

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

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, MAY 1, 1880.

NO. 30.

City Directory.
ISHPEMING LABORATORY.
J. ROPES,
CHEMIST.
MAKES ANALYSES OF ALL ORES AND MINERALS.
THE ASSAYS OF GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD.
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN.
SWIFT & OSBORN,

City Directory.
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Shaving and Hair
Dressing Parlors,
Main Street,
ISHPEMING, MICH.
H. ASGAARD,
Dealer in
Furniture
Coffins, Etc.

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C. McNAMARA,
Dealer in
SADDLES, TRUNKS, VALISES.
A Large Stock of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Everything in my line sold cheaper than by
any other establishment in Marquette Co. 137
C. H. DELONG,

CONTRACTOR,
And Manufacturers of all kinds of Furniture
Repairing costly done. Orders from outside
attended to with promptness. Corner of Main
Street and Cleveland Avenue. 17
COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
ISHPEMING, MICH.
TRAVELING MEN AND OTHERS WILL PLEASE CALL
AND EXAMINE NEW RATES BEFORE LEAVING ELSEWHERE.

DENTIST.
Office in Union Building, up stairs,
ISHPEMING. (1-37) MICH.
M. H. CROCKER,

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And Manufacturers of all kinds of Furniture
Repairing costly done. Orders from outside
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A. LIDBERG,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
ISHPEMING, MICH.
All kinds of
PHOTOGRAPHS, TIN-TYPES, ETC.
Finished in an artistic manner, and as cheaply
as anywhere on the Upper Peninsula. Satisfaction
guaranteed. A trial solicited. Gallery
on First street. 137
GIL RODGERS,
LIVERY STABLE,
Corner of Main and Division Streets.
Best rigs in town. Prices as low as the lowest.
HORSES.
A fine lot of horses always kept on hand for
sale. 17
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
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of moving dogs, from the smallest article of
hardware to a goodly stock mountain, call on
him or address him at his office in Rock Store
building. (1-37) ISHPEMING, MICH.
E. CRONIN,
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CARRIAGES,
WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.
REPAIRING
Of All Kinds, done on short notice. Black-
ship St. in connection, where all work in
that line promptly and neatly done.
HORSE-SHOEVING A SPECIALTY
Give us a Call. Shop on Pearl Street,
1-37 ISHPEMING, MICH.

Groceries,
PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES,
CROCKERY, GLASS-
WARE, ETC.
Sample Room in connection, where the best
brands of Imported and Domestic Liquors can
be found. When you want a good drink call in
on Ed, and "don't you forget it." 37
E. GIZIKOWSKY,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
Also Dealer in
Pianos and Organs,
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, ETC.
Agents for all First-Class Sewing Machines.
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**THE LITTLE SHOP AROUND THE
CORNER.**
J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,
Dealers in
And Manufacturers of

C. A. FOHRMAN,
Agent for the sale of
LYON & HEALY PIANO,
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The very best instruments in the market, and
which are being sold at the most reasonable
prices. An examination of either of these in-
struments will convince you of their superiority
over all others. They are highly recom-
mended by all who have used them. They
are supplied with all the latest improvements,
and combine purity of voicing, richness of
tone and wonderful orchestral combinations.
Instruments sold on easy terms.
Any information in regard to their quality,
price and terms of sale most cheerfully given
by calling on or addressing
C. A. FOHRMAN,
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—DEALER IN—

Hardware
CUTLERY,
Stoves, Nails, Etc.,
TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER
WARE.
The most complete stock of Goods in the
Hardware Line to be found in the City.
MAIN STREET, (1-37) ISHPEMING, MICH.

Hardware
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Stoves, Nails, Etc.,
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A NICE LITTLE RIDE.

I was formerly a great admirer of steam engines, and especially of locomotives, but I have got bravely over it. I carried this admiration to excess—it became almost a monomania with me to around railroad depots and to watch the trains coming in and going out. Not that I am of a mechanical turn of mind at all—far from it. I could never make anything in my life, not even a boot-jack, although I once worked at one for three days, broke two saws, and a gimlet, cut my left hand nearly off, and had to give it up after all.

The steam engine was always a mystery to me—I would as soon try to comprehend the mysteries of the gyroscope—and I never knew the name of any of its parts except the piston-rod, cylinder and governor; yet I loved to sit and watch the thing at work, wheezing and clanking with its slow, even, steady motion—oh, it was a great fascination to me! But the greatest pleasure I knew was to have a good swift ride on a locomotive. From my almost constant presence at the depots, I knew all the engineers on the line of the Slingwheel & Freepan road—an unbroken track of 200 miles, over level country, which I had often traveled in the cars, on the tender, or perched giddily upon that trembling, snorting, shaky machine, the iron horse.

My gay season was the close of the presidential campaign, when the election returns had to be carried through lightning-quickness—usually an engineer and myself on a single locomotive. Other people were interested in the election and excited about its result. I was only interested in my ride and excited about my rate of speed. Once, I remember, I carried the dispatches, and made splendid time. I left Slingwheel at 8 o'clock in the evening, and at 10:15 arrived at Waterburg, a way-station, just 135 miles from Slingwheel. A large party had assembled to hear the news; but I forgot it all, and shrieked out: "A mile a minute, clear through! Go ahead, Jake!"

