

Lake News.

The Elks Return From
Their Excursion to
Zenith City.

Met With a Frigid Reception

Due to Meet Them at the Wharf
to Give Them the Glad Hand—
Shift for Themselves.

The thirty-five Elks who went to Zenith on invitation of that lodge to be present at the grand opening of their new building returned home on the steamer Bonanza last evening at 9:30 o'clock. The ship for the trip was all that could be desired at this time of the year and the country Elks enjoyed the trip up back immensely. The steamer arrived at Duluth at 7 o'clock Thursday morning. The hour must have been too early for the Duluthians, for there was no reception committee at the dock to greet the visitors. After giving the call which was improvised for the occasion, the Raw, Raw, Rab, Who Are We, Copper Country, B. P. O. E., Dam-le-de-dam, they proceeded to the hotel, where breakfast was had. The morning was spent in driving about the city at the expense of those who went driving, in the afternoon several new members were taken in. Neither at the meeting nor at the banquet held in the evening did the visiting Elks receive any attention, and the feature of the evening entertainment was a lengthy patriotic speech by some ambitious politician, the speeches that were not made by Mr. Hamblitz, Blankner, McDonald, LeGendre. The Duluthians from being to end proved themselves very Elks and entertainers, but the visitors when they saw they were left to be by themselves were not slow in showing amusement for themselves and in all in all a good time was had, before leaving the boat at Hancock the Elks gave three cheers for the Bon Voyage and its captain, Mr. Howard, who had many admirers by his courteous gentlemanly treatment of his passengers. On leaving the boats the Elks were unanimous that they would go back again, nit.

Yesterday County Clerk R. H. Shields announced his retirement from the office. County clerk of Houghton county, announcement is a surprise to his friends, political and social. Some time ago he was offered the clerkship at Adrian mine and after due deliberation Shields has accepted the offer and will enter upon his new duties at the end of June 1. Mr. Shields will however complete the term for which he was elected county clerk and spend a day or in the county clerk's office when necessary, his deputies having taken charge of the county business. By this arrangement the county business will be neglected until December 31, the term for which Mr. Shields was elected county clerk expires.

Furniture for Sale.
An account of moving from the copper country, E. S. Stringer offers his household furniture for sale consisting of a grade Mehlin piano, two coalstoves, gasoline stove, one mantel clock, one lamp and shade, one couch, one rack, four parlor chairs, one pair of little curtains, one large mirror, one bed, one bed room suit and other numerous articles, such as lamps, cloth, a kitchen cupboard, kitchen cupboard, kitchen chairs etc.

Next Sunday E. R. Stiles Post escorted the Sons of Veterans will attend service in Trinity church, Houghton. In the afternoon the following committee of the G. A. R. will decorate the graves of departed comrades in the different cemeteries of the twin cities: Beside Cemetery—A. J. Scott, Arno, W. H. Mason. Beside Cemetery—George Johnson, John A. James Moore, H. B. Rogers. West Hill Cemetery—Graham Pove, John A. J. Joseph Haas.

The old South Shore freight depot a 600 feet long is being built. When completed it will be used by Porter Bros. for unloading of rock. The rock will be taken from the dump piles of the parake mine, hauled over the Mineral road to the dock where it will be loaded on scows and taken to the canal. It will be used by Porter Bros. in contract for building a breakwater.

The D. S. S. & A. railroad announces a special excursion to Detroit and return July 10. Excursionists will go by rail to Ignace and by D. & C. steamer to Detroit, tickets good from June 8 to 21.

For the meeting of the grand tent K. O. T. M. in Detroit from June 6 to 11, the D. S. S. & A. railroad makes the low rate of \$7.57 from Hancock. The trip will be made by rail as far as St. Ignace where one board one of the elegant D. & C. steamers for Detroit. Those taking in this trip will leave here on June 3, returning will leave Detroit on June 15.

A meeting of the Sons of Veterans was held last evening to complete arrangements for Decoration Day. The Sons of Veterans who will act as an escort for the G. A. R. tomorrow when they attend divine services in Trinity church, Houghton, will meet at G. A. R. hall at 9 a. m.

The commencement exercises of St. Patrick's parochial school will be held in St. Patrick's hall on June 22d. The class this year is composed of Edward Conway, Genevieve Coseland, Margaret Driscoll, Katherine Bourke and Clara Murphy.

The freighters James Fisk and George Farwell were in port yesterday, the former discharging freight for twin city merchants and the latter 100,000 Buffalo brick for Close & Bawden.

