# The Copper Country Evening News

PUBLISHED BY

**Fred Mackenzie,**

**Editor and Proprietor.**

Office in the News block, north end of Fifth street, Red Jacket, Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

BY MAIL OR CARRIER.

| | |
|---|---|
| One year (in advance) | $5 00 |
| Six months | 2 50 |
| Per month | 50 |

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT CALUMET, MICHIGAN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Communications and letters of business connected with the paper should be addressed

The Copper Country Evening News,
Calumet, Michigan.




## MINING.

Stocks

BOSTON Mass. January 28, 1898.

| | |
|---|---|
| Allouez | 1 |
| Arnold | 8 25 |
| Atlantic | 28 |
| Baltic | 11 25 |
| Boston & Montana | 157 50 |
| Butte & Boston | 25 25 |
| Calumet and Hecla | 500 |
| Centennial | 10 |
| Franklin | 12 75 |
| Kearsarge | |
| Pioneer | 6 |
| Oceola | 42 |
| Quincy | 111 |
| Old Dominion | 23 75 |
| Tamarack | 145 |
| Tamarack Junior | |
| Tecumseh | |
| Wolverine | 19 |
| Merced Gold | |

## ATTACKED BY A BIG BIRD.

**Indiana Farmer Captured a Waterfowl of Unknown Species.**

William Waltz, a farmer living near Hagerstown, Ind., while passing through his cornfield recently, suddenly came upon a large bird sitting on the ground.

Without attempting to get away the bird suddenly attacked him with great vigor, flying at his face and striking with its long, sharp beak. It was so quick in its movements and so determined in its attack that it was only after considerable time that Mr. Waltz succeeded in capturing it. He carried it home, but it soon died from injuries he inflicted.

The bird is of a species unknown to any one here. It is a waterfowl, having webbed feet, which are set far back on the body, with no rear toe. The body is as large as a wild goose, bill pointed and long like a crane, plumage drab on the back and light gray on the breast; wings short, with short feathers and would seem incapable of sustaining in flight so heavy a body. The short legs attach to the body at the side of the tail, causing the bird to sit erect like a penguin. It is believed to be the great northern diver, never seen here before. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Working a Perambulator.**

The road from Port Lokko to Bumban being well known, we did not sketch it, but we checked the distances with the perambulator and observed the latitude every day, using frequently both theodolite and sextant and taking meridians of the sun and one or more stars. We had some little trouble at first with the perambulator. The native boy who had charge of it could not be persuaded that there was any legitimate method of transport except by resting his burden on his head and when out of sight he adopted this method. When cured of it, he resorted to the device of reversing the instrument occasionally, reeling off a mile or so, and then making it work backward for a bit, so as to defy all attempt to get the distance covered. But we very soon overcame these difficulties, and our operator learned to take a pride in his instrument and became inflated with conceit at his own intelligence in wheeling it.—Geographical Journal

**All Sports Dangerous.**

A physician reports a case of rupture of muscular fibers in the thigh of a powerful athletic man while playing golf. All sports are dangerous, and some are brutal.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

## CANINE ENDURANCE.

**Story of a Dog Who Went Twenty-two Days Without Food.**

Some very long survivals are on record, but none, perhaps, more interesting or remarkable than a well authenticated case which comes from France. Mr. Gely, a superintendent at Dampierre, in the department of the upper Saone, has a dog named Rigolet, which, although past 10 years old and almost toothless, has never abated the activity of his warfare against all the animals of the field, and especially against foxes. A short time ago as Mr. Gely, with his dog, was passing the mouth of a fox burrow Rigolet made a sudden and furious descent on the burrow, showing plainly that it was inhabited. It had so spacious an opening that the dog forced himself into it quite out of sight. Presently the master heard the tumult of a combat within. The dog was barking fiercely. Then there came a sound of a caving in, and the noise ceased. Either Rigolet had been silenced by the fox, or he had been engulfed by the collapse of the gallery in which the fight was taking place. Mr. Gely set about digging him out, but found the ground so stony that he was obliged to give up, and the old dog was left to his fate.

Gely went home, and after mourning the dog a few days thought of him no more. Twenty-one days went by. It happened that the miller, with a friend, said, "There's the place where poor old Rigolet was buried alive." Just then he heard a feeble whining which seemed to come from underground. He called and listened, and the whining was repeated louder than before. There was certainly a dog within the fox burrow. The miller ran to apprise Gely, who this time brought picks and shovels and a sufficient number of hands to open the burrow. After five hours of active digging the old dog was unearthed at a considerable depth. As soon as he was brought to the open air Rigolet fell to the ground, apparently dead. But his master succeeded in reviving him with doses of beef tea and milk, and the old dog was seemingly as good as ever. It became a question whether he had fasted in the burrow for the 22 days, or whether he had subsisted on the fox, which he certainly found. It was assumed by his master that he was too nearly toothless to have been able to devour a fox, and those who dug him out declared that there was no sign that he had had anything to eat.—Public Opinion.