"And we went again, leaving the inhabitants of Waterburg in total darkness as to whether they were enjoying the reign of a republican or democrat. But my great ride and my last was about a year ago. It was a pretty tall experience of its kind and has, I am pleased to say, entirely cured me of my predilections for making big time. When compelled to travel now—days, I always go in a little wagon of my own, with a pair of steady nags, and never calculate anything faster than eight or ten miles an hour. There was a young machinist who lived at Slingwheel, and who was had an inventive little genius. He had for several years been engaged on a model of a great engine which was to supersede all others and create a perfect revolution in the world of locomotion. It was a steam carriage but on an entirely new plan and principle, and he was very sanguine of its success, if he could only get away to complete it.

Having occasion to get a small job of gunsmithing done, I called on this young man and found him at work on his engine. We fell into conversation on the subject, and he represented his condition and his expectations so vividly to me that my heart was warmed toward the enterprise. The idea of taking a trip on that curious-looking skeleton trunk took possession of me, and, learning that he only wanted \$1,000, I agreed to furnish the money if he would allow me to accompany him on the trial trip.

I need not say that he gladly promised, and that I lived in a state of extraordinary excitement from that day forth until the machine was completed. It was a strange affair to look at, resembling a reaping machine, a trotting sulky and a patent coffee mill about equally. The young machinist explained to me that this was merely a test of the principle, and that a larger one, built more carefully, would go much faster.

I do not expect this one to get more than 12,000 revolutions per minute for its balance wheel, said he, and that would only give a speed of 178 miles per hour on a good road. I had an idea that this would do for ordinary traveling, and inwardly prayed for the night of the trial to come. It came one Wednesday night, when, for some reason or another, there were to be no trains that evening, and I hastened to the shop where the model stood in perfect readiness for the track.

With little trouble we rolled it down to the rails and placed its wheels upon them, for it weighed but a few pounds more than an ordinary hackney coach. We then took up places on a sort of luggy seat, with strong handles to hold on by. The machinist pulled a string and off we dashed, beginning with a jump of some twenty feet and a slide of ten more before the wheels got to revolving.

The lights of the village gradually lengthened out into long ribbons of flame, as we flew through the suburbs, and by the time I could catch my breath, some similar ones appeared gliding swiftly past. "What lights are those?" I asked. "That's the station," replied my companion. "But Tarbucket is five miles from Slingwheel." "Yes, and we've been nearly three minutes on the road." "Pretty good speed!" "Yes, but I am going to try it a little faster." This conversation was held at the very top of our voices, for no ordinary sound could have been heard at the rate at which we were going. The wind seemed blowing a gale, although I had remarked before we started how very unusually still the night was.

My companion now turned a small crank with a ratchet upon it, that was attached to the machine just in front of him, and a short-iron cover rose toward us in a slanting direction, so as to break the force of the wind, already about as strong as we could stand. "Hold on your hair," he said, "and look out not to move about. I am going to let her do her prettiest now." With this he suddenly drew out something like an organ stop, and I recalled, for the first time in my life, how the inhabitants of a comet must feel when under full headway. I had been able to see occasional objects before at no great distance from the road, and could make out the horizon very well. But now all was blank. Sky, earth, woods, water—all were a plain mass of gray indistinctness.

My companion looked at his watch, and putting his arm to my ear, made an immense effort to speak: "We have probably passed Spear-mint Bridge," he shouted. "Twenty miles in eight minutes!" The words came faintly to my ears, and I began to wish that I could see something, if it was only to know where we were, and how fast we had really come.

I began to feel just a little uncomfortable—it seemed something awful to be sitting there in that silence, seeing nothing and knowing nothing, except that we were liable to go out of the world at any moment, at the rate of nearly two and a half miles a minute. While these thoughts were passing through my brain, I heard a faint sound like a steam whistle, and almost at the same moment saw a flash of light, apparently under our wheels, and felt a slight jar.

"I am afraid we have run over something," yelled my companion. "What do you think it was," I shouted to him. "Probably a locomotive!" he answered. I asked no more questions. Again I saw him pulling out the little ivory knob in front of him, and immediately after I felt my seat sliding out from under me. I knew that our speed was increased, and grasped the handle with all my strength.

A strange, humming noise occasionally attracted my attention and puzzled me much, until I found that it came only when I had my mouth open. It was the wind playing into my mouth as in the aperture of a humming-top, and as it became louder and louder, I judged that our rate was gradually augmented in swift pace.

As we progressed it grew darker also, until I could but just make out the form of my Jehu dimly looming up beside me. It was quite impossible to make our voices heard now, and notwithstanding my monomania for traveling, I confess that my situation was hardly a pleasant one. I did not mind the good going much, but I thought I had good reason to fear the consequences of a sudden stop.

Once more the machinist's hand sought the knob, and he raised himself up a little as if to look over the iron cover or apron, where his hat, I presume, must have caught the wind and gone off for I saw him throw up his arms toward his head, and as he came darted forward everything became dark as pitch.

I was terrified now in good earnest. I could stand the darkness and the silence as long as I could make out the form of my driver, but now I could see nothing, and my terror got the better of me. I put out my hand to press the machinist's arm, as a signal for him to slacken, when, judge of my feelings, he was not there. My hand slid along the seat to the further end without meeting anything, and I comprehended that he had fallen overboard when he raised his arm to catch his hat.

