

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, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

NO. 62.

City Directory. ISHPEMING LABORATORY. J. ROPES, CHEMIST.

ATTORNEYS. ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37. C. McNAMARA, Dealer in SADDLES, TRUNKS, VALISES.

DENTIST. Office in Idaho Building, up stairs, ISHPEMING, MICH. (9-7) M. H. CROCK, R.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. ISHPEMING, MICH. 1-37. A. LIDBERG, PHOTOGRAPHER.

DRAY AND BUS LINE. The Best Spring Wagons in the City.

IRON ORE. No. 10 Water Street, Coal and Iron Exchange Building, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Groceries. PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, ETC.

PLASTERERS AND MASONS. All kinds of work done in a satisfactory manner.

City Directory. H. ASGAARD, Dealer in Furniture! Coffins, Etc. CONTRACTOR.

EUROPEAN PLAN! Rooms 50 and 75 cents per day, and meals at all hours in the New York Restaurant.

ISHPEMING, MICH. I. CALIFORNIA HOUSE. Corner Pine and Pearl Streets.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS AND SLEIGHS. REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS AND SLEIGHS. REPAIRING. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. C. A. FOHRMAN, Sole Agent for Lyons & Healy Piano, J. & C.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE. THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE MUSIC STORE ON THE UPPER PENINSULA!

Miscellaneous. Shaving and Hair Dressing Parlors, Main Street, ISHPEMING, MICH. LIVERY, SALE, AND BOARDING STABLES.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, SLEIGHS. Also do Blacksmithing and Job Work in a prompt and thorough manner.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Also dealer in Fine Watches and General Watchmaking.

BEATTY, FITZ IMONS & CO. IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS, Dealers in MINING and LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

DETROIT, MICH. CHAS. L. SHELDON, Boots & Shoes.

SPRING GOODS! Now in stock and I invite your inspection.

OYSTERS! Wholesale and Retail Agency of D. D. MALLORY & CO.'S DAMON AND OTHER BRANDS.

FAIREST MORTAL, LOVELY JOAN. Just when the doctor was saying, And saints stood still, with heads low hung...

It was the evening of the day on which our story began. Peter, surrounded by his wife and children, sat placidly smoking his pipe on the little grass-plot in front of the house.

The supper had been eaten, the cows milked, the pigs fed, the chickens housed, both young and old, all the family, both young and old, fell entitled to a season of rest.

He was an elderly man, with a tanned and rugged face, sandy hair sprinkled with gray, and dark, deep-set eyes.

"I'm a peddler," said the man, speaking German. "I have sold nearly all my goods, and am on my way back to New York."

"The table was soon spread with a neat white cloth, upon which was placed a platter of cold boiled meat, gamboles with vegetables, then a plate of white bread, a roll of butter, a dish of shining raspberries and a plate of spicy ginger cookies."

The basin of water dripped from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it.

counter to wait on a customer, and Mrs. Curtis pursued her journey homeward. For some distance her road led along the dusty highway, then she turned into a little footpath through the daisy-dotted meadow...

About two miles from the village of Heywood and on the banks of Birch Creek, dwelt Peter Groat. He was a Dutchman, who with his family had lately come to America, and in the previous autumn had bought a few acres of land bordering the creek.

"He had erected a small but comfortable house, and was to all appearances, an honest, hard-working man. The only thing that could be said against him by a few grumblers, was that he was too 'close,' clinging tightly to his last cental penny, and ever on the lookout for more. This was certainly excusable when it was known that he had a mortgage on his farm, which together with the wants of a rapidly increasing family, was enough to make any man greedy of gain."

"The sun went down; the shadows began to deepen. The clock in the distant village struck the hour of eight. Peter Groat rose, shook the ashes from his pipe and said: 'Come, kinder, it is late. The dew is falling, and let's to bed.'"

"The good book commands us to stop hospitably," said Peter, "and although we are not rich, we never yet turned away a benighted traveler. So, come in, and my frau shall get something to eat."

"It is one of the spoils poor Mrs. Curtis bought me yesterday. It is pink, you see. She was real particular about the color. She was piecing a child's cushion, and wanted the right shade. Now, it is evident that the villain who murdered her took this route through the wood. See how the ferns are crushed down this way. Hurry, we've got a clue now!"

