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

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 Of all kinds of brick and stone work.
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 Meals Served at All Hours.
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HOTELS.

Northwestern House
 Hancock, Mich.
 Let the best hotel, not only in Hancock, but in the Upper Peninsula, be situated on the business street and in steam heated throughout. Rates, \$2 and \$2.50; baths in connection with \$2.50 rooms. 45 transient rooms.
CHARLES LINDER, Prop'r.

N. H. TIME-TABLES.
 Where you can see the goods in place and get the effect better than from small samples.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. R.
 In Effect December 29, 1905.

Time	From	To	Time	From	To
7:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	7:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton
8:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	8:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton
9:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	9:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton

Passenger Trains on H. & C. R. R.
 In Effect December 9, 1905.

Time	From	To	Time	From	To
7:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	7:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton
8:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	8:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton
9:15 a.m.	Houghton	Marquette	9:15 p.m.	Marquette	Houghton

D. S. S. Marquette & A. R. R.

Time Table:
 In effect December 15, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON
 For Detroit and the east..... 7:30 a. m.
 For Chicago and Marquette..... 9:25 p. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON
 From Marquette and Chicago..... 11:25 p. m.
 From Detroit and the east..... 7:22 p. m.
 Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
 For tickets, time tables and other information apply to J. H. POPE, Ticket Agent, Red Jacket, Mich.

MAP OF Chicago, Milwaukee & N. P. RAILROAD.
LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION

SOLID TRAINS FAST TIME!
 PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS.
 All correspondents on the Northern Peninsula will find the Milwaukee & Northern R. R. Commercial Act. Houghton, Mich. GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Portage Lake News.
The Hancock Business Men Hold a Meeting.
They Want Another Railroad

To Enter the Copper Country—They Are Not Satisfied With the South Shore Road.

At the meeting of the Hancock Business Men's Association Tuesday evening, the subject of the need of the copper country of additional railway facilities was discussed as were also plans for furthering the interests of the county in that direction. On the same principle that concerted action would be a good thing where a village matter is concerned, all the more it was urged that the leading business men of the county should join in making such representations to the C. M. & St. P. or C. & N. W. people as would induce them to enter this field. Messrs. Jacob Baer, C. A. Wright and W. Condon addressed the meeting in this strain and the suggestions made by them led to action by the meeting authorizing the officers of the association to communicate with business men in other towns of the county and urge upon them the necessity of a move at this time.

It is proposed to make arrangements for a mass meeting of the county at a near date at which meeting something more than the mere passing of resolutions will be done, perhaps the equipping of a committee to visit the managements of the roads in question. The committee would be loaded with statistics of the carrying trade a railroad coming here might expect and prove that there is something more than mere sentiment behind the demand for an additional railroad, something more than a general dissatisfaction with the treatment accorded this section by the D. S. S. & A. railroad.

At the Y. M. C. A. State convention, at the Saturday session, J. A. C. Hilderer, formerly of the Hancock high school corps of teachers, now an instructor in the University of Michigan, spoke on the subject, "To Educate Young Men." Among other things he said: "We have tried to evangelize young men, but we have not gone far enough. We must edify them. The period after a young man's conversion is one of trial through which, if he be guided aright, he will become Christian, but if not, he will become infidel, but if not, he will become infidel than ever. Are we not losing souls after we have won them by not giving them the attention we should, after conversion is passed? We forget our work is incomplete. The Y. M. C. A. is evidently not doing its duty in this regard." Copies of the Kalamazoo Evening News containing extended accounts of the convention have been circulated by the local association and have proved interesting reading for those interested in the work.

The contest of Hancock village officiated at the Monday evening caucus. There was such a turnout of citizens that evening that everyone seemed to be satisfied with the selection made and the ticket put up then will be the only one voted for next Monday. This being the case the attention of politicians and friends of candidates is turned to the township election. There are already two candidates announced as willing to run against the present incumbent of the township. Mr. Wareham and a couple of other gentlemen have come out for overseer of highways. Whether or not the township tickets will be made up on party lines this spring is in doubt. We have heard some of the leaders of both sides say that they would not.

A decision in the case of Hall and Stringer vs McDonald was made yesterday by Judge Hubbell. The decree includes a lengthy written opinion, but sums up that the complainants are entitled to a conveyance of the property under their plea for specific performance of contract upon payment of unpaid bills and \$103 to the Northern Michigan Building and Loan Association. This means that by the payment of \$383 Messrs. Hall and Stringer may take possession of the residence property in West Hancock built by McDonald. J. F. Hambitzer represented Hall, J. F. Finnegan Stringer and Dunstan & Hanchette McDonald. The suit has been pending a long time and finally got into such shape that only a lawyer could understand its various ramifications.

