

A FIREWATER SPRING

SANGUINARY PLANS OF WILD INDIANS CLEVERLY FRUSTRATED.

How a Smuggler on a Government Reservation Laid Out a Band of Red Devils With Forty Rod Whisks and Saved the Lives of Six Prisoners.

A star man happened to meet a man who had served a term or two or three in various penitentiaries, hadn't served in several more before he is through with himself. Of course that kind of a man was interesting, and after a time, when he got to talking under the mel- lowing influence of things made for the purpose, he was more interesting.

"When I was 15 years younger than I am now," he said, "I was out in the mountains of the west on a government reservation, where I could make money by selling whisky under post prices. I was always on the make, and so I smuggled in a dozen or more gallons and had them hid in a cave ten miles or so out from the cave was a kind of a two story affair, the upper story being my secret, and there I had my jugs of liquor hid away, and from there I carried it out in smaller quantities for distribution. The lower part of the cave was 20 feet below the upper chamber, and in this part was a basin of water, which did drip from the upper part. It did not contain more than a gallon of water. I knew it was easily exhausted, for I spent many a night there, and found there wasn't water enough to boil a ket- tle with.

"Well, about the time I got in my second instalment of fire juice the Indians got bad and began creeping in toward the settlements. I thought my cave was unknown to the Indians as well as the whites, but it appears that it wasn't, and one morning I barely had time to slip out of my down stairs room and get up in the loft before 10 or 12 of the bloodiest looking braves you ever saw squatted in front of my residence and began holding a council of war. In half an hour or more all of them except one went away, and he remained to keep watch.

"At noon three returned with five white prisoners, and at 6 o'clock the rest of them came in with a girl about 4 years old. Just what they were going to do was not apparent, and it wasn't easy for me to find out, because when I came down to a point where I could see I was in danger of getting caught myself. I did see enough, though, to show me that the five white prisoners, who were all old men, hadn't much chance for their lives, but that the child would be carried away. To save myself had been my first thought, and now to save these poor wretches was first.

"While I was debating what to do or give it up as a bad job one of the Indians went to the spring and got some water. That was my cue. In a minute more I was back up in my chamber, just over the headwaters of the spring, and, having turned the drip into another channel, I started a stream of that kill at 40 rod whisk down the shoot and then slipped back to watch the proceedings. They were discussing when to kill the prisoners—I knew enough Indian to know that. And when it was about determined to hold them over a day and see if they couldn't pick up a few more and have a real big time, another of them went over to the spring for water. This time it wasn't so much water as it had been. Whatever it was made the ugly redskin give a big 'Ugh' of delight, and the others went over to him. Well, it isn't necessary for me to go into particulars.

"Anybody, even a reporter, knows what becomes of an Indian or a dozen of them when there are unlimited quantities of firewater at their disposal, and as soon as I saw how the thing was going I hurried back and set another jug to work. I was a little afraid they might get ugly drunk and kill their prisoners, but evidently they hadn't had much to eat that day, and the liquor was getting in its work on empty stomachs. Whatever was the cause, before I had any idea that it was time for it the whole of them was full, and in a few minutes more they were lying around the little basin of the spring so drunk they could not move hand or foot.

"Then it was my time to play, and I corked up the liquor upstairs for another day and went down stairs. There wasn't much time for thanks, because we didn't know when the enemy might make it unpleasant for us. So I told the prisoners to take care of the Indians while I took care of the little girl, which I did by taking her outside of the cave, where she could breathe the free air of heaven once more. You see, I kind of thought they might like to attend to things themselves," he added apologetically and stopped.

"And did they?" inquired the reporter as the narrator seemed to think he had reached the end of his story. "I suppose they did," he replied. "At least, when I went back to the cave, about a month later, when the war had simmered down some, I found the bodies of them Indians almost as well preserved as if they had been put up in alcohol, so that their whisky of mine was so powerful, you know. I was always kind of sorry I hadn't sent the prisoners to take care of the little girl while I took care of them Indians. By cripes, I never got a cent for the liquor they drank!"—Washington Star.

The Poppy.
The poppy throughout the east is an emblem of death. In many parts of India this flower is planted upon graves and in cemeteries. Whether or not the idea was suggested by the poisonous character of the juice is uncertain. It is believed that the poppy was known as a funeral plant to the ancient Egyptians, for upon the tombs opened by Belzoni there appeared representations of plants which were evidently intended for poppies.