This would have been a very shocking occurrence, and I should have been horrified at the probability of the awful nature of his death, had I not been so much occupied with thoughts of my own. "Totally alone then, in thick darkness and utter silence, I sat and awaited my doom. I knew absolutely nothing of the *modus operandi* of governing or running the engine, except that to pull out the little knob was to increase the speed, and I had no desire to go faster. The wind, too, was becoming insupportable, and in spite of the iron apron, and although the only desire I felt was that I might die quickly and without pain.

How long I went at this tremendous speed I cannot imagine. It seemed an age—but I don't think it was quite that. Probably about two hours, but my suspense magnified the minutes into months, and it really seemed as though I should never stop. But I did. After a time I found myself being enclosed in all my members. I could no longer feel the handles in front of me nor the iron brace under my feet, so I was a little surprised to perceive a cold, wet sensation overcome me, and to find myself cleaving a body of water some-where, and going down, down, with a slower motion than I had experienced for some time.

I shook at my feet convinced me that I was at the bottom of a river or lake, and upon striking out to swim I was delighted to feel that I rose toward the surface. Notwithstanding the confused state of all my faculties, I could see, on getting above the water, that I was several rods from the shore—say about 300 feet—in the bay near Frypan, the end of my journey—some 200 miles from Slingwheel.

With considerable trouble, for I was stiff and sore, I climbed to the railroad deck and climbed out of the water, and asked a bewildered depot hand how I came there, and he said he didn't know, but I'm after believing that 'twas the devil fetched 'em!"

By dint of close questioning I learned that he was 'jist a-settin on his threek a-smokin' his chudhubs," when he heard a singular noise, such as he had never heard before, and immediately after saw a tremendous splash in the bay many yards from the long track.

The truth was plain. My infernal machine had run the whole length of the road, and stopping for nothing, had shot over the track. The fall into the water had saved my life, and I was spared to tell this story, which I feel pretty confident no one will believe.

I spent the next two weeks at Frypan in a raging fever, and as soon as I recovered sufficiently I started out to look for the remains of the unlucky machinist, and to learn what it was he had run over.

I discovered that the latter was a locomotive and tender which had been found the next morning smashed to fragments, with the engineer and fireman both killed. The accident was attributed to a whirlwind, as the pieces of the wreck were scattered rods and rods around.

As for the machinist I could find nothing of him save a few shreds of clothing and a little blood upon the rails.

I spoke of this to an old engineer who accompanied me on my search, and remarked that I thought it strange that I could not find his body any place near the track.

"Well," said the old engineer, "you said he were a-going two miles in a minute, or better?" "Yes, as near as I can guess."

"Well, you see, when you come to graze the track with a man's body it don't last long. I guess you won't find no more of him than that."

BOUND TO BOSS THE FUNERAL.—A policeman who was beating through "Kaikutiek" yesterday afternoon was halted by a little old negro who had business in his eye and both hands were clenched as he said: "Say, boss, am you grime to be bound here-to-morrow forenoon?" "I suppose so."

"Well, dere's gwine to be the power-fullest fuss up yere that ole Kaikutiek ebber saw, an' you'd better hab 'bout six pair ob handcuffs an' shackles on de ground."

"Why, what's the trouble now?" "Trouble, 'nuff, sah. You see de ole man Jinkins, round on Illinois street, an' gwine to de before night. Dat's settled for shuah."

"Yes." "Well, de ole man has axed me to sort ob 'boss the funeral' arrangements, for he knows I'm solid on sich fings. Ie tended to funerals so long dat Ize got de haug ob you, see."

"Well, dar's Dekun Allen, liben' ober on Calhoun street, one ob de most pompons Africans in Detroit. Just as shuah as a black man shuffles off de coil anywhere round' heah de Dekun he allers wants to boss de funeral bizness."

"Does, eh?" "He does, sah, an' he's de poorest haaf you ever saw. He can't start a hymn, nor make any kind ob speech on de shinin' qualities ob de late deceased. Why, what do you 'spose de Dekun got ob ober here on Clay street at a funeral in January?"

"I can't say." "Why, he said dat man cometh up like a flower an' an' out down. De people wasn't a man at all, but a girl, de 'deak ob de flowers comin' up in January! Such ignorance, sah, needs rebuke."

"Well, what about this fuss to-morrow?" "Wah, sah; Ize been requested to boss dat funeral. Ize been requested by de berry man who am gwine to form de subject for de sad occasion. De Dekun will be ober dar as usual, puttin' on de scullery, an' 'sells' folks to stan' back, an' so on. He'll swell up an' an' walk with his hands behind his back, same as if he owned de hull street, an' a same as if I wasn't knee-high to a clothes boss."

"Well," said dar will be a rekonter between de Dekun an' myself. De very minute dat he begins to swell up I shall shed off my Sunday coat an' purposed to mangle him within two inches of his life! I'll do it, sah, if I hev to go to state prison for a forsan' 'sars!"

