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Iron Merchants.
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Alpena Argus

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ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1149.

O. L. PARTRIDGE.
Real Estate Agent
Rooms 4, 5, Davison Block.
Will take charge of sales for residents and non-residents, collect rents, pay taxes, place insurance obtain abstracts of title, etc.
Office hours—10 to 12 A. M., 4 to 6 P. M.

HUMOROUS.

Silence is golden, but you have never realized how golden until you have to buy it.—Acheson Globe.

Those who denounce capital as a curse, seem, however, anxious to have the curse come home to them.—Boston Transcript.

"There are conditions," said the man who started the ventilating fan, "under which one is justified in putting on airs."—Washington Star.

First Girl—Those McKays are queer people. Second girl—Why? First Girl—Because they don't do anything but attend to their own business.

Husband (listening)—"I think there is a burglar in the house." Wife (excitedly)—"Merely me, is my nightcap on straight?"—Somerville Journal.

"Please tell me where can I find a large medical library in this city?" "Under ground, sir. There you will find the greatest works of physicians."—Schalk.

He—"I drank some champagne, you know, and after awhile it went to my head." She—"That was the only empty place left I suppose." The Land We Live In.

"It is a funny thing that what is the sailor's joy is the actor's sorrow," mused Harvery. "What is that?" asked Austen. "A light house."—New York Herald.

"If there is any more of this oscillatory conviviality," said the little Boston girl at the children's party, much shocked, "I shall withdraw."—Chicago Tribune.

She—"What strange weather we are having this summer." He—"Yes, but if you remember, the summer of '50 was just such another." She—"Sir"—Pearson's Weekly.

Manager—"That young friend of your's is a sleepy sort of fellow. What shall I do with him?" Merchant—"See if you can't find room for him in the night-shirt department."—Tit Bits.

Wife—"Wake up, there are thieves in the house." Husband—"Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here."—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Wickwire—"Don't you admit that most of your troubles are due to drink?" Dismal Dawson—"Can't say that I do, madam. Fact is, till I took to booze nobody never had no sympathy for me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, pa, dear, silver has depreciated in value of late, hasn't it?" "Yes." "Then you won't say now that you can't afford to buy me that lovely hat pin I have been dying for down at Bijou's, will you?"—Chicago Record.

"There is not much similarity between our ways of earning a livelihood," said the dentist to the paint manufacturer. "No," admitted the manufacturer, "there is not. I grind colors, while you cull grinders."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—"Is there anything I can do to prove my affection so that you will not doubt it?" She—"There is. Marry sister. She is older than I, and mamma is determined not to let me marry till sister is disposed of."—Indianapolis Journal.

Eastern Man.—Considering the price you ask, it seems to me that this lot is very small.

Western Hustler.—But you must remember that this is a new town and growing like all possessed. That lot is young yet.—New York Weekly.

Bill Collector.—What does your father mean by appointing days for me to call and then absenting himself from home?

Little George Washington (who cannot tell a lie).—He wants to see if he can't make you so tired of calling that you'll give it up.—Ex.

Mr. Chimpanzee—"That ostrich eats enough for two birds. What do you suppose makes him so greedy, Mrs. C.?" Mrs. Chimpanzee—"I heard the keeper say it swallowed a pair of strong eye-glasses yesterday, and they magnified its appetite."—Vogue.

Mme. Finisher (at Young Ladies' Academy)—"Miss Pretty, that was the sixteenth young man who has called here as your brother, and I know you have been deceiving us." Miss Pretty—"No, madame; I have promised to be a sister to them all."—Good News.

WATCH



REYNOLDS
THE
JEWELER

And you need go no farther for
Watches, Jewelry,
Silver and
Plated Ware,
Umbrellas,
Spectacles, etc.



Open For Business.
From Monday morning until Saturday evening. You will find us on hand to supply you with anything in
Groceries, Provisions,
Flour, Hay,
Grain & Fruits.

We offer greater inducements for your trade than ever before on
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We are acknowledged to be the leaders and can save you from
10 to 25 PER CENT.
Fresh Butter & Eggs

At Lowest Prices.
A full line of Early Vegetables by every boat.
Our XXXX Patent Flour is the
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We have just received a shipment of XXX butter crackers which will close out at
5lbs For 25c.

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas
Special prices on large lots. Everything warranted and all goods delivered.

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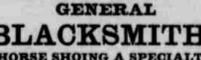
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MONUMENTS & HEADSTONES
Cut Building Stone, Marble and Slate Mantels and Orates.
Prices as low as any to be had in Michigan.

How I Saved the Money.

When I was a boy of twelve years my father sold his farm in Vermont, and we moved to Maine. At that time there was no network of railroads extending over the country, and we traveled in our own carriage. For many days we were confined in the same narrow conveyance, jolting over rough roads, pushing on through all sorts of weather. The family consisted of my father and mother, my sister Lottie, who was fourteen years old, myself, my baby brother, and Mollie West, the maid of all work.