"The trail led one out of the woods into the meadow, and opened right into the yard of Peter Groat. They were going northwards. He was going back door and knock and ask if any of the inmates had seen a stranger lurking about the premises, when Mr. Brown chanced to look in the window."

and when I reached the other side I found it so rocky I could scarcely climb up. I got half way, then a sudden misstep made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain."

"'Ah, too bad!' said Fran Groat. 'I have a soothing lotion which you may put on it before going to bed.' 'Thanks. And I'll go to bed right after I've had my supper, if you please, for I am very tired. Besides, I will have to rise early to-morrow morning, so that I can take the first train.'"

"The next morning the whole family was up in time to see their guest depart. He partook with good appetite of Fran Groat's breakfast of ham and eggs; he listened quietly and with seeming reverence to his host as he read a chapter from the old, black German Bible and offered up the usual morning prayer; in fact, just as he was ready to start, he inquired what he should pay for his board and lodging."

"'You're very kind,' said the stranger. 'But I feel that I ought to repay you in some way. See here—opening his pocket—'If you will let me give you money, pray do me the kindness of accepting these little tokens of gratitude. Here Fran Groat, are two pairs of stockings that will just fit your busy feet, and here, Gretchen, is a brand new pair of calico, more than enough for a dress. They are the only things I did not sell, and I do not care to lug them home again.'"

"The two women accepted his gifts with much pleasure, and, with mutual expressions of good luck, the traveler and his entertainers parted. The former wore a blue-checked shirt of Peter Groat's. He left his own behind him, telling Fran Groat that it was too soiled for wearing, but that she might keep it in exchange for the one she had given him."

"'See what I have found!' he cried, and held up a spool of thread. It was dirty and dingy and wet with dew; but Mr. Brown, the merchant, who was with the party, recognized it at once, and he said: 'It is one of the spoils poor Mrs. Curtis bought me yesterday. It is pink, you see. She was real particular about the color. She was piecing a child's cushion, and wanted the right shade. Now, it is evident that the villain who murdered her took this route through the wood. See how the ferns are crushed down this way. Hurry, we've got a clue now!'"

"'My God! See there!' he cried. 'The basin of water dripped from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it. Then, with an effort, he said earnestly: 'Ah, yes; those rocks by the creek did make quite a splash in my shoulder. You see, explaining blandly, 'while I lay on it I thought I would try and cross the creek. It was getting dark, and when I reached the other side I found it so rocky I could scarcely climb up. I got half way, then a sudden misstep made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain.'"

All turned and looked in the wind-ward. The room was unoccupied. The clock ticked cheerfully in the corner. The cat was coiled curled upon a chair-cushion, purring contentedly. But on the table in the centre of the room, lay two pairs of stockings, and near them half unrolled, was a dress pattern of lilac color."

"'That calico,' said Mr. Brown, impressively—'that calico is the identical piece I sold Mrs. Curtis yesterday afternoon. I should know it anywhere. It's peculiar, you see—a bunch of white lilacs on a purple ground. It was all I had. Besides, I should know the piece because of one end there is about half a yard imperfectly printed, which has holes in it, too. I remember it, heur have it a bit cheaper on that account. Now, Peter Groat knows where the murderer is, or, so—meaningly and slowly—he hit the dead himself!'"

"The party of men went silently and soberly to the back door, and here they were horrified in finding fresh evidence—Fran Groat was engaged in washing a blue-stained shirt. 'They sternly asked her to whom it belonged, but the poor woman, who could not speak a word of English, could only look at them in a frightened way.'"

"His husband now came in from the garden, and they sternly interrogated him, while some of the more importunate boldly accused him of the murder of the unfortunate Mrs. Curtis. 'His frightened face, his confusion, his incoherent utterances, his trembling details were only so much more against him. Besides, he knew scarcely any more English than did his wife, and later, when calm, his story of the traveler who had stopped at his house was received with disbelief and derision. Poor, friendless and a stranger, things looked very dark against him.'"

"Weeks passed; his trial came. He was sentenced to be hanged! Rev. Mr. Marshall, Rector of St. John's Church, Brookdale, a village some two hundred miles distant from Heywood, was in his study one September morning, 1878. He was suffering from an attack of influenza which he had not shaken the night before when on a visit to a sick parishioner. Consequently complying with his wife's request that he should do no studying or writing, Mr. Marshall was lazily stretched on the lounge in front of a fire. His eight-year-old son Tom was in the room, every now and then running up to his father with some request. His last one was: 'Papa, it's Saturday, how shall I spend the day? Wish I had a kite! Do you know how to make one, papa?'"