Soothing, healing, cleansing, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold sores in two or three hours. **EAGLE DRUG STORE.**

"Old Ireland, Still Remembered," will be the subject of the St. Patrick's day lecture by Fr. Nicholas Ward. The Calumet band, in addition to those already named, will take part in the grand parade that day.

The entertainment in commemoration of the birth of Robert Emmet at St. Patrick's Hall last evening was attended by about as many as the hall could hold and was an enjoyable occasion.

Mrs. John Lee, aunt of Nightwatchman Ed Lee, who died at Marquette Monday, was buried at Hancock yesterday afternoon.

The largest pure diamond, that weighing the Rajah of Mattan, weighs 367 carats. The one of next greatest weight, the Orloff or Orloff, weighs 193 carats.

"Lead pencils" are a misnomer. There is no lead in their composition.

Dr. J. P. Mason went down to L'Anse yesterday to visit Dr. Turner for a week.

RUSTIC FANCIES.
 Willow Baskets. Finestly Trimmed—Bicycle Bells and Shoes.

There is a revival just now of the wicker fancy for a mixture of refinement and rusticity. In Paris the favorite bonbonniere for holding the finest confectionery is a little rustic basket of black or brown willow. This is ornamented with a bow of gray satin ribbon and a cluster of flowers fine enough to be worn on a hat. These baskets are not confined to the holding of sugar plums, but are used for fruit, lace and jewels even, and also for holding embroidery and other delicate fancy work.



Shoe dealers seem to be doing a driving trade in the immensely high laced leather boots for women bicyclists. They reach to the knee and may be had in black and in various shades of tan. How any one can ride comfortably with them is a wonder, for they seem almost as rigid as a plaster cast. There is really nothing so

easy for riding footwear as a shoe, which allows the ankle full play and confines none of the muscles of the leg. A very recently invented bicycle in the winter, although where there are good roads and no snow winter is one of the pleasantest times for the exercise—certainly much better than the dog days, when everybody rides. Since neat and pretty sweaters have been made especially for women the problem of the best bicycle dress has been partially solved, and that without sacrificing appearance. The white sweaters and those having dark stripes on a white ground are becoming and comfortable and are much worn for all out of door sports.

An illustration is given of a bicycle costume of gray cloth. It has a half length skirt, the seams of which are covered with stitched straps. The jacket has a plastron front, fastening under wide stitched straps on each side with light horn buttons. The sleeves, which are of the fashionable shape, have narrow longwise stitched straps. The collar and pocket flaps are also stitched. The sailor hat is of black felt, trimmed with gray ribbon and two gray feathers.

A TOUGH MEXICAN PONY.
Falls Three Hundred Feet Down a Precipice and Doesn't Break a Bone.
 Dr. John C. Barron of 35 Broadway, the president of the Lyons & Campbell Cattle company, whose ranches are in New Mexico, tells this story of a fall from a precipice of a Mexican pony ridden by one of a hunting party, of which Dr. Barron was a member, in the mountains last September. Dr. Barron, by the way, brought home as a trophy the skin of a large grizzly bear which he shot. The skin is now a rug in his library at his Trenton home.

They were making the ascent of a high peak, and the path was very precipitous and dangerous in places. At the point where the accident happened the hunters had dismounted and were leading the animals. They came to a narrow ledge, and at the point where they struck it, it was several feet above the path. The horses had to jump up on it. On the opposite side of the ledge there was a precipice, broken by several ledges. It was 300 feet to the bottom.

The pony referred to jumped, but, falling to measure the distance correctly, gave himself such impetus that he went sheer over and down the precipice. The men looked over the edge and watched his descent. He turned over and over. About 75 feet down he struck and broke off two splinters, and a little lower he struck the first ledge. A second or two later he struck another. He had on a good saddle, and, thinking that the pony had been killed, the party sent a man down to get his saddle.

"Imagine our surprise," said Dr. Barron, "when the man sent down shouted up to us: 'He isn't dead! He's standing up, drinking water!' Then we went down. Sure enough, there he was on his feet, alive and without a bone broken. There was a more or less of blood on his splinters, and a little lower he struck the first ledge. A second or two later he struck another. He had on a good saddle, and, thinking that the pony had been killed, the party sent a man down to get his saddle.

Where She Drew the Line.
 "Dishevelled politics is going to make trouble," he said thoughtfully.
 "Is yer dis'p'lated agin?" asked his wife.
 "I is. Ebery time I stabs in ter run dey tells me I'ze or dahk hoss."
 "Let 'em go on. Let 'em go on," she rejoined with suppressed indignation. "Yo kin stan bein' enlied a dahk hoss. But of dey had said 'red dawg' or 'brindle mule' I s'nt'ry would hev smote 'em."
 —Washington Star.

