O'BRIEN & SLEATOR
ALPENA COUNTY
ABSTRACT OFFICE
—GENERAL—
Real Estate Dealers
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security

Alpena Argus

VOL. XXII. NO. 48. ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1893. WHOLE NO. 1137.

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Mail and Express.	Accommodation.		Mail and Express.	Accommodation.
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
6 45	11 15	ar Alpena, leave,	*8 20	*1 30
6 13	10 30	Ossineke,	8 52	2 12
5 30	10 00	Black River,	9 16	2 50
5 37	9 30	Roe Lake,	9 30	3 10
5 31	9 12	Henry,	9 38	3 20
5 24	9 00	Mud Lake Junction,	9 43	3 35
5 18	8 40	West Harrisville,	9 51	3 55
5 06	8 15	Gustin,	10 00	4 10
5 00	8 00	West Greenbush,	10 06	4 23
4 54	7 48	Handy,	10 13	4 33
4 33	7 08	Au Sable, Oscoda,	10 36	5 15
4 10		Bristol,	10 58	
4 03	6 00	East Tawas,	11 01	7 00
3 57	4 55	Tawas City,	11 09	7 20
3 45	4 25	Hale,	11 19	7 40
3 38	4 05	Alva,	11 25	7 55
3 33	3 50	Emery,	11 31	8 22
3 25	3 35	Whittemore,	11 40	8 38
3 17	3 15	Mills,	11 47	9 05
3 05	2 55	Prescott,	11 59	9 40
2 55	2 31	Glennie,	12 08	10 00
2 45	2 16	Moffatt,	12 15	10 15
*2 35	*2 00	lv Alger, arrive,	12 28	10 40

* Daily except Sunday. ‡ Daily except Monday.
H. M. REEVES, Agent, Alpena. C. W. LUCE, Gen'l Supt.

Michigan Central.

P. M.		P. M.
12 35	Bay City, leave,	2 20
7 50 A. M	leaves Detroit, arrives,	6 35

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Time Card in Effect.

Lv. Bay City.		Ar. Bay City.
†5 00 a m	Midland Accommodation	†6 40 a m
†6 30 a m	Jackson and Chicago Ex	†9 25 p m
†6 45 a m	Detroit, Buffalo & N Y Ex.	†10 35 a m
†7 05 a m	Vassar Accommodation	†11 40 a m
	Detroit freight *	
†9 00 a m	Grayling Accommodation	†9 55 p m
†10 10 a m	Owosso Accommodation	†4 35 p m
†11 50 a m	Midland Accommodation	†2 50 p m
*2 40 p m	New York & St. Louis Ex	†12 00 m
†3 00 p m	Vassar Accommodation	†5 10 p m
†4 45 p m	Gladwin Accommodation	†10 05 a m
†5 20 p m	Midland Accommodation	†7 15 p m
*5 45 p m	Mack'w, Alpena & Mar. Ex	*2 20 p m
†6 25 p m	Detroit limited	*3 30 p m
†7 30 p m	Jackson and Chicago Ex	†8 00 a m
†10 12 p m	Saginaw Accommodation	†8 50 a m
†10 55 p m	Mackinaw Express	†6 15 a m

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Estimates furnished for heating by Hot Water, Hot Air, or Steam.
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Telephone 99.

HUMOROUS.

"Did Smiggs marry his wife for her money?" "No, it was for her father's."—Inter Ocean.

Recipe for a domestic broil: First catch the hair on your husband's coat-collar.—Boston Gazette.

Jones—"Good morning, Benson. How do you find business?" Benson—"By judicious advertising." Life.

Young author—"Don't you like to see yourself in print?" Debutante—"No; I prefer silk."—New York Journal.

With dudes as plentiful as they are the average society girl ought to know a soft thing when she sees it.—Troy Press.

The wise school ma'am dosen't wait till Arbor day to plant a birch where it will do the most good.—Philadelphia Record.

A couple of lovers, when they first engage in the business, may be ignorant of all the rules of courtship, but they don't want any light thrown on it.—Norristown Herald.

Maud—"How do you like the new way I do my hair?" Frank (wanting to say something particularly nice)—"Why, you look at least thirty years younger."—Yankee Blade.

Melton—"That fellow Alltalke is the windiest man I know." Messerly—"No wonder. His wife takes particular pains to blow him up every chance she gets."—Troy Press.

A farmer in St. Albans, Vt., used five casks of cider in a fruitless effort to save his house and barn from fire. Now he's an outcider, so to speak. Philadelphia Ledger.

Miggs—"Why do you suppose it is considered bad luck to open an umbrella in the house?" Milton—"I suppose there is danger of disclosing the owner's name."—Inter-Ocean.