THE "DELIGHTFUL POISON."

Peculiar Manner in Which Winemaking in Persia Originated.

"In the Kingdom of the Shah," by Dr. Trocher Collins, the author tells of the origin of winemaking in Persia. It was during the reign of King Jamshed that the vineyards of Shiraz, as today, were noted for the superlative quality of the grapes they produced on account of the variations of temperature—the intense cold of winter and extreme heat of summer—to which they were subjected. King Jamshed was exceedingly fond of Shiraz grapes, and in order to enjoy them throughout the year conceived the idea of preserving them in a jar. Fermentation, of course, took place, and when the jar was opened and found to contain a quantity of acid liquid it was looked upon as poison by the king. He placed it in bottles and labeled it as such. On a certain occasion one of his female favorites, who was sorely afflicted with a nervous headache, discovered the bottles marked "poison" and swallowed the contents of one in the hope of putting an end to her life. The effect, however, was to throw her into a deep sleep, from which she awoke much refreshed. The result was so delightful that she frequently repeated the dose until all the supposed poison was consumed.

The king, who missed the bottles, caused inquiry to be made, and the secret of their disappearance was revealed. This led to the manufacture of a wine from Shiraz grapes, which to this day is known as Zehere-Khoosh, or "the delightful poison." The laws of the Koran against the use of spirituous liquors are generally very rigidly observed, particularly among the poorer classes. Dr. Collins says that he never saw an intoxicated Mohammedan, even among the chavadars, men who do the most laborious work. Unlike their western prototypes, who cannot exist without beer or spirits, they refresh themselves only with a snuff of a hubble bubble pipe or a cup of very strong, sweet, hot tea in either the sweltering heat of summer or the intense cold of winter. Tippling in Persia is confined exclusively to the richer classes and indulged in only in the seclusion of the andarun. The Persians make two sorts of wine, a red and a white. The latter contains an excess of alcohol and is in greater favor with those who indulge in secret drinking. Arrack, a crude, fiery spirit, is likewise distilled. It is probable that when Persia has railroads and the vineyards of Shiraz become accessible, the superior quality of the grapes for winemaking will attract the attention of western manufacturers.

The Needle and the Pin.

A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a workbasket and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me. Remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"—Household Words.

Quite Another Sort of Man.

A distinguished divine of unusually solemn and impressive appearance went to a country town to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town, of course, spotted him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man. He went into a chemist's shop and in tones that froze the young blood of the shopman said:

"Young man—do—you—smoke?"

"Y—yes, sir," said the trembling clerk. "I'm sorry, but I learned the habit young and haven't been able to leave it off."

"Then," said the great divine without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "can you tell me where I can get a good cigar?"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Feminine Instinct.

"I admit that as yet woman is not absolutely certain of her sphere," said the high browed lady.

"I thought as much," said the base man. "If she felt that it was really and truly her own, she would already have had it decorated with pink ribbons."—Indianapolis Journal.

Whistler's Delightful Conceit.

An old lady, lauding up the Thames scenery, said to Whistler, "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings."

"Yes," he replied; "nature is creeping up."—McClure's Magazine.

ON THE CLERMONT.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST VOYAGE OF FULTON'S STEAMBOAT.

A Group of Women Who Made the Historic Trip—How the Engagement of the Inventor Was Announced—Predictions Made by Chancellor Livingston.

Helen Everason Smith, in The Century, has a paper on "A Group of American Girls Early in the Century," which gives pleasant glimpses of Chancellor Livingston and Robert Fulton. The chancellor invited several of his fair cousins to make a trip from New York to his home at Clermont in a new boat. Miss Smith says:

The "new boat" of the letter was the now celebrated Clermont, the steamboat of Robert Fulton, which in August, 1807, made the first successful steam voyage up the astonished Hudson and demonstrated to the world that a new force had been discovered by which old methods in nearly all lines were to be revolutionized.

