

# THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

NEWETT & McCARTHY, Publishers.

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

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

NO. 24.

VOL. 1.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

**City Directory.**

**ISHPEMING LABORATORY.**

**J. ROPES,**  
CHEMIST,  
FINE ANALYSES OF ALL ORES AND MINERALS.  
727  
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN.  
SWIFT & OSBORN,  
ATTORNEYS,  
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

**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,  
DENTIST,  
Office in Hilton's Building, up stairs,  
ISHPEMING, 1877 - MICH.  
**M. H. CHOCK R.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37

**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

**J. H. HODGKINS,**  
**HORSE STABLE,**  
Corner of Math and Division Streets.  
Best rigs in town. Prices as low as the lowest.  
**HORSE S.**  
A fine lot of horses always kept on hand for sale.  
**JOHN JONES,**  
Proprietor of  
**DRAY AND BUS LINE.**  
The Best Spring Wagons in the City.  
THE BEST BUS IN THE STATE.  
Parties carried to all adjoining locations at reasonable prices. If you want a first-class job of moving goods, from the smallest article of furniture to a good sized mountain, call on him or address him at his office in Book Store building. 1377  
**E. CRONIN,**  
—Dealer in—  
**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 on us, and "don't you forget it." 137  
**E. D. GIRZIKOWSKY,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER**  
Also Dealer in  
**Pianos and Organs,**  
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, ETC.  
Agent for all First-Class Sewing Machines.  
117  
ISHPEMING, MICH.  
**THE LITTLE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER.**  
**J. P. Outhwaite & Co.,**  
Dealers in  
**CARRIAGES**  
WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.  
**ROBES, BLANKETS AND HARNESSES**  
Of all grades, at bottom prices never before offered in Marquette County. Especial attention is called to the  
Model Business Buggy, price, \$65.00.  
Portland Cutters, price, \$35.00 to \$45.00.  
Nickel Plated Single Harness, price, \$25.00.  
137

**City Directory.**

**E. P. BIEGLER,**  
**Shaving and Hair Dressing Parlors,**  
Main Street,  
ISHPEMING, MICH.  
**H. ASGAARD,**  
Dealer in  
**Furniture!**  
Coffins, Etc.  
**CONTRACTOR,**  
and Manufacturer of all kinds of Furniture. Repairs neatly done. Orders from outside attended to with promptness. Corner of Main Street and Cleveland Avenue. 137  
**COMMERCIAL HOUSE,**  
ISHPEMING, MICH.  
**LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS,**  
**CALDER & FUNSTON,**  
Manufacturers of  
**CARRIAGES,**  
WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.  
**REPAIRING**  
Of All Kinds, done on short notice. Black-ship Shoe in connection, where all work in that line promptly and neatly done.  
**HORSE-SHOING A SPECIALTY**  
Give us a Call. Shop on Pearl Street, 1377  
**C. A. FOHRMAN,**  
Agent for the sale of  
**LYON & HEALY PIANO,**  
**J. A. C. FISCHER PIANO,**  
**STEINWAY PIANO,**  
—AND—  
**BURDETT ORGAN,**  
The very best instruments in the market, and which are being sold at the most reasonable prices. An examination of either of these instruments will convince you of their superiority over all others. They are highly recommended by all who have used them. They are supplied with all the latest improvements, and combine purity of volume, 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,**  
Ishpeming, Mich.  
**J. W. JOCHIM,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**HARDWARE!**  
**CUTLERY,**  
**Stoves, Nails, Etc.,**  
And Manufacturers of  
**TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE.**  
The most complete stock of Goods in the Hardware Line to be found in the City.  
MAIN STREET, 1371  
ISHPEMING, MICH.