"I wouldn't." "But I will, sah; Ize given you fair warnin', an' if you sm on han' wid a one-hoss wagin' to convey de body ob de Dekun to his last resting place, I will be my fault. Dat's all, sah, 'cept dat I strike wid loaf fists to one, an' dat de passon struck soon pines away an' dies. Good day, sah!"—*Free Press.*

A MONKEY'S TRICK.—One of the best things that ever was heard of happened in France not long ago. There lived in the south of France a man of wealth, whose chateau or country place of residence has around it very large trees. The cook of the chateau has a monkey, a pet fellow who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook pluck the feathers from fowls. On the day that interests us the cook gave the monkey two clear, sirupy liquid, sweet to the taste, and some hot grease to the comb. As soon as the monkey got up to the range of the surgeon's dispensary to the ladies' boudoir. If a quantity of nitric acid was added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine he poured into this, and studied carefully, the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture, we obtained that wonderful mixture known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface an oil of pale yellow color, is perfectly indolent, and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin and small doses produce distressing headaches. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when brought to a temperature of boiling water; but to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.—When creation becomes fashionable the New Orleans *Picayune* looks forward to the time when a man can have his ancestors put up in cases and shipped to any part of the world. When that blessed time arrives we may expect to receive such letters as the following: "Dear E.—, I have to-day forwarded to you my express post dear uncle John and little Billy. If you can spare aunt Jane and cousin Sarah I should like to have them for a while."

DIARY OF THE CAZAR.—Somebody has found a page of the poor old Czar's diary. Here it is verbatim: "Got up at 7 o'clock a. m. and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The nihilists had placed two porcupines on the stairs, but I did not step on either of them. The coffee smelled so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper but fortunately shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into my carriage to go to my morning drive, it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the three bystanders. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods; they can't fool me there! Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. At 6 o'clock p. m. and made Baron Liechtenowinski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some oysters and ston that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theatre and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanging. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace."

NITRO-GLYCERINE.—This wonderful explosive was discovered in 1847 by an Italian named Sabro, but its practical application was made by Alfred, a Swedish engineer. The process by which it is made is thus described: Everyone knows what glycerine is—a clear, sirupy liquid, sweet to the taste, and somewhat greasy to the touch. As soon as the monkey got up to the range of the surgeon's dispensary to the ladies' boudoir. If a quantity of nitric acid was added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine he poured into this, and studied carefully, the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture, we obtained that wonderful mixture known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface an oil of pale yellow color, is perfectly indolent, and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin and small doses produce distressing headaches. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when brought to a temperature of boiling water; but to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.

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Gen. SHELTON is to have a handsome monument in Missouri.

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, MAY 1.

The Champion mine commenced shipping on Wednesday last.

The steam barge Sheldon and consort, which wintered at the head of the canal, were the first vessels to enter the harbor of Marquette and load with ore for the season.

The shipping season is now fairly inaugurated at Marquette, the first through arrival being the steam barge H. B. Tuttle and consort Geo. H. Ely, which made that port last night.

The boilers which are intended to supply steam for the air compressors at the shafts being sunk by the Iron Cliffs company, on Strawberry Hill, have arrived and will be put in place at once.

The stripping being done by the Lake Superior company at the head of Main street, is progressing favorably, under the energetic management of contractor Hodgkins. The earth taken out is conveyed to the swamp just east of Main street, which is being rapidly filled up.

Although there does not seem to be the ardent desire to take options on the Neganee hematite range that prevailed a few weeks ago, yet there is a quiet, strong feeling existing, which we think, is auspicious for the range. Among our best informed mining men, that field is regarded as one of the best for investments, with quick returns, in the district. What the range wants is capital and energy to develop it, such as has been exhibited by the McComber company and Mr. Schadt.

Messrs. MORGAN & CROCKER, who own a valuable leasehold on the Neganee hematite range, just south of the Rolling Mill location, have commenced the work of stripping, preparatory to beginning active operations in the way of mining, and, consequently, shipping—the ore being of a quality much sought after by furnacemen. The work already done indicates that the deposit is a large one, and, according to the theory of Mr. Morgan, is a continuous vein. That may be so is the earnest wish of many interested in properties in that locality.

MARQUETTE.

We are having another little sprinkle of the "beautiful". James Dwyer has returned from his trip south and never lost a pound.

Spangue's ministers are advertised to appear at Marquette's hall on Monday, May 3d.

Dr. A. Ludewitzki, chiropodist, has his headquarters at H. H. Stafford's drug store.

The barge Annie Smith and consort, the two vessels that wintered in our harbor, left on Wednesday last for Buffalo.

Ben DeLorimer, formerly in the employ of Watson & Palmer, has accepted a position at T. Meade's in place of Jos. Vannier, resigned.

John Burt, of Detroit, was in this city the past week looking after his interests. We understand he is heavily interested in the Rolling Mill furnace.

The barge Sheldon and her consort, the S. P. Ely, arrived at this port on Tuesday from the "Soo", where they have been laying the past winter. They are being loaded with ore at the railroad ore dock, and will leave as soon as the loading is completed.

The Ontonagon silver excitement is breaking out again. Some Marquette gentlemen have located about 1000 acres of land on the Porcupine range, Ontonagon county, on which they claim to have discovered both silver and gold.

Married—On Monday, April 26th, by the Rev. Mr. Banks, Mr. Charles Cavis and Miss Ellen Smith. The young couple began their journey by taking a trip to Michigan, where they will spend their honeymoon.

The steamer Peewee left Chicago for this port on Wednesday last and is expected here Monday or Tuesday next. The difficulty seems to be to get through the ice at Mud Lake, and the "Soo" river.

