ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS,

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M. M. VIALL.

J. C. VIALL, Editor.

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OFFICE:

Over A. L. Power & Co's Store.

JOB PRINTING

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Of all kinds, at reasonable rates.
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Alpena Weekly Argus.

Independent in all Things--Neutral in Nothing. Politically Democratic.

VOL. I. ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1871. NO. 20.

BURRELL HOUSE,
Alpena, Mich.,
A. E. McCLAIN, Prop'r.
Situated within a short distance of the Magnetic Springs. 7

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6
Where he has a first class shop to satisfy all his customers.
Formerly occupied by E. Kosselmeyer,
In Blackburn's Building,
BARBER SHOP
Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Alpena that he has rented the
CHARLES WURST

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Good News to the Afflicted.
The Alpena Magnetic Spring Company
Beg leave to announce to the public that their new Bath House is now open to all. The water of this Spring is very powerful, and many remarkable cures have been effected by its use. It cures many diseases of the Skin, Sciatica, Rheumatism, (chronic and inflammatory,) Paralysis, Erysipelas, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, Neuralgia and all nervous diseases. None who are afflicted need dispair! Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are being performed every day which are truly wonderful.
Bath House open from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. during the week, and from 6 to 10 A. M. on Sundays.
WM. J. ROE, M. D.,
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1871. 1871.
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Steamer Galena,
Capt. Finlason,
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Detroit every Saturday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
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St. Clair every Saturday, at 12 o'clock P. M.
Port Huron every Sunday, at 5 o'clock A. M.
Lexington every Sunday, at 7 o'clock A. M.
Port Hope every Sunday, at 12 o'clock M.
AuSable every Sunday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
Arrive at Alpena every Friday morning.
RETURNING, WILL LEAVE
Alpena every Tuesday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
AuSable every Tuesday, at 11 o'clock P. M.
Arrive at Detroit Wednesday, at 8 o'clock P. M.
Arrive at Cleveland Thursday, at 6 o'clock A. M.
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KNICKERBOCKER
Life Insurance Co.
Progress of the Company.
INCOME AND EXPENSES.

Period.	Income.	Expenses.	Ratio of Exp's to Income.
1853 to 1859—6 yrs,	$109,742.21	$76,084.23	38.09
1859 to 1865—6 yrs,	371,183.91	109,969.66	29.76
1865 to 1871—6 yrs,	13,856,858.17	3,108,823.23	22.56
Total, 18 years,	$14,627,784.29	$3,354,877.44	22.95

Ratio of expense to Income for year 1870, 12.94. Being two per cent less than the average of all the Companies in the United States.

INCREASE IN ASSETTS.

Period.		
1853 to 1859—6 years		$98,219.57
1859 to 1865—6 years		349,841.99
1865 to 1871—6 years		6,840,134.63
Total, 18 years		$7,287,696.19
Add: Capital Stock	$100,000.00	
Advance on Securities	7,962.91	107,962.91
Assetts, Jan. 1, 1871,		$7,395,659.10

PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS.

In losses	$2,861,849.86
Dividends declared	$1,569,427.35
Dividends paid in cash	995,424.65
For Matured Endowments and surrendered Policies	108,135.95
Total paid Policyholders	$3,965,410.66
Policies in force, Jan. 1, 1871,	20,517.
Insurance at Risk	$61,530,284.00

Ratio of Expense to Income less than any New York Company, except one.
JOHN BLAKELY,
Local Agent, Alpena, Mich.
WM. HOWER,
General Agent, South Saginaw, Mich.
11

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If now fitted up in a first-class manner, and contains some of the
BEST RIGS
In the State, which are at the services of the public at a
Reasonable Price!
Therefore, when you want a good turn out, cheap, call at the Globe Hotel.
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Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps,
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Which they will sell at the
LOWEST MARKET PRICE,
And are receiving
NEW GOODS
EVERY WEEK.
13

At Wholesale.
Groceries, Provisions,
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LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.
WELLS, STONE & CO.
On line of J., L. & S. R. R.,
SAGINAW CITY,
Have an immense stock, full and fresh, of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
FLOUR, FEED, PORK,
BEEF, BUTTER, LARD,
AND
Lumbermen's Supplies.
THE JOBBING TRADE!
The attention of retailers at Alpena and elsewhere is invited to our
Stock, Prices and Terms.
The latter we can and will make as advantageous as those of any house in Michigan.
Lumbermen
Will find at our establishment precisely what they want, and at precisely such
FIGURES AS WILL SUIT THEM.
10m3

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THE ARGUS!
$2 PER YER. IN ADVANCE!

