O'BRIEN & SLEATOR

ALPENA COUNTY

ABSTRACT OFFICE

—GENERAL—

Real Estate Dealers

Money Loaned on Real Estate Security

Alpena Weekly Argus

VOL. XXI. NO. 52. ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1892. WHOLE NO. 1092.

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11 40	6 25	ar Alpena, leave,	*8 30	*12 35
10 55	5 33	Ossineke,	9 00	1 15
10 25	5 32	Black River,	9 21	1 50
9 58	5 19	Roc Lake,	9 34	2 10
9 32	5 12	Henry,	9 39	2 20
9 20	5 04	Mud Lake Junction,	9 48	2 35
9 00	4 55	West Harrisville,	9 53	2 45
8 35	4 43	Gustin,	10 02	3 10
8 15	4 38	West Greenbush,	10 08	3 22
8 00	4 32	Handy,	10 15	3 32
7 20	4 10	Au Sable, Oscoda,	10 36	4 10
	3 47	Bristol,	10 58	
5 35	3 40	East Tawas,	11 06	7 00
5 20	3 33	Tawas City,	11 13	7 20
4 50	3 21	Hale,	11 23	7 45
4 30	3 13	Arn,	11 30	8 05
4 15	3 08	Emery,	11 35	8 20
4 00	3 00	Whittemore,	11 45	8 50
3 40	2 52	Mills,	11 52	9 10
3 20	2 40	Prescott,	12 04	9 45
2 55	2 28	Shearer,	12 14	10 10
2 38	2 20	Moffatt,	12 20	10 23
†2 20	*2 10	lvAlger, arrive,	12 30	10 50

*Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.
H. M. REEVES, Agent, Alpena. MILO EASTMAN, Gen'l Supt.

Michigan Central.

P. M. 12 20	Bay City, leave,	P. M. 2 40
7 45 A. M.	leaves Detroit, arrives,	6 55

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†8 35 a m	Grayling Accommodation	†9 50 p m
†10 10 a m	Owosso Accommodation	†4 35 p m
†12 20 p m	Mack'w & AlpenaEx	*12 20 p m
†2 40 p m	Detroit and the east	†5 30 p m
†628 p m	Detroit and the east	†12 00 n.
†4 35 p m	Midland Accommodation	†6 55 p m
†4 45 p m	Gladwin Accommodation	†10 05a m
†3 00 p m	Vassar Accommodation	†5 10 p m
†7 30 p m	Chicago Fast Ex	8 00 p m
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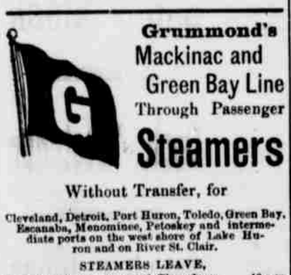

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HUMOROUS.

The popular bait for trout fishing is concentrated lie.—Dansville Breeze.

Candidates are like umbrellas—always wondering if they will be put up.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

First Chicago girl—"Mrs. Slumpkins is a widow, is she not?" Second Chicago girl—"Only temporarily."—Harvard Lampoon.

Jagson says it is strange nobody ever finds out what the wild waves are saying, although ever so many go to sea.—Elmira Gazette.

"The whirled is mine," exclaimed young Saply when he proposed to Miss Angel during the waltz and was accepted.—King's Jester.

There's an enduring sympathy between the small boy and the growing weeds. He has no desire to hurt them in the least.—Columbus Post.

"Say, Jimmy, how did you get yer father to buy you so many fireworks?" "I told him I guessed he'd better shoot most of them off for me."—Washington Star.

Husband—"You say you've had that bonnet six months. Why, I've never seen it before." Wife—"I know it. I only wear it to church."—New York Herald.

The Sunday-school teacher—"What did Adam do after leaving the garden of Eden?" Pupil (reflectively)—"Please, ma'am, I think he started the express company."

Niss Passee (sweetly)—"Do you think you could guess my age?" Mr. Goodfello (honestly)—"I'm not good at guessing. I couldn't come within forty years of it."—New York Weekly.