THE RUIN OF THE YEAR.
 Along the hills and by the sleeping stream
 A warning falls, and all the glorious trees—
 Vestures of gold and grand embroidery—
 stand mute as in a sad and beautiful dream.
 Brooding on death and nature's vast rotting
 And straggling that came an arm and died,
 On summer's glory long since drawn to red,
 And now the fall and all the slow, soft rain,
 And soon, some day, across by the pillaging
 wind.
 The winter's wild entrails, with harsh roar,
 And leaves the molders sacked and waste and
 thinned,
 And strips the forest of its golden store,
 Till the grim tyrant comes, and then the snow
 The silent wreckage, not with soft, but snow,
 —Archibald Lampman in Scribner's.

TRANSPLANTED.

The cab was piled with luggage, and within sat a young matron, her cheeks fresh as the meadows she had quitted but a few hours ago. Long Bill, lurking on the limits of the railway station, caught a significant nod from the cab driver, and at once started in pursuit.

Long Bill was not very tall, but had limbs so excessively slender and so meager a trunk that his acquaintances naturally thought of him in terms of length. When unoccupied, he was generally the case, he let his arms hang straight and close to his sides, as though trying to occupy as little room in the world as possible. He walked on his toes, rather quickly, and almost without a bend of the knee; his back was straight and the collar of his flimsy coat always turned up to shield the scraggy, collarless neck. Observe him in motion at a distance, and you were reminded of a red Indian on the trail. Catch sight of him suddenly close at hand, and his sidling, furtive carriage made you anxious about your pockets or watch guard.

By his own account Bill was 19 years old, but he had the wizened face of senility; his hairless cheeks follow over tooth gaps, his nose mere cartilage, his small eyes a blink, yet as eager as those of a hungry animal.

For more than a mile he ran along by the laden cab, and seemingly without much effort; when it drew up in front of a comfortable house, Bill sprang to the door of the vehicle.

"You'll let a pore young fellow help with the luggage, hyd? I've ran all the w'y from Victoria."
 He panted his mendicant humility, and with a grimy paw shook drops from a source visible forehead. The fair young matron regarded him with pained, compassionate look.

"You have run all the way from Victoria? Certainly you may help, of course you may!"
 She alighted, entered the house, and stood there in the hall watching Long Bill as, with feverish energy, he assisted a servant to transfer trunks and parcels. Relative pressed about the lady, but she could not give them due attention.

"Look at that poor creature! He has followed my cab all the way from Victoria, just to earn a few pence. Oh, these things are too dreadful!"
 The simple heart of this lady was a law unto itself. She had possessions, and spoke with authority. In happy moment, Long Bill had pursued the wheels of her cab. Holding money in readiness, she talked with him. Could he not get work? What was his story? Where did he live? To every question Bill made fluent reply, pausing fit, and squeezing the rag which served him for headgear. Work! Only give him the chance! See what it was to be rigidly honest; not since yesterday at this time had he earned a bread passed his lips. Work! He threw up his eyes in appeal to powers supernatural.

"Come and see me tomorrow at 12 o'clock."
 His immediate wants provided for, Bill passed the evening in contemplation. He felt no prompting to impart to any one the wonder that had befallen.

Very punctually next day did he present himself at the area door of the comfortable house, and silently he was led to a room where the lady waited for him. To various searching questions he again answered with a tremulous candor which had its full effect. Then, bidding him listen and perpend, the lady offered her suggestion. Far away from London, in a very beautiful country, she had a house, with gardens and fields, and there, if it so pleased him, William could support himself honorably by the labor of his hands. He would learn the rural life, could gain health and strength, could forget the horrors of his early years. Was William disposed to consider this? The head gardener, an estimable man, would direct and encourage him. He would receive wages, and eat the bread of independence. What said he?

William once more threw up his eyes, and in very truth, knew not how to respond, but his face answered for him. Very well; he should have this chance of proving his sincerity. In a day or two the arrangements would be complete. Let him come again, at a time appointed, and be in readiness to quit London. Meanwhile he must purchase the decent clothes of a laboring man; herewith, money for that purpose. Let him be faithful, and the sun of happiness would henceforth shine upon him.