**MUSING.**

Upon me stands the evening hour:  
No birds are twittering in the lower;  
The weary trees and drooping branches  
Are types of life's uncertain chance.  
Gently the south winds through the leaves  
Seem with mysterious voices to weave  
A tale of love-of broken vows,  
Dare I interpret? Will he be now  
In distant lands receive this token  
Of a heart that still aigh broken?  
Will it bring to mind the season  
When she nearly lost her reason?  
O, boasting o'er his memory come,  
Canst thou recall the happy scene,  
The merry days when both knelt side by side,  
And as the last moon had died,  
The fond embraces, the loving kiss,  
"God bless you," from his lips all this.  
Could it be lasting, could it be true,  
Two so soon came fierce communion.  
A tender plant nurtured in love,  
The sweet as resting as a dove,  
Accustomed not to harsh, cold words,  
They stood her heart and soul as swords,  
They stabbed her heart and soul as swords,  
Who had been wedded all her life,  
I'll teach her better, she's my wife,  
A girl no longer, but a woman brave and strong,  
Take up life's cross and treadle along.  
The demon slumbering within,  
Prompted him to cruel hate,  
He might brought no refreshing sleep,  
Frenzied and frightened she could not weep:  
No kind hand soothed her aching head,  
No gentle words by him were said,  
"Leave your foolishness—old age bear!"  
Yes! "Even more than she could bear."  
Tears shined across her beautiful face,  
And, summoning her self control,  
The bonds that held her fast she broke;  
Her pride was crushed, her life at stake;  
The dreadful fact upon her burst,  
The once loved home was hence occurred.  
What's that I said?  
It's growing dark. I'm very cold,  
And need some covering, my lady is told,  
Music comes floating o'er the breeze,  
Thank heaven! I'll bring her rest and peace.

**HOW DAN PLAYED THE FOOL.**  
(By One of Ouster's Troopers.)

One of the most singular men I ever met with was a private soldier in the Twelfth New York Infantry, which regiment was brigaded with the Second and Third Michigan and Second Massachusetts during the first year or so of the war. Seen at one time, you would say that Dan Harrison had blue eyes. Five minutes afterward you would make me oath that they were black, as indeed they were.

Dan also had wonderful control over his voice. He could mimic the voice of any man in the brigade. He could bark like a dog, bray like a mule, whistle like a bird, and was the wonder of the camp. On one occasion our wagon-master was asleep in his wagon, with his six mules roped nearby. Dan crept behind a bale of hay and brayed loud and long. The wagon-master awoke and jumped down and pounded the nearest mule, growling out as he re-entered the wagon:

"There, last ye—I guess you'll feel humble awhile!"

In about two minutes Dan repeated the words. The voice was so exactly the same that a dozen of us, who were hiding near by, thought it was the wagon-master again. The latter in making out the sound, his head out, looked around in surprise, and then said:

"Well, it took that old a long time to get around this wagon!"

There was other reasons why Dan was considered greater than a menagerie. He could drop one shoulder three or four inches lower than the other, and he could lower one leg was shorter than the other. He could work his ears like a horse. He could cramp his hands until they seemed to have been drawn all out of shape by rheumatism. He could make it appear that he had a squint in either eye, and he could raise his eyebrows up into his hair.

So there was a Mr. Brown close by hand. No one could have been more surprised than the spy, and he feared he had gotten himself into a bad scrape. There was no chance for him but to go along, and go he did, amusing the men for a quarter of a mile with strange antics and silly talk. Mrs. Brown was a widow, living in a comfortable, though small farm house, and Dan was married straight up to her door. She was a woman about 50 years of age, with a kind face and motherly ways.

"Widder Brown," began the leader of the party, as he put his hand on the roof that. He acts and talks like a fool, but we want to be sure he isn't tricking us. He says he knows you. If you know him that's all we want."

"Missus Brown know Tommy," chuckled Dan, as he boldly entered the house and down, and took the family seat on his lap.

The widow's vanity was a bit flattered in the first place that she had been called upon to identify a stranger, and in the next place that she would lose prestige if she failed to do so.

"Mebbe I know him—mebbe I do," she replied, as she looked for her spectacles. "Somehow or other I've always know all the fools going, and most of 'em come around here for vittles. Now then I'll put on him."

She sat on her spectacles, took the lead in her hands and put him on his feet for a long time. He looked up into her face and grinned and chuckled, though his heart was in his mouth.

"She don't know him," whispered one of the men.

The widow overhead it, and now she was on her mallet. Walking slowly by across the room to put down the candle and her spectacles, she turned and said:

"Yes, he's a fool, and you are bigger fools for stopping him."

"Then you know him?" asked the leader.

"I rathur think so! His name is Tommy, and he lives somewhere around Fairfax. He's been here more'n a dozen times."

"Didn't propose matrimony, did he?"