Samuel Cooney was fined six dollars and costs by Judge Harly for engaging in a little deal with Frank Grewald and breaking the latter's wrist. Samuel paid the fine and went his way rejoicing. He is now looking around for more wrists to break.

A social party was given by the Tentonia Lodge, No. 236—German Odd Fellows—at which quite an enjoyable time was had. All present were greatly pleased with the affair. The music was furnished by professors Anderson and Dergoo.

Hon. Peter White and family, accompanied by Miss Nellie Maynard, who has for some time past been traveling in Europe, arrived home safely on Saturday of last week. He is at present

taking a rest, having been somewhat fatigued by his long journey, but will be out attending to business soon. Well, yes; it is a trifle singular, and then again it isn't. It is singular that an error should have occurred in the columns of the AGITATOR, but you'll have a hard time of it, old man, to make most people believe there's any thing singular in the fact that an error occurred in the Neganee paper. It's too common an occurrence.

At noon, Tuesday last, a part of the lower end of the M. H. & O. mechanical pier, about forty feet long and twenty feet in width, gave way under the weight of a lot of pig iron belonging to the Carr River Furnace company, estimated at about 300 tons, and which had been stored there the past winter, covering it with 14 feet of water. The timbers at that end of the pier are in a decayed condition, and the railroad company to prevent further damage have removed the greater part of the balance of the iron near the broken part to a safe place. The damage to the dock and the cost of taking the pig iron out of the water is estimated at \$2,000.

Capt. Jud Finney, the pugilist from Lake Antonio, Menominee range, declared war against the editorial staff, composers, and correspondents of the Neganee Herald last Thursday. The cause for war that he assigns is the slanderous articles which appeared in the last issue of that paper, which severely affected Jud's reputation as a "hard-fisted son of toll," and on account of which he endured great mental suffering. In the afternoon Jud came sailing up Front street, colors flying, armed and equipped for the fight. He had not been cruising about the enemy's shores very long when the Marquette correspondent of the Neganee paper gave him sight. Jud awaited the arrival of the enemy until he got within range, when he turned and gave that correspondent a full broadside, sailed around his stern to the starboard side and fired another broadside into him. The correspondent was completely taken by surprise, not having been informed by the executive department of the Neganee paper to prepare for defense, and struck the water. An unconditional surrender was demanded, and the correspondent was jerked in as the war prize. The captain feels so elated over his victory that he has applied for another prominent corner.

THE LATEST NEWS CONCERNING THE SOLAR PARALLAX. The central orb of our system has of late been the subject of much special study, investigations with improved apparatus and by improved methods being directed especially to problems relating to its distance and mass, its temperature and constitution, and the nature of its appendages of chromosphere and corona. Prof. C. A. Young, a distinguished American astronomer, gives an account of the more important of these investigations, from which we summarize the following facts: The recent correction of the value of the solar parallax he notices as of the first importance. Encke's figures (8.58") deduced from observations of the transit of Venus, remained unquestioned for about forty years. They represented a mean distance of the earth from the sun of 95,000,000 miles. Prof. Newcomb's and lieutenant Michelson's late researches have shown this figure to be somewhat erroneous, and the latter investigator's figure, obtained by the most accurate method, places the value of the solar parallax at 8.78", representing a mean distance of the earth from the sun of 93,100,000 miles. The investigations next in interest are those which deal with the solar temperature, concerning which the most diverse opinions existed until lately among men of science; as may be inferred from the statement that Secchi and Ericson estimated it as high as several million degrees, while the French astronomers, Violle and Viénot, as low as 5000. Mr. Charles Young, professor Young alludes to highly interesting investigations lately made by Prof. Langley at Pittsburg, and by Prof. Roestli at Padua. The first-named, while not naming any temperature, has demonstrated that the solar heat is far higher than the most intense artificial heat, and that the latter's experiments have led him to the conclusion that 10,000 deg. C. would represent the effective temperature of the sun. Prof. Young is inclined to believe that Roestli's results are more worthy of confidence than any hitherto attained. Passing to the subject of the constitution of the sun, Prof. Young alludes to Dr. Henry Draper's recent discovery of oxygen in the solar atmosphere, as being the first discovery of a non-metallic element there. He looked forward to such improvement of photographic methods in the near future, as would lead to the discovery of other non-metallic elements in the solar atmosphere, the absence (non-discovery) of which has been quite puzzling to astronomers. To Prof. Lockyer's hypothesis of the composite nature of the non-

metallic elements, and his inference that they could not exist undecomposed in the intense heat of the sun, Prof. Young made casual reference, but did not commit himself as a believer. He referred to the eclipse observations in 1878 as having established the fact that an intimate connection exists between the state of the sun's surface and the condition of the corona; while on the interesting question of a connection between the sun-spots and terrestrial meteorology he appears to be undecided save that he regards as established a connection between the sun-spot period and the magnetic state of the earth.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

WM. URES has his delivery wagon painted in fine style.

THOS. CAREY, the genial landlord of the Ely house, gave us a pleasant call on Thursday last.

MARRIED.—In this city, at the residence of Joseph Sellwood, Wednesday, April 21st, 1880, by Rev. J. Hamilton, Mr. Samuel Rogers and Miss Eliza Sellwood.

