



The Old Printer.

And so the old printer was dead. Of course, when a man has been sticking type until his head is whiter than rag paper, and he counts the years of his work by the boxes in the lower case, you expect him to turn his rule almost any day. And yet the empty case at the old man's window looked terribly lonesome next day. A great many times that day the boys, who were unusually quiet, looked over at his case, and wondered if the old man wouldn't miss it, and the high stool, and his old stick and the big solemn looking spectacles he used to wear. Of course he'd get along, but for so many years those things had been his daily companions, the boys wondered if the old man might not miss them just a little bit, at first. I think indeed, that Slug Seven said: "We'd ought to go and see them with him; we could of buried them with the old man, anyhow," he said. You see, Slug Seven was a good printer and a good man, but he used to work on a sage brush and alkali paper down in New Mexico and out in Arizona, and he had a whole brain full of heathenish Indian ideas. He wanted the boys to put on subs that night, so the regulars could go out to the cemetery—"bone-yard," Slug Seven called it—and burn the stool, case, and the old shoes that served for the old man's private hell-box, on the old printer's grave.

The old man had been on the paper longer than any of us. He used to shake his head when the boys stopped at the stone to jeff before they went down stairs. "Twin't do, fellows," he would say; "I've been there, and I know. Night of the 27th of November, 1844, I came into this town a bilin', not a cent in my pocket, and enough tamarack in my head to get me a night's lodgin', and I slept in the cellar that night with my legs on the ground, my back on a bundle of paper and my head on an ink-keg. And the next day I caught on to this very case, and I says: "How long can I keep this job, boss?" And the old man looked at me, and he was lookin' at the raggedest, ornariest tramp-printer that ever struck him for grub-stake, and he said: "Long as you stay sober, young fellow." And he kept his word, and here I've been ever since, and where's all the boys that started even with me and away ahead of me? It don't pay, young fellows. There's beer down-stairs and there's ice-water in the pail in the corner. One costs money and tother's free; one makes tramp-printers and tother saves 'em. Stick to the saboon in the cool corner, fellows, drink at the sign of the tin dipper, and you'll have eyes and nerves to stick type when you're seventy."

Somehow the boys always enjoyed the old man's homely little temperance lectures, and in the forty years he stood at that case and preached, if he wasn't quite so eloquent as Gough, every now and then he coaxed some type away from the sign of the glass mug to the sign of the tin dipper. And sometimes, the old man used to stamble a little himself, but that was long ago. He would be gone a day or two, and come back very quietly, very penitent, and very oblivious to the occasional remarks of a mysterious character who would drift up and down the alleys. But this didn't often happen, because the boys always liked the old man and felt sorry for him, and they respected his penitence, and finally only the new men or the subs ever said a word about these annual disappearances. All the old man would ever say about them was that he had "been up in the country to bury his uncle." His uncle died hard, but he did die at last, and the old man for many years stood like a conqueror at his time-worn old case with his enemy under his feet.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

Dialogue a la Saison.

"Are you going to help me put down the carpets, John?"  
"S'pose so; where's tack hammer?"  
"It's in the barrel of dishes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—oh, I know now; I put it in the band-box with your new Sunday hat."  
"Just like a woman; never knows where anything is; hat ruined, like enough; where's the handle of the hammer?"  
"Oh, I packed that up with a china set; you'll find it, dear, at the bottom of the box."  
"Now, who's going to stretch this carpet, hey?"  
"Me, dear."  
"Well, stand there. Gracious, I can't pull a hundred pounds of dry-goods along with the carpet. Oh, dear, I'm going to have a fit I believe."  
"I'll make you a cup of tea, dear. You can drink it out of your shaving-mug. It'll be just like a picnic."  
But when she got back with the tea, John was missing.  
"Poor fellow! It was too much for him! he's gone to get the air. He looked pale."  
John—at a counter covered with eatables, salads and things: "Two fingers of old crow, and a dash of bitters to begin with. I'm nearly starved! A hot beefsteak will help me out. I tell you, boys, moving is tough work!"  
Life has its compensations. John's wife sits on a roll of carpet and drinks her tea. "Poor boy! I wish he could have waited for it; it's so refreshing. He'll be half starved by supper time! I know he will."  
Not much, little woman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An engaged couple in Orange County, N. Y., became estranged about a year and a half ago, and the lady at length began a suit for damages for breach of promise of marriage. The gentleman, feeling, perhaps, that he would lose the suit should it come to trial, and certainly dreading the inevitable publicity, compromised the matter.