Whom First We Love.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eye, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah! what, I dare not think,
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep, some woes are hard to bear,
Who knows the past! and who can judge us right!

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

The Hour's Siege.

It was past midnight on the 13th of August (commenced my grandmother) but though the river was in front of us, and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and to the right and left, I could not catch even the sight of a leaf or the ripple of the water so sultry and heavy brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we dreaded every hour to hear the bombardment of New York, and though in the house of Thomas Oakley, a brother of my father, I had nothing to fear, there hung over me such a terror and dread of that day that I could not help fearing least some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in the city.

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all the others was large, and furnished in the style that seems so quaint to the people of the present day.

The chimney piece was tiled with porcelain, curisouly wrought into illustrations of scripture. The bed and furniture that had all been brought from England, was tall, dark, stiff and carved, while the walls were hung with somber family portraits. And as I lay and watched for the day the tiled figures seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through the loop-hole in my window, while I thought the eyes of the portraits were, one and all, fixed on me with a solemn, warning stare, and so it happened that I heard the clock strike three, and was just falling off in a dose when there came a light step in the hall, and cousin Grace called in a strange voice outside the door: "Helen! Helen!"

I was up in a moment, and was out to where she stood, looking like a spirit, with her ashy face and fair hair falling about her; and I remember the thrill of astonishment with which, spite of my fright, I saw that she was dressed, and held in her hand a powder flask.

"Put on your clothes as soon as you can, Nellie," she said, in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm. "Brant's men are coming, and father wants us all down stairs."

Brant's men! It is difficult to make you understand the horror with which that name was pronounced and heard, or to express the terror with which, as I hurried on my clothes, I thought of Grace and myself in the hands of those merciless savages. No wonder that she trembled in every limb, or that Thomas Oakley and his five stalwart sons, men not easily daunted, looked pale in the dim morning light.

I don't know as I have spoken to you before of Thomas Oakley, a man over six feet in heighth and of a noble presence, with a grand face, and looked as if it might have been chiseled out of marble, and hair as white as snow, although scarcely past his prime. We have no such men now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little cabinet yonder, and you may see that he looks as if he was a kind and noble gentleman.

As for his sons, they were like him, tall, strong limbed, fearless, and devoutly attached to their stately mother, who was preparing breakfast while they fastened the shutters of the lower windows and bolted the heavy doors.

"It's a shame to route you out so early, Nellie," said Mr. Oakley as he noticed pale, my frightened face; "But if we don't eat our breakfast now those rascals may not give us a chance at all; and to my mind, after a good cause, there is nothing like a good breakfast before going into a fight."

"I wish Mark was here," said Grace, timidly.

"No doubt, Pussy; but I've sent for him. Young Yost, the half witted lad that brought the news, has gone on after him and the volunteers, who were to start for camp to-day, and if we can but keep the rascals at bay till they come, we may give them as good a peppering as they deserve."

Ay, if! but oh, that dreadful uncertainty. The house was of stone, and so strongly built, that it was doubtful if they could either raze or fire it. But who knows what else might happen? How many of that fair family would gather around the board tomorrow morning? Ah, it was a dreadful day; but I think the hour before the attack was the worst of all.

It was not to be expected that we could eat much breakfast, but hurried as the meal was, it was hardly over when one of the boys whom my uncle had posted on the look-out, called out that they were coming, and stealing along the woods at the right, as if they hoped to surprise us.

At once the men hurried with their rifles to the windows of the second story, while Mr. Oakley, pale, yet outwardly calm, motioned us to follow, and hand out the powder.

Then came a dead silence.

"Look out, Simon," said the father, in a low voice, "and tell us what the rascals are about."

