

THE HELLESPONT.

THE TURKISH FORTIFICATIONS OF THE DARDANELLES.

The currents and the Channel More of a Protection Than the Forts—Not Difficult to Run by the Latter—Amusing Experiences of Naval Officers.

The strait of the Dardanelles is, as many know, a narrow and tortuous waterway of no great length leading from the north Aegean to the inland sea of Marmora. But what many do not know is that the Turkish fortifications of the Dardanelles—at least, those of any importance—are situated in a single locality in the vicinity of the squatty little Turkish town of Chanak-Kalei (or the Pottery Castle), which lies on the mouth of the strait. A few miles in, a low lying fortification constructed of mud, or rather clay walls, faced here and there with stone—is situated at Chanak-Kalei itself. Another is situated about two miles further north-east on the same shore, while immediately across the strait from Chanak-Kalei other fortifications have been reared on somewhat higher ground. None of these defenses is especially formidable, as modern fortifications go, although it must be admitted that, inferior as they are in many respects, they do mount some heavy krupp guns of modern construction and undoubted power, while torpedoes, it is said, have lately been sunk in the channel. Every now and then the Turkish government buys a new gun and sets it up at the Dardanelles with a sublime confidence that thereby the integrity of the empire will be effectually secured.

But the Turks understand little about the handling of these great guns, although the Ottoman soldiers are brave when well officered, and it is probable that in the event of actual hostilities the guns would soon be driven from these defenses, and many of the guns themselves be dismounted (by the skillful fire at long range) before the Ottoman garrison could charge more than a few wild shots with their intricate, but poorly managed, ballistic apparatus. What really adds more to the strength of these doorway defenses of Turkey, so to speak, than any qualities of the garrison in these forts is the swiftness of the currents and the tortuous character of the ship channel of the Dardanelles. Yet it is not improbable that once crippled by a fire at long range a navy and resolute captain of a modern battleship could run the gantlet of the upper batteries before the bewildered gunners could adjust their artillery to the warship's varying range or succeed in accomplishing more than a smashing of some of the vessel's upper works. Out of a fleet of half a dozen vessels endeavoring to force the passage, two probably would be disabled or would helplessly ground in maneuvering, while the balance would steam triumphantly past Gallipoli, at the upper end of the Dardanelles, and thereafter have absolutely free course directly to the Golden Horn and that part of the pretty Bosphorus overlooked by the windows and modest facades of the Yildiz palace. It is said that in the old days of three deckers an American frigate, whose right of entrance had been challenged by the Turks, hove to opposite Chanak (as the orientals familiarly and almost affectionately term the palace), fired a salute and then under the cover of the smoke this raised—for that was before the days of "smokeless powder"—made boldly up the strait for the sea of Marmora before the Turks could recover from the astonishment or interpose any forcible remonstrance.

Another American naval officer tells an amusing story of an experience that befell him when his ship was anchored off Chanak awaiting the reception of "pratique." After some delay a boat was sent putting off from shore in the direction of the United States corvet. As the boat came alongside a dirty Turkish officer stood up in the stern shoots, and, pointing with his thumb in the general direction of Constantinople, exclaimed, "Stamboul git!" The officer of the deck did not understand the whole force of the expression (go to Constantinople), but with the quick wit of a Yankee he instinctively divined the significance of the "git" (an imperative from the Turkish verb gitmek), which seemed to possess a certain resemblance to Yankee slang, and immediately gave orders to get the anchor aboard and bear away up the strait toward Stamboul as fast as the slow American tub could travel.

Outgoing—that is, westward bound—vessels stop their engines abreast of a Turkish guardship no bigger than a North river tug, anchored about two miles above Chanak-Kalei, and there the permission in documentary form which they had received authorizing the navigation of the Turkish waters by them they deliver up before steaming past Chanak out among the Greek islands of the Aegean. If a venturesome or ignorant merchant steamer on entering the strait presumes to pass on beyond a certain point, a shot is fired across her bow, and the cost of the powder thus burned is collected scrupulously from the owners or agents of the vessel on her arrival at Stamboul, as oriental logic fails to comprehend why poor Turkey should pay for any foreign disregard of her rules.—Army and Navy Journal.