"'I used to, Tom. I don't know whether I've forgotten how to do it or not. Give me the newspaper on the table, please, and scissors. Then run out into the woodshed and get me some of those sticks on the shelf, also a hammer and small nails. Stay, don't be in such a hurry; ask Hannah to make a little flour paste.'"

"Tom hurried away, and while waiting for his return, his father glanced over the columns of a newspaper he had just bought and skimmed it. The run out into the woodshed and get me some of those sticks on the shelf, also a hammer and small nails. Stay, don't be in such a hurry; ask Hannah to make a little flour paste."

"The morning after the murder his wife was found washing a bloody shirt, also a knife-stained with blood was found in the wash tub. Besides, goods belonging to the murdered woman were found in Groat's house. The only thing missing was a curious old suit of some black wool, possibly carried in the shape of a trunk, and in this trunk, the hair of a man named inside. But without this, the evidence against Fran Groat was strong enough to hang him."

THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, OCT. 2. CLOSE OF VOLUME I.

With the present number The WEEKLY AGITATOR closes the first year of its publication, having been sent out to its readers regularly for fifty-two weeks in succession. The establishment of the enterprise at a time regarded by many as inauspicious, its early failure was predicted freely by its projectors having, however, ample faith that a paper started and conducted in the interests of the city in which it was published, and upon whom it depended for its support, could not otherwise than succeed.

L'Assé.—The following table exhibits the season's shipments of iron ore from L'Assé, from the opening of navigation up to and including Wednesday, Sept. 29:

Table with columns for destination (e.g., Lake Superior, Marquette, Cleveland, Erie), quantity, and value. Total shipments for the season are listed as 1,088,776.

SHIPMENTS.

Main table of iron ore shipments from L'Assé, categorized by destination and quantity. Includes sub-sections for Marquette Mines and Mesnager Range Mines.

the projecter, under the title of the "Michigan Copper Co." With a view of locating a section of mineral lands in the west branch of the Ontonagon river, some eight miles west of the National mine. It is reported that copper exists in paying quantity on the land, and that the natural advantages for working it are good. In speaking of the title adopted by the directors of the enterprise, the Portage Lake Mining Gazette says: "Parties in Marquette county have formed an association to work an alleged copper property in Ontonagon county, and called it the Michigan mining company. This title was appropriated years ago by an organization in Keweenaw county, still in force to mine for copper which fact could have been ascertained by applying at the office of the secretary of the state. Those forming new organizations to mine in this district, will do well before naming them to see if they have a legal title to the name they intend to adopt."

The first public political demonstration occurred in this city last evening, when Hon. M. Burch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., addressed a large number of people in Smith's hall. Mr. Burch is a republican, and is, indeed, very liberal in his views, speaking in a manner and style which other more radical politicians of both parties would do well to adopt. We had the pleasure of meeting him, and found him a thorough gentleman.

Business Notices. Wanted.—Four first-class plasterers. Will be given steady employment for three months. Wages, \$3 per day. Call on or address, without delay, R. MILLER & CO., 514 1/2 Republic, Mich. Cassette Cases.—The largest assortment of cassette-er exhibited in this city, at R. M. Coulter & Co's. Go to R. M. Coulter & Co. to buy your cassette.

Do not forget the little store around the corner, kept by R. M. Coulter & Co., when you need family groceries. Fine dress goods at R. M. Coulter & Co's. Remains of all kinds and sizes at R. M. Coulter & Co's. Do not forget the place—R. M. Coulter & Co., Cleveland ave.

The undersigned, having opened a paint shop opposite the Rock Store, respectfully invite the attention of the public to the fact that they are prepared to do all kinds of painting at reasonable rates and as good workmanship as can be produced on this peninsula. Parties wanting either house, sign, scenic, fresco, banner or landscape painting, wall tinting, kalsomining, distempers, paper hanging, glazing, graining, carriage painting or any description of interior or exterior decorating done will find it to their interest to get out prices and examine our samples before giving their orders. NOTTON & OLMSTED.

