

SUPERIOR.

STREET RAILWAY MEN.

Reported at the Trades Assembly Meeting Tuesday Night that Twenty-three Men Had Been "Laid off" for Belonging to a Labor Organization.

When President Parker called the delegates to the Trades Assembly to order Tuesday night he was not greeted by a very large attendance. After the usual routine work the street railway employees' grievance was taken up. The delegates present stated that the name of the company had been changed from the Superior Rapid Transit Co. to something more appropriate—the Superior Rapid Firing Co. as twenty-three men had been laid off to date for being manly enough to dare to stand up for their rights and belonging to a labor organization.

The chair appointed a committee of three to make one more effort with Receiver Norvell to have the men reinstated and if this fails to then carry the matter to the courts.

The matter of the Vindicator being the official organ of the Assembly was taken up and disposed of and the secretary was ordered to have published in the newspapers "that the Vindicator is no longer the official organ of the Trades and Labor Assembly."

A meeting will be held soon in the Assembly hall for the purpose of creating more enthusiasm in organizations and building up new ones. An interesting program will be arranged and good speakers will be secured for the occasion. Bro. Winkler, of the cigar-makers, has the matter in charge.

The dance given by the Retail Clerks Thanksgiving night was a success socially and financially. The clerks are good entertainers and never do anything by halves.

The butchers held a regular meeting Thursday evening and initiated a new member. It is safe to say the new member enjoyed the "smoke house" very much. Other candidates are on the waiting list and will soon be "on the peg."

The Drayowners met Friday evening in the Hammond block.

Superior now has 21 labor organizations represented by delegates in the Assembly.

"Business is dull" that is the majority report of the unions in Superior.

Unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft. Conspicuous among the brilliant and beautiful women of her time was the lovely and every way unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the first agitator of the question of "woman's rights." No woman, with the exception of Mme. de Staël, made so great an impression on the public mind. Her new and startling doctrines were seized with an avidity scarcely credible at this day, and her famous book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," was the theme of the most universal praise and abuse.

Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," was one of her familiar acquaintances, but their intercourse was an argument, their views neither on this subject nor any other coinciding. In these arguments Paine either lost his temper or became sulky, and the woman champion won an easy victory.

Until her marriage with Mr. Godwin she was the friend of Mrs. Siddons, but she, with the majority of her admirers, declined to sanction this union, for she had married some years before an American called Inlay, to whom she had been a most devoted wife. The man, however, took advantage of the fact that the marriage was only a civil one, performed in Paris, and deserted her. She then married Mr. Godwin, but this act placed her in a position no charity could explain away. Death, however, soon covered her faults with a pitiful oblivion. She left an infant daughter a few hours old, who afterward became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.—Exchange.

A Ute Funeral.

All night long the ceaseless, muffled beating of the medicine tom-tom had come to us across the hot, barren, alkali flats; all night long the dismal wailing of the bereaved squaws and the lonesome howl of the masterless dog, crying like lost spirits, had come to us out of the darkness, plaintive and weird; all night long we had rolled and tossed on our blankets, spread upon the broad breast of mother earth, underneath the silent, watchful stars, and now, as the first pink blush of breaking morn began to revolve out of infinity into a newborn day, we rose, unrefreshed and weary.

A blood red sun thrust his scorching rays across the rugged peaks of the Book plateau. All nature seemed aflame, and as our tired, aching eyes sought what rest there could be found in the dingy green of the few scrub cedars that marked the single variation to the otherwise unbroken glare of whiteness a strange, sad procession emerged from them and wended its way toward us. As it approached we could see the cortege plainly. There were the patient, sad-eyed women, their faces blackened by charcoal, their hair disheveled, their garments rent and covered with ashes. There were the favorite dog and horse of the dead warrior, the latter fully equipped, as though ready for a journey, and so he was. There was the corpse itself, borne, all bedecked and enshrouded, to its last earthly resting place.—Lippincott's.

A Natural Fog Horn.