## THE GREATEST WEDDING.

**Over Ten Thousand Couples United at the Same Time.**

The largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began, says a writer in the Cincinnati Tribune, took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite the victors and vanquished by the strongest ties possible he decreed a wedding festival. Now guess how many people he ordered to be married. You could never do it.

Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; 100 of his chief officers were to be untied to ladies from the noblest Persian and Medean families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,202 people married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars, 60 feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were 100 gorgeous chambers for the hundred bridegrooms, while, for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude.

A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semicircle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places.

And now, don't you think each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple; the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example. That was the way. Then came the festival, lasting five days, with music and feats of jugglery play acting and all kinds of delightful games.

**The Original of Windfall.**

The origin of the expression "windfall," which is used when one wishes to refer to a streak of good luck, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. At that time it was a criminal offense to cut timber in the British forests without royal consent. All that could be gathered for fuel or other purposes was such limbs as the wind should happen to break and cast to the ground. On this account the peasants hailed a great windstorm as a blessing, because it was apt to cast enough of "windfalls" for winter firewood. From this old time forestry custom comes the modern application of the expression. At one time it was decreed that only such limbs and whole trees as should fall during the three summer months could be used as firewood, but the unjustness of the act was so plainly apparent that no attempt was ever made to enforce it.—St. Louis Republic.

**Curious Storage of Hay.**

An English traveler through Kashmir found in practice there a novel method of putting fodder up for winter use. The country lies in a valley among the Himalayas. The chief industry of the people consists in raising fine wool and in making this into fabrics which have carried the name of the country all over the world.

A curious custom in some places is that of hanging quantities of hay up among the branches of trees. Why it was done was more than I could guess, till my guide informed me that in winter the snow lies five and six yards in depth, and that the supplies of hay, which now look only as if they were meant for camelopards, are then easily reached by the flocks of sheep which abound there.—Youth's Companion.

**The Mark Down.**

"Man," she bitterly exclaimed, "is dominated by the almighty dollar."

"And woman," he rejoined, with spirit, "by the almighty 99 cents."

In the meanwhile destiny was wondering which it would be.—Detroit Tribune.

The pure white lotus is the royal flower of Siam and is always borne before the king in state processions. For a subject to carry one or have one carried before him is high treason.

In so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Johnson.

# STORIES OF M'KINLEY.

## The Man Who Called to Give Him Pointers.

### HOW HE RAN AFTER A RAGGED BOY

**The President Entertains a Disappointed Office Seeker at the White House—Ever Thoughtful of His Old Friends Even Amid the Cares of Office.**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—[Special.]—Stories of the president are always in order. The other day I met a member of congress, a Republican, a man of long experience in public life, and of conceded ability and influence. He was very much disturbed about the president's Cuban policy, and he told me he was going up to the White House to talk the whole matter over with Mr. McKinley. "The president needs some good advice," said this member of congress, "and I am going to give it to him. I am going to talk plainly too. I am not going to mince words." Then he told me in substance what he was going to say to the president.

Next day I met this member of congress coming from the White House. "Yes, I have seen the president," he said, in response to my questions. "Did I give him the talking to that I had intended? Well, no, not exactly. You see, the president was very communicative to me about the Cuban question. He told me things I never knew before. In a few minutes he had convinced me that he knew about 50 times as much about Cuba as I did. Then he asked me what I thought about it, if I couldn't give him some suggestions, and blame me if I had the nerve to say a single word of what I had gone there to say. I have today learned a lesson. When you think of giving advice to a man about his business, be sure you know at least as much about it as he does, or you may make yourself ridiculous."

**Mrs. McKinley Fond of Children.**

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception which they would find at the famous little house on Market street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future president. One day, during a rainstorm, a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in the door. In some way he had heard that Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honor of her caresses. And perhaps he should see and speak with the president himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knockings brought no response. No one happened to hear him, and he waited and waited, his heart sinking lower and lower under his torn, dusty jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him and he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his big brown eyes. Some one in the household saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate and called the attention of Governor McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the president elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain and brought the lad back with him, where Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had a president of the United States chasing him bareheaded in a rainstorm.

**Entertains Old Friends.**

President McKinley's thoughtful attentions to his old friends are often commented on in Washington. One day Mrs. McKinley told her husband she had learned from a caller, one of their old friends from home, that a certain Mr. Blank of Canton was coming to Washington that day on business. Now, this Mr. Blank had wanted the president to appoint him to an office, and, though the president liked the man very much and was indeed under obligations to him, he couldn't see his way clear to making the appointment so much desired. But there was something he could do. He sent a telegram to Harrisburg inviting Mr. Blank to dinner at the White House immediately upon his arrival in Washington, and when Mr. Blank reached the railway station in the Capital City he found the president's carriage waiting for him. He drove to the executive mansion, where he was warmly greeted by the president, who had considerately forgotten to don his dress coat. Mr. Blank was so well pleased with his evening at the White House that on returning home he said to his friends:

"I'd rather have had that evening with the president and Mrs. McKinley in the White House than any old office in the government."

