



Portage Lake News.

Hogan and Gilbert to Meet Again in the Roped Arena.

Match Comes Off at Houghton

Contest Will Be at the Armory Opera House on Saturday, May 7, and a Purse of \$100 is Up.

The town was billed yesterday announcing a Cornish wrestling match between Ed Hogan, of Marquette, and Bob Gilbert, of Houghton. The match will be for a purse of \$100 and the entire gate receipts, best two out of three falls, and will be pulled off at the Armory Opera House on Saturday evening, the 7th inst. As to weight and science the men are very evenly matched and a hard-fought contest is expected. Both men have been doing more or less training and will appear on the mat in fairly-good condition. Gilbert has already met defeat at the hands of Hogan in a match at Marquette early last spring, but claims he was unfairly treated by the people at Marquette, both in the audience and at the ring-side, and he is very confident that he will best Hogan in the match next Saturday night. The sports are showing considerable interest in the bout which indicates there will be a large attendance. A large delegation is expected from Calumet as Gilbert has numerous admirers here. An admission fee of 50 cents will be charged to all parts of the hall. A band will be in attendance and there will be several boxing contests as preliminaries.

The stone for the construction of the basement of the new city hall is beginning to arrive and the masons will be started at once. Mr. William Scott, who has the contract, said all possible speed will be made to complete the foundation. The contract for the building proper has not yet been let, as the detail plans have not yet arrived from Milwaukee. It is safe to say that the contract will be let to local parties, as their bids will be considered first, even if they are a few hundred dollars higher, but should the difference run up to a thousand dollars, as one outside contractor predicted, it will be another question. The building committee will favor home labor and material in every case.

A Finnish man whose name we are unable to learn met with an accident Monday night which will incapacitate him for some time. The man boarded at Peter Westonen's on Tezcuco street and on going to his room on the night in question slipped and fell down the entire flight of stairs leading to the second floor of the building, breaking one of his arms severely. Dr. Dodge was called, who reduced the fracture and soon had the man as comfortable as possible. It will be some time before he will be able to attend to his work again.

The annual reception of the students of the Michigan School of Mines, will take place tonight at the Armory opera house. This will be quite a society affair and will be attended by the first people of the county. The receptions given in the past by the students always proved great social successes, and the committee in charge have worked hard to have this no exception to the rule. Weismiller's orchestra will furnish the music.

The undersigned has 1,000 samples of wall paper, ranging in price from 1 cent to \$1.50 per roll, and will be pleased to show the same to anyone dropping him a postal card. This is the finest display of wall paper ever shown in the copper country. Paper-hanging, ornamental and house painting neatly and promptly executed. I solicit a share of the public patronage. JAMES P. MOGRATH, Hancock.

Messrs. William J. Davey, William Ople, Elisha M. Beard, William H. Martin and James H. Letcher left for a visit to their old homes in England last Saturday. Some of them are members of the Miletote lodge, Sons of St. George, and before leaving that lodge passed a vote of thanks to Mr. William J. Davey for the valuable services he had rendered to both the Senior and Junior lodges of the order.

The Hon. Jay A. Hubbell returned home yesterday from his extended trip. Mr. Hubbell has spent the past six months in the east and south, most of the time, however, being spent at Washington. The judge's health has been greatly improved by the trip and should continue to be probably sit at the August term of court. His many friends are glad to see him back and looking so well.

On Friday night, the Lady Minstrels, made up of Marquette society ladies, will make their debut before a Portage Lake audience, and from the number of seats already sold, the performance promises to be largely attended. The staging and costumes of the company are said to be great and the costumes worn by the ladies unique and catchy.

It was almost impossible for a person to board the south bound train yesterday afternoon, owing to the large number of Finnish people around the train, twenty-five of whom took the train on their way to their native land, while large numbers of their friends were present to bid them God speed.

Charlie Wright, formerly collector for the Superior Savings bank, now has charge of the Fuel & Supply company's office, in the absence of Frank James, who is at Island Lake. Mr. Wright's place in the bank has been taken by Mr. John Sickanen, formerly of the First National bank of Calumet.

The funeral of Mrs. Isaac Anderson was held this afternoon from the Hancock Congregational church, interment being made in the old Hancock cemetery. The funeral was largely attended and the remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of friends of the family.

Mr. John J. Case, superintendent of the Lake Superior smelting works, together with two other officials of the company, spent the day yesterday looking over the plant. It is understood that Mr. Case will act as general superintendent of the smelts at Dollar Bay also.

The first returns of the births and deaths for the year 1877 have been received by the county clerk from Franklin township. The returns show 130 births to 40 deaths, a considerable increase over 102 births and 21 deaths the returns of the year previous.

