

ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS,
Published every Tuesday, by
M. M. VIALI.
J. C. VIALI, Editor.
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Over A. L. Power & Co's Store.

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VOL. I ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1871. NO. 19.

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Ausable every Sunday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
Arrive at Alpena every Friday morning.

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Alpena every Tuesday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
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Arrive at Detroit Wednesday, at 8 o'clock A. M.
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Life Insurance Co.**
Progress of the Company.

INCOME AND EXPENSES.

Period.	Income.	Expense.	Ratio
1859 to 1860-6 yrs.	\$199,742.21	\$76,044.23	2.63
1859 to 1863-6 yrs.	271,163.91	100,909.08	2.69
1859 to 1871-6 yrs.	15,248,517.17	5,108,625.22	2.99

Total, 18 yrs. \$14,827,781.29 \$4,254,677.44
Ratio of expense to income for year 1870, 13 Being two per cent less than the average of all Companies in the United States.

INCREASE IN ASSETS.

Period.	Assets.
1859 to 1860-6 yrs.	\$60,211
1859 to 1863-6 yrs.	310,514
1859 to 1871-6 yrs.	6,840,113

Total, 18 yrs. \$7,287,000
Add: Capital Stock \$100,000.00
Advance on Securities 7,921.91
Total \$7,394,921.91

Assets, Jan. 1, 1871, \$7,394,921.91
PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS

Dividends declared \$1,560,427.85
Dividends paid in cash 955,497
For Matured Endowments and surrenders 108,153

Total paid Policyholders \$2,624,078.65
Policies in force, Jan. 1, 1871, 50,517.
Insurance at risk \$61,520,250
Ratio of Expense to Income less than any New York Company, except ONE.

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AND
CROCKERY'S SUPPLIES.

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Attention of retailers at Alpena and elsewhere is invited to our
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When we can and will make as advantageous as those of any house in Michigan.

At our establishment precisely what they want, and at precisely such
FIGURES AS WILL SUIT THEM.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE ARGUS!

ER YER, IN ADVANCE!

Kate Heath.
The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for Americans, who were then struggling for Independence. In Carolina, affairs were in a critical situation. General Greene made an unsuccessful attack on the British post at Ninety-Six, and withdrew his men beyond the Tibe and Broad rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot General into an engagement.

At that period there stood, in North Carolina, a plain and unassuming house, white-washed, and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers, and the beautiful honeysuckles shaded the doors and windows. It was the house of Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two daughters, while her son George was in Washington's army, fighting for freedom.

Kate, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers; her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down to her shoulders, and her face beamed with kindness, while her eyes shone like the stars that lit up the azure vault of heaven.

One evening, as Kate was standing at the cottage door, she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They were richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Rawdon, the commander of the British forces in that part of the country. They rode up to her, and Rawdon leaned over in his saddle, and said, in a kind voice:

"Well, Miss, can you let me have the use of a room for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir, our house is open to you."

"Come, Colonel, let us hasten to business," said Rawdon, dismounting, while the Colonel did the same, the latter leading the horses to the stable.

Lord Rawdon advanced to where Kate was standing, and said, "Whose house is this, Miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's, my lord."

"Ha! her son is in the rebel army, under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult, and she looked at the Briton with a searching glance.

"My brother is no rebel, Lord Rawdon; he is fighting for his country."

"I am sorry for that. He is a brave boy, and would, no doubt, make a good British soldier," returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me. I would sooner see George die a felon's death than see him in the King's army," was the prompt answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Heath. But here comes the Colonel," said Rawdon, as he saw that worthy individual coming from the stable.

They entered the house and went into a small room, to hold a conversation. Kate thought they might have something important to say, so she resolved to play the eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who approved of it, and Kate placed herself in a position to overhear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and she knew that if she were caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and perhaps executed. For Lord Rawdon knew no mercy.—She cautiously approached the door and looked through a crevice. Rawdon and his Colonel were seated before a small table, on which lay maps. They were examining them closely, while Rawdon was explaining them to the Colonel.

"Here is Greene's camp," said he, "and here is ours. We must make a bold strike, and if successful, Greene will be destroyed."

"I don't see why it should not succeed, do you, my lord?"