The Munising will make their first appearance in the copper country tomorrow. They will play ball at the Hancock driving park tomorrow and Monday with the Hancock.

Lost—On Sunday, the 15th inst., a pair of eyeglasses, between Hodge's foundry and Congregational church. Leave at Hodge's foundry and receive reward.

Michael Ryan was before Squire Finn yesterday morning charged with drunkenness and non-support. He was given thirty days with Sheriff Lean.

The Hancock village board was in session the past two days and closes up its business today.

Miss L. M. Barr, sister of C. J. Barr, arrived in Hancock yesterday from Chicago.

Sheriff Held was in Hancock yesterday.

A DEAD CARNATION.

Leonard Contemplates the Contents of a Desk Drawer.

The desk drawer, opened, exhaled an odor of faded flowers.

"Let us plunge into the atmosphere of sweet memories," said Leonard. Wife absent, Leonard, addressing Bayard, his most intimate friend, indicated withered blossoms. Faded and grown musty in the lapse of years, they reposed at the bottom of the desk drawer.

"This lily," said Leonard, sighing, "was the flower given me by Blanche, my first love, when I took from her lips a timid kiss. She was as white as its impeccable petals, fragrant as its pure corolla, graceful as its drooping stem, and who knows what might have happened had she not died in the bloom of youth?"

"And the rose?" asked Bayard. "Ah, that was later!" said Leonard, with a burst of laughter. "Rosette gave me that when she first brushed my lips with her own. The petals were once rosy as her warm being, and the flower's beauty was radiant and amorous as her young womanhood. If she had not been fickle, she might now be my wife."

"And the orchid?" queried Bayard. "Hippolyta presented me with that," said Leonard, thoughtfully, "when she saw me trembling in adoration at her feet. Time was when it had the mystic charm of her own perverse personality, and if a Russian nobleman had not eloped with her I should still be her devoted slave."

Bayard discovered a bunch of faded violets.

"And these?" he interrogated. "They were the flowers," murmured Leonard sadly, "which Etienne sent me when I had treated her brutally, believing that she had deceived me. She was demure and tender as the blooms, and, after the storm of my passions, she came like a peaceful sprite to pour beauty and love into my life. Had she forgiven me, it might have been."

At this point Leonard interrupted himself, seizing angrily a dead carnation.

"Why is this flower here?" he cried. "It has no place among the precious memories. Away with it at once!"

In a moment the unresisting carnation was reduced to dust under his pitiless foot.

"Why do you destroy it?" questioned Bayard.

"Because it is the carnation Emilia gave me when she said she would be my wife," said Leonard, cynically, "and I married her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Acquainted.
A Boston lady of the most reserved and exclusive type was waiting for her change at the glove counter in one of the large stores when she was approached by a very large, gaudily dressed and loud looking woman, who held out a pudgy hand in a bright green kid glove and said:

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Blank?"

Mrs. Blank ignored the proffered hand and, drawing herself up stiffly, said frigidly:

"I do not think that I know you, madam."

A QUITRENT ODE.

"Thirty days!" Well, be it so. "Would it be years were twenty?" No. "I loved you well at twenty." Then myself had scarcely doubled ten. Since when I've toiled and failed and fought, hoped and regretted, learned and taught. So, having won to man's estate, why should I weary of my mate? I ask no marvel of surprise. Flushed cheeks or unacquainted eyes, nor holds there any spell for me in ignorant simplicity. Let the peach apple hang, though ripe with fragrant juices; mine the wife who brings me, wholesome, fair and good, the ripened food of womanhood. Who crowns my measure to the lip with fit and full companionship. More homage to the girl I owe; I need the woman that I know.

A sober strain, dear, one that fits with sobered hearts and sobered wits. Yet take my gift of Easter flowers, white harbingers of summer hours. Gone is, and gone with it, lingering Lent. The winter of our discontent. Remember how Narcissus grew where planets, summer fraught with dew, watched Orion, and in swaths among lush meadows misty fragrance hung—Not sweeter than your breath.

Oh, there, with such enchantment in the air—Aye, here or there, by night or day, So all the world were far away—Our thirty years, methinks, might prove Thirty good reasons why to love.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

County and Country Crop.

For, say, 50 years the fashion of the wearing men's and boy's hair in England has been to cut it shorter and shorter, so that today hair is shorn in many cases as close as the barber's shears can get. A closely cropped head, 50 years and less ago, was in country places looked upon with some suspicion, for then only prison birds just out of duration appeared with closely shorn heads, and this cut was popularly known as the "country crop," indicating that the wearer of the short hair had been banished at the expense of the county.

