

Use **INGOT** Soap
Highest Grade. The best is the Cheapest.

The Peer of Them All
The Steinway & Sons' Pianos.

G. ROHRER,
The Jeweler, Hancock, Mich.
SOLE AGENT FOR THE COPPER COUNTRY.

We also sell the following A1 pianos: Decker & Sons, Sterling, Estey & Co., Camp & Co., and the world-renowned Estey organ.

David Lanctot,
Retailer of
Wines, Spirits and Beer.

Meals Served at All Hours.
Hancock Michigan

McGLYNN BROS.,
CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Of all kinds of brick and stone work.
Prices on application.

HANCOCK MICH.

HOTELS.

THE

Northwestern House

Hancock, Mich.

Is the best hotel, not only in Hancock, but in the Upper Peninsula, is situated on the business street and is steam heated throughout. Rates, \$2 and \$2.50; baths in connection with \$2.50 rooms. 48 transient rooms.

CHARLES LINDER, Prop'r.

R. R. TIME-TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. R.

In Effect December 22, 1915.

AM PM Lv Ar PM PM M

10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Passenger Trains on H. & C. R. R. R.

In Effect December 19, 1915.

AM PM Lv Ar PM PM M

10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

D. S. S. & A. R. R. ROUTE.

Time Table:

In effect December 15, 1915.

TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON

For Detroit and the east.....7:00 a. m.
For Chicago and Marquette.....7:25 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON

From Marquette and Chicago.....11:25 p. m.
From Detroit and the east.....7:15 p. m.
From Chicago and Marquette.....7:25 p. m.

For tickets, time tables and other information apply to J. H. FORD, Ticket Agent, Hancock, Mich.

Map of Chicago, Milwaukee

A Mc Neal Railroad.

LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION



SOLID TRAINS FAST TIME!

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CAR.

All routes connect on the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central at Chicago.

Commercial Art, Chicago.

CHICAGO

Portage Lake News.

Dr. Wadsworth Hears From S. M. Stephenson

As to the Appropriation Bill

The Sale of the Centennial Property Again Postponed—Other Interesting News.

Dr. M. E. Wadsworth, of the Mining School, in a receipt of a letter from Representative S. M. Stephenson in relation to the appropriation bill, expressing his certain western States. A portion of the money was retained from the sale of mineral lands in those States. This bill discriminated against the Michigan Mining School where there are none of these public mineral lands remaining. Mr. Stephenson writes that he was misled into supporting this bill when it came before the house committee of which he is a member, because both Michigan senators and congressmen from New York had done the same thing. He now says he will do all he can to aid the passage of the bill amended to include such States as have Mining Schools established in their benefit.

The position of the members of the amendment is good and supported by precedent for the lands in question are United States and not public State lands and heretofore the proceeds of sales of public lands, not mineral, have been applied pro rata to the support of all Agricultural Colleges.

According to a resolution passed at a meeting of the board of supervisors for Houghton county, Mr. Shields sent a communication to our representative, Mr. Stephenson, at Washington, asking him to use his best endeavors to get a government appropriation for our Mining School, to which the following reply has been received:

HONORABLE REPRESENTATIVE,
WASHINGTON, February 17, 1916.
Mr. Robert H. Shields, County Clerk, Houghton County, Michigan.

DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., transmitting a resolution adopted by the Board of Supervisors of Houghton county asking that I use all honorable means to have Senate Bill 790 amended so as to become a general law like that relating to the Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; or, if it is to be continued as a sectional law, to include all States whose mineral products amount to over ten millions of dollars annually, and in reply to assure your honorable board that when the measure again comes up for consideration, I shall do everything within my power to the end that it may be amended as desired. I am, Yours very respectfully,
S. M. STEPHENSON.

A return game of what was played at the Kaweenaw club house last evening between the Hancock and Houghton players. The score was as follows:

C. D. Hanchette and Allen Kirkpatrick won seven points against F. J. Bawden and B. T. Judkins; J. B. Cooper and W. P. Seager won two points against A. J. Kuhl and Stewart Goodell; H. D. Haddock and John Rubi won four points against Irving Stubi and Mac Graves and J. A. Cline and J. H. Hick won seven points against L. L. Hubbard and J. H. Hodgson. Total, Hancock, 30; Houghton, 0.

At the last meeting of the business board of the Houghton Light Infantry officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:
President—Charles Hendrickson,
Vice-President—Clarence Osborn,
Financial Secretary—Ed Krelwitz,
Cor. Secretary—John Kelly,
Treasurer—Albert N. Baudin.
It was decided to give an entertainment in the Arroyo Opera House after Lent. It is probable that this will take the form of a minstrel show, as there is good material in the company for such a performance.

The often-postponed sale of the Centennial under decree of the court in favor of the stockholders' protective committee has been again postponed, but this time at the instance of Judge Hindsdale, attorney for the bondholders, who heretofore objected to postponement. The sale was to have taken place March 2, but now will not be held until after June 12. The progress of the stockholders' committee in raising the \$115,000 necessary to redeem the property has not been reported lately.