The new liquor law requires dealers to take out their license and file their bonds by the first Monday in May, and imposes a heavy penalty for any violation. Consequently there has been considerable activity among saloon keepers within the past few days hunting up sureties.

H. ASGARAD, the furniture man, is opening up the largest stock of furniture ever brought to the city, and declares that he will make decided bargains to those who call early. Newly married people will make their happiness complete by calling at his place of business and interviewing him.

IMPROVING.—Crowley & Macintosh have treated the interior of their place of business to a fresh coat of paint and paper, and made such other improvements as will contribute to the comfort and pleasure of their customers. A lunch room is to be partitioned off and furnished with lunch tables, where the hungry can appease their appetite without fear of intrusion. The place is to be re-opened this evening, and an invitation is extended to all to call and examine the improvements.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

LOST.—Between the Rock Store and Dr. Carpenter's residence, on Saturday, May 1st, an amber pin. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at the Rock Store.

NOTICE.—Pending the fitting up of the dining hall and kitchen, a cold lunch will be spread out at the Neganee station on arrival of all passenger trains.

GEO. CHOPAT, Proprietor.

OPENED.—Child's new Art Gallery is open and ready for business, with the latest model of light—the only ground glass one north of Chicago—and every appliance for the making of the most modern work. The patrons of photography in Ishpeming and vicinity are cordially invited to inspect the establishment, and may be assured of every attention.

B. F. CHILDS, Proprietor.

HENRY CLEMENTS, Almonite, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil called me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured, and for a long time I have not had it again. I find it a household medicine, and for cramps, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE—I offer for sale my entire saloon and fixtures, with lease of building, known as Johnson's Billiard Hall, in the village of Michigan, Marquette Co., Mich. The location is one of the best in the village, and the place is doing a good business. This is an excellent opportunity for any one wishing to engage in that business. The best of reasons given for selling. Enquire of A. L. JOHNSON, Michigan, Mich. 28ct

F. BRANSTAD & Co have just received full and complete spring and summer stocks in Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. An examination of any and all of these goods is solicited, knowing that their quality cannot fail to suit, and having all been purchased previous to the recent advance in prices, they will be sold at the old and popular figures. Give us a call if you would "make hay while the sun shines."

F. BRANSTAD & Co., 21st Ishpeming, Mich. Hiked the tip of his fingers at a girl across the street. And the boot of her big brother raised him clean from off his feet. He picked himself up and went straight home, though his bones they ached with pain. He rubbed Electric Oil on 'er nose, 'er neck, but 'er nose 'er neck 'er fingers again.

New Advertisements.

I BELIEVE YOU!

The Boss Clothiers of this or any other county, have just received the grandest stock of

CLOTHING

Ever brought to the Peninsula, from the best markets of the country, combining the best material with the very latest styles, which are enabled to sell at old-time prices, and guarantee to fit you out with as nobby a suit of clothes as can be had anywhere. In

HATS AND CAPS

The stock is more complete than ever, and sufficiently large to furnish the whole county. Any Hat or Cap, of any desired style, not found in the stock will be cheerfully ordered from the most experienced Hatters of Chicago or New York. The stock of

FURNISHING GOODS

Now on the shelves—cheaper than previous efforts, and there is no article in their stock but what will add to the elegance of the outfit. Dealing exclusively in the above lines, our stock will be kept full at all times, making our store the most desirable in the county to select from. Our

Merchant Tailoring

Department is also complete, having received the same attention as the other departments. Perfect fits with first-class workmanship guaranteed in every case. Remember the place, and call while the stock is new and complete. Corner Main and Pearl streets, Ishpeming.

T. & P. J. NORTON.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

LISTEN TO THIS

RACKET!

You should Never—no, Never!—forget that

J. O. ST. CLAIR & CO.

Keep always on hand at their place of business, Corner Main Street and Cleveland Avenue, the Largest and Best Line of

Groceries and Provisions,

DRY GOODS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

to be found in Marquette county. Call in and see about it. We never fail to suit, and only want a trial to feel sure of your permanent patronage.

J. O. ST. CLAIR & CO.

EVERYTHING
—IN THE—
HARDWARE
LINE!
—AT—
I. E. SWIFTS',
Corner of Main Street and Cleveland Avenue, and
27yr

J. Mallamney,
Has just received and has now on exhibition at his

NEW STORE

Corner Main and Division streets, the largest and most complete stock of

DRY GOODS

To be found in this section of country, a list of which will appear in the next issue of this paper. 30m3

CHAS. L. SHELDON,
Boots & Shoes.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE BOOT & SHOE STORE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

SPRING GOODS!

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC. Everything you want at lowest figures. Call and examine. 24ct

Clothing, Dry Goods, Etc.

New Invoices of Spring Goods

Comprising the latest and best patterns, which we have not time to enumerate, are being received daily at the

ROCK STORE.

Every article in the old stock not suitable for the season has been laid aside, and customers can depend upon being shown nothing but what is

TASTY! GOOD! CHEAP!

As usual, our Grocery and Provision Department

STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL

In point of variety, quality, excellence and purity of goods.

CONTAINS ALL STYLES

Known to the trade, and cannot fail to give the best satisfaction.

WILL FIND THE STOCK BETTER

And more complete than heretofore, it having received our best care.