For Sale. The American Home furniture is offered for sale for the next week. For full information apply to the owners over Kirkwood's drug store. QUARTERLY REPORT OF MARQUETTE MINE.—As a session of the Probate Court for the County of Marquette, held at the Probate Office in the city of Marquette, on Monday, the nineteenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, the following report of the Marquette mine, in the matter of the estate of Hans Brongers, deceased, was read and filing representing among other things that Hans Brongers, late of Marquette, in said county of Marquette, on the 15th day of September, 1887, died testate, leaving a valid will to be administered upon, and that G. McKeen, as executor named in the said will, thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Marquette, on the said day, to show cause, why the said petition should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that the true and correct copy of this report and of this order of said court, in and to the said county of Marquette, be published in The WEEKLY AGITATOR, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Marquette, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. EDWARD S. HARDY, Judge of Probate. (A true copy)—E. S. HARDY.

Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.

THE ELECTION!

MAY GO AS IT PLEASES!

But All People in want of Something New, and Bright, should visit

J. MALLANNEY'S STORE,

Where a Full and Complete Line of Goods Suitable for the fall trade has just been received. In Dry Goods he has something far ahead of anything he has ever before carried, consisting of an unlimited variety of the latest and prettiest patterns. In Ladies' Wear he has an elegant line, to which he invites especial attention. Woolens, Zephyrs, Laces, Cloaks, Sacsques, Dolmans, Hosiery, Carpets, Trimmings, Trunks, Valises, Etc., he has in any quantity of the best. The Grocery and Provision department, is filled to overflowing with a desirable stock, which will be disposed of at the lowest CASH prices. A respectful invitation is tendered to everyone to call and inspect goods and prices.

J. MALLANNEY.

New Advertisements.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF MARQUETTE.—As a session of the Probate Court for the County of Marquette, held at the Probate Office in the city of Marquette, on Monday, the twentieth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, the following report of the Marquette mine, in the matter of the estate of Hans Brongers, deceased, was read and filing representing among other things that Hans Brongers, late of Marquette, in said county of Marquette, on the 15th day of September, 1887, died testate, leaving a valid will to be administered upon, and that G. McKeen, as executor named in the said will, thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Marquette, on the said day, to show cause, why the said petition should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that the true and correct copy of this report and of this order of said court, in and to the said county of Marquette, be published in The WEEKLY AGITATOR, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Marquette, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. EDWARD S. HARDY, Judge of Probate. (A true copy)—E. S. HARDY.

COAL!

P. OUDERKIRK & CO., DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL! By the Cargo, Car Load or Single Ton. Office and Yard C. & N. W. E's opposite Depot, 3rd St. ANOTHER GREAT BARGAIN! EDWARD S. HARDY, Judge of Probate. (A true copy)—E. S. HARDY.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF MARQUETTE.—As a session of the Probate Court for the County of Marquette, held at the Probate Office in the city of Marquette, on Monday, the twentieth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, the following report of the Marquette mine, in the matter of the estate of Hans Brongers, deceased, was read and filing representing among other things that Hans Brongers, late of Marquette, in said county of Marquette, on the 15th day of September, 1887, died testate, leaving a valid will to be administered upon, and that G. McKeen, as executor named in the said will, thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twentieth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Marquette, on the said day, to show cause, why the said petition should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that the true and correct copy of this report and of this order of said court, in and to the said county of Marquette, be published in The WEEKLY AGITATOR, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Marquette, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. EDWARD S. HARDY, Judge of Probate. (A true copy)—E. S. HARDY.

NEW GOODS

Just Received by G. H. ARTHUR & CO., Merchant Tailors! ISHPEMING, MICH.

OVERCOATS

to which we respectfully invite your inspection. We still continue to make up, on short notice, and in all styles, all manner of Dress and Business Suits. Orders from outside will receive immediate attention. Establishment, second floor of St. Clair block, Cor. Main street and Cleveland Ave. A. TITCOMBE, AND FANCY GOODS.

FURNITURE!

Ever brought to this city, and affords those in need of anything in his line a special opportunity from which to make selections. Among the many novelities my stock, I would call special attention to a PATENT Folding Bed!

Folding Bed!