Dr. H. W. Jones of Houghton, has gone to Island Lake, where he will act as chief of the staff of the examining physicians, who will examine the militia preparatory to enlisting in Uncle Sam's service. The appointment was made by Governor Pingree.

Work on the new Pilgrim River bridge is being pushed as rapidly as possible and it is expected it will be completed within two weeks. The new bridge will be the only one of its kind in this vicinity, being built entirely of iron tubing.

Ishpeming has at last gotten into line and formed a base ball club. The make-up of the club has some good material in it and is all home talent. Negotiations are going on to have them play at Hancock on Decoration Day.

Traffic on Portage Lake has been very quiet the past two days, very few boats going through, and at this writing there is only one boat in port, a schooner, which is discharging a cargo of coal at the Quincy dock.

The annual sale of tax lands was commenced in the office of County Treasurer Frimodig yesterday and there was a particularly good attendance, but the bidding thus far has been exceedingly slow.

FOR RENT—An excellent stand on Tezcuco street, Hancock. Suitable for store or saloon, with living rooms up stairs. Possession can be had May 1. Apply to Mrs. Grace Hosking, West Hancock.

The Horton will case is still on in the circuit court and continues to interest a number of people who attend court regularly. The case will probably be completed by Thursday morning.

TO RENT—The Olivier & Jacques corner building, now occupied as a saloon by Angelo Moosbrugger. Apply to Charles O. Olivier, Hancock.

The annual meeting of the Osgaming yacht club has again been postponed. The meeting is now called for Monday evening next.

At St. Patrick's church during the present month mass will be said each morning at 8 o'clock, followed by May devotions.

The freighter John V. Moran, passed up last night heavily loaded with copper from the smelting works at South Lake Lunden.

WANTED—A girl to do general household work. Apply to Mrs. W. J. Cruse, at the Ripley, or telephone the Portage Lake laundry.

Mr. E. F. Sutton of Lake Lunden, transacted business at the county seat yesterday and was a guest at the Douglas House.

Mr. Clarence Mason is in the city today on a visit with the old folks.

LAKE LINDEN NEWS

Sheriff Lenn took three insane patients to the Newberry asylum last week.

Contractor Steele has commenced work on a new and handsome residence for John Hodge of this city.

The firemen of this city will practice on Hecla street hereafter as they are preparing for the firemen's tournament to be held at Houghton next August.

Many improvements have lately been made at the New Linden, and accommodations in this hotel are now equal to anything in the Upper Peninsula.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Vivian died Sunday morning and the remains were buried Monday afternoon. Rev. James Pascoe held services at the house.

Mr. Prosper Robert's many friends will be glad to learn that he arrived at Dyes, Alaska, April 15, and from there he party would leave to go over the Pass April 23. He reports all well.

Mr. Edward Koepel who has been employed with the Calumet and Hecla as machinist has resigned, to accept the position of superintendent of machinery for the Arnold mining company.

The people of this city were started to hear of the death of one of the oldest residents in the person of Mr. John Penninger. He was engaged in unloading a car of sandstone at the Osceola mill when he fell over apparently in a fit, and in a few moments breathed his last. Deceased was about 58 years of age, and leaves a family of eight children to mourn his death. The funeral was held this afternoon.

At a meeting of the creditors of the Joseph Gregory estate held here last week, Mr. Joseph Boech was appointed trustee, and assignments of claims to him are asked which assignments empower him as trustee to bid in any part of the real estate offered for sale, so as to prevent a sacrifice of the property. To make this scheme effective it is essential that all or nearly all the claims be assigned to Mr. Boech, as trustee.

NO'ED FOR BEAUTY.

One Characteristic of the Schoolteachers of Washington.

"I'll tell you one thing," said the young man stenographer from the west who got his job in one of the departments recently and who has been noticing things pretty carefully since he came to Washington, "this burg's got the prettiest set of schoolteachers I ever saw anywhere, and that's no lie. Out where I come from, say, the schoolteachers have got faces as hard as snaffles and glassy stares and a general freckly way about 'em that makes a fellow that meets up with one of 'em feel like he's about 7 years old in the third grade all over again. And, honest, they all seem to me to be about 85 years old at that. It's the same in a whole lot of other big towns in the south and west that I've worked in. Well, when I struck this town a friend of mine took me to his boarding house that's right next door to a big schoolhouse. My room's a second story front room and commands a view of the entrance to the school, and, say, the second morning that I was there I looked out of the window just about a quarter of an hour before school 'took in,' and, gee whizz! I saw a procession of pretty, fresh looking, well, stylishly dressed, young women—strolling up the steps of that schoolhouse that made me think I was taking an Easter Sunday turnout.

