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THE Merchant Tailor,

Has Received a Full and Complete Stock of Spring and Summer Goods!

Comprising a very select assortment of all the Latest Styles of goods in the market, which he will make up at the Lowest Available Prices. Business Suitings in Checks and Plaids until you can't rest. Very Handsome Pantings in Large Variety. Fine Imported French and English Goods for Fine Dress Suits. All Shaded Styles of Spring Overcoatings, and at Prices to suit the times.

COME AND INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELVES.

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Toilet Articles, Brushes,

Sponges, Perfumery, &c., &c.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a Competent Druggist.

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THOMPSON SMITH, Proprietor.

Desire to call the attention of the citizens of Cheboygan, Duncan City and Surrounding country to the Large and Well-selected Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, BOOTS and SHOES, AND FURNISHING GOODS FOR LADIES & GENTS

We have received by the early boats, a Full Assortment of Seasonable Goods, and the stock in every department is full and complete and will be kept so by daily additions, thus giving our customers the benefit of a choice line of goods from which to make selections.

OUR PRICES

Will always compare favorably with those of our competitors, while the Large Assortment of goods give our patrons a better opportunity of making satisfactory selections.

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This shop is one of the best in Northern Michigan. We are prepared to do all work in this line with dispatch. Heavy work, such as

Saw Mill and Steamboat Work

A Specialty.

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These Mills are the Largest and Most Complete in Northern Michigan, and the cut the best. Correspondence regarding lumber by the cargo solicited. Cut Lumber For Sale at Lowest Market Prices at retail. Parties contemplating building would do well to call and examine our stock.

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Uncle Sam's Furniture House!

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Frames made to order. Looking Glasses in endless variety. Ornaments and Chromos. I will Sell—Get my Prices. A full line of

Undertaking Goods, Burial Cases, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds &c.,

Funerals attended promptly, with Hearse and Carriages.

J. H. TUTTLE.

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NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1885.

Fishing for Water.

"Did you ever hear of a place where the people are compelled to fish in the ocean for all the fresh water they use?" asked Ben Geruley, a sailor who has cruised in every water on the face of the globe. "There is such a place, and I've been there. It's the hottest place I was ever in, and I've been to all the hot ones. Rain never falls there and the temperature never changes. I think it stands at 120 degrees all the year round. You're thirsty when you go to sleep, you wake up in the night thirsty, you're thirsty all day. Yes the people that live there appear to think they are in the garden spot of creation. That's natural, though, for it isn't likely one out of a hundred of them was ever in any other place. This delightful spot is on the Persian Gulf, at Babrin, where they fish for the water they drink. I had the pleasure of staying there three days ten years ago.

"I don't know who discovered the fact, but there are numberless springs of ice-cold water at the bottom of the Gulf, near the shore, where the water is about sixty feet deep. This must have been known when they first set up the town, of course, or it wouldn't have been started there. This fresh water gets to be salt enough, though, before it gets far from the bottom, and so they have to send down after it. When a man's wife calls him to go after a pail of water and be quick about it over in Babrin, he grabs a goatskin bag, yells at the first neighbor he sees stretched out in the sand, and the two jump into a boat and row out a short distance. The man who is after the water wraps the goatskin about his left arm, with the mouth of the bag in his hand. Then he takes in his other hand a heavy stone. This stone is tied securely to the end of a long and strong line, for stones are valuable property there. Without them no one could go out and fetch a pail of water, and they are very scarce. With the stone firmly clutched in his hand the man dives into the water, and down he goes to the bottom. When he reaches the cool, fresh water gushing up from the sand, he opens the mouth of his goatskin bag, drops the stone, and floats upward in the strong current. The bag quickly fills and the mouth is closed again. When the man reaches the surface his companion lifts the bag into the boat and the diver follows. The stone is then carefully drawn up and the men go home.

"The water is sold and refreshing when it first comes up from the depths of the sea, but it soon gets flat and warm. The more you drink of it the thirstier you get, but the natives can get along on a few swallows of it now and then. The requirements of the climate keep the divers at work in the sub-marine springs for all they are worth, and the shore is lined with their boats all day long. The springs are said to be the outlet of large natural aqueducts in a range of mountains more than 500 miles from the coast, but I guess they would have a hard time to prove the theory if they were called upon to do it.—New York Sun.

A Detroit Dude Gets Mashed.

The best-deserved thrashing that has been administered to anyone heretofore of late, says the Indianapolis Journal, was given one of these despicable characters who believe themselves masers, by a young gentleman in the lobby of the Grand Opera House at the close of the performance of "Fantasma" Friday night. The young man was the escort of a well known young lady, occupying seats in the balcony. During the performance this self-constituted exquisite entered the theater, attired in "dudish" costume, and immediately began to make himself conspicuous by his statuesque posing in the vestibule. After having gazed impudently about the house he singled out the young lady, accompanied by the young gentleman in question, and took possession of a seat at her side, making himself extremely disagreeable. When he arose to leave he dropped a note on the seat he had occupied, evidently intending it for the lady. The note was written on the reverse side of a Bates House card, and read: "My address is on the other side; will remain here until Monday morning," and the address on the face of the card was: "Harry Warden, room 235, Bates House." The young lady called the attention of her escort to the note, and he, with commendable judgment, kept his seat until the curtain fell, but kept his eye upon the individual. As he left the theater the young man excused himself from the lady for a moment, and leaving her in the private office of the managers, stepped hastily to the box office, where the masher was again posing. Without saying a word the young man planted his fists full in the face of the offending scamp, and knocked him sprawling to the floor, repeating the effort as the fellow scrambled to his feet. Will Dickson and Treasurer Gordon, attracted by the fellow's frantic yells for quarter, interfered in his behalf, but upon being informed as to the nature of his offense, took hands off and sanctioned the resumption of hostilities, which was renewed with a vigor that called forth the most astonishing yells from the fellow. After swelling both his victim's eyes and pummeling his face to a beautiful pulp, the young gentleman bestowed a parting kick upon him and escorted the young lady from the house. Warden sneaked off without further molestation. The Bates House register shows the name of "Harry Warden, Detroit, Mich.," in room 235.