"No!" she snapped; "but if he had he'd have stood a better chance than white men who hide in fence corners to capture niggers."

So saying she slammed the door on them and went away. She sat down by the table and looked across at Dan, and presently mused:

"Yes, he's a fool, and those men had no business hauling him around, no matter whether I knew him or not. I guess he's hungry and tired, and I'll give him something to eat and send him to bed."

"Dan played the fool!" to perfection, and when he had eaten, the woman had a real motherly interest in him. She guided him up stairs, showed him the bed he was to occupy, and then went down with the light, saying:

"Fools can see in the dark as well as by daylight, and you might get into the box on fire."

The spy was out of the scrape, in one sense, and yet he was in trouble. He wanted to reach and pass the confederate outposts before daybreak. If he remained in the house he would encounter people next day who might want him more fully identified. But how was he to leave?

The chamber was a half-story affair all in one room, and a window at either end. One of these would let the spy out. He crept across the floor and struck the sash of one. It was old and shaky, yet he worked at it for a long time and gave up in despair. The sash seemed to be knummed, directly below, commenced a furious barking. Escape by that way was out.

After a moment of thought, Dan decided to wait till the house grew quiet and then descend the stairs and get out by the front door. He might have to wait for an hour or more, and he therefore threw himself on the bed. He had scarcely got settled when he heard a commotion down stairs and the heavy tread of a man. Creeping out of bed and putting his ear to the floor he soon found out that the woman's son had returned home after a considerable absence within the confederate lines.

Dan listened for a long time, catching words enough to keep the run of the conversation, and when he heard both moving across the floor he slipped into the bed again. It was well he did so. The stair door opened, a light appeared, and as mother and son ascended, she said:

"Of course he's a fool! Do you think I've got so old that I can't tell an idiot when I see him?"

"Well, there are suspicious times," muttered the son in reply, and both advanced to the bed.

Dan seemed to be fast asleep. One hand all cramped up was on the quilt in plain sight, and he had his face screwed up until the lonesome loneliness he had melted a heart of stone.

"That's your hand," said the mother, and she whisked the mother.

"He may be one, but it won't do any harm to let the patrol take him into our outpost," answered the son, and both descended the stairs.

Dan must get out of that, not by way of the window, but down stairs and across the front door. The patrol could not be far off, and he had no time to spare. Hastily resumming his garments, he softly descended the stairs. While waiting at the door he heard the son go out, and after two or three minutes he softly opened the door.

No one was in the room. Tiptoeing across it, he opened the front door and stepped out, but only to stand face to face with the son, a young man of about 25, and of good muscular development. For what seemed a long minute they looked into each other's faces. Then the confederate said:

"That's your hand, Mr. Yankee—the game is play-it!"

"I just came in to bid you good-

night!" coolly answered Dan, and he gathered and made a rush.

The confederate did not follow, because he realized that Dan was running directly for the approaching patrol. He was under full headway when he met them, or saw that he was going to run into them, and evaded aside.

"Shoot that Yankee—kill him! Kill him! Shoot the confederate at the house, and the patrol opened fire in response."

Dan was not over thirty feet away, and the gloom of the night saved him from being riddled. One ball struck him in the left arm, just above the elbow, inflicting a painful wound, but the others went wild, and he soon distanced the patrol. Dan did not get into Centreville that time, but he was there a month later.

"Scout is Out."—A day or two since a withered up little old man entered the Central Station and asked to be sent up as a vagrant, adding as he took a chair:

"School is out and vacation will last forever."

Being questioned, it was found that he had journeyed here on foot from New England, and was out of funds and broken in health.

"I'm sixty-seven to-day," he said as he took off his hat, "and I've been a school teacher exactly forty-one years. First class in history stand up. What is a prison? A place where an old pedagogue can lay his bones after a life of hard service. Correct, my son. What is old age? Old age is that period in life when you can't help anybody, and are therefore left without help yourself. It is better to be a young dog than a poor old man. Correct again. You may talk your best."

"So you are a school teacher?" queried the captain.

"For forty-one straight years I've coaxed, flattered and pounded knowledge into the human cranium," was the reply. "I took this finger in putting a Vermont scholar over his desk; this scar above the eye I got from a New Hampshire mother for wailing her son; I was bitten here on the back of the hand in Massachusetts; this scarp wound was received in Rhode Island when I started out to lick forty-seven boys for looking out of the window at a circus procession. I can count up twenty-five scars as certificates of my profession."