"Say," says I to my roommate, who's a Washington man born and bred, 'what do you make of this parade of almighty pretty girls a-walking up those schoolhouse steps? Is it a high school, and are they pupils, or what the dickens, anyhow?' "Pupils nothing," says he. "They're teachers."

"Well, I gave him the hoot, of course, but he stuck to it so seriously that I of course had to believe him. "Well," says I to him finally, 'they're the pick of all the schoolteachers in town, then, sent down here because it's a down town schoolhouse, just to impress visitors.' "Not much they ain't," says he. "All the schoolteachers in this town are pretty enough to eat and just as nice as they are pretty. There ain't anything but fine looking folks living in Washington, anyhow," says he.

"Well, say, I didn't believe him when he said that all the teachers in all the schools were just as attractive as those I had seen, and so the next morning, before office hours, we hustled around on our bikes to three schools just before school 'took in,' and blamed if I saw a single teacher in the lot that wasn't pretty and sweet looking enough for a fellow to marry out of hand on the spot. I wrote home and told my sisters out west about this, and they've been writing back to me and telling me that I'm in a trance and must be mistaken. But I'm not mistaken. I don't want to see any nicer looking girls than the schoolteachers of this town, and you hear me a-talking."—Washington Star.

He Invited His Fate.

An incident that pointed a strong moral took place on Chestnut street. The street was thronged with promenaders, and the magnificent St. Bernard dog which a young woman was leading attracted much attention. Near Thirteenth street the woman entered a store, leaving the dog outside. The dog was such a magnificent beast that several people stopped in admiration, and the dog actually seemed to smile at the attention he was receiving. About this time two giddy youths, who were followed by a mischievous fox terrier, came along and passed so near what was attracting the throng, the terrier, which was but a mile beside the St. Bernard, rushed in and began snarling at the big dog. The noble looking beast paid not the slightest attention, and the youths audibly commented on the big one's cowardice.

When the terrier began snapping at his feet, however, the big one gravely raised one paw and pushed his tormenter away. This angered the terrier, and its anger was fed by the youths, who told Jip, as they called him, to go in and "shake the big coward." Jip went in and set his teeth in the St. Bernard's leg. Suddenly the big dog lost his forbearance, and in a trice Jip was in its massive jaws. There was a crunching sound, a couple of shakes and Jip was cast aside dead. The St. Bernard then resumed his place unconcernedly, and the young men gashed up their dead terrier and went off to make complaint at the city hall.—Philadelphia Record.

Hindoo First Steps in English.

A native has been caught at Calcutta scaling the wall of the premises into the compound of No. 3, Chowringhi, dressed in a complete suit of European clothes. The man had, on the previous evening, concealed himself inside a shop, and had employed his time till morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links, a red tie, carefully put on, black socks, a pair of boots, a watch and chain, handkerchiefs and even a pocket-knife, with a straw hat and stick. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being caught, he said he wanted to learn English, and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress himself in sahib's clothes.—Bombay (India) Advocate.

UNCONSCIOUSLY HUMOROUS.

Some of the Amusing Stories in Which John Stetson Figured.

It was Stetson who on landing from the steamer after a stormy voyage exclaimed, "Thank God, I am once more on vice versa!"

Mrs. Billington on her return from America brought home many Stetson stories. One of the best had reference to the sudden necessity of enlarging the programme of a variety entertainment. His manager had, as he believed, successfully filled the bill. Stetson arrived on the scene in the midst of the opening numbers. "What is on now?" he asked. "Well, it's just a pretty, sentimental duet by the brothers So-and-so." "Sentimental, eh?" said Stetson. "That's good." It was one of those duets that have supplied George Grossmith and other entertainers with some of their best burlesques of part singing. The tenor asks a vocal question, the baritone replies—a kind of Itany, with variations. In this case the tenor was a feeble looking youth of 50, with one of those voices that may be music or an escape of gas.

Stetson stood at the wing and contemplated the duetists—youngful tenor of 20, aged baritone with the manners of 50 and such a wig!

"Where are the friends of my youth?" began the tenor in pathetic tones that hardly reached the orchestra.

"Where are the loved ones gone!" responded the baritone in a gloomy gurgle. "Farther back," said Stetson from the wing. "They'll hear you better lower down the stage." Having thus got them well out of the way of the curtain, "Ring down," he said to the prompter at his elbow, and the drop fell. "On with the next number in the programme," he said, "and send those two gentlemen to my room. How long are you engaged for?" he asked them. "Two weeks, Mr. Stetson," they answered with deferential humility. "How much?" "Fifteen dollars a week."