Very likely, with all their loving confidence in the wisdom of the chancellor, the sisters embarked with some distrust of his new boat's making good its promise to get them home in less than three days, even if both wind and tide should prove unfavorable, but they were not afraid of anything worse than delay, though most of their friends feared for them. During the nine years that had passed since "Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton had first secured the concession to navigate the waters in New York state for 20 years, providing they should build a boat of not less than 20 tons, that would go not less than four miles an hour against wind and tide," the subject had been so often talked over in their presence that the sisters were already quite intelligent upon it and laughed at the fears of their timorous friends.

The embarkation was from a dock "near the state prison" (which was in "Greenwich village," on the North river) and was witnessed by a crowd of "not less than 500 persons." Many were friends of the passengers, who bade them farewell with as much solicitude as if they were going to Madagascar, especially trembling with apprehension at the "terrible risk run by sailing in a boat full of fire."

The adventurous voyagers, who were the guests of Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston, were about 40 in number, including but a few ladies. Among the latter, besides our two young sisters and their aunt, Mrs. Thomas Morris (daughter-in-law of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution), were at least one of the chancellor's two daughters, four of the many daughters of his brothers, John R. and Colonel Harry, and a young lady who was more interested in the result of this memorable experiment than any one save the inventor himself. In all the biographies of Fulton Miss Harriet Livingston is called the chancellor's niece, but she was really his cousin. She was a beautiful, graceful and accomplished woman and had long given her heart to Robert Fulton. The fair Harriet was at this time about two and twenty and "dearly in love with her handsome, gifted lover as any girl well could be." There were many distinguished and fine looking men on board the Clermont, but my grandmother always described Robert Fulton as surpassing them all. "That son of a Pennsylvania farmer," she was wont to say, "was really a prince among men. He was as modest as he was great and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius."

A little before reaching Clermont, when the success of the voyage was well assured, the betrothal was announced by the chancellor in a graceful speech, in the course of which he prophesied that the "name of the inventor would descend to posterity as that of a benefactor to the world, and that it was not impossible that before the close of the present century vessels might even be able to make the voyage to Europe without other motive power than steam."

This hardy prediction was received with but moderate approval by any, while smiles of incredulity were exchanged between those who were so placed that they could not be seen by the speaker or the inventor. John R. was heard to say in an aside to his cousin, John Swift Livingston, that "Bob had many a bee in his bonnet before now, but this steam folly would prove the worst one yet." But the chancellor's brothers lived to see the ocean regularly traversed by steam vessels, but the prophet himself and the inventor both passed away before the realization of their dreams.

The Sleeping Disease.

On the western coast of Africa they have a singular and always fatal malady which is known as the sleeping disease, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues for about three weeks, or until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that, aside from the drowsiness, the patient seems much as usual. The pulse, respiration and temperature are normal, while he may be easily aroused and will take nourishment and answer questions in a perfectly natural manner.

Utterly Bad.

"Yes," spoke they of the one who had gone, "he was utterly and hopelessly bad. His wickedness might have been forgiven had it been accompanied by any redeeming trait, but he had none. He couldn't even tell a funny story."—Indianapolis Journal.

The white carnation is regarded in England as an emblem of disdain. This idea was probably suggested by the upright habit of the flower, which nods and waves haughtily in the breeze.

CONSULTING THE CLOCK.

Familiar Faces That Are Seldom Overlooked by New Yorkers.

One of the popular habits of the people of New York city is to consult the clock almost on every occasion when an opportunity is presented. It matters little whether any special need requires that consultation or not, the clock will thus be consulted. Especially is this the case if a particular clock has the reputation of being a good timekeeper. So well is this known by many storekeepers that they will place clocks in their stores so situated as to be easily seen by persons who may be passing along the adjacent sidewalk. If the clock has a good reputation, and the pedestrian is fortunate enough to carry a watch, a comparison is almost sure to be made.

Many times a clock with a good reputation placed in the back part of a store becomes a protection thereof, especially at night, if near it is located a light strong enough to illuminate its face and show the time. A policeman told a reporter the other day that a good clock thus situated is better than a private watchman for a jewelry store, as every belated passerby is likely to look through the store to see what time it is, and would be almost certain to notice anything unusual in the appearance of the place. It therefore becomes indirectly a silent watchman guarding the premises against the depredations of burglars and makes the pedestrians, as it were, assistants in the work.