The complete financial failure of opera in New York and elsewhere this last season is attributed partly to the rivalry of Abbey and Mapleson—there not being patronage enough for two opera companies—and partly to the enormous prices paid to three or four singers, these prices being enhanced by the competition of the two managers. Four thousand dollars a night for Patti and other singers in proportion is denounced as too much, and that people will not pay the prices for hearing them which these salaries call for. This may be true, and it may be true, also, that it is the high salaries which induce people to pay such high prices. Estimating the value of the singer by the price paid; they are willing to pay high to hear a singer who can command such prices. It is very doubtful if there are many people in this country capable of getting ten or fifteen dollars' worth of musical enjoyment out of an opera in one evening. It is the high price of the musician, not the music, which makes them willing to pay such extravagant prices for admission.

There is, too, a certain amount of social advantage, real or fancied, for which they are willing to pay handsomely. There are people to whom money would be no object in securing them the social recognition of those who are acknowledged as authority in social matters, or who have not only money, but a love for art and music and literature. To be admitted to these charmed circles, as they esteem them, or to be known as properly qualified to belong to them, is an earthly paradise to those who have just acquired money and know not how to spend it; who long for the graces and refinements which money may in time bring, but which money cannot buy for cash.

No money on earth can make a new, raw wine, a smooth old wine; but money enables a man to buy new wine and keep it until it is old. So it is with the culture and refinement which money can procure for those who have ability and ambition in that direction. Their wealth can command for them the raw material, but only time will ripen and mature it.

Some are, very naturally, impatient with this natural method and imagine that this wine of social life can be had by some artificial process—by "doctoring" it. So they build palaces, sometimes barracks, to dwell in; have them decorated by the square rod; furnished by the cord; buy books by the shelfful, and pictures on the same principle. To go to the opera, and especially to be willing to pay extravagant prices for it, argues presumably a very great enjoyment of music as well as musical education. This is considered also a stamp of high social rank. So that if a man pays a high price for an opera ticket, it is supposed to be a sign not only that he and his family are endowed with bonds and a large cash balance, but also that they belong to the still rarer and more exclusive class who know how to spend, as well as make, money.

Under these circumstances it may be doubted if operatic managers would make any more by procuring their singers at lower prices. They would have to reduce the price of the tickets in proportion, and that would diminish the attraction of opera to those who go not to hear Patti or Nilsson, but to listen to a singer who in the course of a season can make as much as an operator might make in "options," or in "Wabash" and "Western Union."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Effect of an Arctic Climate.

The effects of the climate upon materials and men are exactly the same as in a tropical country. The boards which were unloaded from the ship to make our house shrank and cracked open as if under the influence of a torrid sun. And I have suffered from thirst there even more acutely than on the arid plains of Arizona and New Mexico. The natives suffer terribly for want of water in the winter time, and before the cold season thoroughly set in I provided against that for ourselves by cutting and cording up a lot of ice about a foot thick, which we melted as needed. The natives pleaded with me often for a drink, and as that was something that there need be no lack of as long as our fuel lasted, they had two years of plenty in that respect. As in the tropics, the children reach the age of puberty in a few years. Extremes do meet. By a wise provision some of the ordinary demands of nature are, in a measure, suspended in that latitude, and a minimum of inconvenience is secured. Some of the natives, however, abuse even this indulgence, which may extend over a period of two weeks without hurtful results, and the most frequent calls upon my physician's stores were for laxatives. "How deep does the snow fall?" "Only about a foot during the season. You see there is no evaporation to speak of, consequently no precipitation, and the snowfall is very light. It drifts in the gales, and after we had got our house built it was not long until it was covered. We ran tunnels then to our ice pack and to the two observatories, some distance from the house, and all the time we were there the tunnels were our only lines of communication.—*Lieutenant Roy, in Indianapolis News.*

Couldn't Stand the Remedy.