"Very well, my poor fellows. There's your money," he said. "I won't detain you. Go and find the friends of your youth." When you tell this story, it is necessary that you should sing the lines to their right tune and with characteristic imitation of two played out vowels, and bear in mind how cynically courteous Stetson would be in commending the faded duetists to go straightway in quest of those friends of their youth.—Newcastle Chronicle.

BEFORE THE BULLFIGHT.

A Solemn Chapel Scene When the Toreador Kneels in Prayer.

"Now," said my friend, "we will go to the chapel." "The chapel?" "Why, yes, the next room is a small chapel where every torero goes before the fight to pray and ask God and his patron saint that his life be spared and that he be given the courage and strength to take that of the bull." We entered the small chapel, at one end of which was an altar covered with flowers and lighted candles, in the middle a crucifix, and behind a painting of the Virgin Mary. One of the toreadors came in and, kneeling at the altar, began to pray. What a contrast! This man, covered with silk and gold, kneeling in front of the Christ, asking for the protection of the kind and sweet lover of humanity and asking (in order to kill) the protection of him to whom all lives are dear and precious.

"You see the man there kneeling and praying!" said my friend. "Well, he is Manuel Garcia, generally called 'Espartaco,' the greatest living torero. He is the first espada of Spain and is celebrated for his great courage. When he sticks his sword in the bull's neck, he never jumps aside, as other toreadors do—no, he wants to stop the bull there to kill him on the spot. As it is nearly impossible, he has often been seriously wounded by dying bulls. He has saved over 100,000 pesos. He will retire from the ring a rich man in another year."

The man had finished praying. He left the chapel, shaking hands with his friends, and I could not help thinking, "A rich man in one year—yes, provided"—But I did not dare finish my thought even to myself, and, raising my eyes to the crucifix, I murmured involuntarily, "God, spare him!"—A. B. de Guerville.

Quite the Thing.

"James, bring me some clean linen."

"Alas, sir, you have none! The laundryman refuses to hand over until he is given the money for that last batch."

"Well, why don't you give him the money?"

"There isn't a farthing in the house, sir."

"Well, well! Am I broke?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely."

"Dear me! I suppose I had better get up and see about it. Bring me my suit, James."

"Gone, sir. Everything pawned except the old frayed frock coat you were going to give the housekeeper."

"Great heavens! I'll stay in bed all day first! Get me something to eat, anyhow."

"There's nothing in the house, sir, and the restaurant keeper refuses to let us have anything more without cash."

"By Jove! Nothing to wear but dirty linen and a frayed frock coat, nothing to eat and no money! Good gracious! I can never look my friends in the face again!"

"Why, certainly you can, sir, and cut a greater dash than ever before," urged the faithful James. "Tell 'em you are a Bohemian and are doing this in obedience to the artistic instinct."—Strand Magazine.

His Regular Occupation.

"I should think you would get some work to do," said the elderly lady at the kitchen door to a tramp who had left his friend at the gate and was in search of a meal.

"I'm working at my regular business right along, madam," said the itinerant.

"And what is your regular business?"

"Traveling companion, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Year.	Premium Paid.	Cash Dividend.	Additions to Policy.	Premium Paid.	Cash Dividend.	Additions to Policy.	
1879.....	\$177 00	\$198 90	
1880.....	"	198 90	\$ 59 67	\$186 00	
1881.....	"	\$ 50 70	\$190 00	169 10	65 65	204 00	
1882.....	"	52 10	192 00	"	37 61	117 00	
1883.....	"	54 71	198 00	"	39 05	120 00	
1884.....	"	55 83	198 00	"	40 86	123 00	
1885.....	"	58 14	202 00	"	42 25	125 00	
1886.....	"	61 67	210 00	"	36 72	107 00	
1887.....	"	128 56	429 00	"	37 53	107 00	
1888.....	"	66 98	219 00	"	27 53	75 00	
1889.....	"	69 78	223 00	"	28 72	75 00	
1890.....	"	72 60	227 00	"	20 20	55 00	
1891.....	"	75 60	232 00	"	21 48	57 00	
1892.....	"	78 81	236 00	"	22 58	59 00	
1893.....	"	81 99	241 00	"	23 70	60 00	
1894.....	"	84 17	242 00	"	13 73	34 00	
1895.....	"	85 06	239 00	"	24 33	59 00	
1896.....	"	85 61	235 00	"	25 18	60 00	
1897.....	"	85 89	231 00	"	26 04	61 00	
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*The above figures are correct. (Signed) A. ERICKSON PERKINS.

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