage, to pieces; smashed the footlights and finally doubled up all by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. A rope was fastened around him and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.—Among the excited crowd that besieged the office of the Helena, Montana, Independent for news concerning the Ute outbreak there stood a tall, handsome young man of 28, the strange whiteness of whose hair became at once a matter of comment. This young man was John Lesaffr, who not long ago held himself as a ranchman with Charles D. Harl, three miles out of Helena. Lesaffr was impounded by an Independent reporter to tell "the story of his gray top-knot." He is at the age of nineteen years one of the seven packers who left Fort Lincoln in 1875 to ride with Gen. Custer along the Little Big Horn. When the fight of that bright, but disastrous morning opened Lesaffr, with his companions, happened to be three miles away from the command. In a few moments after the sound of the combat reached him a band of Sioux sprang from the grass within a few feet of them. Lesaffr raised his rifle, placed it in the mouth of the nearest horse and, leaning upon the animal's back, plunged his spurs into the flank. As he lunged his horse he saw his six companions go down, one after the other. One bullet out of the hundred that followed him through his neck, another cut a deep furrow across his cheek, a third embedded itself in his thigh and a fourth killed his horse. The desperate boy shot an arrowing Indian and ran for a belt of timber half a mile distant. Here, fast, he took a faint and faint from loss of

blood, he outran his pursuers and reached the woods, where he hid for three days. He was at last lured by three friendly Crow Indians and taken by them to Fort Lincoln, where he told of the tragedy. It was not until he had reached the fort that he knew of the change in his hair, which, before his terrible suffering, was as black as a raven's wing. Lesaffr has since been living at various points on the plains: He does not like to go over the story of his wonderful adventure.

Not so GAZES as HE LOOKED.—There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue the other day, saying the Detroit *Free Press*, to be the straggler. Several blackheads had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into a committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent-looking shiner slipped up to the straggler and said: "See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-headed answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one of 'em shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Hit stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost you a cent."

The straggler slowly consented, and held his watch to mind the work. The lad worked fast, and had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, puffed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys planned: They expected him offer to complete the job, but it didn't come. After a moment devoted to thought, the young man descended the steps to the harbor master's boat, reached out his foot for the water, and "soaked" went the shiny shoe below the surface. "I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe, "if you kin shine my shoes think you're smart; but none of our family ever mistook saltwater for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz saw."

THE SEA SERPENT ABOARD.—The last appearance of the sea-serpent was on the French coast. Captain J. F. Cox, master of the British ship *Prize*, which arrived at Delaware Breakwater on the 19th instant from London says: "On the 5th ultimo, 100 miles west of Brest, France, as I was walking the quarter-deck looking to the windward, I saw something black rise out of the water about 20 feet, in shape like an immense snake, about three feet in diameter. It was about 300 yards from the ship coming toward us. It turned about partly from us, and went down with a splash, after staying out about five seconds, but rose again three times, at intervals of ten seconds, until it had turned completely from us and was going from us with great speed and making the water boil all around it. I could see its eyes and shape perfectly. It was like a great eel or snake, but as black as coal tar, and appeared to be making great exertions to get away from the ship. I have seen many kinds of fish in five different oceans, but was never favored with a sight of the great sea snake before."

If one note in the organ be out of key or hard of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every true this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out in every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A girl or boy may be obedient, filial, industrious, kind, and true; but if temper is a jarring reed that touches every chord with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," said Agur; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes—if too small they will gild and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip. Wealth after all is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much and wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a tub was too small for Alexander.

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, OCT. 25.

The large stock pile which was gotten out at No. 7, Jackson mine, last winter, has been entirely shipped.

This diamond drill which has been at work on the Iron Cliffs company's property just north of the Phoenix mine, for some time past, has been removed to this city. Two holes were drilled but no ore struck.

A shaft is being sunk by the Jackson Iron company near the railroad track, a short distance from that office. When down to the required depth, drift will be driven in different directions in order to ascertain just where and how the vein lies.

The work of exploring still goes on in this section. A lease of the north-west quarter of section 8, has lately been taken by Messrs. Wm. Allen and El. Blake, who are busily engaged in testing the ground. It is thought by experts that ore exists there in paying quantities. The Indiana is the name assumed by the new company.