An inspection of our different lines will convince all that the OLD RELIABLE ROCK STORE performs just what it promises and will use you well.

MYERS, WRIGHT & CO.

Miscellaneous.

THE BOOM HAS COME!

And we have opened up a bright little store in Robbin's Block, on Cleveland avenue, formerly occupied by the Novelty store, which we have filled with new goods just from the market, consisting of

CHOICE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
FRESH CRACKERS AND CAKES,
SWEET CONFECTIONERY.

Fine Fruits and Vegetables!

STYLISH DRY GOODS.

FANCY NOTIONS.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

And everything that can be found in a first-class establishment. Don't fail to call and examine our stock. We will spare no pains in waiting on whoever may favor us with their patronage. Don't forget the spot—Robbin's Block.

R. COULTER & CO.

PAPER

HANGINGS.

The Spring styles of Wall Paper are beautiful and very stylish, and to see the finest assortment in the county go to

F. P. TILLSON'S,

Who's samples are all made up and who takes great pleasure in showing them to you. My stock consists of

GLASS, BRONZES, SATINS, FLATS, FRIEZES, WHITE, BUFFS and BROWNS.

And an elegant line of Borders from one to ten bands wide. I have also a line of strictly pure Colored Lead in 15 different shades, all ready for use. Give me a call before buying. 26m3

F. P. TILLSON.

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

The Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald says: During the war our townsman, James P. Moore, on one occasion went out in front of our lines to give some water to a wounded Yankee, who was lying in a helpless condition upon the ground, but lately occupied by the Federal forces, and from which they had recently been driven. The man was crying piteously for water, and the bullets were rattling around from both armies. Moore said he intended to risk the exposure to do the deed of mercy and went out to him. It proved to be a captain of a Pennsylvania regiment, who was profuse with thanks and offered Moore his gold watch, which the gallant Confederate declined. He begged his name, that he might, if he survived the war, remember him. This he wrote down in his memorandum book. The captain recently wrote here to know if Moore was living; said he was rich, but dying of consumption, and desired to provide for him in his will. Mr. Moore wrote to him and received a friendly letter in reply, telling him that there was \$10,000 set apart for his use, to be paid in installments of \$2,000 each. The Federal officer has since died, and the other day the payment of \$2,000 was received. Truly, 'tis "good to give even a cup of cold water in the right spirit."

Victoria's Love of Life.—The last letter of Queen Victoria's late husband to his daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, contained these words: "May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind. True inward happiness is to be sought only in the internal consciousness of effort systematically directed to useful ends. Success, indeed, depends upon the blessing which the Most High sees meet to vouchsafe to our endeavors. May this success not fail you, and may your outward life leave you unhurt by the storms to which the sad heart so often looks forward with a shuddering dread." Not long before his fatal illness he said to his wife: "I do not cling to life. You do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well-cared for, I should be quite ready to die tomorrow."

Disputed Her Sister's Feelings.—We are indebted to a "staff correspondent" for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone cutters of the Hub:

Enter old lady of a certain age: "I wish to register, sir."
"Your name, please?"
"Almira Jane Simpson."
"Your age?"
"Beg pardon."
"Your age?"
"Do I understand that I must give my age?"

"Yes, miss, the law requires it."
"Well, sir, would you tell me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as lief wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if my sister has a weakness it is that she dislikes any reference being made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I don't wish to offend her."—Harper's Magazine.

Elder Morgan, president of the Southern Mission of the Mormon church, says the Mormon religion is daily gaining strength and favor in the southern states. They are now averaging about thirty converts each month in the southern states alone, and the number is continually increasing. The church has now about forty missionaries in the south, and in addition a number of local preachers. He says that the opposition which was formerly manifested, and which has been culminated in the murder of an elder, is now rapidly dying out, and they are everywhere meeting with more favor and encouragement. At Chattanooga, the other day, the elder gained one hundred and thirty converts.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

John A. Lowell, of Boston, Mass., has invented a new system of steel engraving by which wonderful effects are produced by comparatively a few lines. Indeed, some engravings are produced solely by the skillful use of acids, discarding the etching point. His engravings have attracted great attention both in England and France.

The forger loves to write with a steel pen.

The sharp edge of an old coal box behind a stove in a bar saloon is a safer seat for a man with a blossom on his nose than the finest cushioned pew in the finest church in the land.

He kissed the tip of his fingers at a girl across the street.
And the boot of her big brother raised him clean from off his feet.
He picked himself up and went straight home, though his bones they ached with pain.
He rubbed Electric Oil well in—her's well, but won't kiss his fingers again.

EPITAPH.
Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by drinking Vinny waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We shouldn't be lying in these here vaults.
Or if Electric Oil we'd tried,
We never should have gone and died.

TOLD ROCK RYE
SURE CURE
Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.
Put up in Quart-size Bottles for Family Use.
Scientifically prepared of Italian Wine, Crystallized Rock Candy, Old Rye and other tonic. The formula is known to our own physicians in London, and is the best of every kind. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLD ROCK RYE is the best and most reliable remedy for Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a sure cure for all these ailments, and is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments, and is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments.

CAUTION. DON'T BE DECEIVED.
We are the only ones who have a registered Trade Mark of the TOLD ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicinal preparation of the kind in the world. It is a sure cure for all these ailments, and is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments, and is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments.