Hon. T. B. Dunstan and C. D. Hanchette returned Sunday evening from Detroit where they attended the annual banquet of the Michigan club. Mr. Dunstan returns convinced that his candidacy for Lieutenant-Governor is as strong as it has all along reported to be. Politicians from all over the State were present and all seemed to take it for granted that Mr. Dunstan's name would appear on whatever ticket is placed in the field.

L. M. Houghton, chairman of the Baraga Press and also of the Houghton County Progress, has been made defendant in an action for criminal libel instituted by G. E. Jackson, of the L'Ange Sentinel. The alleged libel occurred in the discussion between the Press and Sentinel of the penal case of Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Houghton has furnished \$500 bail to appear for trial March 26.

The marriage of Alfred W. Giffert, of the Franklin, and Miss Gertrude Schoepert, of Ripley, was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents yesterday afternoon.

Henry Lapsley last week purchased the inventory business of Asa Redburn and will continue the same at the old stand with the former proprietor as manager.

F. J. Bawden has resigned his position of accountant in the store of George S. North and is preparing to go to Grip, Mich.

The Y. M. C. A. State convention commencing at Kalamazoo February 27 and continuing in session until March 1.

FASHIONS IN JEWELS.

Little Queen Elizabeth Holds Away—An...
The Y. M. C. A. State convention commencing at Kalamazoo February 27 and continuing in session until March 1.



Women who have small, detached bits of jewelry within their hair, by tucking them in a wide place of velvet, which serves as a high collar. The most important piece is placed in front, the others on the sides.

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LOVE AT NINE.

That though old Boreas roars without
And snows about the eaves
My sweetheart's smiling face to me
And says she loves me truly!
What care I now for winter's chill
Or frost, or howling wind?
She loves me, though she's only nine,
And I am nine and twenty.

None know my joy as I sit there,
Her arms around me twining,
For so soft and low of voice she is,
No more will I be pining,
One can accept without a doubt
The love that now is mine,
For love can never truly be
Or power, that at all.

Dear little sweetheart, may I never
Betray the love I cherish,
May no unwitting act of mine
Cause it to fade or perish.
No compliment as sweet as this,
Though friendship may be plenty
Where one is truly loved by mine,
And he is nine and twenty.

—Dorchester Post-Express.

A COQUETTE'S STORY.

She was stiff young, and there was a suggestion of coquetry about her eyes and mouth when she smiled in the stilted way that I had noticed in the short time I had known her. There was an intimation that she had once been brighter of disposition, although there was a sweetness and gentleness in her manner now that seemed to amply compensate for the little, faraway air that was ever about her. After a few months of acquaintance that had brought me to the belief that this creature was one of the masterpieces of God's creation, I learned, by the most casual chance, that the girl had a stepmother, but she did not at all completely captivate me. Once or twice I hinted, in the gentlest way possible, that the story should be told to me, but the great, brown eyes of the girl filled with tears, and I at once thought of something else to talk about. Two or three months afterward, in the midst of a conversation, the young woman suddenly left the channel of our talk and said:

"You never heard, did you, that I was once known as 'the village coquette'?"

"Was that your story?" I laughed. "There is nothing funny about it," the girl returned seriously. "It hasn't been so very long ago—about two years. I think that I—changed. I was prettier then than I am now, and in my youthful folly I thought that it was my duty to play with the affections of all of the good fellows who were nice enough to think that they liked me."

"Early in my teens the boy of all the many of my acquaintances who was most devoted to me was young Owen Rand. He was a shy chap who did not boldly declare for me as others did, but in his quiet way he was ever at my beck and call and ever ready to do any little service that my caprice might suggest. He knew the flowers I liked best, he knew the candies that I thought the most toothsome, and no woe did I fail to find my forgotten rubber coverings waiting for me when school was over. Somehow I thought only well of this fellow. He never seemed to me as a sweetheart, and once when he refused to take part in a game that every one was playing I reproved him just as I would a brother. It did not occur to me then; now I know that what I said pleased him. It indicated that I had an interest in him; that I thought of him as one whom I might command and reprove as my fancy indicated. I suppose that all girls are alike in this particular—they never love the brotherly boys any more than boys love the sisterly girls. Owen continued his unobtrusive kindness throughout our school days. When we were graduated, my biggest bouquet came from him. I was disappointed because he did not come down with the rest to say that he was glad to make some other pretty speech of consolation, but the other boys did this without flowers, and they made merry at our house and ate all the good things until there was neither time nor victuals left. I forgot all about my devoted Owen in the hilarity of that evening, and when one of the bold, handsome young fellows of the crowd asked me to go to a concert with him the next evening I forgot that there might be another who would expect the favor of my company, and the engagement was made. Owen came to see me the next day, with more flowers, and when there were no more good things to gratify him with such earnestness that I almost loved him as we sat there together alone. He was disappointed when I told him that I could not go to the concert with him, but he did not express bitterness or denounce any one.