For which I have the sole agency for this county. This is a vast improvement over any bed yet produced, and is a very convenient and useful article in any household. An examination will convince you of its merits. CABINET WORK and Upholstering, in all their branches, promptly and neatly done. The first call to call on TITCOMBE if you want anything in the Furniture line. A. LIBBERG PHOTOGRAPHER, (ISHPEMING, Mich.) All kinds of PHOTOGRAPHS, TIN-TYPES, ETC. Finished in an artistic manner, and as cheaply as anywhere on Upper Peninsula. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited. Gallery on First Street.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Etc.

NEW GOODS!

AT THE LITTLE STORE AROUND THE CORNER.

R. M. COULTER & CO.,

Have Just Received their FALL STOCK of Dress Goods, Trimming Silks, (to match Dress Goods), Flannels, Cottons, Gingham, Hosiery, Corsets, Hamburgs, and a Fine Line of Prints never brought to this city. Also a Full Line of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Blanket Quilts, German Socks, Wood Socks, and the largest variety of CARPETS Ever Exhibited in this market—75 Different Patterns to Select From. Those wishing to buy carpet this fall will save money by examining this stock before purchasing elsewhere. Their Rubber Line can't be beaten. The Groceries and Provisions are always fresh. They also deal in Hay, Grain, Feed, Flour, etc. Tobacco and Cigars always on hand.

WE INVITE COMPARISON OF STYLES AND PRICES.

Everything needed by Man, Woman or Child to be had, of the Best Quality and at LOWEST PRICES, at.

THE OLD ROCK STORE!

FOR CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, UNDERWEAR, BOOTS AND SHOES, Groceries and Provisions, Dry Goods, Cloaks and Dolmans, Flannels, Blankets, Carpets, Gloves and Mittens, (BUCK GOODS, SUITABLE FOR ALL), Rubber Boots and Shoes and Clothing, WE ARE CLEARLY HEAD-QUARTERS IN THIS SECTION.

WE HAVE JUST SELECTED,

In New York, Boston and Chicago, the Most Extensive and Finest Stock of Goods WE EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET. Look at our stock before purchasing—we'll do you good.

NEW GOODS

On Clothing, Ready-Made, or to Order, we are able to offer BETTER FITS than ever before—and the Largest Stock to select from. MYERS, WRIGHT & CO. Dry Goods, Canned Goods, Groceries, Etc.

DRY GOODS, COFFEES, GROCERIES,

From 15c. to 40c. per Pound.

CANNED GOODS

A SPECIALTY. J. O. St. Clair & Co., ISHPEMING, MICH.

OVERCOATS

to which we respectfully invite your inspection. We still continue to make up, on short notice, and in all styles, all manner of Dress and Business Suits. Orders from outside will receive immediate attention. Establishment, second floor of St. Clair block, Cor. Main street and Cleveland Ave. A. TITCOMBE, AND FANCY GOODS.

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THE WEEKLY AGITATOR.

'A toad. Quick! Let me see, Tom! Mr. Marshall had not closely observed the box until now, and it was with trembling fingers that he opened it.

'Epsibah Curtis' was the name engraved on the inner cover!

Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his voice was calm as he said:

'Tom, just to run over and ask your Uncle George to come over here a few minutes—I want to talk with you on a little business.'

Three days later Myron Mason, alias Jasper Armand, was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Curtis.

He made no resistance; he told no falsehoods, stating that he had murdered the woman out of revenge. Ten years before he had two lives in a distant town. He had always been wild and dissolute, but had been betrothed of Mrs. Curtis' sister, a gentle and lovely woman.

Mrs. Curtis had opposed the match, knowing that it would cause her sister a life of misery. Also finding that Armand belonged to a gang of counterfeiters she promptly gave evidence against him.

He was condemned to ten years imprisonment. This he bore patiently, mentally vowing that, when released, he would at once wreak vengeance on the woman who had foiled his plans and blighted his life.

When the time was expired and the prison doors were opened to let him pass through, he found that the woman he loved was dead, and the woman he hated lived in Heywood. Thither he went. He had seen Mrs. Curtis go away, and had concealed himself in the wood to await her return. He did not take the articles she carried merely for the sake of robbery, but to have suspicion point its finger at some other party.

At the conclusion of his confession he said he had no desire of confessing it any longer. His life was made wretched by the horrible crime he had committed, and death and exposure was not unwelcome. The day after his confinement he was found dead in his cell. He had ended his life by poison.