From President McKinley's family dinner party in the White House just after the inauguration one invited guest, Mr. Barber of Canton, was missing. He had not received his invitation, through some misunderstanding or accident, and had gone away to Mount Vernon. President McKinley noticed his absence and inquired about it. Having learned that Mr. Barber had arranged to leave the capitol early the next day, and knowing he would regret if compelled to go away without breaking bread in the White House, the president summoned one of his clerks and sent him to Mr. Barber's hotel with an invitation to breakfast at the executive mansion the next morning. Even in the busy hours of his first assumption of responsibility for the ship of state Mr. McKinley did not forget the smallest amenity of social and family life.

**Brosius and His Voice.**

Representative Brosius of Pennsylvania is noted for his loud, resonant voice, which he is fond of using in a declamatory way. When Mr. Brosius lets himself out in the house of representatives, the reverberations are heard away out in the corridors and part way toward the senate. One day Mr. Brosius was making a speech, with his customary elocutionary effect, when he reached a point where he wished for some reason to refer to the day of the week—possibly to show how time was passing and little or nothing being done.

"Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, with his right hand held aloft and his voice ringing out admirably, "Mr. Speaker, this is Wednesday!"

"The time of the gentleman has expired!" said the speaker as his gavel came down with a thump, and in the cloakrooms of the house Mr. Brosius will never hear the last of his "Mr. Speaker, this is Wednesday!" speech.

WALTER WELLMAN.

**Valuable For Illuminating.**

Agent—This lamp uses only one-half the oil of any other. It is made of aluminum.

Individual—I don't see what that's got to do with it.

Agent—Aluminium is the lightest metal known.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## CALUMET BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

SIVERT OLSON.

Don't annoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and all throat and lung troubles.

SODERGREN & SODERGREN.

When you cannot sleep for coughing take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It always gives prompt relief. It is most excellent for colds, too, as it aids expectoration, relieves the lungs and prevents any tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by Sodergren & Sodergren, Druggists.

**Calumet Carriage Works.**

Manufacturer and dealer of carriages, wagons, cutters and sleighs. Repainting and repairing of all kinds on short notice. First-class work guaranteed and prices reasonable. Give me a call.

JOSEPH HEBERT,

Corner Hecla and Lake Linden Avenue, Laurium.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve**

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever 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.

Mr. Elisha Berry, of this place, says he never had anything do him so much good and give such quick relief from rheumatism as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He was bothered greatly with shooting pains from hip to knee until he used this liniment, which affords prompt relief.—B. F. BAKER, druggist, St. Paris, Ohio. For sale by Sodergren & Sodergren, Druggists.

**The Laurium Fair.**

Our twelfth annual sale will be in great bargains—455 pieces of men's fleeced-lined underwear worth $1 25 each, at this sale only 38 cents; 350 pairs of men's kid gloves worth $1.50 per pair at this sale only 48 cents; 600 par of children's rubbers, from No. 6 to 12 and from 12 to No. 2, worth 35 cents per pair, at this sale 10 cents. Call at once as it is to your interest. The Laurium Fair, next to the postoffice, I. Feinberg & Co., proprietors.

**Lincoln Park, Chicago.**

One of the beauty spots of Chicago, is described in a most beautifully illustrated book, of 96 pages, now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company. It is full of the finest half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic. Everyone who has ever visited the park will appreciate the souvenir, and for those who have not it will be a revelation of what is tobe seen in Chicago. It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

**When You Have a Bad Cold**

You want the best medicine that can be obtained, and that is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief, but effect a permanent cure,

You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectoration easy.

You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency toward pneumonia.

You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only medicine in use that meets all of these requirements. This remedy is famous for its cures of bad colds throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. It has many rivals, but, for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds, stands without a peer and its splendid qualities are everywhere admired and praised. For sale by Sodergren & Sodergren, Druggists.



**Wanted**—To rent by a Calumet and Hecla employee, a five room house with barn on the premises. Enquire at this office.

**For Sale**—House No 539, Third street Blue Jacket. Apply at the premises.

**Wanted to Rent**—A house of four rooms. Apply to Peter Kelly Laurium.

**Wanted**—Four boarders, company employes. Apply to Mrs. Rowling, 1764 Boundary street Hecla.

**Wanted**—Two boarders, company employes. Apply to Mrs. Williams, 256 A street, Ravmbaultown.

**Wanted to Rent**—By a company employee, a house in Yellow, Blue or Red Jacket of five rooms or more. Apply to 413 Sixth street or at News office.

**For Sale**—House No. 1811, Hecla street, six-room house. Apply to Joseph Siniakar on premises.

**For Sale**—No. 587 Cedar street Blue Jacket. Apply the premises to Mike Gasperich.

**For Sale**—A six-roomed house. App on the premises No. 714 east Pine street.

**Wanted To Rent**—Four or five rooms. Apply at the News office

**For Sale**—An eight-room house on Swedetown road, No. 3048, Swedetown. Apply to John S Wertin or at the company's office

**For Sale**—House No. 4130 Tamarack street Swedetown. Apply on the premises.