"Some other time then," he said in a way that made me think that he did not care enough about it, but since then I have thought that it was only his way. I won't weary you with the details of how, month in and month out, he was unselfishly devoted; how he did not join with the others in their rapid compliments and ostentatious attentions; how at length he came to me and said good-bye when he went out to Honolulu on a venture that he thought would yield a fortune.

"Let me hope," he said, "I indefinitely extended my hand, 'let me hope that when I come back you will still be here and still as free as you are now.'"

"For a moment I was silent, and then with a half sippant air I said, 'You may hope.' After he was gone I felt rather sorry for my conduct in sending him away, but when his letters began to come I saw that I had been forgiven. It was not long before the regular correspondence became wearying to me. There was too much of the element of business in it on his side, while I, here at home, with all my friends and with familiar associations, was making the best of youth. So I stopped writing, and, after a time of patient, one-sided correspondence, he stopped too.

Highest of all in Learning Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN IMPECUNIOUS ONE.
THE BOLD GAME OF BLUFF HE PLAYED ON THE CONDUCTOR.

He was a Gambler or a Drummer, but a Bank Clerk—According to the Man Who Tells the Story, He Ought to Be an Actor—Oh, It Was Wicked!

He sat in a hotel smoking room. The air was blue, but men were happy—happy and reminiscent. He stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and between the puffs spun this yarn:

"For dead cold, icy nerve I had always thought we traveling men took the cake. But the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw was put up by a man who was really a drummer, not a reporter, but several times that year, so, expressing every confidence in his ability, I decided the honor he would do me. He tried several other passengers with a like result. Then he gave it up, but made us all promise not to interfere with any game he tried to play.

"Presently the conductor came along. The impecunious one, his hat cocked over one eye, was peacefully sleeping in one corner of his seat, leaning toward an open window. The conductor shook him, gently at first, so that he stirred, and his hat dropped farther over his eyes, but he did not wake. Then more roughly, saying, 'Come, sir, your ticket, please.'"

"At that the impecunious one awoke with a big start. His hat flew out of the window, and he flew into a great rage. He swore at the conductor and abused him up and down, and his four fathers unto the third and fourth generation. What did he mean by waking him in that way? Didn't he know that rest was invaluable to an invalid? That such a sudden, rude awakening might be fatal to a weak heart? Were his nerves of no account? And now he had lost his hat and would catch cold. It was outrageous.

"The conductor bowed before the storm, and when it had somewhat abated offered to replace the hat at the first stopping place. 'And now, sir, let me see your ticket, please.'"

"The impecunious one felt in all his pockets, went through them all again with a bewildered air. Finally he broke out: 'Why, you idiot, you, all my tickets, not only on this road, but straight through to Chicago, were in the lining of my hat, and you knocked it out of the window. I'm in a pretty pickle now. I haven't enough with me to buy a fresh set. This piece of idiocy will cost you your job. I'll report you to the company and teach you to be more careful how you startle a nervous man.'"

"The conductor tried to soothe him, offered to take him through to the end of the division. But the impecunious one would not be appeased. Much good it would do him to be landed in some little nearby, one horse southern town hundreds of miles from nowhere. He wanted to get through to Chicago. He must get through. He had an appointment there that was worth thousands of dollars. Finally the conductor, by this time badly frightened, promised to get him tickets or passes all the way through, and the impecunious one subsided. And to the end of that road the conductor, having replaced the dear departed hat, maintained an humbly apologetic tone that would have wrung tears of blood from a stone.

"And it was only a bluff all so well carried out that the conductor was completely taken in, and the rest of us rubbed our eyes and wondered whether the impecunious one's attempt to touch us was not, after all, a dream.

"Later on, traveling over that same road, I told the conductor how he had been worked. And he said he knew it, for shortly after that trip he had received a letter and a check, the former confessing the fraud, the latter paying him the full price of the passage. And he added: 'That fellow was a genius. If he had made a fuss at first about his tickets, I'd have been on to him in a minute, but his tickets were forgotten. It was his nerves, his health, his heart, his hat that were of importance. And to think that he had no nerves, or health, or hat—or heart. Oh, it was wicked! But that man has missed his vocation. He ought to be on the stage.'—Chicago Tribune.

A Little Bit Disturbed.
"Doctor," said a distressed wife to the family physician, as he was coming down stairs from his patient's room, "can you give me no hope of my husband? Can nothing be done?"
"Madam," said the delighted doctor, rubbing his hands, "allow me to congratulate you. Our patient has taken a turn for the better, and now we may hope to have him about again in a few weeks."
"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the horrified lady, throwing up her hands. "You told me he could not possibly get better, and I have sold all his clothes!"—Purson's Weekly.

A Mystery.
Watts—Statesman Watts says he never pays any attention to the papers.
Falls—? Wonder how he gets hold of all his jokes.—Indianapolis Journal.