"Please give me a few pennies to buy something to eat with?" said the beggar. "To eat with?" ejaculated the Bostonian; "what's the matter with your mouth?"—Harper's Bazar.

"Have you received any pie yet?" said one officeseeker to another. "No, but I've received provisions of another sort." "What sort?" "Cold shoulder."—Pittsburg Cronicle Telegram.

"They say the child looks like me," said Gargoyle, displaying his firstborn. "He does—a good deal," replied Glanders. "Still I don't think I would drown him on that account."—Harper's Bazar.

"See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust!" Servant (admiringly)—"Oh! mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"—Wonder.

Old gentleman—"How am I to know that you are not marrying my daughter for her money?" Suitor—"And how am I to know that you won't fail inside of a year?"—New York Weekly.

"Are you afraid of burglars?" said the lady who was making a short visit. "Not since our new girl came. The policeman spends most of his time at our house now."—Washington Star.

"That is very pretty crockery, indeed," said the little girl who was looking at the bric-a-brac. "I suppose these are some of the family jars of which I have heard Uncle James speak."—Washington Star.

Customer—"Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing?" Dealer—"That's just what I said." "Why, he shies at his own shadow." "Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."—New York Weekly.

Wife (laughingly)—"There are some excruciatingly funny jokes in this paper about women going shopping all day and never buying anything."—Husband (hotly)—"Yes, but they're lies."—New York Weekly.

She—"When I told Maud about our engagement she said that she really envied me." He—"Certainly; I don't wonder." She—"Yes, she said she would give anything if she could be so easily suited as I was."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Witherby—"Did you ask your mother if you could have two pieces of cake, Bobbie?" Bobbie Bingo—"Yes'm." Mrs. Witherby—"And what did she say?" Bobbie—"She said I could if you offered them to me, and then she laughed."—Life.

"That clerk of yours," sharply remonstrated the customer, "sold me a pound and a half of butter yesterday for three pounds." "He's a little careless sometimes," said the grocer, blandly, "put you mustn't mind that. It's only his weight."—Chicago Tribune.

First tramp—"Did you say you got rich by simply riding on a train?" Second tramp—"Not exactly; it was like this: I got on a train without a ticket or money, but when the conductor came around it wasn't long before I was well off."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

WATCH

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Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Umbrellas, Spectacles, etc.

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You will find us on hand to supply you with anything in
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We are acknowledged to be the leaders and can save you from
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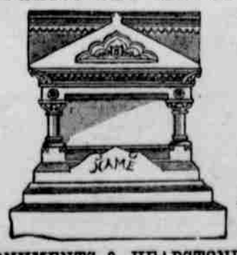
MONUMENTS & HEADSTONES
Cut Building Stone, Marble and Slate Mantels and Grates.
Prices as low as any to be had in Michigan.

The Heroine of the Occasion.

"Fire!" Wildly rang out the cry, rousing the quiet neighborhood from its midnight slumbers and filling the breasts of the startled denizens by the paralyzing, blood-curdling dread inseparable from a night alarm of fire. Windows were hastily thrown up, heads were thrust out, and trembling voices asked:

"Where is it?"

From the roof of a large three-story mansion the flames were mounting skyward, throwing a ruddy glare over the groups of men and boys hurrying along the streets, and guiding only too surely to the scene the fire companions whose clanging gongs grew nearer and nearer.

The house was soon to be doomed. Nothing could save it. Willing hands were assisting in carrying out through the wide open front doors bundles of garments, bed clothes, cakes of soap, brooms, piano covers, water buckets, towels and wash basins, and throwing out of the windows the valuable mirrors, the rare old china and costly paintings that were more easily saved in that way.

But the roar of the flames warned them that they must hasten.

"Is everybody out of the sleeping rooms?" inquired the father of the family, as he stopped a moment to wipe the sweat and grime from his face.

"Yes—no!" exclaimed the half-distracted mother, looking hastily over the group that stood on the opposite sidewalk. "Where is Veronica?"

The oldest daughter was not there.

The mother ran back into the burning building and called frenziedly up the stairway:

"Veronica! Veronica?"

And a voice from an upper room calmly responded.

"If you think, mamma, I'm going to come down before I get my side-bangs curled, you're mightily mistaken."—Chicago Tribune.

Marvels of Vitality.

The tenacity of life in an Indian is most remarkable. He will carry off as much lead as a buffalo, and to "drop him in his tracks" the bullet must reach the heart, the brain, or the spine. There was at Fort Mason a worthless old Tonkaway Indian, a beggar and hanger-on of the garrison, who had but one foot.

Colonel May, then commanding, told me that this Indian had, when alone, some miles from the post, found a bee tree. On cutting it down to get at the honey his foot was caught, crushed, and held in such a way that he could not free himself.