The Keystone mine, since the recent renewal of operations under the new management, and under the immediate supervision of Capt. Geo. Mitchell, late of Humboldt, continues to improve daily, and promises ere long to become one of the most productive and best paying properties in the district. Why it should have been allowed to remain idle so long is a mystery to us.

NEOTERRANS are about completed which will secure the working of the Albion mine, under a lease by the Saginaw Iron company, this fall and winter. The outcrops and surface improvements are in a good state of repair, and can be immediately utilized. It is confidently expected by the new management that the Saginaw vein will be found on this property.

Now, then, why do some enterprising business men, with a little spare capital, take hold of the Spurr mine and work it for all it is worth? This mine was never in such good condition for cheap and extensive working, when operations were suspended, nearly two years ago, and the Aarvorn fully believes that a fortune awaits the full or party of men take hold of it, provided he or they are of the proper material.

It is reported that the Edwards mine is looking about as had as a mine can look. A recent inspection of it has proven that the parties who last worked it removed nearly all the pillars of rock, which were intended as a support for the roof, and that the mine is now in very unsafe condition. To put the mine in proper shape will necessitate the expenditure of a large amount of money. Several parties who intended leasing it will not now attempt to work it.

The Teal Lake mine, as developments proceed, continues to look better, and ore is being taken out quite lively by a party of miners who have taken a contract of the owners, Messrs. Nedy and Swenson, paying them so much per ton for all ore taken out. They have just effected a sale of the entire product of the mine, on cars. They realize about \$60 per day from their enterprise, and feel as if they were beginning to be repaid for the large amount of labor they have put forth to develop it.

It is rumored that the Lake Superior, Cleveland and Champion mines are to be illuminated by the electric light. This system of illuminating is now being tested at the Lake Superior mine, and gives very satisfactory results. The light is probably more expensive than oil and candles, but when the item of waste of oil and leakage of lamps is considered, the difference, in our mind, will be but little; besides, the advantage in the amount of light given more than makes up for the difference in the cost.

A steam hoisting and pumping engine is being put in at the Badger Hill portion of the National mine just outside the corporation limits of the city. This improvement will lessen the expense of raising ore and materially increase the output of the mine. A new vein of ore has recently been uncovered a few feet east of shaft No. 1, at the National property. It certainly seems that the more test pitting done on this property the more ore is discovered; surely the contents of the "bowels of the earth" in and around this city are fast finding out.

The Iron Cliffs company are, we are reliably informed, expected soon to begin the work of sinking two shafts to see deposits struck by the diamond drill, both in this city, one on the top of Strawberry Hill, about 400 feet north of the C. & N. W. R. machine shops, the other at the end of the swamp some 500 feet southwest. Several

men are being hired to engage in the work of sinking. A new and substantial bridge is being built across Partridge creek near the company's barn, instead of the slight affair which spans it, and which is too weak to support the large timbers which will be used in the shafts to be sunk, and which will be taken across the creek at this point. The shaft on the top of the hill will have to be sunk a distance of 450 feet before the ore will be reached. This shaft of excellent ore was bored through by the drill at this point. The shaft will take many months of hard labor before it is sunk to the required depth, but it is expected the bonanza will amply repay all trouble and monetary outlay. The shaft near the edge of the swamp will be sunk to the depth of 250 feet, or until the ore is reached. Some 25 feet of ore was found at this point. Evidences are strong that the whole hill in this section is underlain with a continuous body of ore, and that, once reached, it will prove immensely fruitful. We hope such it may prove, as the work of development is a good one.

A general activity is apparent in and about the Cleveland mine, especially in that portion of it where they are repairing the damage done by the immense fall of earth and rock, (Sullivan's pit). The amount of timber which is daily disappearing underground at this place is astonishing. The most of it is green, having just been taken from the dam and saved, and necessarily is very heavy, requiring much labor in handling it, as it is all heavy square timber. Tiers upon tiers of this timber are being put in directly into the mine through it, though the incline, which is about 25 degrees, makes it as hard as to go down by ladder. The new skip-rail and proper to do so, and would or would not give a reason for so doing, as he chose; that he was perfectly aware of the manner in which he had been talked of by people here, but that it did not disturb him in the least; that he knew what he was doing, and knew he was doing right, and did not care for the opinion of any man, and that any of the congregation who refused to renew their ties with the French Catholic church, where in future services will be held, if they could be had) would be considered by him out of his jurisdiction; that he forgave all wrongs done him, and hoped the people might again be united in peace and harmony.