Fortunes From Umbrellas.

A Journal indulges in pleasantness because an umbrella maker in Brussels puts on his sign the words, "Furnisher to the Congo State." Perhaps the Journal knew more about the subject it would not think it so funny.

No article sent out to the Congo State, where there are 8,000,000 persons and any number of small potentates, is so popular or sells so readily for a large sum as the huge gay umbrella, of which Brussels now produces several tens of every year.

These umbrellas are in a certain sense the insignia of royalty—that is, they are much prized by the kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade. What the canopy used to be to the traveling monarchs in the time of the crusades the umbrella is of the Congo today. The accredited umbrella makers in Brussels are acquiring fortunes.—London Globe.

Police Philosophy.

Down in Pearl street, New York, I saw two lads about 12 years old fighting on the sidewalk and a policeman looking on. "No arrests in such a case?" I queried. "No," he replied. "To arrest them now would stop the fight, and they'd have to try it on again to see who was the best. Let one lick the other, and the licked one will back out of the fight." His philosophy was good. In about a minute one of the pair ceased to fight and started off on a run, and the other walked to stairs to his work.—Detroit Free Press.

TO ABDUCT LINCOLN.

A Bold Plot of William Booth's That Failed by Mere Accident.

About the middle of March, 1865, word was received from those along the "underground route" that the goods and the time were propitious for undertaking the abduction and that the horses would be held in readiness for the relays. Accordingly, at Mrs. Surratt's Booth assembled his assistants, John H. Surratt, Payne, Atterdott, Herold, O'Laughlin and Arnold, all mounted for the kidnapping.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon they left the house and made for the Seventh street road, where it was reported that the president would pass that evening on his way to the Seventh Street hospital. Mr. Lincoln would frequently ride out to the Soldiers' home on the Seventh street road, entirely unguarded, or, if in a carriage, with only a driver, much against the protestations of his friends, who were fearful for his safety. The coach of the president was to be seized in a secluded spot on the road near the city and Surratt was to jump on the box (as he was more familiar with the roads) and to make for "T. B.," a collection of two or three houses and stores on the "underground route," about 23 miles southeast of Washington, and thence to the Potomac. The carriage was to be abandoned as soon as the city limits were passed. Relays of fast horses were in readiness, and the boat at Port Tobacco was prepared to cross the river.

As the distance from Washington to Port Tobacco creek was about 40 miles, the intention was to make the entire trip the first night and, crossing the river, to be within the lines of the Confederacy at the expiration of 24 hours.

The plan was not so ridiculously absurd as at first glance it appears. It was not a difficult matter at that time to pass the pickets stationed at the navy yard bridge, and once in the country, where friends were waiting, fresh horses ready and Federal soldiers few, the chances of reaching the Potomac in safety were not unfavorable.

The plot failed because Mr. Lincoln did not go out on the Seventh street road on the afternoon expected. Secretary Chase going in his stead. Booth and his companions returned to Mrs. Surratt's disappointed and enraged. Such a favorable opportunity would not likely occur again and the conspirators disbanded. Surratt went to Richmond, Arnold secured a position at Old Point (near Fort Monroe) and O'Laughlin returned to Baltimore, but Payne, Herold and Atterdott still hovered about their leader awaiting further developments, living at Washington at his expense.—"Four Lincoln Conspirators," by Victor Louis Mason, in The Century.

Hunting a Bear.

In his study of birds Audubon spent much of his life with the Indians, and he often joined them in their sport. His journal contains accounts of many an adventure with his savage friends. The bear hunt which he describes was made near the Mississippi, in Arkansas or Missouri. I was invited by three hunters to a bear hunt. A tall, robust, well shaped fellow assured me that we should have some sport that day, for he had discovered the haunts of a bear of large size, and he wanted to see how the man would fulfill his boast.

About half a mile from the camp he said he perceived the tracks of the bear, though I could see nothing, and we rambled on through the canebrake until we came to an immense decayed log, in which he said the bear was.