As for Peter Grant, he was at once released; and the inhabitants of Heywood strove to express their regret and regard for him, but to these Peter only shook his head, saying:

'He did not care to live in a blaze where de folks was so ready to plevie him a pad man!'

So he sold his little home, packed his goods, and with his 'frat and kinfolks' moved to the far west, where it is to be hoped, in spite of sweet charity's sake, he will be more careful in entertaining benighted travelers.

DEVOTORS OF A FORGERS' WIFE.—A reporter to-day accidentally came across the wife of Brockway, the noted forger, who is now in Providence County jail. Mrs. Brockway is a very pretty lady, and was handsomely but not gaudily dressed. She was on her way to see her husband at the prison. She said that she met her husband at her home in Chicago about three years ago, at which time he was introduced to her as Charles Seymour. She was fifteen years of age at that time and attended school. Seymour was reported to be a wealthy gentleman and cultured, and so far as was known, an honorable and respectable man. The beauty and grace of Miss Raymond beguiled Seymour into an attachment which in a more intimate acquaintance ripened into love. They were married, and lived happily together for two years, Seymour furnishing a home in fine style and bestowing costly presents upon his wife. Mrs. Seymour gave birth to a child, who died about a year ago. Her husband was invariably kind and indulgent to her, although he was absent from home the greater part of the time. She had not the slightest idea that he was a forger until about a year ago, and then learned for the first time that his name was Brockway. When she asked him in what way he earned such large sums of money he invariably informed her that he was a speculator in grain. She was positive that he never carried on the business at home, as he loved her too well to throw her into association with such men. Her parents learned of her husband's character before she did and tried in every way to persuade her to return home and abandon him, but she refused to forsake him and clung to him devotedly until his imprisonment at the Tombs in New York, being doubtful whether her parents, in their bitter anger, would receive her. Her husband left home about four months ago, and she knew nothing of his whereabouts until she saw the account of his arrest in a morning paper recently. She had never seen Ulrich or Billy Oggle, who condemned Ulrich's conduct in criminalizing her husband.

She thought it was best to visit her husband in jail in order to know what was best to do in the future. The meeting between the couple at the prison was very affecting. They sat on

the bench with their hands clasped together, and talked pleasantly and quietly. Once in a while some pleasant word of his won a smile, but they were inclined to talk seriously and cautiously, so that nothing leaping upon the case was obtainable. Mrs. Brockway remarked upon the pleasant surroundings of the prison, in such marked contrast with those at the old prison, which she had visited, but shuddered at the thought of her husband's confinement in the stronghold. She did not know whether he could obtain bail or not, but thought it was improbable. She thought that she should remain in New York until her husband's trial, in September, unless he should be so fortunate as to find a bondsman. She had understood that her husband had employed an alias in every city in which he operated, but not until after her marriage.—Newport Cor. New York Herald.

BOY INVENTORS.—Some of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion for a steam engine was made by a boy. Watts left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of his houses, and a boy was hired to work these valves; although this did not hard work yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper end of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever. The boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move on with perfect regularity of motion. If short time after the first man came and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watts then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy gathered up the pieces and laid them away. Soon after that his father found an engine as an apprentice to a blacksmith, about twelve miles from home. The boy was delighted at the idea of learning a trade, and he soon found that his master was kind and took a lively interest in him. He had made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, which he showed to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a very valuable one. He immediately had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy; it worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, the boy to receive one-half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should be at his home at a given time and should bring a certain gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that his loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.—Western Trade.

ONE BELL'S TALENTS.—Ole Bull, who undoubtedly was a remarkable violinist, was certainly not one of the great classical 'serious' style, but rather of the sentimental effect school, not entirely free from tricks which Robert Macaire baptized 'blagues.' The above-alluded-to illegitimate effects were in some instances by him exaggerated, with a result which immediately pleased American galleries; and more than once, when he had diminished his tone to a nearly inaudible pianissimo, did he continue the attitude, as if he was playing, but actually having drawn off the bow entirely from the violin, holding it in the air, and producing no tone whatever; while his audience, in raptures at the softness of his really inaudible signals, made sardonic remarks of their hands and bent forward, eager to catch the sound which did not exist. Ole Bull, as if suddenly awakened from a trance, seemed to come to and bowed to the enraptured audience. Another of his inventions, with which he at first astonished even the learned violinists at Vienna, was the faculty of making his play four-stringed chords, which he did by cutting the usually bowed bridge quite straight. That he did not succeed in blinding great men like Spohr, who sold his mind very decidedly against him, is not to be wondered at. As a

gentleman very much liked in society, on account of his courteous manners and sincerely obliging ways, he won the sympathy and esteem of his countrymen by his serious endeavor to do good by founding in Norway schools for literature and art and building a theatre, trying hard to benefit his people in Europe after he had failed to do so, with great personal sacrifice, in America.—London World.