"Posting themselves around the house, but they are under cover. They think to find us napping. There's a man coming this way now—he—why, father, it is Walter Van Cuyler!"

We all started. The meaning of this sudden attack was clear enough now.

Van Cuyler had been a professional patriot and warm admirer of Grace, and on his rejection by her, had gone away vowing to take a terrible revenge on the family.

"The traitor," replied my uncle, "it it he, then, that has brought down this swarm of hornets. What is he doing now?"

The words of Simon were at times drowned by a series of thundering knocks at the door.

Mr. Oakley went to Simon's window and demanded:

"Who is there?"

"Walter Van Cuyler."

"What do you want?"

"Food, rest and shelter. Brant's men are on my track. Let me in quickly.

The sharp crack of a rifle, and the words "liar and hypocrite" were his answer. A yell arose from behind the hay stacks and buildings, as twenty dark forms rushed forward brandishing their weapons and firing at random, while as many more hovered on the outskirts of the wood.

Within the house was perfect silence broken only by the low "now boys" of Mr. Oakley and the crack of six of the best rifles in the country.

"Six down! a man for each bullet. Good!" said the exulting voice of my uncle. "The powder, girls, and we'll give 'em another."

A shower of bullets, which rattled like hailstones about the windows, cut short his words. Mr. Oakley picked up some that fell harmlessly upon the floor, and remarked:

"The serpents are kinder than I anticipated. They are going to keep us in bullets as well as exercise. So much the better, for we have none to spare. Now, boys."

Another flash and roar, and again the voice of Oakley:

"Fire steady, boys, and take good aim. Don't waste powder."

A dead silence ensued.

"They're cowed, father. They are sneaking off to cover," exclaimed Simon.

"Not they! they are only contriving some new deviltry. John and Mathew round with you to the back of the house. Grace—my God! where did that shot come from?" As with a sharp cry, Ruben, the oldest, leaped three feet into the air, and fell forward on his face stone dead.

Mrs. Oakley sprang forward and threw herself upon his body. The fair haired oldest boy was her darling. Another shot came crashing through the open window, and buried itself in the opposite wall.

"Aim at yonder tree," shouted Mr. Oakley. "I saw the gleam of a rifle stock among the leaves. See, the oak yonder.

A third shot whizzed past us so close as to make us start back, and then our unerring rifles answered them back, and down through the boughs went a dark form, striking with a heavy thud against the ground.

"He is silenced," exclaimed Mr. Oakley, with a gleam of firm satisfaction shooting across his face. Here there was a silence of longer duration than any which had proceeded it, and we were at loss to know whether they had drawn off and given up the attack. This, however, my uncle doubted for he was accustomed to the tactics of those wily foes. At last he remarked:

"Where can they be hiding? I see none of the rest."

"Father, father," called Grace in an agonized tone.

Mr. Oakley ran haitily into the back room where she was. A stalwart man in a hunting frock, and bronzed as to make it almost doubtful if he were white or red, had swung himself from an adjoining tree onto the balcony, and was trying to force himself through the little window.

As Mr. Oakley rushed forward he drew his hunting knife that he wore in his belt, but seizing the sharp edge in his bare hands, the infuriated father wrestled it from his grasp by main strength, and plunged it to the hilt in his breast.

A fierce yell, and a harmless volley from the ambush, received this new defeat, and then came another of those ominous pauses.

"What can they be about," uttered Simon, who was again at the look-out. "They are piling up hay and brushwood. They surely do not dream of firing the house?"

"The door, the door!" gasped Grace.

"Right," exclaimed the father. "The girl has more wit than any of us. We must barricade the hall."

"Never mind the shutters," said Mrs. Oakley, who had regained her stony composure. "We will bar them," and she began to draw the bolts.

Mr. Oakley hesitated, for the task was one of danger, but there was no time, and chairs, tables, sofas, were piled up a short distance from the door, in which was really a formidable barricade, guarded as it was by unerring rifles. The smell of the burning wood and the smoke that filled the hall, now grew almost intelerable. Mr. Oakley placed us on the staircase and exhorted his sons anew to stand close and take good aim. A portion of the door fell in. Mr. Oakley raised his rifle, and Walter Van Cuyler, who was the first to spring in, staggered and fell back with a groan; the others swarmed like bees, but a second and third of these volleys brought them to a stand. No man cared to expose himself to certain death.