In less than a week behold Long Bill, answering now to the name of William Higgs, transplanted to quite a new sphere of existence. His lodging was in the cottage of a farm laborer. His duties led him to the kitchen gardens of the old manor house, where Mr. Brown, grave and suspicious, set him primitive tasks with the fewest possible words. William looked as though he had fallen from the moon. He was vastly uncomfortable in his clean, new clothing. He stood at everything and everybody. He stood on guard against possible attacks and kept wondering whether if he climbed to the top of a hill not far away he would be able to see London. The fact that he had traveled for three hours by an express train did not affect this speculation. Never in his life had William felt so hopeless, so purposeless.

By the directions of his benefactress he was abundantly fed, and such advantage did he take of this novel experiment that on the second day he began to suffer from an alarming disorder. A severe pain oppressed his breathing, and his heart throbbed violently. At length, utterly overcome, he lay gasping as if for life. A doctor had to be summoned. Soon there followed a second and no less violent attack. William had recently eaten two large cucumbers and a pound of cheese. He paid the penalty. Work from the first not only distasteful, but difficult, was for some days impossible. Presently it appeared that he had caught a very bad cold. He was threat-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

men with congestion of the lungs. Writing to the lady of the manor, the doctor explained to her that William's constitution had suddenly broken down in consequence of the great and sudden change. These would have to be care. Figuratively and literally this poor fellow had as good as no legs to stand upon. He seemed ripe for all manner of diseases. If his diet and habits were not strictly regulated, the result might be lamentable.

A month went by. William had pretended to work, but always gave up on the plea of weakness. He looked very miserable and did not talk much. His cough was bad. One day, after spitting on the gravel walk, he showed the gardener a red stain. Mr. Brown, though he did not like William, looked troubled.

"Ever seen that afore now?"
 Ruminating and respectfully the other declared that he had never known what it was to have anything the matter with him. Then he went apart into a quiet spot and lay on the grass and was beset with terrors. Moreover, a great wrath awoke in him. He cursed the place and the people and above all the well-meaning lady who had sent him into exile. Faroff London called to him with irresistible lure. He longed for the streets, the noises, the smells, for his old companions, for the lurking places of his homeless nights. Money he had none. As yet his weekly wages only paid for board and lodging. But, with or without money, he would get back to London. His purpose must be secret. If the enemy got wind of it, he would be forcibly detained.

That evening he contrived to make a stealthy entry into the garden and to cut the roots of all the vines. Early the next morning he did the like damage to a number of rose trees. A poor revenge, but it soothed him. Suspecting that his malfeasance among the vines must soon be discovered, he held himself in readiness for flight at any moment, and while listening eagerly for every word spoken by the people about him he sought new forms of mischief. His troublesome cough kept him in mind of the wrong he had suffered. It urged him to malicious activity. But before he could do anything worse than pinch blossoms of certain valuable plants the alarm struck upon his ear.

"Boy, London Bill! Mr. Brown wants you, and look sharp."
 It was one of the undergardeners shouting from a distance. In sudden terror, in a mad desire for liberty and home, he slunk rapidly out of sight, then took to his heels.

In the night, at a village some 20 miles away, the ex-tenant came upon a tramp who lay helpless by the roadside. "Severe hemorrhage from the lungs," said the doctor. And, but a few days later, William Higgs was again transplanted, this time to a yet more quiet locality where no work would ever be asked of him.—Sketch.

The Finlanders'
 Mutual Fire Insurance company of Houghton and Keweenaw counties, organized in 1890 according to the laws of the State of Michigan, will insure property of its members. Have paid fire losses over \$3,000 during its existence. The company paid back during the last year to sixty-two of its members of five years' standing 68 per cent of their premiums, amounting to \$3,502. Will pay back during this year on the same rate to thirty-six members of five years' standing \$1,447. On the first day of this year the company had 314 members, \$297,440 worth of property insured, and \$6,594.11 in treasury. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

ALEX. LEINONEN, Secretary.
 Office, 443 Pine street, upstairs, Red Jacket.

The Estey Organ.
 James G. Gianvill is the sole agent for the Estey pianos or organs for Calumet and vicinity, and all parties wishing to purchase one of these celebrated instruments must get it through the above agency. Six months' lessons free to every purchaser of piano or organ. Apply at No. 516 Blue Jacket, or at Ed's dye works, opposite Kuhlman's meat market, Front street.

Lake Linden Stage.
 Stage leaves Bari & Pearce's livery stable every day at 8 a. m., 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Stage leaves Greenfield's livery stable at 8 and 10 a. m. and 1 and 4 p. m.
BARI & PEARCE,
C. GREENFIELD,
 Proprietors.

Wood for Sale.
 Good dry family wood delivered for \$1 per cord. Orders to be left with Mr. George Hall, Wolverine, or at the News office. Short wood to suit the times.