At the Farallones the erosive agents have worked with queer caprice. This rock, being granite, has been acted upon by the sea at all levels and throughout the long period when it has been rising out of the watery depths. Through a long narrow hole, slanting and communicating with the ocean, there comes at intervals a terrific stream of air, forced by the spasmodic heaving of the waves against the lower orifice. The government, which uses this island for light-house purposes, inclosed the upper end with the nozzle of a fog horn, and every few seconds there was blown an ear splitting bawl, which was heard far out at sea and above the din of the breaking rollers.

It was allowed to roar only in foggy weather, but it was eccentric in that it would only sound at high tide. When the tide was low, although the weather might be very thick, the thing was silent. For lack of its warning a ship went ashore upon the island rocks, and then it was that the government abandoned its location on the wind hole and erected a steam siren or mechanical fog horn, which has since very faithfully performed the necessary service.—"Our Seaboard Islands on the Pacific," by John E. Bennett, in Harper's Magazine.

The Boy and His Cap.

"I can't find my cap anywhere," is a sentence more or less familiar in the household, that being what the boy says, looking for his cap, when he wants to go out to play. Early in the search he enlists his mother, and that may make a serious business of it. She has to drop her dusting or whatever household work she may be engaged in, and the search may take a long time.

"Where did you put it when you came in?" is a question sure to be asked sooner or later, but all the boy can answer is:

"I don't know."

And then the search goes on everywhere, over and under, in all sorts of places, all at a great loss of time, if not of temper. It is found at last, as most things are in time, and in some simple, easy place, which makes the finding of it all the more exasperating.

The boy takes it and goes out to play and straightway forgets all about it; but it may take quite a little time to restore the normal calm in the house.

It is a mystery how the boy manages to lose his cap as often as he does, but it appears to be a boy's way, and common to almost all.—New York Sun.

English Suburban Homes.

In the United States you are far ahead of England in respect to new suburban homes. Whatever may be the faults of the imitations of Richardson—America's greatest architect—or even of the queer gabled and verandahed villas which for some inscrutable reason are named after the good Queen Anne, there is something picturesque about most of these buildings—if it is only the usually good sky line. But the modern suburban homes in England are monotonously ugly. As a rule they are run up in rows by some speculative builder who is his own architect.—Montague Marks in Art Amateur.

Pathetic Scene.

The mistrel man lay dying. He called his eldest son to his bedside and said:

"My boy, I cannot leave you any money; I have spent that as fast as I made it. But you shall inherit the heirloom that I received from my father. It will make you a living; it made his and it made mine."

Then, laying in the hand of the young man the worn and stained jock book, he breathed his last.—Indianapolis Journal.

No Rest.

A comedy scene followed the third act of a tragedy at a theater in an English provincial town. The villain had met his death, and the curtain was lowered, but hung suspended three feet above the stage. All efforts to lower it proved unavailing until the corpse arose from the stage, and said, in sepulchral tones, as he dragged down the curtain, "No rest, even in the g-r-r-r-ave!"—London Fun.

A Bad Break.

"That florist is singularly inept."
"How so?"
"When Pleader, the lawyer, died, his friends ordered something appropriate sent, and the doll sent a floral lyre."—Philadelphia North American.

Unloaded Guns.

"Unloaded guns are the deadliest weapons in the world," remarked a clerk in a Royal street curio shop. "They are always going off and killing somebody. Yesterday a fellow brought an old horse pistol into the shop. It was one of the dragon model; loads with powder and ball, you know, and uses a percussion cap. The thing was as big as a small cannon and hadn't been fired, I suppose, since the year 1. The owner assured me it wasn't loaded, and, as there was no cap on the nipple, I handled it a little more carelessly than I otherwise would have done. We were standing at the back door, and I raised the hammer to see whether the lock was still in working order.