Mr. Oakley turned impetuously to his sons:

"Give 'em another, boys, we'll beat 'em off yet!" But a mute shake of the head was the only answer. The powder was exhaused. For a moment a deadly palor overspread his face; the next, his voice rang out, clear and firm as ever:

"Close up! Draw your knives!—We will sell our lives as dearly as possible."

"Come on! their powder is out!" a man shouted, who, with half a dozen others, had succeeded in scrambling over the barricade, and making his way toward the little group.

"You had better be careful, our women have their knitting needles yet," retorted Mr. Oakley desicively.

We'll take care of you and the women both," returned the ruffian, aiming a blow at Simon, which brought him to the ground.

A spasm contorted Mr. Oakley's sterm features for a moment, and with a strange sob, he threw himself headlong upon his assailants.

"Kill him—cut him down—he's the devil himself!" shouted a dozen voices but in a moment arose another and far different cry:

"The rebels—the rebels are upon us!" and thundering on, trampling the cowardly wretches under the horses' feet, came Mark Warren with his light horse troop. In an instant all was confusion. No one thought of anything but flight, and the enraged Americans mowed the flying tories down like grain.

Then burst forth all the emotions so long pent up. Father and sons threw themselves into one another's arms.—Grace fainted, and Mrs. Oakley's stony composure melted into a flood of hysterical tears.

Ours was a joyful, and yet a sad hour that night—for although we had been delivered, as it was, from the very jaws of death, yet the bodies of our dead were with us.

Ah! children! those times were hard times—trying times. There was a wedding afterwards between Mark and Grace, and I danced as merrily as any of them, but poor Mrs. Oakley wore mourning the remainder of her days, and the last words on her lips were the names of her murdered sons.

And greatly affected, my grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes.

Ghosts.

There is a curiotis case related of a man who was a well known character, and a man of sense, where it was said he used to see a number of people in the room with him. Now he himself has described the whole of the phenomenon, and all the adjuncts to it.—He said, after taking a cup of coffee or tea, or so on, they came into his room in great numbers; and as he got better, and less nervous, he has only seen the arms or legs of the persons, without seeing any other part of them. Now this is all an irregular action of the retina of the eye.

A gentleman sitting in his library one day, reading or writing, on turning round his head, saw, sitting in a chair, a woman in a red cloak. And he said:

"How came you here, good woman?"

The woman said nothing.

"What is the meaning of your being here, woman?"

No answer was made.

"You have no right to be here; go out of the room."

She took no notice of him.

He got up and rang the bell for the servant. The servant came in.

"Turn this woman out."

"What woman, sir?"

"Why, the woman in the red cloak."

"There's no woman nor any red cloak, sir."

"Well, go and fetch the doctor for me. Tell him I am ill, and wish to speak with him."

The man, however, was not to be frightened by this, because he knew it was a delusion of the sight.

Bride vs. Bridegroom.

Mr. Spillman had just married his second wife. One day after the wedding, Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our—," screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy!" screeched the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm.

At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for?" asked the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said:

"My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?"

"Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

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	one w'k.	two w'ks	thr'e w'ks	four w'ks	thr'e mo's.	six mo's.	one year.
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4 squares,	2 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	10 00	14 00	25 00
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¾ column,	8 00	15 00	11 00	12 00	20 00	30 00	45 00
1 column,	10 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 column,	12 00	15 00	18 00	20 00	35 00	50 00	75 00

Business Cards, one year, one dollar for every line.

Local Notices, ten cents per line each insertion, and all notices continued for three months or longer, a discount of 25 per cent. from these rates.

Editorial Notices 15 cents per line for each insertion; no notice inserted for less than one dollar.

Advertisements unaccompanied by written or verbal directions will be published three months and charged accordingly.

Advertisements, under contract, ordered out before expiration of time, will be charged full rates.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

☞ Terms, CASH, payable quarterly.