Church clocks have always had a large number of patrons in the work of consultation, and nothing seems to be so annoying as to find such a clock inactive. When an event of this character occurs, especially if the church is located on or near a busy thoroughfare, the fact of the clock being stopped, or that some defect appears to exist, is often made the subject of a notice in the daily papers. Especially was this the case when the steeple of old St. Paul's was recently undergoing renovation, and it was a joy to many on noticing that the newly gilded hands of the clock were again traveling along their accustomed circuit and the deep toned bell was ready to strike the hour once more.—New York Mail and Express.

THE MAGIC RING.

A Boy's First Circus and His Impressions of Coralie the Peerless.

A thud of unseen hoofs first set us a-quiver; then a crash of cymbals, a jangle of bells, a hoarse, applauding roar, and Coralie was in the midst of us, whirling past 'twixt earth and sky, now erect, flush, radiant, now crouched to the flowing mane, swung and tossed and molded by the maddening dance music of the band. The mighty whip of the count in the frock coat marked time with pistol shots; his warery, whooping clear above the music, fired the blood with a passion for splendid deeds, as Coralie, laughing exultantly, crashed through the paper hoops. We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delicious feats, nor her cream colored horse of fairy breed, long tailed, roe footed—an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one—it was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before—that held us spellbound.

What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hourglass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there, slow of movement and given to deprecating, lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation. From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high strung moments I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, pacing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations, in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles.—Kenneth Grahame in Scribner's.

A Great Brandy Drinker.

"I have seen the statement that no man could drink half a gallon of brandy a day for more than a very short time," said John L. Smith of Linden, Va., "but there is a man living in the town I reside in who has never missed drinking that much brandy in a day for 20 years. His name is John Hudnall, and he owns a brandy distillery near Linde. He has used liquor as a beverage since early youth, and for the past 20 years has consumed half a gallon of brandy a day. He is not an inebriate by any means, not becoming intoxicated by the brandy. He is hale and hearty and stands well in the community where he lives as a business man. No explanation can be given of his remarkable power of withstanding the effects of liquor, but no one who knows him doubts the statement as to his having taken the amount I have said. It has not impaired his digestion in the slightest degree, as it is usually claimed it will do."—Washington Star.

School Improvement.

In the Federated Clubs of Illinois the women are working earnestly to improve the public schools of the state. With this aim they take up different phases of school work, in the first place visiting the schools not as critics but as learners, so as to co-operate with school-teachers in securing improvements that are needed. Certain members study the hygienic conditions of the schools; others make it their duty to watch all school legislation and to learn something of the value of the best new methods of education.

When using medicine droppers, the ordinary glass tube with a rubber bulb fitted on, it is well to remember that 60 drops make one teaspoonful.

Salt is a good barometer. When it is damp, rain is probable.

MASON COUNTY

Pure Rye or Bourbon

Is an absolutely Pure Whiskey, aged in wood and bottled by the distillers in full quart octagon bottles. For sale by all first-class dealers. Beware of imitations. See that our name is on the cap and label. WM. EDWARDS & CO., Sole Proprietors.

A QUEER EPITAPH.

In Memory of Two Boys Who Thought They Ate Mushrooms.

Piscataway is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey. It was founded in 1666 and was intended to be the capital of the colony, but it did not grow, while its rivals, New Brunswick, Rahway and Elizabeth, became thriving villages. At present there is little to interest the casual visitor to the sleepy village, but that little is good of its kind.

There is old Mr. Mundy, the village wheelwright, who at 80 is still a fine shot with gun or rifle. Twenty-five years ago he accompanied a New York merchant on a hunting trip to the far west, and since then not a year has passed without their taking a hunting trip to the west or south. Old as these cronies are, they cannot make up their minds to forego their hunting. Then there is the old cider mill whose ramshackle appearance belies the purity and strength of the applejack resting in its dark cellar. Finally, there is the cemetery of the old Episcopal church, the first house of worship erected in the place. In response to inquiries the other day the sexton, who holds also the offices of gravedigger and roadmaster said:

"Well, there might be some interesting gravestones there, and then again there mightn't. They don't interest me. There is one old brown stone which has fallen down and is out of place. I wanted to throw it away, but the minister wouldn't let me. That might be interesting to you."