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have heretofore, we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the rebels are driven away from Carolina, and then their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Greene, Colonel.—I do not want to go back to England and let it be said that I was out-generaled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, raising to his feet.

"Then we make that attack at day-break, do we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do. Have your regiment ready, and make the men fight like demons."

"Let us go, now. But hold! what

is the countersign for the picket to-night, my lord?"

"England," answered Lord Rawdon, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the Briton's plans with a wildly beating heart, and she resolved to save the patriot army.—When she heard the countersign she left the door, and busied herself in her household duties; and soon the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but first let me thank you for your kindness," said Rawdon.

"Your thanks are received," replied Kate.

The horses were saddled, and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched them till they were out of sight, and then prepared for her perilous journey. She threw on a shawl, and went to the stable. Her feet-footed horse neighed as she entered, and she patted him on the head, and said, "Well, noble Selim, you must carry me safely to-night; for if you do not, General Greene will be destroyed."

The animal seemed to understand her, for he gave a loud whinny. Our heroine saddled Selim, led him from the stable, and was soon riding toward General Greene's camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode swiftly, for she wanted to reach her destination in time to let the patriot General form his men to meet the assault.—The British pickets were four miles distant; and she would be compelled to pass through their lines; but as she was in possession of the countersign, she did not fear the result. Soon Kate saw the picket's bayonet gleam in the moonlight and heard him cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend with the countersign."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

She approached the picket, and whispered, "England."

"All right; pass on. But stop," cried the picket, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse, and laid her hand on a pistol. The picket approached, and said:

"Is that you, Miss Heath?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate, for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, who had often visited the garden at their house.

"Where are you going to-night, Miss Kate?" he asked.

"To see Miss Blake; she is very ill."

"Just like you, Miss Kate—always visiting the sick; you are a ministering angel," said the British soldier.

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy. But I must be going. Good night."

And Kate was again on her journey, while the picket returned to his post. She had to pass four miles yet ere she would be safe, so she urged on her steed. Before she had gone a hundred yards from Guy Jackson, a dozen mounted Britons rode furiously up to the picket, and their leader cried out:

"Did any person pass this post a short time since?"

"Yes, sir," was the picket's reply.

"Do you know who it was?"

"I do; it was Miss Heath."

"Had she the countersign?"

"She had."

"I fear she is safe. Forward men! If she escapes, General Greene is saved! A hundred golden guineas and a commission to the man who catches her!" cried the leader of the band, as they dashed after the brave girl, leaving the picket in a state of bewilderment.

Kate soon heard the sound of her pursuers, and she pushed on faster. It was a race for life or death. The British horses were fresh, while hers was beginning to show signs of fatigue.

"Forward, Selim! You must take me to General Greene's camp!" said Kate to her horse.

But her enemies gained upon her, and one of them seemed bent on catching her, for he was some yards in advance of his comrades. Kate heard the ominous tramp of his horse, and drew her pistol. Nearer he came, until he was at her side, and then he cried out:

"Halt, you vile rebel!"

Those were his last words, for Kate fired, and the bullet crashed through his brain. The others did not stop to

look at their comrade, but pressed on. They neared her again, and another trooper received his death wound.—The remainder halted, and a moment afterward Kate heard the American picket cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"Kate Heath!" cried our heroine, as she dashed through the line.

The soldier had raised his gun, but when he heard the name, it was lowered and he answered:

"All right."

The American camp was reached. Kate threw herself from the saddle, and placed her faithful horse in charge of a soldier.

"Where is General Greene's tent?" she asked.

"To the right, there; where you see that light," replied the man, pointing to the place.

She entered the General's tent, and found him engaged in writing. He raised his eyes, then arose to his feet, and said:

"You come here at a late hour, Miss Heath."

"I do, General. You are in danger."

"How is that?" exclaimed Greene.

The brave girl told her story, and the General grasped her hand, while the tears trickled down his war-worn cheeks.

"Thank Heaven! you have saved my army, Miss Heath! I can never repay you!"

"I want no payment. The thought that I have done my duty, and the thanks of General Greene, are worth more than gold and diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl, and may the Great Jehovah watch over and guide you through the changing scenes of life," responded Greene.

"And may He save my country, too," added Kate.