A MICHIGAN PRINCESS.—Near the church, in a small house facing Little Traverse bay, lives the famous chief's daughter, Margaret Boyd, or, in the Indian dialect—Oyabegijigokone. Her cottage is described as being bare, except for curiously woven mats of rushes, a sewing bed hangs by ropes from the rafters, and in it is the baby of her adopted daughter fast asleep. On the walls are ornaments of birch bark and wampum, a crucifix and beads, pictures of saints and the Holy Father. On the table are split porcupine quills, sweet-scented rushes, grass, birch bark and various other things which Margaret rapidly brands into baskets and ornaments. She is 60 years old, wears a plain black skirt and blouse waist, a turban of soft cashmere on her head, and her gray hair hangs in plaits down her back. Her feet is very small and she wears them neatly clothed in buckskin moccasins. She was educated by the Sisters of Charity in Cincinnati and was with them four years. When but 16 years of age she was sent as a superior of the Detroit Orphan asylum. She was considered as a prodigy by her teachers and that the Great Spirit had her under her especial care. She soon returned to her tribe and has always wielded great influence over them. Reading, studying, yet never mingling in society, for which her acquirements and education fit her, but remaining in company with ignorant, superstitious Indians. She is interested in self-possessed, and while retaining the simple customs and life of the red man, adds the education of a lady of rank. The line of succession runs out in this Indian princess, for she is the last of a large family of children. Margaret has adopted and reared a number of her people—tried to teach them, but she says they will not take kindly to learning, nor will they try to read or write.

THE TEXT.—A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor duncie was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found, but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, informed his wife that he could repeat every word, without missing a syllable. The words were as follows: 'An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar.' 'Know every word,' said the husband.

'I am anxious to hear it,' continued the wife.

'They are nice words,' continued the husband.

'I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, my dear,' said she.

'Just get your big bible, and I will say the words for I know them by heart. I said them a hundred times on my way home.'

'Well, let's hear them.'

'Ahem! I said he, clapping his throat. 'An Injan came down from New Haven and took a live coal by the tail and jerked him out of the halter!'

The memory of one-half who attend church is very similar to the above.

HOW TO DETECT UNWOLVOLOME TEA.—A correspondent writes: 'Tea-drinkers now-a-days will do well to apply the following simple test to the tea purchased of their grocers. Turn out the infused leaves, and, if they are found a good brown color, with fair substance, the tea will be wholesome; but, if the leaves are black and of a rotten texture, with an oily appearance, the tea will not be fit to drink. The pure tea, the more and distinctly brown color of the leaf strikes the attention. I am sorry to say that the mixing that is frequently adopted by the trade to reduce prices results in the two kinds of leaves being supplied together. I need hardly add that it is important to see that the leaves have the serrated or saw-like edges, without which no tea is genuine.'

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

Pope & Billan, Druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes:—'I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for Diphtheria, with very best results. I regard it as one of the best remedies for this disease, and would advise no other.'

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

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—A meeting of the stockholders in the Beer Liqueur and Lumber Co. will be held at the house of T. P. McArthur, North Corn, on Monday, the 20th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., to consider the sale of the whole or any part of the property of the company, and to do any other business that may come before them. THOMAS P. McARTHUR, Secy., Newburgh, Conn., August 24th, 1883.

NOMINATING CONVENTION. PROHIBITION REFORM PARTY.

A convention for the nomination of County Officers, and for such other business as may properly come before the convention, will be held at Austin's Hall, City of Ishpeming, on Saturday, Sept. 29th, at one o'clock P. M., mingling time. To be followed by a public meeting in the evening, at which Good Speakers will be present.

Let members of the party take prompt measures for securing delegates. See that your delegates are elected early. O. B. BOWLING, Chairman of Co. Com.

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