I saw the man's eye sparkle with joy. His rusty blanket was thrown off his shoulders, and his brawny arms swelled with blood as he drew his scalping knife from his belt with a flourish which showed that fighting was his delight.

The hunter told me to climb a small sapling, because a bear cannot climb this, while it can go up a large tree with the nimbleness of a squirrel. The two other Indians seated themselves at the entrance, and the hero went in boldly.

All was silent for a few moments, when he came out and said the bear was dead, and I might come down. The Indians cut a long vine, went into the hollow tree, fastened it to the animal, and, with their united force, dragged the bear out. I really thought that this was an exploit.

Steel Hardening.

Another steel hardening process is announced, having been introduced at the famous French steel and iron works of Creusot, a process based upon the fact, well known, that gas, under great heat, deposits carbon in solid form, upon this depending its light effects, and also the formation of the so called retort graphites, a thick covering of pure carbon on the walls of gaslight retorts, the gas that strikes the walls depositing part of its carbon upon them. Hardening iron and steel plates formerly consisted in covering the plates with layers of coal and heating them till they glowed. In the new process two plates are put into a furnace, one on top of the other, with a hollow space between, this space made gas tight by means of asbestos packing put on around the edges, and the plates heated redhot, while a stream of gas is poured into the hollow space indicated. The carbon is thrown out by the gas is readily taken up by the glowing plates until they are evenly covered, and the depth of this carbon covering can be regulated by the amount of gas admitted. In order to secure regular and uniform action during the process and to prevent the pipes that carry the gas to the hollow space from absorbing any of the carbon they are insulated in other pipes, through which water is constantly circulating.

Wanted His Own Day.

A little 4-year-old in the family of Valentine Cornelius of Richmond Hill evidently believes in having a share of the good things of life and equal rights with all. During a stormy period the little one stood near the window gazing out at the storm which had kept him within doors several days. Finally he turned to his father and asked:

"Is this God's day, papa?" The question was a poser, but the father ceased the perusal of his paper long enough to reply:

"Yes, they are all God's days." "Well, when is he going to give us a day?" was the little one's next inquiry, delivered after some moments of silence.—Brooklyn Times.

A Royal Chalk Mark.

The mystery of the plans for the frequent travels of the queen of England is shown in the chalk mark drawn across the platforms of stations where the royal traveler will alight for any purpose. This broad white mark is readily seen by the engine driver, and he rightly toes the line, thus bringing the door of his sovereign's carriage directly opposite the carpet spread for her royal and rheumatic feet.—New York Times.

A FRUIT COSMETIC.

HOW LEMON JUICE MAY BE USED WITH BENEFICIAL RESULTS.

Unavailable in the Care of the Complexion and Unequalled as a Hair Wash and Tonic—Good For the Teeth and Indispensable in Manicuring—A Great Aid to Health.

The very latest cosmetic is the lemon. In countries where they grow as freely as apples do in the temperate zone this fact is appreciated and their virtues availed of, but their admirable qualities are worthy of wider knowledge. Lemons are not so costly, even in the coldest countries, that women may not easily afford to use this tropical aid to the toilet.

In the care of the complexion it is invaluable, particularly in summer, when a few drops squeezed into the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and sunburn and whiten the skin, besides giving it a charming smoothness and softness to the touch. This should be done about three times a week, both winter and summer, and of the greatest aid to such complexions as are afflicted with enlarged and blackened pores. These enlarged pores are due to deficient circulation of the blood and are to be greatly aided by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel every time the face is washed.

Those who lead a sedentary life find the circulation feeble about the nose, lips and temples, and these parts should be energetically rubbed and kneaded several times a day. When the pores become distended, a fine, invisible dust in the air enters and clogs and blackens them. Mere ordinary face washing, even when warm water and soap are used, is not sufficient to remove the dirt in the pores, but the vigorous acid of the lemon will cleanse and carry off all such unwholesome elements. In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four times lemons are sliced into the water, which is drawn half an hour before using, so that the fruit juices may have a chance to permeate, and the deliciousness of such tubing must be felt to be appreciated. The sense of cleanliness and freshness it gives and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin are an experience not soon forgotten. The lemon is more than a substitute for the bran bath which were invented by the French and which exquisites think so necessary for the toilet.