Customer—"Look here, I haven't had these trousers a week and they bag at the knees." Tailor—"That is not my fault, sir, you shouldn't be so ardent in your proposals."—Clothier and Furnisher.

"Mary," said Mrs. Barker, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." (In a few minutes Mary returns.) "Sure, she's just 72 years 7 months and 2 days old."—Life.

Minister (to dying miser)—"I am afraid you won't go to Heaven." Miser (dolefully)—"Oh, Lord! And I gave $2 to the church last year. Has that money been thrown away for nothing?"—New York Press.

"He who knows little and knows it, knows much," is the class motto at the Kansas State Agricultural College this year. It is not often that as much truth as that is expressed in nine words.—Kansas City Star.

"Can't you spare me a little money, papa?" "How much, dear?" "Well, I want to buy enough material to make one of the newfashioned bathing suits." "All right, my dear. Get what you want. Here is half a dollar."

"Why don't Harkins marry that Miss Perkins? He's in love with her and she's only too anxious to get married." "He can't. He has a five-years' lease of his bachelor apartments and they don't take ladies in the building."—Brooklyn Life.

"Miss Flushington says you passed her on the street yesterday without bowing to her. "Oh, deah," sighed the young man, "it's all the way she manages her complexion. Tell heh foh me, deah boy, that I'm fwightfully color blind, won't you?"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Bombazine—Mr. Gilhooly, you have been engaged to my daughter Jane for more than two years. Why do you not marry her? Gilhooly—My dear madame, that would never do. It would not be an easy matter to find another such nice sweetheart as Jane.—Texas Siftings.

Barefoot Bob (moodily)—"Yus! there's no law nor justice nor rights for anybody in this country, unless he's born a p'leeceman; so I'm a-goin' to join the socialists. Will you join, too?" Bill (a bootblack)—"Not me! Did you ever know a bloomin' Soshulist to 'ave his boots cleaned?"—Fun.

Cleverton: I called on Miss Penfield last night and she is so popular with the men that I declare there wasn't a place to hang your overcoat. Dashway (thoughtfully): That would be a good place for me to call, wouldn't it? Cleverton: I don't see why. You wouldn't see much of her. Dashway: No, but I need a new overcoat.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Alarm of Fire.

We were homeward bound from a distant port, and with average luck would be at home in four weeks. Mirth and jollity prevailed on board, for the people aft as well as forward caught the infection, and relaxed the severity of their quarter-deck faces, diminishing the awful distance between the cabin and the forecastle in exact proportion as the space lessened between the ship and the shore.

One fine evening all hands were seated in the forecastle engaged in various amusements; for the second dog watch is a time when both the watch below and the watch on deck (if there is no work to be done,) are considered at liberty to enjoy themselves at 'the top of their bent.' Half a dozen different parties where playing whist, euchre and checkers, and the rest were alternately telling anecdotes and singing comic songs.

"Clew'p r'yals!" sang out the second mate; and those of the watch nearest the door, scrambled out to execute the order.

They soon returned and the interrupted games went on. Scarcely, however, had new hands been dealt to the card players, when we were started by the cry which made us jump up in a hurry—"Fire! fire! fire! All hands come aft!"

Away we ran, expecting to see no less than a sheet flame bursting out of the main hatch; but nothing of the kind, not even smoke was to be seen. But as we got further aft, we sniffed a distinct odor of fire, which smelt more like woolen rags than anything else. The captain and his wife were on deck, the latter declaring again and again, "we shall die! I'm shure of it!"

A landsman can scarcely imagine the excitement which an alarm of fire creates at sea. The officers flew about in every direction, calling the men to "come here" and "go there," and every nook and corner above the deck searched. The third mate, wishing to distinguish himself, jumped up on the galley, and knocked the cook's funnel down with a handspike; while the cook, on his part, threw the draw bucket as far as he could to leeward, determined to save that article at least from the flames. The carpenter got his axe to cut away the masts, but wisely concluded to wait for orders.