"When I pulled the trigger, there was an explosion that shook the house and scared us both half out of our wits, while the bullet hit a packing case over there in the corner and knocked it into smithereens. How the confounded machine happened to go off was a mystery until I closely examined the lock. Then I saw that an old cap had evidently corroded and attached itself to the hammer, which was slightly cup shaped at the end, and when I cocked the weapon it simply lifted off the nipple and came up too. It was only one of the little tricks of unloaded weapons. They are mighty good things to let alone."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Banking in Switzerland.

Some of the methods are sufficiently antiquated, according to our standards. For instance, it requires 15 minutes in which to make a deposit at a bank. Every banking house has numerous chairs outside the railing, and the visitor is expected to sit quietly and cultivate a spirit of patience while the machinery is getting under way.

A customer who wishes to make a deposit goes to a window and hands in his money, together with a memorandum of the amount. The employee behind the railing counts the money and prepares a receipt for it, adding his signature by way of preliminary. Then a small boy takes this receipt up stairs and submits it to an official, who studies it and then ponders for awhile as to whether it will be safe to take the money.

If he decides that the bank can undertake the risk, he passes the receipt to another man, who prepares a duplicate slip and makes several entries, and finally signs his name. Then, as soon as another man has examined the receipt and added his name it is taken down stairs and turned over to the depositor. There is one satisfaction—the money is thoroughly deposited.—Zurich Letter in Chicago Record.

Temper and Football.

At football all manner of men have played at the ends of the rush line—an ideal man would be a composite of all the other men on the team.

He would be about 5 feet 10 in height and would weigh about 165 or 168. He would have the speed of a half, the quickness of a quarter, the bulldog pluck and nerve of a guard, and the brain of a captain. In addition to all these (and contrary to the opinions of most people) he would have a quick temper. There is nothing in football nor indeed in any form of athletics incompatible with a little of the "Old Adam," nor is there anything like anger to put life and fire into a tired man late in a hard fought game.

One can be as angry as he may and still be a gentleman. Temper, properly directed and controlled, will add fierceness to one's tackles, speed to his running and strength to his blocking, as nothing else on earth will do, and many the captains there are who, knowing this, have stirred up their wearied men with harsh words of command which themselves realized were unmerited simply to make their teams work harder and faster.—College Athlete.

A Golf Story.

At a dinner party not long ago a certain young gentleman (an enthusiastic golfer) started in with the shellfish to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day, says W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen in The Independent. It was not until the pudding was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking. Indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the entire progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject—incredible, but still possible.

"I am afraid that I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said in half apology.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the polite response. "Only what is golf?"

Keeping Cool.

At one of the vice-regal balls in the Emerald Isle a young "detrimental" came up to where a young lady was sitting and asked in her mother's presence if he might have the pleasure of the dance.

"Deed an ye can't, then. Shure she's keeping herself cool for the Earl of Clanfurly!" was the pointed refusal volunteered by the ambitious mamma.—Exchange.

Evasive Disraeli.

Here is a story of Disraeli; it is one of his quick replies: A lady, who had asked him to dinner, when the eastern question was looming large, inquired, "Lord Beaconsfield, what are you waiting for?" "For mutton and potatoes."

At Munich many of the clerks at the banks and hotels are girls, and as cashiers and bookkeepers at restaurants and other houses of business they are well in evidence. Many women are also employed at railway stations as booking office clerks.

The New Zealand old age pensions bill provides that persons of good character attaining 65 and having resided for 20 years in the colony shall be entitled to a pension of £38 annually.

A 'NINY RESERVATION.

William Penn's Indian Tract Still Preserved in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia contains one relic of the days of William Penn which is unknown to most inhabitants of the Quaker City. It is a small portion of ground which still retains by virtue of a provision in the charter its original character. Right in the heart of the business section of the city it lies, the only place for miles around that bears no footprints of the march of progress and commerce, the only building lot in the city which has never been near the hands of a real estate agent.

You have but to go down Walnut street to Second, turn up Second until you come to a little iron gate on the east side of the street, swing it back and enter and you stand within the Indian reservation.