Half a teaspoonful of the juice of the lemon squeezed into a glass of water and used for brushing the teeth gives the mouth the same feeling of cleanliness that the lemon bath gives to the skin. It is particularly grateful when sickness renders the mucous and salivary excretions of the mouth unpleasant. Not more than half a teaspoonful should be used, as a powerful acid is bad for the enamel, but on occasion the proportions may be increased, as the lemon is an active deodorizer and will remove the smell of onions or tobacco from the mouth.

As a hair wash and tonic it has no rival. For the former purpose a large, juicy lemon should be cut in half, the head dipped into a bowl of water, from which the chill only must be removed, and the water made of the same temperature as the air, and the lemon rubbed and squeezed vigorously among the roots and along the length of the hair. Soak and rub the head well in this bath and then rinse thoroughly in fresh water of the same warmth. If well dried at once with energetic toweling, there will never be the smallest danger of cold. No soap is needed. The acid of the lemon absolutely removes all grease and dust, and the hair, after such a bath, is soft, glossy and clean. This lemon bath once a week will have the most beneficial effect upon the hair, stimulating its growth, delaying the coming of grayness and making it beautifully pliable and polished.

For manicuring the lemon is absolutely indispensable. A teaspoonful of the juice in a cupful of tepid water whitens and supple the nails and removes all grease and dirt, making them much more easy to polish. This should be used every morning, and by dabbling the fingers a few moments it is possible to make the nails perfectly clean and transparent without the use of any metal cleaner by simply rubbing them with a towel. It is also most beneficial in removing the skin around the nail edges, which should never by any chance be cut with scissors. Rub the towel firmly all about the nail, pushing back the skin. Do this regularly every day, and after a few weeks the skin growth will disappear and never return as long as the treatment is continued. The comparison of nails kept in this way with those subjected to the barbarous method of skin clipping will at once show the advantage of the former manner of treatment.

Finally the lemon upon the toilet table is a great aid to health. The juice of a lemon squeezed into a large breakfast cup of water, drank without sugar and immediately upon rising acts as hot as can be borne, is the most admirable tonic and alterative. No one should form the habit of taking even the mildest alternative, but if the head feels heavy and dull or one is conscious of languor and discomfort upon rising this lemon draft is one of the best and simplest methods of clearing out the system and restoring its tone.—Detroit Free Press.

Profound Reflections.

An elderly New York gentleman, having occasion to expostulate with her fishman, remarked to him:

"Those last clams that you brought me were dead."

"Madam," was the answer, "we all must die!"

This was disconcerting, but not more so than the reply made to the same lady by another tradesman, to whom she happened to say, "I have lived in this house for 40 years."

He responded, "That is nothing to eternity!"—New York Journal.

Precaution.

Tourist (looking back upon a difficult bit of mountain path he had just traversed)—"Ugh, that's as ugly a bit of dangerous climbing as I've ever been over! There must have been a lot of accidents there. Why don't they put up a notice board to the effect that it's dangerous?" Guide—There was an accident there once, sir, and they put a notice at the entrance to the pass, but as nobody else came and fell down the chasm they did away with the board.—London Fun.

A Chinese doctor is employed by families by the year, at a rate, according to their means and his reputation, of 1 cent to 5 cents a day as long as every member of the family is well. When one falls ill, the doctor's pay stops until health is fully restored.

JAPAN'S OBEISANT CONVICTS.

Dropping Their Tools, They Salute Officers With Heads on the Floor.

The prison at Tokyo is surrounded by brick walls 18 feet high, surrounded on each corner by a sentry box, in which stands an armed guard. Inside the wall is a second barrier, but only 12 feet high. A huge stone capped arch forms the only entrance and this is barred by gates of polished steel. At the entrance stood an officer, who saluted respectfully as we came up, and with a single query, to which my interpreter apparently gave a satisfactory answer, unlocked and opened a smaller gate out in the larger one and bade us enter.