Next morning, they, on Monday evening last a meeting of a portion of the congregation was held at Mother's hall, at which there were present upwards of three hundred people. It was there resolved that they form themselves into a permanent organization to be known as the "English Speaking Catholics Society of Marquette." The avowed purpose of the organization is the building of a church and asking the bishop to give them a priest of their own choice. They appointed Father Kenny their "permanent resident pastor." They named two men for each ward of the city with instructions to procure the signatures of all those who are now desirous to become members of the organization, as well as the amount each is willing to pay per month for its support. The meeting was quiet and very orderly, and we were pleased to see an entire absence of any of that unbecoming, ungentlemanly, but its sentiments, nevertheless, were determinedly expressed.

In our character as reporter we "straddle the fence," and in that position we will not say that, if we were bishop, we had taken the stand which he took, we would, to use a common expression, "back down," because we assume that he is doing precisely what he thinks right and just; he is not disobeying the laws of his church; the church does not require him to give a reason for doing as he has; it leaves such matters entirely within his own sound discretion. On the other hand, we will not say the opposition is in error in sight of its sentiments but one, and that is what seems to be a settled determination on the part of many to stay away from church until they are given a priest of their own choice. In this, as well as in matters of civil government, the people, aggrieved by a ruler who has a superior, may appeal to that superior for redress. It is true the bishop may have abused his discretion in this instance. If he has, an appeal by the laity to Rome will readily be made, but his decision is in force and not revocable, though ever so wrong and unjust, the people affected by it should be bound by and submit to it until redress is had from the proper source. If the case should be otherwise, what object is there in having a bishop? If the decisions of our civil courts were disapproved by those against whom they are given because they are sometimes wrong and

some business with the firm, his address was not remembered, and the telegram was published in one of the daily papers. Stevens saw it, made some excuse to his wife, and left for Marquette. About a week later his Milwaukee wife "got onto it" and followed him, being accompanied by a legal adviser. Stevens, however, heard of their coming, and on their arrival they found that the firm, together with his first mate, had flown for Racine, Wis. They started after him again, and will make it lively for the gentleman should he and her putative husband be identical.

What would much rather omit from our column any mention of the differences existing among our Catholic congregations, but the public, seemingly, are interested in their affairs, and the members themselves making an effort to keep these matters private, but the contrary, we presume we are excused if we give the present status of the congregations publicly. The matter in dispute, as usual, has its two parties—the Germans the one and the balance of the congregation the other. The mosted points are numerous, but all growing out of the one—the removal of Father Kenny. The Germans, a majority of them, argue that the parish will be benefited by the transfer, and uphold the bishop throughout the affair; the others of the congregation who are in the minority at least ten to one, of course claim just the reverse, and heartily denounce the action of the bishop. The upshot of it all is the congregation is believed to be hopelessly separated. On Sunday last, at the French Catholic church, the bishop gave the congregation to distinctly understand that he was sworn to rule this parish, as well as in every other in his diocese, according to the dictates of his own conscience, and not according to the dictation of his laity; that he would rule this parish as he saw fit; that he would remove a priest from any parish in his diocese when he thought it proper to do so, and would or would not give a reason for so doing, as he chose; that he was perfectly aware of the manner in which he had been talked of by people here, but that it did not disturb him in the least; that he knew what he was doing, and knew he was doing right, and did not care for the opinion of any man, and that any of the congregation who refused to renew their ties with the French Catholic church, where in future services will be held, if they could be had) would be considered by him out of his jurisdiction; that he forgave all wrongs done him, and hoped the people might again be united in peace and harmony.

MARQUETTE.