The Great Storm of 1831.

Dr. Hawes, of Georgetown, was talking to me about this great storm the other day. He said the snow was four feet deep on a level, and the ice on the Wash River served as a bridge for teams and heavily loaded wagons until the middle of April. The winter of 1830-31 is known among the pioneer settlers of

Illinois as the time of "the deep snow." Up to that time it is claimed that the climate of the central part of the state was so mild that cotton was a good crop—in fact that Illinois was as good a cotton state as Georgia. About Christmas, 1830, the rain which was falling turned to snow, which continued to fall until it lay at least four feet on a level all over the State. The rain fell and a hard crust formed on top of the snow. For nearly three weeks afterward the thermometer did not rise higher than 12 degrees below zero. It was useless to attempt to break the roads, and the best plan was to follow as nearly as possible the same track and beat it down solid. The roads thus became firm, while on the sides the snow would melt more rapidly, leaving the road high above the surrounding level. When most of the snow on the prairies had melted these roads remained and looked like silver threads, stretched as far as the eye could follow. The storm came so unexpectedly that most of the corn was still in the field, and there was a scant supply for the stock and many animals died. Many men who were caught by the storm lost their lives. Everything upon which wild game was accustomed to feed was covered up, and the result was almost extermination. The deer which up to that time were plentiful, suffered greatly and were easily killed by the hunters. The Indians who occupied the state had a tradition of a previous deep snow about the year 1800 which rivaled the winter of 1830-31.—Danville Ill. Commercial.

Singing by Proxy.

New York Correspondence.

It has been a common trick of actresses in certain parts to sit close to a wing, with the back turned to the audience, and let some other woman just out of sight do the warbling. That was the device of Matilda Heron, and she had been imitated in that respect by such notable Isabells as Mrs. Bowers and Clara Morris. But the great Victoria will descend to no such falsity of art. It may be true that she cannot sing a note, but the audience shall not know it—at least only when there is such a mishap as occurred at the matinee recently. She bravely faced the audience when the time came to sing, opened her mouth expressively and the familiar melody concerning "other lips and other hearts" was heard. It was only because my seat was in a box close to that side of the stage that I detected the bold feat. She was mouthing the song without uttering a note. A singer was concealed at her side by the scenery, while she opened, shut and controlled her lips in harmony with the voice. I admired her audacity and skill. But the great Victoria's unseemly aid proved disastrous this time. The first verse had been touchingly rendered. The supposed vocalist was so soulful, so intense, so demonstrative that a deep impression was manifested in the audience. Tears were flowing and handkerchiefs were out. The applause was loud and long. The actress bowed low in acknowledgment. Then she straightened up for the second verse. The orchestra leader started the accompaniment. She sprung her mouth open to the widest limit and set it going in conformity with the words which ought to have come from the singer, but not a sound was heard until the roar of laughter which the audience emitted.

Rolls of Antietam.

Cornelius Smith, of Pleasant Valley, near Cumberland, Maryland, has the contract for sawing into lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing on the field of Antietam at the time of the battle fight. He says all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buckshot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws in his mill when such lumber is being cut, a number of saws being snapped into fragments, when running at a high rate of speed, by striking iron shot imbedded in the logs. A large, angular fragment of a shell was struck by a saw a few days ago, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped in several places. In another instance, a grape shot was cut through by a saw, leaving bright, polished surfaces on each hemisphere of the missile. Many leaden bullets, which offer little or no resistance to the saws, are revealed in boards and planks.

One American Girl Abroad.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Speaking of your American girl abroad," said a party from Canada, "I don't care where you find her—and I've traveled a bit myself—your American girl is usually up with the procession. I met her once at a ball in Hamilton, Ont. There were a lot of our English army fellows there, and they have a pretty good notion of their personal importance. The girl in question had just come from Chicago, and was quite the craze in Hamilton society. One of the fellows suggested to Captain \_\_\_\_\_ of the Guards, that he'd like to introduce him. 'Awh, an American girl eh?' said the Captain twirling his mustache. 'Wants to know me, eh? Well I don't mind, me boy. Trot her up, if you like.' A friend repeated this to the lady, and when the Captain was introduced, she surveyed him calmly and said: 'Ah, it's an officer, isn't it? I don't like it—trot it back!'"

How an Editor Popped.

Editors have their peculiarities as well as other people. They practice and inculcate brevity, which is a virtue. They are absent minded, which is a failing. It is not strange then that one should send a note to his lady love like the following: "Dearest, I have carefully analyzed the feeling I entertain for you, and the result is substantially as follows: I adore you! Will you be mine? Answer." Then after a moment of thought, he added in a dreamy absent way: "Write only on one side of the paper. Write plainly and give full name, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

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S. H. TAYLOR, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Office in Gerow Block.

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For Constipation, or Costiveness, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

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