"And you've had to quit?"

"Yes. They don't want old teachers like me any more. Everywhere I go I'm told 'you're too old. I'm out of funds, out of friends, out of a job, and I think I'll take sixty days in the work-house for a change."

"Did you have good success as a teacher?"

"Yes, up to fifteen years ago. My plan was my own. When I had to tell a boy faces during how many States there were in the Union, I quit smiling and coaxing and tied him in a hard knot in about forty seconds. I was also believed in pulling hair instead of using a whip. Lard save ye! I could lift the tenth boy in natural history off his seat by the hair of the head and let go before he missed me off the platform! I never saw a boy sit on the dunce's block in my life. I humbled him by fastening a spring clothes-pin to his nose. I had various ways of bringing out information as to the early settlement of New England, the longest rivers in America and the highest mountains in Europe, but this modern sweet-milk way of teaching has laid me out for good."

He was given a cell, and after a few minutes was heard calling out to himself:

"The class in grammar will have for its next lesson the sentence: 'The prisoner call I sit.' School is dismissed!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Bald Heads.**—If one may judge from the exceptional case of Elisha, baldness seems to have been considered a disgrace among the Jews in remote ages, still a disgrace with which it was not permitted to reproach an honorable man. The punishment inflicted by divine interposition, and at the express solicitation of the prophet, upon forty unfortunate children, seems to persons in the present day—even he may be added, to those who have lost their hair—rather severe. Lovers of analogies, coincidences, and contrast may be invited to remark that the grease of wild beasts employed as instruments of vengeance against the little ones who taunted the good prophet with his baldness was in the last centuries to be employed as a capillary restorative. The strength of

Samson and the beauty of Absalom lie in their hair, and there is significance, no doubt, in the fact that through their hair both of them came to grief. Among the Greeks, the two most famous bald men were Aeschylus and Ulysses. The baldness of Aeschylus is known to have been the cause of his death, an eagle carrying a tortoise in his claws having dropped it upon what the view of breaking the shell upon what it took to be a rock, but which was in fact the shining skull of a great tragic poet. The baldness of Ulysses is commemorated in the "Odyssey," and the fearful vengeance taken on the suitors of Penelope seems to have been in a great measure due to the placentries in which one of them indulged concerning the aspect presented by his husband's cranium. Baldness, however, was no more admired in those days than in our own, and when Ulysses was restored to youth, stress is laid upon the fact that locks of the most luxuriant kind were given back to him. Julius Caesar was notorious for his baldness, and the jokes made on this subject by his soldiers on the occasion of one of his triumphal entries into Rome are only too well known. Nor need the story be here repeated of the pleasure he took in wearing a wreath which covered his denuded temples, and which according to son for substituting it. It may be remarked however, that the life-like bust of Julius Caesar, in the British Museum, is not that of a man who in the present day would be considered bald. The hair is not thick, and is brushed forward in a style which indicates a desire to make up for a want of hair in the region of the forehead and the temple. Something, however, must be allowed for the complimentary disposition of the sculptor reproducing the head of an all-powerful commander and ruler who was known to be without personal vanity.—Fall Mall Gazette.

**A Look at Victoria.**—A commotion within! It is, it is the Queen! Be still, my fluttering heart! In an instant the anointed Presence emerges. Heavens, how worn and haggard she looks! wonder if it be true that this change of Ministers is a most terrible annoyance to her. "Why, yes, to be sure it is," says Lillias. "This is exactly the sort of a crisis in which the olden time the sovereign cut the Minister's lead, or vice versa." We spring out of the phreton at sight of her, to properly courtesy as the great lady enters her carriage. She responds to ours and other salutations with a nod. Not a glimmer of a smile lights up that heavy face, the true Guelphic eyes drooping as if too weighted with the iron pressure of sorrow to lift the lids. She is dressed as usual in deep mourning, with the widow's cap under her bonnet, and the long crave veil limply hanging by her shoulder like a shroud. She sits in the carriage, but does not brag of a half of favorable wind. Inside her cloak one can see the mince-er lining an enormously costly pelt, for this is the true royal ermine; the little creatures are worth about twenty guineas apiece, and they are scarcely larger than a kitten a fortnight old. The fur is as white as snow, except the black tail, where there is a yellow spot almost as bright as a canary's wing.