For three days he remained in this condition, hoping someone would find him. He then made a fire of such leaves and twigs as he could reach, and, taking out his knife, dislocated the foot at the ankle joint, stopping the flow of blood by searing the arteries with red-hot ashes.

When free he made his way to the post, where his stump was properly dressed by the surgeon. I have myself seen an Indian go off with two bullet holes through his body, within an inch or two of the spine, the only apparent effect being to change his gait from a run to a definat walk.

I have heard anecdotes enough of this remarkable character to make a book of themselves. I was once with a troop which camped near a large band of Comanchees, near the Llona River, in Texas. An Indian came into camp wounded, and our surgeon was asked to see him.

When he returned he told me that a heavy bullet had penetrated from the rear, just at the junction of the pelvis and thigh bones, breaking both. The wound was some eight days old, mortification had set in, and the man died that night.

It subsequently transpired that the Indian had been wounded in a fight with troops near Fort Inge, and kept his seat, escaped his pursuers, and had ridden alone a distance of over one hundred miles (in an air hole), crossing the Guadaloupe Mountains. A white man would have instantly fallen from his horse on receiving such a wound, and never could have moved, much less mounted a horse.

There used to be a hotel clerk in St. James, La., who had a remarkable story of the freak of a bullet says the N. O. Times-Democrat. He told it with great warmth and with such an air of truth that it would be hard to believe that he had fabricated it. The story, about the way he used to tell it, was this:

"I got my memory back and a bullet on the tongue in a jiffy. Yes, sir, a jiffy. Look right there between my eyes; see that scar? That's where the bullet went in. I don't know how far in it went, but I know that it didn't come out; at least it didn't for a long time. Well, I went ahead about my work with a bullet in my brain and I felt pretty queer all the time.

"I didn't seem to have much memory and sometimes I felt pretty queer and heard queer kinds of noises. One day I sat down to breakfast. I had been feeling better for some time past. I had begun to remember of things. So I was just sitting down at breakfast remembering things and eating buckwheat cakes with syrup when I felt something plump down on my tongue.

"'There goes that blamed eyetooth,' said I.

"'What's the matter, William?' said my wife.

"Eyetooth dropped out, I reckon," said I.

"Then I brought the eyetooth down between my teeth and took it out with my fingers. Well, sir, it wasn't no eyetooth at all, but a bullet. You bet, I was surprised. It was the same bullet that had gone in between my eyes.

"Well, it wasn't long after that before (my memory having had a long rest) I could outremember anybody in St. James. And I'm a pretty good rememberer now. Here is the bullet. I always keep it in the part of the safe reserved for gold, so it will be by itself."

Non-pull-out
is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.

Here's the idea
The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.
It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from dropping.
IT CAN ONLY BE HAD with Jas. Boss Filled or other watch cases bearing this trade mark—
All watch dealers sell them without extra cost. Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.
Keystone Watch Case Co.,
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This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.
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Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.
WITCH HAZEL OIL
Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant.
Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.
Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.
Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.
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Everything Best Quality.
Harrington & Pratt,
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Choice, Fresh ROLL BUTTER Every Day.

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Title perfect. Convenient to markets and schools.
Apply to ALGER, SMITH & CO., Black River, Michigan.

Saved.

Mr. Edward Vernon had long had an ambition to play Romeo, and when the opportunity did occur, it must be confessed that he scored a fair sucess. One incident threatened to take place, however, that would inevitably have upset the whole performance, and it was only averted by the timely, if somewhat spirited, aid of Miss Margaret Mather.

The play had traveled smoothly along to the scene where Romeo is lying dead. Just as Juliet bent over him in wild paroxysm of her despair, before taking her own life, the object of her passion felt a premonitory tingling in his nose.

A sneeze was coming as sure as he lived. Suddenly there overspread his features an expression more agonized than the stage death struggle had ever left. "Teddy, what is the matter?" whispered the dying Juliet in real alarm.

"I'm going to sneeze!" gasped the miserable Romeo.

"No, you're not, my boy," answered the determined woman setting her teeth together; and as she repeated the impassioned words—

I will kiss thy lips,
Happily some poison yet doth hang on them,

she grasped the nasal appendage of her lover and gave it such an unmerciful tweak, that he came near coming to life on the spot. But he didn't sneeze and his reputation was saved.

A Passive Victor.

This is the way in which a hedgehog kills a snake:

The hedgehog cautiously approached the sleeping reptile, and seized the end of its tail between his teeth and gave a sharp bite. Then he quickly rolled himself into a compact, spiny ball, and awaited developments.

The snake thus rudely awakened was at once belligerent. It turned upon its enemy, and fought with its flangs.