"Is there any inscription on it?" "No, there isn't. It is just covered with words from top to bottom—no poetry, no nothing—just words." The stone was found easily, although partly overgrown with moss and myrtle. After much cleaning the following inscription was made out:

Spectators, under Here in this tomb Lie 2 boys. The elder was full Ten years old, the younger was twelve. Told, by eating Mushrooms for Food rare, in day Time they poisoned Were. A. K. Hard Hooper and Charlie Hooper, Deceased, 1894.

The meaning of "the younger was twice told" is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed that he was but five years old.

An inscription upon the tombstone of James Thompson, who died in 1763, was once very popular with the country people in New Jersey. Three others in the graveyard are similar to it:

Remember, friend, as you pass by, As you are now so once was I. In health and strength, though here I lie, As I am now so you must be. Prepare for death and follow me. —New York Sun.

JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defense Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, inasmuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoic society—the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Personal Enos.

"Saw you coming out of the barber's this morning," said the sociable boarder.

"I went in on business connected with purely personal ends," replied Ashbury Peppers with much dignity.

"Oh, beg pardon, I"—

"That is to say, I got my hair cut and my shoes shined."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The white lily in the south of Europe, particularly in Italy, is an emblem of sweetness, light and life. In some of the country districts of the Italian peninsula lilies are always placed on the coffins of young girls.

Pleasant Place to Live.

A resident of Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police.

CALUMET BUSINESS POINTERS

Smokers, if you have failed to find a cigar to suit you, try "Helmich's Crown," the best in the market.

Go to the City Bakery for your fine pastries. Angel food, fruit cake always on hand. Cream puffs Fridays and Saturdays.

Our lodge room can be rented for meetings on Saturday evenings. SIVERT OLSON.

St. George's Hall to Rent.

The St. George's Hall is to rent on very moderate terms on the following evenings. Every Wednesday, every alternate Thursday and three Fridays in each month. For further particulars apply to John Jenkin, William Maynard, R. B. Rule, trustees.

Clearing Sale

of \$20,000 worth of clothing, dry goods, shoes, mackintoshes, ladies' capes, wraps, etc. Goods will be sold at your own price. No money refused and no charge for examining the goods. Come and avail yourself of this grand opportunity. SAM MAWRENCE, Next to Carlton hardware store.

The Bread and Cakes of the Superior Bakery can be had at the following agencies:

James Lisa's, Mrs. Hoskin's, Red Jacket; Martin Kuhn's, J. C. Lenn's, Peter Olem's, Calumet Village, and Welsenaer's, Guilbault's, Lake Linden. A fresh supply is left at these agencies every day, and the prices are as low as the lowest.

Lake Linden Stage.

Stage leaves Pearce's livery stable Lake Linden, every day at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 and 4 p. m. Stage leaves McClure's livery stable, Red Jacket, at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., and 1 and 4 p. m.

THOMAS PEARCE, JAMES MCCLURE, Proprietors.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, lever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by D. T. Macdonald.

\$500 Reward

Will be given to any person that will prove to Santa Claus that he does not wish to see the big stock of Xmas presents; an elegant line of neckwear and a full line of handkerchiefs for men, women and children; also a full line of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes. Santa Claus has ordered that all shall be sold with 40 cent less on each dollar. By the Laurium Fair, near the postoffice.

Please Take Notice.

We are pleased to tell you that we make everything pertaining to the shoemaker's trade as cheap as ever from the best quality of leather. Men's boots or shoes soled for 45 and 50 cents, ladies' shoes soled for 35 and 40 cents. We have a nice assorted stock of fall and winter shoes, and our own make shoe-packs, which we will dispose of at very low figures. Good work guaranteed.

OKER & KEMPPAINEN. Fifth street, Red Jacket, next to Jacob Gartner's store.

Kestey, Camp, Arion and Decker Bros. Pianos

James Glanville, agent for the above celebrated pianos, has just received a new and large consignment, which he invites the public to call and inspect. For richness of tone and workmanship these pianos cannot be excelled. Six months' lessons given free to every purchaser of an instrument, by one of the best music teachers in the city. Also agent for the famous White sewing machine, sold on easy payments. Store on North Fifth street.

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 July the company had 414 members, \$351,320 worth of property insured, and \$7,611.27 in treasury. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

JOHN BLOWGART, President ALEX. LEHONEN, Secretary. Office, 448 Pine street, upstairs. Red Jacket.