"Mr. Brown," yelled the captain, "take some of the men and clear away the boats ready for launching! There's no knowing how soon we may need them."

At the mention of the boats, the captain's wife gave a scream and fainted, but revived in time to sip the glass of brandy and water which the steward immediately brought.

Just then it occurred to the mate to put his nose to the ventilators, of which there were two on the poop deck, which opened into the lower hold, and between decks. So he ran to the starboard one, and a single sniff was enough to reward him for his pains.

"Oh, Captain Stone," he bawled, "the fire is in the hold; the smell comes up from the ventilator strong enough to knock you over!"

"Good Lord!" cried the captain, "then it's all up with us! But how in the duce could the fire take down there among the cargo?"

"I can explain that," cried the carpenter, who prided himself on being a great scientific man; "it's spontaneous combustion. Some of the cocoanut oil must have got spilled on that hemp in the lower hold, and the two together chemically generated heat, and finally set the hemp afire. It's all very plain if you understand chemistry."

"Very likely, sir—very likely," replied the captain; "but we don't want to know anything about the origin of the fire now; all we want to know is how to extinguish it.—Break open the boody hatch, carpenter."

"I would suggest," began Chips.

"None of your suggestions," interrupted the captain; "do as I tell you. Stand by, some of you help the carpenter. Man the force pumps, and lead the hose to the boody hatch. The rest of you stand by with buckets."

"What did Chips say was the matter?" asked one old salt of another.

"'Spontashus come bust'em, I believe," was the reply.

"Well, then, I think we'd better get the boats out afore she busts. Darn me, if I want to get blowed up like a sky-rocket."

While the carpenter was breaking open the hatch, the rest of us stood round with buckets of water. Joe Harden, who stood beside me, was in his shirt sleeves, and upon my advising him to put his jacket on, he said: "Oh, yes; I left it on the poop;" and he went aft to get it. In a moment he came running back shouting: "Hold on, carpenter; I've found out where the fire is. It's in my jacket pocket!"

By this time everyone on board had collected about the boody hatch, and Joe explained:

"When the second mate sung out to clew up the r'yals, I was smoking, so I jest clapped my pipe in my pocket. Then when I jumped up to furl the mizzen r'yal, I pulled off my jacket and throwed it down alon' side the starboard ventilator; and (to the mate) that's why you smelt the fire so strong when you went there and thought it was down below. After I come down, I forgot to take the jacket, and you see the pipe set the pocket afire, and burnt the hull linin' out and came through the cloth in two or three places."

Joe held up the jacket for inspection. The whole "internal arrangement" had smouldered away, and being woolen lined and thickly padded, no wonder it made such a 'villainous smell of burnt rags."

"Dip it into the wash-deck tub," said the captain. "I've a good mind to make you throw it overboard. You deserve to lose your jacket, you careless scamp. Now, men, don't let me know of your ever putting lighted pipes in your pockets again; if you do you'll catch it, that's all!" and he marched off below.

Seeing the affair had terminated so ridiculously, everybody felt at liberty to make a little sport out of it, and amid shouts of laughter the hatch was again battened down, and the deck cleared up; and when eight bells struck, the persons who had been the most excited turned in, and went to sleep as calmly as if nothing unusual had happened.

Oddities About Fish.

Though no sharp line of separation can be drawn, marine fish are roughly divided, for convenience, into three categories. Shore fish, those which habitually frequent coast lines, and rarely, if ever, descend to a greater depth than 300 fathoms; pelagic fishes, those which inhabit the open sea, and the curious deep-sea forms, which live at an enormous depth and sport around where the influence of light and surface of temperature are never felt. Heilprin tells us that the first class, the shore fishes, is composed of about 3,500 species. Their northern range extends to or even beyond the eighty-third parallel of latitude. Even this is a strange and unaccountable freak in the finny denizens of the deep, for in the Southern Hemisphere, they are not known to go beyond the sixtieth parallel. In the different zones these fishes are largely identical in both the Atlantic and Pacific basins, as well as on the opposite sides of these great "ocean sinks." Tropical waters, as one would naturally suppose, produce a greater abundance and wider range of forms than those of temperate regions. The same may also be said of the reefs in the Indian Ocean, in the near vicinity of which may be found a greater number of species and a wider diversity in form than in the whole of the Atlantic basin. The pelagic or open-sea types are very limited in number. They diminish rapidly from the Equator, both north and south, being rarely found beyond the fortieth parallels. Of those remarkable forms, the deep-sea fishes, fifty species inhabit the ocean at a depth of 1,000 fathoms; twenty-six species range between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms, and only nine forms are known to inhabit that portion of water that is over 2,500 fathoms in depth.