Weather report for the past week: Saturday—On the rain, the dreary rain! Sunday—The July sun is here again. Monday—Fairing. Tuesday—A slight snow below. Wednesday—Thunder. Thursday—On the snow, the beautiful snow! The case of Anus R. Harlow against the Lake Superior Iron company, brought some years ago to recover one fourth of his mining property and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was decided last week by the supreme court against the complainant. The Hon. E. O. Clark, counsel for the complainant, telegraphed many a many a day on this case, and notwithstanding the ruling of the supreme court is yet of the opinion that his position in the case is the correct one. The case has reached its end, however, as it can be taken no further. The cost of litigation will be enormous all which Mr. Harlow will pay.

The steam barge John N. Gildard, Capt. Trent, in coming into the harbor Wednesday, ran into the railroad pier about forty feet. The accident could not have been prevented by reasonable foresight, the rope attached to the engineer's signal whistle having broken. The large whistle was then sounded but the engineer misunderstood the signal, and before the boat could be got under control she struck the dock with the above result. The barge received no damage. The injury to the dock will not delay its working, as the part struck was out beyond the pocket.

A number of immigrants arrived here by boat Wednesday, on their way to the mines of this country. Since the closing of the Cozzeno hotel the Tenon house has been doing a lively business. Make hay while the sun shines, Mrs. Proprietress. We opine that a cloud in the shape of the Cozzeno and Northwestern hotels will obscure your sun when the spring time comes again.

News reached his family here by the steamer J. E. Hunt, Thursday morning, of the death of J. J. Sullivan, proprietor of the Lake View cottages. He was engaged as cook on board a vessel sailing between Chicago and this port, and in a storm on Lake Michigan was washed overboard and was drowned.

The E. A. Wetmore & Co. saw mill has shut down for a few days for want of logs. This mill has turned out an enormous quantity of lumber this season at a considerable profit to its proprietors. The mill will, we understand, be run through the winter if logs can be secured.

The burning out of the chimney of the old Gravenet house, situated on Lake street just north of the Northwestern hotel, caused a little excitement on the streets Wednesday night. No damage.

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for Bamson, Wis., where he goes to take Subscriber at once for THE WEEKLY AGITATOR. Mr. A. Anderson paid this place a visit on Wednesday. Mr. Wm. Anderson, Mr. M. Shepherd, clerk at Dousman & Watkins' store, left here last Wednesday for Menominee for the benefit of his health. The many friends of Miles wish him a speedy recovery, and hope to see him back again ere long. The brass band, under the tutelage of Mr. J. O. Krumm, is making rapid progress. There are now eleven pieces at present, which, in our opinion, will disconcert anything on the lakes. Why don't some of our prominent citizens get up some kind of an entertainment to pass away the long and dreary evenings last approaching, such as a lyceum, reading room or something else, open to the community at large. There is talent enough here. All that is wanted is some energetic person to make a move in that direction, and we warrant that such an enterprise could be made to pay well.

The Rev. John Russell, presiding elder of this district, delivered two very beautiful and appropriate sermons at a large congregation in the school house on Sunday last. Mr. Erick Nelson, manager of the Keystone store, says that they have the cheapest and most complete stock of goods ever brought into this vicinity, and that his many friends at the Champion would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Mr. Louis Johnson left here Wednesday for Ishpeming, whether he has gone to accept a position as clerk with J. Malinney. Mr. Johnson leaves many here who wish him all the success imaginable. The new road being constructed from the furnace to the farms north is fast making headway. Mr. Wm. Andrews who has the contract, has a gang of men steadily at work pushing things along at a lively rate, and in a few weeks will have the road completed. "Crazy Joe," by some means or other got hold of some money belonging to his good father, who is in Ishpeming, sick, and went on a "bust" last week, leaving his poor old father in a very bad and impendous circumstances. Something ought to be done with such a rascal. We would suggest that he be boarded by the county for a few months.

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 McKee'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.

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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

Bony Lady readers who have not tested the magic properties of bony...

The two school girls meet. Methuselah to mouth, and lips to lips. Each would swallow the other.

To enforce the laws of civilization against savages, who can have no intelligent knowledge of their own best interests...

The Business Book—Over \$100,000 worth of slate maniles have been ordered by a London, Eng., house...

The linen mills at Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y., have been purchased by a firm of manufacturers...

An indication of the revival of business between Boston and the maritime provinces is the contemplation of a new and fast line of steamers...