Notice.
 The regular meeting of the Junior Sons of St. George will be held on Thursday evening, March 5 in Dunstan's block. Meeting called at 7:30 sharp.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation.
EAGLE DRUG STORE.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning March 5.
 Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.
TORONTO—Heroes of missions.—II Cor. xi, 23. (Let each Endeavor give an instance of missionary heroism.)

The heroes of missions have been those who have been willing to sacrifice and suffer, many of them even death itself, for the great cause of missions. Paul is the great Scriptural example of a hero of missions. His historic sketch of his extraordinary trials for Christianity, found in our Scriptural records, makes it evident that he stands among the first of those who may claim the title of missionary heroes. What a wonderful record! He was scourged "five times," in "prisons frequent," in "deaths oft," "thrice beaten with rods," once "stoned," "thrice suffered shipwreck," in "perils in the sea," and on land amidst foes and friends, in the wilderness and in cities, tried by "weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness," and besides all this there was daily upon him the care of all the churches.

This is a wonderful record, and yet the annals of missions will tell us of many just such heroes. In many places even today the lives of the missionaries of the cross are jeopardized. In the past year many have been cruelly murdered, their mission stations burned and many indignities and outrages have been heaped upon them.

What a contrast are our Christian lives in this particular. We often speak of the trials and hardships that we are called upon to endure for Christ, but what are they in comparison to these heroes upon our foreign mission fields?

But what should be the effect of the sufferings of our missionaries upon us? It should fill our hearts with gratitude and thankfulness to God that our lives are not endangered and that we live in a land where it is an honor to be a Christian if we are only true to our Christian profession. It should also arouse a deeper interest in missions and missionaries in our hearts. How can we see our fellow Christians suffering and enduring hardships in places where we ought to be perhaps and not be most deeply interested in them and their work? We should sympathize with them, pray for them and encourage them by liberal gifts. The hardships of the mission field cannot but be lessened when these heroes of missions realize that they have the united sympathy, prayers and support of Christendom back of them. Will we do our part in giving them to realize that this is the case?

Bible Readings.—II Chron. xxxvi, 14, 15, 16, 17; Neh. ix, 25; Isa. lii, 7; Nah. i, 15; Mal. vi, 10-16; xxiii, 24-29; xxviii, 19; Acts iv, 1-4; v, 18-20; vii, 54-60; xiii, 50-52; xv, 1-7; xx, 22-24; xxi, 11-14; xxvii, 41-44; II Cor. vi, 4, 5; Gal. vi, 2; I Thes. ii, 14, 15.

A Texas Worker.
 It is no wonder that Texas Christian Endeavorers are a power in the state when this is the sort of material of which they are made: It is reported that one Endeavorer in a small lumber town organized a Sunday school, of which she is superintendent, organized a church and reads a sermon from some standard work every Sunday morning, while in the evening the Christian Endeavor society, which she herself organizes, has charge of the meeting. She is superintendent of a junior society, and once every two months she visits the Huntsville penitentiary Christian Endeavor society, which she herself organized. This worker is also superintendent of a district Christian Endeavor union composed of 22 counties. Besides all this she attends to her home duties.

In the Interest of Christian Endeavor.
 The board of trustees at its session at Detroit, desiring of obtaining the wisdom and advice of the other practical workers of the country, and of securing the fullest co-operation and fellowship of representative Endeavorers everywhere, passed this resolution: "Resolved, That a council be called to be composed of the trustees and officers of the United society and the presidents of the state and territorial and provincial unions to meet on the day before the international convention of 1896 in Washington for the consideration of the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement."

Nothing but Man.
 There is nothing but man that respecteth greatness; not God, not nature, not disease, not death, not judgment.—Joseph Hall.

Terse Paragraphs.
 The famous City Temple of London, over which Dr. Parker is pastor, now has a Christian Endeavor society. The pledge is hard to the conscience that is hard. Louisville Endeavorers are planning to take up slum work. Often Christian Endeavor is "for Christ" by being "for the church." A prayer meeting for the meeting's sake is good, but a meeting for the sake of souls is better. When your week-day companions say "Amen" to your prayer meeting testimony, the angels glory in your words.

Letter Writing.
 Have you any unkind thoughts? Do not write them down. Write no word that giveth pain; written words may long remain. Have you heard some idle tale? Do not write it down. Gossip may repeat it o'er, adding to its bitter store. Have you any careless jest? Do not write it down. It may wound some loving breast. Words of love and tenderness, words of truth and kindness, words of comfort for the sad, words of gladness for the glad, words of counsel for the bad—wisely write them down. Words, though small, are mighty things. It may wound some loving breast. Little words may grow and bloom with bitter breath or sweet perfume—Pray before you write them.—Poetry.