"You need rest. Here sleep in my tent to-night, while I seek a resting place among my men," said the kind-hearted Greene.

"I do not wish to rob you of your couch, General."

"You will not. I shall be engaged in forming my troops to meet the attack," and General Greene left the tent.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that night, and in the morning General Greene came to see her, and joyfully exclaimed:

"Good news! Lord Rawdon is in full retreat. We took a prisoner this morning, who says you frustrated their plans and saved the army. Heaven bless you for that good act. But I must leave you now, for I am going to follow Rawdon, and teach him that we can fight. When are you going home?"

"In a few minutes, General."

"Good-bye, and may you have a safe journey," responded Greene, shaking her by the hand.

Her horse was led forth, and she was soon on the way to her home, which she reached in safety.

Kate Heath lived to see the war close, and peace and plenty spread their wings over the land, and not long afterwards she was wedded to Walter Gordon, who had been a Colonel in the American army.

Bound to have His Fare.
Rev. Mr. F., of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to preach out of town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in town until late in the morning of the day on which he was going to preach. He hastened to the clerk of the hotel and requested him to procure him a carriage, which was complied with, and he was soon driven to the church and got there scarcely a moment to spare. He stepped from the conveyance and hastened up the aisle, when, to his great surprise, he heard a suppressed tittering and a buzz of astonishment, for which he could not account, until chancing to hear a footstep behind him, he turned and beheld the cause.

The coachman, muffled to the chin, with a fur cap on his head, and a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavalry boots on his feet, had followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F. was about to address him, when John exclaimed:

"Ye ain't paid me—I want my fare."

The worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he

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One square, one week, 10 cents; two weeks, 18 cents; three weeks, 25 cents; four weeks, 32 cents; five weeks, 40 cents; six weeks, 48 cents; seven weeks, 55 cents; eight weeks, 62 cents; nine weeks, 70 cents; ten weeks, 78 cents; eleven weeks, 85 cents; twelve weeks, 92 cents; thirteen weeks, 100 cents; fourteen weeks, 108 cents; fifteen weeks, 115 cents; sixteen weeks, 122 cents; seventeen weeks, 130 cents; eighteen weeks, 138 cents; nineteen weeks, 145 cents; twenty weeks, 152 cents; twenty-one weeks, 160 cents; twenty-two weeks, 168 cents; twenty-three weeks, 175 cents; twenty-four weeks, 182 cents; twenty-five weeks, 190 cents; twenty-six weeks, 198 cents; twenty-seven weeks, 205 cents; twenty-eight weeks, 212 cents; twenty-nine weeks, 220 cents; thirty weeks, 228 cents; thirty-one weeks, 235 cents; thirty-two weeks, 242 cents; thirty-three weeks, 250 cents; thirty-four weeks, 258 cents; thirty-five weeks, 265 cents; thirty-six weeks, 272 cents; thirty-seven weeks, 280 cents; thirty-eight weeks, 288 cents; thirty-nine weeks, 295 cents; forty weeks, 302 cents; forty-one weeks, 310 cents; forty-two weeks, 318 cents; forty-three weeks, 325 cents; forty-four weeks, 332 cents; forty-five weeks, 340 cents; forty-six weeks, 348 cents; forty-seven weeks, 355 cents; forty-eight weeks, 362 cents; forty-nine weeks, 370 cents; fifty weeks, 378 cents; fifty-one weeks, 385 cents; fifty-two weeks, 392 cents; fifty-three weeks, 400 cents; fifty-four weeks, 408 cents; fifty-five weeks, 415 cents; fifty-six weeks, 422 cents; fifty-seven weeks, 430 cents; fifty-eight weeks, 438 cents; fifty-nine weeks, 445 cents; sixty weeks, 452 cents; sixty-one weeks, 460 cents; sixty-two weeks, 468 cents; sixty-three weeks, 475 cents; sixty-four weeks, 482 cents; sixty-five weeks, 490 cents; sixty-six weeks, 498 cents; sixty-seven weeks, 505 cents; sixty-eight weeks, 512 cents; sixty-nine weeks, 520 cents; seventy weeks, 528 cents; seventy-one weeks, 535 cents; seventy-two weeks, 542 cents; seventy-three weeks, 550 cents; seventy-four weeks,