The first room we entered appeared as a court, fitted with a tier of platforms, occupied by tables and chairs, and it is into this department the prisoner is conducted upon his arrival, stripped and examined physically and mentally.

In the next room, a counterpart of the first, he is given his prison garb and a lecture delivered him by one of the officials, the theme of which is the degradation and futility of crime. The prisoner is now given a number and is entered in the workshops, or the hospital, as his physical condition may indicate. Chief Koyama now led us from the office building and we entered the workshops. The workshops, seven in number, are each about 60 by 150 feet and two stories in height. The first was the "cereal and cloth house." At machines, described in a previous article as the trip hammer rice husker, scores of convicts were industriously working, their movements watched by a keen looking policeman, natively attired and armed with the customary saber. Rice and barley are ground by these men, both for use in the prison and the world outside.

As we entered the attendant uttered a sharp word of command and the men all dropped from their machines to the floor; a second order, and each fell to his knees; a third, and each forehead touched the floor. The officer now saluted us each individually and we passed among the machines and inspected the work. On all sides were the bowed criminals, some in red kimonos, some in a pale blue—those in the red the worst class, those in the blue the men who had shown themselves industrious prisoners, willing to serve Japan as a workman and servile subject until their crime be atoned for. At the far end of the shop we encountered a different industry—the weaving and dyeing of the cloth from which the clothes of the prisoners are made.

The different rooms are divided by a broad walk, leading directly across the building, connecting two side doors, and as our footsteps sounded on the resonant path the guards in the department we had just left gave a command, and, turning, I observed the convicts rising slowly and resuming their work.

The poor wretches had been in this humiliating attitude the entire time we had been inspecting the department. As we entered the second the attendant there gave the same command, the convicts prostrated themselves as had their companions, and, passing among the looms, spinning machines, dye vats and drying racks, we left No. 1 and entered the next building.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sources of Ivory.

African ivory is now conceded to be the finest. The first quality of this comes from near the equator, and it has been remarked with regard to this fact that the nearer the equator the smaller is the elephant, but the larger the tusks. The ivory from equatorial Africa is closer in the grain and has less tendency to become yellow by exposure than Indian ivory. The finest transparent African ivory is collected along the west coast between latitudes 10 degrees north and 10 degrees south, and this is believed to deteriorate in quality and to be more liable to damage with increase of latitude in either direction. The whitest ivory comes from the east coast. It is considered to be in the best condition when recently cut. It has then a mellow, warm, transparent tint, as if soaked in oil, and very little appearance of grain or texture.

Indian ivory has an opaque, dead white color and a tendency to become discolored. Of the Asian varieties, Siam is considered to be the finest, being much superior in appearance and density. The ivory of the mammoth tusks is not very much esteemed, particularly in England. It is considered too dry and brittle for elaborate work, besides which it is very liable to turn yellow. As a matter of fact, the largest tusks very rarely leave Asiatic Russia, being too rotten for industrial purposes.—Chambers' Journal.

Qualified.

In the course of some petty litigation in the justices' court District Attorney Barnes found it necessary to file a bond in the sum of \$100, and he asked Walter Blair, his assistant, to sign the bond. Any one but a judicious court attorney would have accepted the bond without question, but opposing counsel wanted to be sure that he was worth the amount named, so he was summoned to appear before Justice Barry and answer questions as to his qualifications.

"You are Walter B. Blair?" asked Justice Barry.

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"What property do you possess?"

"Well, I have a 4-year-old boy, sound as a dollar, worth \$2,000. I have a girl 4 months old that is as promising as any youngster I ever saw. She is worth \$1,500.00. Then I have real estate worth \$25."

"Bond accepted," declared Justice Barry.—San Francisco Post.

A New Feature.

"What I want," said the theatrical manager, "is a genuine novelty."

"Something realistic?" asked the playwright.

"Yes, but I don't want any real pugilists, or real divorcee heroines, or real live stock, or real sawmills in it."

The playwright looked weirdly thoughtful, and, after a pause, inquired:

"How would it do to spring something on the public with real actors in it?"—Washington Star.