Ruling and Binding.
DO YOU HAPPEN
To have any old
MAGAZINES
-OR-
PERIODICALS
Laying idly around your homes, and becoming worn and dilapidated? If so, you should lose no time in sending them to
CHAS. A. EGGERS,
MARQUETTE, MICH.
Who will bind them in the very best style, and
EXTREMELY CHEAP!
Having lately removed my Bindery into better and more commodious rooms, though in the same building, I am now better than ever enabled to execute all orders for
RULING, BINDING
-AND-
BLANK BOOKS,
At prices fully as low as the same class of work can be had in Chicago or other large cities. Give me a call.
CHAS. A. EGGERS.
Desires in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
And Manufacturers of
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
ISHPEMING, MICH.
Stoves and Tinware cheaper than in any part of the city.

ISHPEMING FOUNDRY,
ROOD & RAY, Prop'rs.
And Manufacturers of
MINING AND MILL MACHINERY
STEAM ENGINES, HOISTING MACHINERY, BOILERS AND CASTINGS,
Of all kinds. Repairing Promptly Attended to.

ISHPEMING, MICH.
Brewery.
LAGER BEER!
MEESKE & HOCH,
Late of Milwaukee,

Having recently made many improvements in the Brewery at Marquette formerly owned and operated by Geo. Reinhold, wish to announce to the people of Ishpeiming and surrounding country that they are now prepared to fill all orders for
Lager Beer
Of their own brewing, and of the very best quality. Give it a trial, and after you have done so you will say that as good beer can be made on Lake Superior as anywhere else. Beer delivered in any part of the City of Ishpeiming daily by wagon. Mr. Chas. Lay the resident agent.
NATIONAL HOTEL,
Spring street.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.
JUST OPENED.
EVERYTHING NEW.
TERMS REASONABLE.
Jellison will be at all the Trains.
W. A. JELLISON, Proprietor.
R. C. FLANNIGAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office to Everett's Block,
MARQUETTE, (3rd) MICHIGAN.

FITS!
If you want good ones, call on
G. H. ARTHUR & CO.,
Merchant Tailors!
ISHPEMING, MICH.

The Best Goods and Workmen in the Country. Send in your Orders. 17r
C. E. BINGHAM & CO.,
PIG IRON AND IRON ORE,
No. 129 Water Street, Coal and Iron Exchange Building.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Sewing Machines.
THE WONDER OF THE AGE!
THE LIGHT RUNNING
New Home.
A Model of Strength, Simplicity and Beauty.
Never gets out of Order.
Does not fatigue the Operator.
Is fully abreast of the times in all the Improvements.
The large space under the arm, very large bobbin, ease of running, facilities for threading quickly, self-setting needle, automatic tension, device for winding the bobbin without running the needles, all combine to make the "NEW HOME" the most desirable machine now, or ever has been offered to the American people. All wearing parts are adjustable, so that lost motion can be taken up. Every machine is warranted for five years. It is manufactured in Orange county, Massachusetts, by Johnson, Clark & Co.
Ralph B. Dunn,
Agent for Marquette County, Ishpeiming, Mich.

DR. THOMAS' PAIN EXPELLER
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD
TRADE MARK
CURES RHEUMATISM, CURES COUGHS AND COLDS, CURES RHEUMATISM, CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.
Cures Sore Throat, Cures Diphtheria.
CURES LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. CURES LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS.
CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES. CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES.
FOR SALE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE, ISHPEMING.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

ATTENTION!
CHEAP.
You should Never—no, Never!—forget that
J. O. ST. CLAIR & CO.
Keep always on hand at their place of business, Corner Main Street and Cleveland Avenue, the Largest and Best line of
Groceries and Provisions,
DRY GOODS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
to be found in Marquette County. Call in and see about it. We never fail to suit, and only want a trial to feel sure of your permanent patronage.
J. O. ST. CLAIR & CO.

OUR OPENING!
We respectfully invite the people of Ishpeiming and vicinity to call and look over our
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
Which we fully believe eclipses all our previous efforts, and is equal to any to be found in the country.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, Crockery, Glassware, etc.
J. SELLWOOD'S NEW STORE,
POSTOFFICE BLOCK, OPPOSITE NELSON HOUSE.
C. H. SEABORG, Manager. 14r JOSEPH SELLWOOD, Prop.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY AGITATOR,
NEWETT & McARTHUR, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.
The Cheapest Paper in the Iron or Copper Regions of Lake Superior, and which we propose to make one of the best.
SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR,
Invariably in Advance. All Communications, Orders for Job Work, or Remittances, should be addressed to
THE WEEKLY AGITATOR,
ISHPEMING, MICH

HERE WE ARE!

With the finest and most complete outfit on the Upper Peninsula for turning out on the shortest notice every variety of
Mercantile Job Printing,

Letter Heads, Noté Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Circulars, Etc., Etc., Etc.

RULED AND BLANK WORK
As well as all classes of
RULING AND BINDING.

Don't send this class of Work away from home. We have made such arrangements with Mr. Eggers, proprietor of the Book Bindery at Marquette, that we are enabled to do this class of work as cheaply and promptly as any establishment in Upper Michigan, if not a little more so.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY AGITATOR,
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The Cheapest Paper in the Iron or Copper Regions of Lake Superior, and which we propose to make one of the best.
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