We had accomplished the greater part of our journey, and were passing through a dense forest when night overtook us.

The baby had not been well for several days and now he grew so much worse that mother became very uneasy; and we were thankful to see a light twinkling between the trees and to hail the appearance of some resting place for the night.

We almost gave up our determination to stop there when the host and hostess appeared. They were a sharp-featured couple, and looked hard and unfriendly. But it was getting late, and we were cold and weary, so we were obliged to stop.

We were given a decent supper, but when we retired for the night, mother and the girls were placed in a large, double-bedded room in the front of the house where there was a fire, while father and I were sent to a small, cold room at the end of a long passage.

"Ned," said my father, in a cautioning tone, "I don't like the look of things about this place. I'm afraid that an attempt will be made to get possession of my purse."

"Why, papa?" I exclaimed.

"And so," he went on, "I'm going to put it up behind this picture, approaching a large picture which hung on the wall. They'll never think of looking in such an unreasonable place."

"I'm afraid it won't be safe there," I remonstrated.

"It will be safer there than it would under my pillow," he returned. "Perhaps I am too suspicious, but the man has been watching me as a cat watches a mouse. I shall put this old purse under my pillow. There is a little silver in it to rat-tle. I feel very drowsy."

"What shall I do papa?" I asked.

"If they come to this room, and you are awake, keep perfectly quiet and feign sleep. How strangely my head feels!" and father threw himself upon the bed, and was soon in a deep sleep.

The moments passed. I could not sleep, and soon became very thirsty. At length I decided to go out to the kitchen after some water. I was naturally bold and fearless, and rather enjoyed the idea of wandering about such a house at night. So I took the tallow candle and started. I did not encounter anyone on the way, and soon reached the kitchen and quenched my thirst. But as soon as I started back a gust of wind extinguished my candle.

I was left in total darkness, and groped along as best I could. Presently I came to a door which was ajar, and from it came a gleam of light and the sound of low voices.

I peered through the half-open door, and saw our host and hostess. The man held an ugly-looking knife in his hand.

"I don't want you to hurt 'em," said the woman.

"I shan't if I can help it," returned the man. "But I'm going to hev the money. I think it's behind that picture. I looked through a crack and seed the old man fussin' around it."

"I suppose the boy is asleep," said the woman.

"Oh, of course. Youngsters like him can't keep awake."

I waited to hear no more, but crept breathlessly away and regained father's room in safety. He was still asleep.

I took the purse from behind the picture, slipped it hastily into the toe of one of my shoes, and hurried into bed. In a few moments the door opened softly and somebody came with cat-like tread into the room. I lay with my face to the wall, feigning sleep. I was certain that the man went directly to the picture; then he came to the bedside and I plainly heard his suppressed breathing and a muttered oath. Then a clinking sound fell upon my ears as he took the purse from under the pillow. A moment later he was gone.

I tried to rouse my father, but it was impossible. I could not sleep, however.

What Can't Pull Out?

Why the
Non-pull-out

Bow on the Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases, made by the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia. It protects the Watch from the pick-pocket, and prevents it from dropping. Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.

Sold, without extra charge for this bow (ring), through Watch dealers only. Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to makers.

HUMPHREYS'

This PAINFUL ONSET is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fists in Anus; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITH HAZEL OIL.
Cures Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. The relief is instant. Cures Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Scurvy, 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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FRUITS,
VEGETABLES,
Every Variety,
PROVISIONS,
Endless Quantities.

Everything Best Quality.

Harrington & Pratt,
Masonic Block.

Choice, Fresh
ROLL BUTTER
Every Day.

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Wall Paper!
In Endless Variety.

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GREAT BARCAINS
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Corner Lockwood & Second Sts.

I was not disturbed any more that night. Morning dawned at last, and father awoke and was greatly surprised to learn that I had not been asleep for the night. When matters were explained, and the purse was brought forth from its hiding place, his voice faltered as he praised me. He could only account for his heavy slumber by the supposition that the coffee he had drunk at supper had been drugged. Father was thankful to get away so easily, and did not demand the return of the small amount of silver that had been taken. Our landlord declared, however, that during the night somebody had broken into the house, and even went so far as to show us the window where he said an entrance had been effected. This was done no doubt to cause father to think that his money had gone out of the house.

We resumed our journey as quickly as possible, and soon reached our new home. My father related our story to the authorities, and the place was broken up by them.—Yankee Blade.

The New York Office Boy.
Everybody knows, says the Tribune, what the New York office boy is. He always comes from the East side and he always owns the office inside of a week after he has entered it. He has his own ideas of dignity, and it is useless to try to change or even to modify them. His manifestations of "cussedness" are various. The writer was in the law office of a friend the other day, when an elderly gentleman entered and addressed himself to the black-eyed office boy guarding the rail before the inner rooms.