The activity in transportation in the Northwest is wonderful. The Northern Pacific Railroad is delivering one hundred and twenty carloads...

Kansas are as various as the kisses, and each kiss is unique. There were never two just alike, any more than there were ever two faces just alike.

No man ever kisses a baby without making a botch of it. The reason for this is a kiss, to be a kiss, must be something more than lip-servicing.

And when a man has given his whole heart to a woman (as he always does), the baby has to take his father's kisses without that which alone makes the kiss worth a woman.

But when a woman kisses a baby? Bless you what a difference! Her kiss has been in her two hearts, in fact.

Oh, don't sh! To fly to the other extreme, there is the kiss of friendship. That is between two of the softer sex, and is a lifeless affair, the mummy of a kiss.

Two ladies meet. They pecker their mouths into an angular prominence, and clobber their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn.

The school-girl kiss is a very different affair. As unlike the kiss of friendship as August is unlike December, as fire is unlike water, as life is unlike death.

It is an abomination. The kiss you are excellent in, of course, the kiss of love. What is that like? Don't ask us. It is indescribable. Try it.

It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, sweeter far than the angels that are "all sweet." It is sweetness in the concrete, bulled down. Try it!

The matrimonial kiss is necessarily a tame one. Duty is apt to grow onerous. And that is not all. We have said that the true kiss must have heart in it.

But the man has given his heart to his wife. The wife concentrates her sweetness upon the baby. There can be but one sequence. The kiss of husband and wife is but a heartless collection of lips.

CHIEFS AGAINST THE INDIANS.—On the fifth of the month, the trial of Chief Indians, who are accused of murder, will begin at Lawrence, Kansas. These Indians are the survivors of the horrible massacre at Camp Robinson, in January last.

In the summer of 1877, a large number of men were notified that they must leave their hunting-grounds near the Black Hills, and go to a reservation hundreds of miles further south.

On reaching the Indian Territory, between Texas and Kansas, they found that all the representations made to them were false. There was scarcely any game.

The rations which they had been promised were not given. In a short time they found themselves in a state of starvation. Then their miseries were increased by an outbreak of fever.

The malarial season had set in, and sickness spread through all the camps. Hunger and fever prevailed everywhere. The agents withheld the rations, for want of which the Indians were starving, and the Government withheld the quinine, which, if furnished, might have broken up the fever.

They asked permission to go back to their own lands, as they had been told they might do, and were refused. A council of the starved and fever-stricken people was then held, and their chief said:—"It is death to stay here. We have been deceived. Our fifth in words told the whites has cost us many lives. Let us go back to the land of our birth. We die if we stay; we can but die if we go."

A band of nearly three hundred fashionable men and women started for the hunting-grounds from which they had been lured by deceit. The men had obtained arms, and were determined to use them rather than be trusted back. But they would use them only against soldiers. They had no evil intent toward settlers. If not interfered with they would not molest anyone.

Before reaching Kansas they had three fights with soldiers, and were successful in each. But they had not yet met the settlers. At last the settlers joined the soldiers, and when the Indians learned this, they resolved to treat settlers and soldiers alike.

The settlers attacked the returning Indians, and the Indians retaliated. "On-the-whites has cost us many lives," the Indians had said. The Cheyennes soon after fell into the hands of the Government, and were imprisoned at Camp Robinson. The terrible slaughter which attended their attempt to escape from that place is still vividly remembered.

These Indians are held amenable to laws which they do not recognize, in the making of which they had no part, the principals of which they do not understand, and with whose spirit they have no sympathy. They know nothing of the laws of the whites, and they have experienced nothing from them but injustice. They can see nothing in them but robbery and wrong, should they be injured, as some Indians have already been, they will be murdered.

Oro, Alaska doesn't give us much trouble, but it appears that we are giving the Alaskans a whole peck of it. Captain Ebenezer F. Nye, of the bark Mount Wallston, writes from off Cape Lidstone, Alaska, to his wife, at New Bedford, Mass., the letter being dated August 2, 1879.

The black record of murderous injustices, in the name of civilization, grows blacker every day. The daily retaliation so often visited upon whites, who, in the course of conflicts for which the Government is responsible, have fallen to the power of the Indians, is becoming less and less.

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