It Worked 'em.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Swayback, who had seen Mr. Bizzyman dispose of a nuisance by sending him on an errand. "Ha, ha! Good way to dispose of borses! Make 'em do something!"

"Yes, it works well," replied Bizzyman. "By the way, I wish you'd drop this letter in the box on the corner as you go home!"—Detroit Free Press.

There is as much difference between genuine patience and sullen endurance as between the smile of love and the malicious gnashing of the teeth.—W. S. Plumer.

A German bookbinder receives \$1.50 a week; in Switzerland the same class of labor is paid \$4.68, and in Italy \$3.80.

A PEEP AT HOLLAND.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

Derivation of the Name—Cleanly to an Extreme—Man's Faithful Friend—A Novel Way of Measuring Distance—Love of Money the Ruling Passion.

A traveler who has recently returned from a tour of Europe thus communicates to the New York Times his impressions of Holland and its inhabitants:

"That which more than anything else arrests the attention of a foreigner visiting Holland for the first time is the fact that a large portion of the country is from 8 to 20 feet below the high water mark at Amsterdam. Indeed its name, 'Holland,' or 'Hollowland,' is derived from its peculiar topographical configuration. But for the expenditure of vast sums of money and unceasing watchfulness and tireless industry in maintaining the barriers against the encroachments of the sea, much of the country would be submerged. Nearly \$70,000,000 has been expended in constructing the 1,600 miles of defensive dikes, which seem to any to the waves, as did King Canute, 'Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther.'"

"The Dutch people are generally below the middle stature, inclined to corpulency and remarkable for a heavy, awkward mien. The women have exceedingly beautiful complexions. Their skins are of a pure white, but generally they fall in expression and resemble fine waxwork. It is not a little remarkable that they retain their exquisite complexions even beyond threescore and ten. And yet you would not call the Dutch women beautiful—their persons are too short and robust. Your admiration of them would be much the same as suggested by the representations at Mme. Tussaud's or the Eden Musee."

"The fashionable ladies of Holland dress like those of England and America, but fashion has little to do in the rural districts of Holland. The peasant women wear caps of immaculate whiteness, resembling somewhat the white portion of the headpiece of our sisters of charity, fitting closely to the head and surmounted by an outer hood of woolen or silk; this when visiting or traveling. When at home, their headpiece is an immense hat of straw nearly as large as an umbrella, adorned with representations of stars, birds, beasts, etc. Their waists are of extravagant lengths, and the other portions of their dress are stuffed and padded to a degree that mocks proportion and symmetry. This distinctive and never changing fashion is handed down from mother to daughter and is substantially just as it was in the days of the Duke of Alva."

"The most striking feature of the Dutch character is antagonism to dirt and filth, their extravagant efforts to insure cleanliness in some instances amounting almost to insanity. It is scrub, scrub, scrub, even when the foreign eye fails to detect anything objectionable. The Dutch housewife sets apart a certain day for the cleansing of, say, the bedroom, and upon that day the bedroom must be cleaned. Even if no dirt be discernible, sufficient time has elapsed for its accumulation, she reasons; it is the bedroom's day, and it must pass the ordeal."

"The lower parts of many of the north Holland houses are lined with white Dutch tiles, and some of the rooms are paved with small, square tiles, put together without cement. The kitchen furniture—in copper, tin, pewter and iron—affords a striking proof of the mistress' regard for neatness in arrangement and cleanliness in appearance. The beds and tables are covered with the finest linen and the rooms are adorned with pictures and the yards and gardens with flowers. The houses in almost every portion of the province of North Holland present a gay appearance. The windows and doors are generally painted green and the most lavish use of water is indulged in, not only the windows, but the entire fronts of the houses being washed two or three times each week. The same care is extended to the streets in which the more opulent inhabitants reside."

"The traveler is impressed with the fact that Holland is emphatically a country of large towns, no less than 40 having above 100,000 population, 3 more than 100,000 and 1 (Amsterdam) upward of 800,000 inhabitants. The larger towns are surrounded by market gardens, many of which are small, every inch of land being cultivated to the highest possibility of productiveness. These small gardeners do not keep horses as beasts of burden, since their maintenance would involve a too considerable expense. They employ dogs, which are as much members of the family as the sons or daughters. These dogs are powerful brutes, capable of drawing loads out of all proportion to their size."