The princess Beatrice is as usual close by her mother's side; a well-looking young lady of 24. Not one of the Queen's children inherits the father's beauty. A great family resemblance runs through all, and all look like the Queen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The following liniment is said to be useful for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, unbroken chilblains and insect bites: Take one raw egg well beaten up, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Beat these ingredients well up together, then put them in a bottle, cork it, and shake them for ten minutes, or till they are thoroughly mixed. Then cork very tightly, in order to exclude the air. For rheumatism in the head, rub the back of the head and behind the ears, and, for other complaints, the parts affected.

In charcoal in the powder be attached into a piece of silk or worn before the mouth as respirator, it will say to all poisonous gases that come to the mouth with the air. I have taken this post to defend the lungs, and I arrest you on a charge of murderous intention.

The Nevada Bank, San Francisco, has discharged seven of its first employees, including the first leader,

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**THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.**

**COST OF THE ZULU WAR.**—The Zulu war cost England the lives of 845 imperial troops, besides those of 542 auxiliaries, irregulars and native auxiliaries. Except in the battle of Isandhlwana the loss was small, as after all it was to be expected, seeing that under ordinary circumstances the savages could have very poor chances of obtaining a position where they could use effectively their pot metal muskets and assegais. The unfortunate Twenty-fourth regiment lost 613 men killed in action, while only twelve were wounded and one died in hospital—figures which tell eloquently of the savage slaughter of the battlefield where the savages won the day. The Nineteenth light infantry, a regiment which was actively engaged throughout the whole campaign and participated in the best fighting actions of Ulundi and Kambula Kop, only lost nineteen men in action and had forty wounded. It sent home forty-five invalids and lost six men to disease. As it had just come out of the Transkei campaign the men were thoroughly seasoned. How different was the case of the third battalion of the Sixty-third, which only went through part of the campaign, but lost thirty-eight men through sickness and sent home 105 invalids, thus completely proving the utter uselessness of the boys who at present form such a large proportion of the rank and file of the British army. This same question of army reorganization will not be among the least important with which the second Gladstone administration will find itself confronted. The short service and linked battalion system has failed and the difficulty of inducing good non-commissioned officers to remain in the army, a difficulty felt everywhere at present, is nowhere greater than in England.—*New York World*.

It is better to be—Out of debt than in jail.

A Christian than a sinner.  
Handsome than ungainly.  
Ambitious than indifferent.

A lawyer than a roustabout.  
A good man than a bad one.  
Poor but honest than rich and a thief.

Buried on a hill top than in the bosom of the ocean.  
Gay and lively than a sentimentous bore and wet blanket.

A man than a woman. This is a self-evident proposition, and needs no demonstration.

Blessed with a large family of children than be a rambling bachelor with no home ties.

Born rich than lucky, the saying to the contrary notwithstanding. All the chances are in favor of the former.

Sober absolutely, entirely, rationally sober—rather than half sober, even at a royal banquet or a bear fight.

A superintendent of the Sabbath school than a dweller in the tents of the ungodly. There is more good in it if not so much fun.

Mock and laugh than vain and impertinent. Yet the girls take more stock in the latter kind of fish than in the former, strange as it may seem.

Just before a prominent ex-officer-holder of Hartford retired the other night, he got down on his hands and knees and peered anxiously under the bed. "What in the world are you looking for, Edward?" inquired his wife. "Looking for a woman," promptly replied the husband. "You've been looking for a man under the bed for fifteen years, and I thought I'd stir a hunt for a woman, and I'll bet I'll find the woman before you do the man."

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought how amusing it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Bovus quickly tossed him over the fence. Somewhat bruised, Patrick hastily picked himself up, with the very consolatory reflection: "Well, it is a mighty fine thing I had my laugh foort."

F. BRAEATAD & Co have just received full and complete spring and summer stocks in Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's 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. BRAEATAD & Co.,  
214 Ishpeming, Mich.

HEBRY CLEMENT, Abbott, 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 cramp, worms, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

**Ruling and Binding.**

**DO YOU HAPPEN**

To have any odd

**MAGAZINES**

OR

**Lager Beer**

PERIODICALS

Laying loosely 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!**

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