A Man in the House.

He was Jim among the boys, Jeems to his grandfather, Jimmy to his mother, James to his father, and "bub" to his sisters. He thought if the time ever came when he would be Mr., there could be no happiness beyond.

His father overlooked him, his mother coddled him, his sisters snubbed him, but there came a day when he had his revenge.

The day was like any other ordinary day to the rest of the world, but to our James it was the dawning of a new era. If anybody has said that before, the writer forgives them.

The family were seated at the breakfast table, when James plunged down stairs, opened the door of the breakfast room, and threw this bomb in among them:

"There's a man in the house!"

"Goodness gracious me!" gasped his mother, running to hide in the china closet.

"Where is he?" gasped the sisters, crawling under the table.

"D-o-n-'t be g-e-e-s-e!" chattered the father. "W-h-o-'s a-f-r-a-i-d?" and he seized the carving-knife and rose to the occasin.

Meanwhile James kept on to the kitchen, where he continued shouting:

"There's a man in the house!"

"Lawd a massy, we 'se be all killed dead!" quavered the cook.

Then she ran out and shouted "Police!" and soon she had the patrol wagon at the door.

"Where is the man?" inquired the minion of the law when he had been informed that there was a man in the house.

"Here," cried James, as he winked at his frightened family, "twenty-one years old to-day, and if I ain't a man I'd like to know who is!"—Exchange.

"Dearie's" Innocent Prattle.

An exceedingly pretty and graceful young woman and a little girl of, perhaps, five years of age, boarded a Tremont street electric yesterday afternoon, and, the car being nearly empty, walked up to the forward end and took a seat where the young miss could watch the motor man twist and untwist the brake and turn on and off the electric current.

She watched him with the deepest interest for a long time, and when the car started without the aid of horses, or any visible signs of power, she became deeply perplexed.

"Mamma," she said, "what makes this car go?"

"This is an electric, dearie. Electricity makes it go."

"Mamma," said the little girl, after a long silience. "We learn more'n more every day, don't we?"

"Yes, dear," mamma answered, with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Did you pass that bad quarter on the conductor?" dearied queried, after that individual had just gone by, collecting the fares. Every person in the car heard her and tried hard not to smile. "Papa said if the conductor wouldn't take it you could pass it into the contribution box next Sunday. Could you do that, mamma?"

Mamma signaled the conductor just then. As they were getting off dearie was telling mamma that those three red-haired women were awfully homely, and when the car started off again the red-haired women blushed even redder than their hair, and a strange, indefinable constraint pervaded the car untill the last red-haired woman had got off, which was somewhere near the end of the route.—Boston Herald.

The Small Brother.

"Sister'll be right in soon," said the talkative small brother to his sister's best beau; "she's gone down ter the postoffice to get a passel."

But don't the postman bring your packages?" inquired the young man.

"Nope. Not this time, 'case sister, she got a postal what said she must call herself; passel too big to be 'livered."

"I'll bet you don't know what it is?" said the funny young man, interrogatively.

"I just bet I do. It's sister's new shoes what's comin' from New York."—Ex.

Dead Sea Fruits.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect of incipient disease. A "slight" cold, a fit of indigestion, biliousness or constipation each or any of these "minor ailments" advance in many cases with "league-distroying strides." Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold!" "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then let them get up a full head of steam! Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system, the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothing and strengthing effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

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Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

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