A miserly, unkempt old man, who had been sick for some time, called on a doctor, and after telling his symptoms asked what he should do.  
"Well, sir, you must take a cold bath every morning."  
"What, wash all over every day?"  
"Yes."  
"Will I die if I don't do it?"  
"You certainly will."  
"Well, doctor, I ain't able to walk down town; will you go and get a preacher and an undertaker? I'll go home and get ready to see them. You may send your bill to my administrator and he will settle it after I'm gone. Good day."—*Boston Post.*

Our friends are introduced to a roomful of elegantly dressed people (all men of course,) who shake their own hands, clasped together in front, and bow themselves to the ground. The host presents his son, arrayed like himself in richest satin and silk brocade. The boy has been politely trained and prostrates at the feet of the father's guests, striking his forehead on the floor three times. The music now strikes up a perfect din and all are invited out to a great dining-hall, where there are numbers of square tables inlaid with pearl, around which the guests seat themselves. The host, with the most honorable guests, is at the head of the room, and the rank gradually recedes away from him. Now the fun begins in earnest. The two foreigners, fortunately or otherwise, are placed at the posts of honor, and, out of courtesy, are compelled to at least taste of every dish placed on the table. Imagine partaking of such delicacies as shark's fins, and eggs which have been mellowing for a year. The Chinese regard these last in the same manner that we do our sherry and port. Although the dishes are brought on and removed by servants, it is considered the polite thing for the host himself to serve the guests at his table, who in turn serve him and each other. This is done in an odd fashion: The server arises, takes his ivory chop sticks in hand, and, fishing out the daintiest part of some dish before him, hands it with care in the deep saucer or bowl before each guest. The most ludicrous part of this is that the person thus honored is expected to rise each time, murmur "Zia zia" (thank you), and subside again. When this is repeated six or eight times in five minutes it becomes very funny, then rather monotonous, and at last exceedingly trying to the spinal column. The doctor, being fond of a joke, takes particular pains to be excessively polite to his companion, and the wavelike motion he keeps him constantly describing is most affecting. There are seventeen courses, in exactly the reversed order to which we are accustomed—sweetmeats, nuts and cakes coming first. A pudding, which ranks in their estimation as a plum pudding to us, comes next, composed of water-lily nuts, blue rice and a Chinese fruit called lichee. Soon after this appears varnished duck—a dish not many foreigners would relish. The fowl is first dried, smoked and then varnished over, this process making it good (?) for any length of time. Birds nest and alligator soups make their appearance toward the close of the feast, and our suffering friend, as he attempts to choke them down, decides they are as novel in their composition as in the cognomen. The finger bowls and doilies brought on when all have finished, are quite unique, consisting of steaming hot bowls of water, out of which long linen cloths are wrung and passed at each table for the convenience of the guests.—*Shanghai Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Thrift Defended and Commended.  
Both the ability to make money and the disposition to save it are highly commendable. People say, every day: "If I were able, I would do so and so." They then realize what they lose by not being able. Few men have reached middle age without having seen chances to engage in promising enterprises except for lack of capital—capital that they would not stand in need of had they been saving. Every right-minded man must be sick of listening to the flings that are made at rich men, simply because they are rich. It is rebuking economy and thrift, for few men, however large their income, become rich unless they possess these qualities. Let it be retained in mind, too, that the profligacy of the many make the few rich. If every man and woman would save all that he or she could, there would be less money to flow into the coffers of the "bloated bondholders." There are a dozen persons, who do not practice the habit of saving, to one who does, consequently the money from the dozen pockets is gradually going into the one.  
No matter how small a salary a man gets he should make an effort to save a portion of it, and, barring sickness or other misfortune, he can usually do it. The savings of one week may be small, but the savings of many count up. Saving may be an effort at first, but finally it becomes easy, and not only easy but a pleasure. It does not call for stinginess or meanness. It calls for self-denial and thoughtfulness. Money is the right hand assistant of the nobler aspirations of humanity. The rich good man is of more account in the world than the poor good man. The former is he who builds hospitals, schools, churches and galleries of art. The plans and desires of the other stop short of fruition. It is a discredit to a man to spend his money foolishly. Many a young man thinks it gives him an elevated standing in the eyes of society if he scatters his money with a lavish hand. It does not, except in the eyes of the poorest part of society. It is evidence that he is not rightly balanced. That for which we give our strength and youth we should retain, if possible. Money is the recompense for labor, and labor demands our strength and consumes our youth. The result should not be frittered away.—*Chicago Current.*

A Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The recipe came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, that at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe which he afterwards


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