In the days when Philadelphia used to be the metropolis of the red men, and they came by various trails across the country and down the Delaware to hold council there, it grew necessary for them to have some appointed spot for their encampments. William Penn dedicated this reservation to them as a trysting place and provided that it should be sacred to their use forever.

It is a foreign enough place now, shut in as it is by high buildings on nearly every side. The old Union Telegraph office confronts it on one side, a wholesale liquor dealer's store backs up against it on another, and a high board fence chokes off the last hope of any outlook from the place.

There is no mark to tell of its original use or to stamp it as one of the curiosities of the day. One's only solace for his grievance is to imagine that the stealthy tread of moccasined feet is still echoing there and that the strange words of the redskin's tongue have left some spell upon the place.

In size it is a poor comment upon Penn's generosity, for it scarcely affords room sufficient to turn a wagon and a pair of horses. Perhaps because of its microscopic dimensions there has never been any attempt to encroach upon the rights of the old reservation.

For more than a century it has stood in its native state in the midst of the great city, a relic of a pathetic past, an heirloom for owners who will never reclaim it.—New York Herald.

TOBACCO AND THE HEART.

A Doctor Gives What He Calls Cold Facts About Smoking.

"I don't like to upset a cherished tradition," said a doctor who is himself a devotee of the weed, "but the talk one hears of nicotine saturating the systems of smokers is mostly rot. Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop of it will make a good sized mastiff turn up his toes if injected subcutaneously, and it would take precious little of it to kill a man. The truth is that very little is absorbed, even by the most confirmed smokers. Now and then you read of men who die from excessive tobacco using and are found on autopsy to be literally reeking with nicotine. All rubbish. Nothing of the kind ever happened.

"Again, it's a favorite experiment to blow smoke through a handkerchief, and the stain that is produced is popularly supposed to be made by nicotine. It is really oil of tobacco, which is a horse of quite a different color. No, the chief harm done by smoking is the stimulus which it gives to the heart. This is particularly true of cigarette smoking, where 'inhaling' is nearly always practiced.

"Each time the smoke is inhaled it acts as a slight spur to the heart, and, needless to say, there is sure to be a reaction. If the smoker is in good general health, he will probably never feel it, but if he isn't there will be periods of profound depression, and, not knowing the cause, he is apt to try to brace up on a drink, which makes matters just that much worse. If he has organic heart trouble—valvular weakness, I mean—it's quite possible that he will tumble over some day and put his angel plumage on. Those are the cold facts about smoking—none other are genuine."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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The West Duluth Bank, West Duluth, Established September 10th, 1896, Operated by

H. E. Smith & Co., Bankers, Organized Oct. 10th, 1895.

Statement of Condition at Close of Business September 27th, 1898.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....\$20,945 77
Real estate and mortgage securities..... 6,503 50
Stocks, warrants and securities..... 6,538 35
Furniture, fixtures and office supplies..... 3,881 87
Expenses and taxes paid..... 3,653 69

Reserve—
West Duluth Bank.....\$ 3,302 20
Due from banks..... 9,487 51
The Merchants' Bank..... 5,292 54
Demand loans..... 8,621 21
Cash and cash items..... 15,052 98

Total cash resources.....\$46,156 33

LIABILITIES.

Capital The Merchants' Bank (H. E. Smith & Co.).....\$10,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits..... 7,178 47
Time certificates of deposit..... 8,945 92
Demand liabilities—
Demand certificates of de-

posit.....\$ 1,149 41
Deposits subject to check..... 68,478 86
Cashier's checks outstanding..... 1,284 06
Certified checks outstanding..... 342 00
Collection account..... 59 69

Total demand liabilities.....\$61,354 02

\$87,477 51

We, James P. Smith, cashier of the West Duluth Bank of West Duluth, and A. E. MacEwen, cashier of the Merchants' Bank of Duluth, do hereby certify that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

JAMES P. SMITH, Cashier.
A. E. MAC EWEN, Cashier.

Correct Attest:
HANSON E. SMITH, President.

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