If any man was bold enough to appear with his hair cut short, the words "country crop" were thrown at him from all sides, and in the same manner the school lad who came to school with his hair cut shorter than was the country fashion had his life made miserable in the same way, until such time as his hair had grown again. The "country crop" was a different matter altogether.

Barbers' work was done on men and boys in many instances at home by mothers and grandmothers, and their mode was to put a large basin well back on the crown of the head and then shear round the edge of the basin, making a clean sweep of all the hair which projected below it. This was the "country crop."—Notes and Queries.

Troubles on a Tenement Street.

Improvidence works sad havoc with the family exchequer, and the havoc, cruelly enough, is as great when caused by inculcated ignorance as by wanton extravagance. Wasteful cooking, buying on installments, mortgaging furniture at exorbitant rates and other equally disastrous practices are far too common. When John Gorman of No. 40 died, his wife received a \$400 death benefit. She indulged in the luxury of a \$110 funeral and within a year was in want.

Overproduction of children is another source of trouble. Whether the children live or whether they die, they are about equally expensive. The more desperate the family circumstances the faster the children come. And yet nature seems to smile on this form of improvidence in the long run. Children are transformed to breadwinners by time. Thus the family, dragged down at first by its surplus of children, is often exalted by this very thing at the end. Comfortable old age comes quite as often to the heads of the large families as to the childless couples, since the latter have no breadwinners to call on when they themselves cease to win bread.—Forum.

A Self Possessed Actress.

During a matinee performance of "M. Alphonse" at the Odeon theater Mme. Tessandier brought down the house by an amusing gag which was called forth by the impudent action of a man in the gallery. The actress was uttering the words, "I am off to Nice," when an orange thrown from the highest seats in the house fell at her feet. Tessandier drew back, evidently in fear of a further discharge of fruit missiles, but the actress coolly stooped down, picked up the orange and added to her last phrase the words, "And here is something with which to refresh myself during the journey." Everybody in the house applauded lustily, and the performance proceeded.—London Telegraph.

Disgusted.

When the tall man slipped in front of the drug store and lay there apparently in a faint, a crowd quickly gathered.

Everybody with advice on hand took it out and proffered it.

Then a man ran hastily into the drug store, as hastily reappeared with a glass in his hand and knelt down by the fallen stranger.

"What is it?" whispered the stranger feebly lifting his head.

"Water," said the man with the glass.

The fallen stranger rose to his feet and stalked indignantly away.

"This is a one horse town anyway," he hissed between his set teeth—between his two sets of teeth, in fact.—Rockland Tribune.

A Foreboding.
"Mandy," said Farmer Cornstossel, who had been thoughtfully gazing into the fire for a long time, "they's jes' one thing I want ye ter promise me."

"What's that, Josiah?"

"When ye git ter be a 'mancipated woman'—"

"But, Josiah, I don't want to be no 'mancipated woman.'"

"That's all right. Ye never kin tell. I want ye ter promise that when ye git ter be a 'mancipated woman an air 'lected to office that ye won't go ter the hotel an register ez 'Honor'ble 'Mandy Cornstossel an husband.'"

A TRAIN ROBBERING STORY.

The Drummer From New York Narrates a Romantic Experience.

The drummer had just finished reading a story of a train hold up and let his newspaper fall into his lap. "I had a rather romantic experience once with train robbers," he said, "which I think I won't ever forget. I had been laid up sick for a week at a tavern in a Kansas town and my attendant had been a very sweet and gentle girl, who was a relative of the landlord. She was such a nice girl that I was in no hurry to get well, and while I was putting it off all I could I was as industriously putting on the chains of love. At the end of ten days I was able to take up my simple case again, and when I left the town my gentle nurse was on the same train, in my charge, bound for Kansas City, where she was to meet by friends. I had never talked love to her, and I fancy she didn't suspect me of anything except a desire to flirt a little, but I had made up my mind to talk seriously to her before I let her friends take her away from me.

"I fooled along, as most men do under the same circumstances, waiting for a real good chance to come in, but before I reached the proper condition the train came to a sudden stop in a lonely place, and by the time we had asked what the trouble was a half masked train robber stood in the aisle of the car with a revolver covering the contents. The girl turned as white as a sheet and I thought she would faint, but I told her she wouldn't be hurt, and she sat there as if she had turned into stone. As it happened, I kept my wits, and when a shot and a shout rose on the air outside and attracted the robber's attention for a moment, I whipped my revolver out of my overcoat pocket and would have got him sure, but as I brought the gun around the girl at my side caught my arm and stopped me. I looked at her in amazement.