"Is Mr. C— in?" asked the white-haired and venerable citizen.

"What's your name?" asked the boy coolly.

"I asked you if Mr. C— were in," said he of the old school, reprovingly.

"What's your name?" repeated the autocratic youth, looking the other in the eye.

"That isn't what I came to tell you," answered the venerable caller. "I came to see if Mr. C— were in. That is what I asked you. That is what I want to know."

"Well, then, what's your name?" asked the boy, placidly.

"Is he in?" demanded the old man, sternly.

"What's your name?" repeated the boy calmly.

"The venerable citizen looked around, and then gave a gesture of despair.

"I'm Mr. Brown," he said in a subdued voice.

"Well, you can't see him," said the czar of that office in a voice in which there was decision, but no trace of triumph.

"Why?" asked the conquered New Yorker.

"Because he's engaged." "Well, take my name in and see if he won't see me."

"He's engaged." "I don't care if he is. Take my name to him."

"Why not?" "He's engaged." "Well, young man, you can go into his private office and leave my card, can't you?"

"No, sir." "Why not?" "Can't."

"Why not?" with great sternness.

"Because he's engaged on a case in Boston and won't be in town till to-morrow," and the boy began to question another visitor in the coolest of cool manners.

The writer had an experience with the same boy. He called up the lawyer's office by telephone.

"Is Mr. C— in?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "What is your name?" "Oh, never mind the name; I'll call him up again."

"But what's your name?" asked the boy again. "He may want to know." "Never mind, I won't bother you to tell him. I'll call him up again or come in again."

"But what's your name?" persisted the boy.

"Never mind, I say," said the other, preparing to hang up the receiver in a temper.

"All right, Mr. E—," said the boy sweetly. That was the right name.

make sure that the editor examines their manuscripts, such as pasting the tops of some of the pages together, inserting hairs between others, placing sheets out of order, and so forth.

The neatest trick of the sort, however, was one devised by a playwright, who once presented to M. Monvel, the comic actor, a manuscript tied with red tape, and begged him to give an impartial opinion of the production. The comedian consented, and the young man waited six months before he inquired for the verdict.

At length he put the question: "Is the piece adopted for the stage?" The comedian promised to let him know in a day or two. Three more weeks, and again the author importuned for an answer.

"Well," said the doctor, "the fact is, your play is decidedly clever; I may say particularly clever; but it is not quite the thing for the stage. The scenes, the development of the plot, the—in fact, it requires adapting to the stage before it could possibly be introduced. I must decline it, unwillingly, of course, but—"

The young man interrupted him: "Will you be kind enough to point out the fault?"

The actor was confused; he toyed with the manuscript, still criticising its effects.

The author seized it from him, untied the tape, unrolled the paper, and with a laugh showed him the whole was blank.

The comedian had never untied the packet.

Fighting Fire with a Snow-Ball.
On a day in January, some years ago, the people of a village in Canada were fighting fire. The west wind blew a hurricane; the tavern and an adjoining dwelling-house had already burned to the ground, and the entire village was threatened. The church stood in direct line with the fire, but the wide village green might save it.

Hundreds of anxious eyes were on the watch lest some spark or live cinder should fall upon its exposed roof and walls, which were kept drenched with water. A blazing cinder whirled high across the green, and a strong sucking current of air carried it and held it against a board of the tall steeple; held it until the dry, pitch-filled strip of wood ignited, and a brisk smoke was rising on the steeple's south face.

A groan burst from the watching crowd. No ladder could reach the spot, and the loved church must burn. A red tongue of flame shot out from the blackened hole that the live cinder had charred, then—whizz went a flying snowball up from the crowd, a single big moist snowball, that snuffed out that blaze as one snuffs out a candle.

One Warren Bacon, with his good left hand, had quickly shaped and thrown the snowball, and the church was saved. The building still stands, and the pierced board, on the south side of the steeple, still shows where the blazing cinder and then the flying snowball struck.

How We Grow Old.
The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed on the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew falling strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be treated and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are acquainted with the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a restorer of bodily strength, renewed appetite, fresh and healthy repose instead of the use of this thorough and standard remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints, etc., etc.

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 success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. 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. 11891

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.

A Surgical Operation.
For the cure of Piles is always painful, often dangerous and useless, and invariably expensive; on the other hand there is a new, certain cure, perfectly painless, gives instant relief, and permanent cure and costs but a trifle. It is the Pyramid Pile Cure. It is a more certain cure than a surgical operation, without any of the intense pain, expense and danger of an operation. Any druggist will get it for you.

What was in the Packet.
The reader has doubtless already heard of the tricks resorted to by ambitious and suspicious authors to