"The custom of smoking is so prevalent in Holland that a genuine Dutch boor, instead of describing distances between places by miles or hours, will say a town or house is so many pipes away. Thus a man may reach Delft from Rotterdam in four pipes, but if he go on to The Hague he will consume seven pipes during the journey. All Dutchmen of the lower class, and not a few in the higher walks of life, carry in their pockets all requisites for smoking—an enormous box holding at least half a pound of tobacco, a pipe of clay or ivory according to inclination or means, instruments to cleanse it, a picker to remove obstructions from the stem, a cover of brass to prevent sparks or ashes from flying about, and a bountiful supply of matches. A Dutchman in Holland without a pipe would be a rare avis, and such pipes! Some of them are of an antiquity which entitles them to veneration, but certainly not to respect, and so monstrous in size that as weapons of offense or defense they would certainly prove formidable."

"The chief characteristics of the Dutch are patience, ingenuity and perseverance. Their natural temperament is phlegmatic, and the results achieved by their labors are due rather to continued application than arduous exertion. The love of money is their ruling passion and the mainspring of all their actions, and as their energies are concentrated upon ways and means to procure it no people are so unscrupulous. They seem to have no time for the practice of the various social amenities which in other countries soften the asperities of existence. They speak little and laugh less. But their appearance and expression give a poor indication of their sterling qualities. Their general truthfulness, sincerity and honesty are evident to every one whose own respectability gains him admission on terms of familiar intercourse to the respectable circles of Dutch society."

The Agent's Joke.

Agent—Anything in my line today, sir? I travel in fishing books.

Shopkeeper (savage)—No, you don't catch me with any of your hooks.

Agent—And yet you seem in a biting mood too. Good day, sir!—Fun.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

WANTED—Two gentlemen roomers. Apply at this office.

Clothes cleaning, dyeing, repairing, altering and pressing promptly and neatly done. All work guaranteed to prove satisfactory. MICHIGAN DYE WORKS. Over 312 Fifth street.

What pleasure is there in life with a headache, constipation and biliousness. Thousands experience them who could become perfectly healthy by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. SODERGREN & SODERGREN.

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.

To the Public.

I have moved my merchant tailoring shop to No. 117 Oceola street, Laurium, where I will be glad to meet my old friends as well as new ones. Suits made to order from best wools at very moderate prices. STEVE FREDRICKSON.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great pile remedy. SODERGREN & SODERGREN.

Spring and Summer Styles.

Having received a fine stock of cloths, suitable for spring and summer suitings, and overcoats I invite an inspection. Suits made to order, at guaranteed and the prices very low. Give me a call. M. JOHNSON, Over Sauer's Sample Room.

There are three little things which do more work than any other three little things created—they are the ant, the bee and DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the last being the famous little pills for stomach and liver troubles. SODERGREN & SODERGREN.

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.

We are anxious to do a little good this world and can think of no pleasant or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. SODERGREN & SODERGREN.

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 HERBERT,

Corner Hecla and Lake Linden Avenue, Laurium.

Frank Sherwood was down town today, the first time since he had his tussle with cholera morbus. He says he drove thirty miles after he was taken, and never came so near dying in his life. After this when he goes out in the country he will take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him.—Missouri Valley (Iowa) Times. For sale by Sodergren & Sodergren, Drugists.

The Laurium Fair.

Our twelfth annual sale will be in great bargain—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.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Always Proves Effectual.

There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effectual. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for at so much a line, but is voluntarily given in good faith, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies and, like the writer, be benefited.—From the Glenville (W. Va.) Pathfinder. For sale by Sodergren & Sodergren, Drugists.

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 \$4,000 and dividends nearly \$6,000 during the last seven years to members of five years' standing. On the first day of July the company had 541 members, \$466,948 worth of property insured and \$11,121.18 in treasury. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. JOHN BLUMQUIST, President. ALAN LINDGREN, Secretary.

Office, 443 Pine street, upstairs 616 Jacket