The hedgehog, securely entrenched within its spines, retained his hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged back and forth during the struggle. Meanwhile the snake's jaws were becoming lacerated and useless from constant assault upon its enemy's needle-pointed carapace.

Exhausted and bleeding from its many wounds, the snake finally ceased its efforts. This is what the hedgehog had waited for. He unrolled himself, disembowled the unluckly snake, and proceeded to eat his breakfast, apparently none the worse for the encounter which had cost his antogonist so dearly.

The hedgehog might have said: "I didn't kill the snake; but if it was so foolish to kill itself on my spines, why it must take the consequences, and I'll take a breakfast."

What's in a Name?

It was a rural christening of a son and heir, and his grandmother, who was very deaf, was filling the post of godmother. The baby was arrayed in a flowing robe, composed of bright red velvet and satin, which during the first part of the service had got soiled owing to the stopper of the feeding-bottl becoming detached. The old lady stood by the font and handed the baby to the minister, who smilingly asked:

"What do you wish the child to be named?"

She did not catch what he said, and thinking about the satin on the child's robe, said: "Nozzle come off."

Fearing that she had made a mistake, the minister again asked what the child was to be called and got the reply:

"Nozzle come off, don't I tell you?"

Then, thinking it was some Old Testament name which he had not noticed before, or perhaps some Russian name they had taken a fancy to, the minister proceeded with, "Nozzle Cum Off, I baptise thee in the name," etc., much to the amusement of the party and dismay of the father, who was asked to "come into the vestry and spell it."

Preferred.

I have just heard a good story about a merchant who recently failed. He called all his creditors together, and offered to settle with them at ten per cent, giving them his notes, payable in thirty days. As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything, they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out in the hall, and said: "When you come in and sign with the others, I will make you preferred creditor."

"All right," said the objector. "Under those circumstances I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed and all the creditors left except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"What are you waiting for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Well, I tell you—you get nothing."

"Get nothing? Why, you promised to make a preferred creditor, if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are. I make you preferred. I tell you now you get nothing. The others wait thirty days before they know it, and then they get nothing."

He Explained.

The newly wedded couple boarded the train at a village station, and a crowd of about a hundred people saw them off. The groom was a strapping young fellow, with sunburned face and hands, and bear's grease on his hair, while the bride might have been the "hired gal" on the same farm. They had no sooner taken a seat than he put his arm around her and began to caress one of her hands. A voice in the rear of them cried out "Spoons!" but the bridegroom gave no sign. Pretty soon he pulled her head over on his shoulder, and there was a titter from the rear of the car. The head stayed right there, however, and Josh got both her hands in his one paw. Three or four voices cried out, "Oh!" and "Ah!" but it was fully two minutes before he tenderly pushed her away and rose up and looked around and said:

"We are married. It was a case of luv. We sparked fur seven years. She's my violet, and I'm her towerin' oak. We've got one hundred and eighty miles to go, and we are goin' to spoon every durned rod of it, and if thar's any critter here who thinks he can't stand it he kin git out and walk."—St. Louis Republic.

The Cold Water Bath in Fever.

One of the most violent shocks to the system is to plunge a sick patient into cold water, and apparently such a shock would end life almost immediately; but one of the latest and most successful methods of treating typhoid fever patients is by systematic cold bathing. This method of curing patients has been used in the German hospitals for the past two or three years, and it is very generally being used in this country now. The statistics of the German hospital show such good results as to warrant conclusions that are trustworthy. It has reduced the death rate in that institution nearly fifty per cent from the best showing of the previous year, and sixty-six per cent from the most favorable statistics of the hospitals of the city under other methods. The average number of baths administered to a typhoid fever patient while in the hospital is forty-four, while the extremes are much smaller and larger. The smaller is one, and the larger number is 149.

Not What He Expected.

He was calling on a young lady and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing, that to say the least, she was slightly wearied. "Do you know," he said, after completing a short monologue of several thousand words, and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking to-night, I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the Muses. And which one do you think it is?"

He looked into her beautiful face searchingly. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered, "I guess the Muse that inspires you to-night must be Euterpa."

He didn't really know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he arrived home he took down his Webster's Unabridged, and there in cold type, staring him in the face he saw "Euterpa—the Muse who presided over wind instruments."

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect succes. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 1138y1

It is Strange
That people suffering from Piles will endure them for years or submit to dangerous, painful, cruel and expensive surgical operations, when all the time there is a painless, certain, lasting cure, which gives instant relief and costs but a trifle. It is called the Pyramid Pile Cure and can be found at all drug stores. Any druggist will get it for you if you ask him.

GREAT BARGAINS
AT
WOLFF'S FAIR
Corner Lockwood & Second Sts.