"Don't!" she gasped. "It's my father!" And then she fell in a faint, while the robber hurried out in response to the calls from his partners.

"As for me," concluded the drummer, "I thought probably it would be just as well for me not to add to the poor girl's troubles by trying to get into her family."—Washington Star.

ECONOMICAL LIVING.

Sixteen Cents a Day Will Provide Nourishment For a Man.

Sixteen cents a day will feed a man at moderate work and 13 cents a day is required for food for a woman, says the St. Louis Republic. This is the result of experiments begun by Dr. H. B. Gibson of the state university and continued after his death by Professors Sidney Calvert and David W. May. Many studies of dietaries were made. The actual amount of food consumed each day and the cost thereof have been actually determined. The average cost per man per day at the University Boarding club is 18 1/2 cents; of this amount Mr. May said probably 2 cents' worth is wasted. The cost in private families would be smaller, with less waste.

In summing up the results of the experiments Mr. May says: "When you buy go to the butcher shop and select what you want. Don't let the butcher select for you. You will soon learn to know the best. Round steak is, all things considered, the cheapest. There are better cuts, but, as a rule, not worth the difference in price. There is more in the cooking of the steak than there is in the portion of the beef from which it is cut. Make your own bread. It is far cheaper and should be better. Twenty five per cent of water is added to bread in mixing, and water at 5 cents per pound is not cheap. A good vegetable lard is cheaper and healthier than hog lard. Sugar is a cheap food. Give the children plenty of it. Beans and peas are very nutritious and are muscle formers. Tomatoes are of very little nutritive value and are composed very largely of water. Buy the best butter and take note of the amount of cream that rises on your milk. Buy fresh vegetables when you can get them at a reasonable price.

"Above all, variety is the spice of a good appetite. Let there be anticipation at each meal, and not have the same dishes day after day. Even a Thanksgiving dinner will become monotonous if served alike for a week."

The Fleet Horse in Poetry.

F. S. Dellenbaugh has an article entitled "The Quick Horse" in St. Nicholas. It tells of the trained horses that play such a prominent part in the modern fire department. Mr. Dellenbaugh says:

Mankind loves the horse, for the horse has been one of man's most valuable aids and companions in all countries and in all ages. But there are preferences among horses. Some are prized for their steady working qualities—their ability to draw heavy loads. From time immemorial the quality of speed has been a stirring poem. "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" makes the blood tingle in one's finger tips, and we follow brave Roland across the dawn kissed Belgian landscape with swift anxiety. When Browning tells us how "Muleykeh's" master, rather than win back his beautiful favorite by defeating her in the pursuit, shouts to the fleeing thief telling him how to call forth her highest speed, our hearts go out to him in sympathy as his pet steed in consequence vanishes forever from his fond sight. "Sheridan's Ride" wakes us up till the thunder of hoofs is mingled with the rattle of musketry and the cheer of the rallying troops as the gallant commander spurs on to the front. In other ballads we dash with Kit Carson over the crisp, dry prairies with the roaring fire-demon in hot pursuit, or we shoot our animal in "Lascars," that stirring poem by Frank Desprez, and take refuge from the stampeded cattle beneath his poor body.

Looking Ahead.
New Boarders—That bed's rather narrow for two.

Landlady—Three have slept in it.

New Boarders—Yes, but we haven't boarded here long enough yet to get that thin.—Harper's Weekly.

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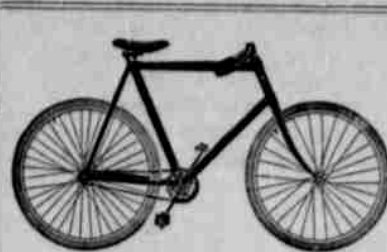
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Company.	Northwestern	Equitable Life	New York Life
Annual Premium.....	\$ 385 15	\$ 388 85	\$ 388 85
Am't Insured.....	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00
15-yr. Dividend.....	2,846 51	1,990 00	*1,625 00
Total cash paid.....	\$7,846 51	\$6,990 00	\$6,625 00
Northwestern's Excess		856 51	1,221 51

As an investment, the Northwestern's policy returns \$856 or over 1 1/2 per cent. more Compound interest than the Equitable, and \$1,221 or over 2 1/2 per cent. more than the New York Life.

*From "Results in 1897," published by the Equitable and New York Life.

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