

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

[NOTE: Peter J. Bennett used the pseudonym or nom de plume Bowlders and wrote many early columns under that name as the Menominee River Railroad was being constructed from Powers Station or “42” into the Menominee Iron Range.]

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 558 [Saturday, March 29, 1879], page 4, column 1

THE MINING JOURNAL has leased Mr. **P.J. Bennett** its eighth page, (with the privilege of others,) which will be devoted exclusively to the news and advocacy of the interests of the Menominee Range, including Escanaba and Menominee. It is to be hoped that the people of that section will appreciate the benefits to be derived from having their interests properly represented and made known abroad through the already large and rapidly growing circulation of the MINING JOURNAL. Should Mr. Bennett meet with sufficient encouragement, his “Menominee Ranger” will be enlarged into a separate sheet of four pages, on the first of May -- thus making the MINING JOURNAL a triple sheet of eighty-four columns. We recommend Mr. Bennett, who has been in our employ for ten years past, and whom we know to be an upright, honest young man, to the favorable consideration of the people among whom he has gone to reside -- though personally we shall not regret it should a failure to meet with the encouragement he deserves, speedily drive him back to his old accustomed place in the sanctum of the MINING JOURNAL.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number

558 [Saturday, March 29, 1879], page 4, columns 2-3

THE “**Menominee Range**” is a very neat little paper which has just made its appearance at **Quinnesec**, the metropolis of the Menominee range. It is brimfull of editorial spice and ability, and we sincerely hope it may not, as we feared, prove a child of premature birth. It is a credit to its editor and publisher, and the people down there should give it all the fostering care and material encouragement within their power. Its success or failure will depend upon the measure of support accorded by those who certainly have an interest in making it one of the permanent, as it certainly will be, if properly conducted, one of the most valuable institutions on the Range. If you make her live, **Penberthy**, my boy, here’s our first; if you can’t we’ll be one of the sincerest of mourners.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 558 [Saturday, March 29, 1879], page 8, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

Dr. C.A. Fortier, formerly of **Ishpeming**, physician for the **Emmett** and **Breen** mines, reports the health of **Waucedah** good, and the doctor knows good health when he sees it, every time, as he stands in the front rank of his profession. He says gold and silver fever is about the only ailment in the place, at present.

Business isn’t very lively at **Waucedah**. When we were there last, **J.C. Brown**, one of its principal merchants, was preparing to lock up shop and go fishing and shooting

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

for a few days. But he'll have a big rush when he returns, no doubt.

We were just going to give old **Mr. Ingalls**, the **meat market** man, a puff, and say he had a mammoth shop and all that, but we won't. It would be lying. You know **Ingalls, Swineford**? Well, he has the queerest old shop you ever saw. It was originally built for a machine shop, but was found to be too common. We can say, however, that **Mr. Ingalls** has a good stock of meats, butter and lard, and that when he moves into the new store he's building next to **Brown's**, he will be all right and have some style about him. The way it is now one would never think he was a brother of the Judge.

O'Connell Bros., **saloonists**, have heard about the total prohibition law about to pass, and are selling all they can before the sad day. There's **Pat** and **Mike** of 'em – both Irish.

H. McGraw, the very popular and gentlemanly **station agent of the C. & N.W. R'y** at this place, informs us that the lumbermen are coming out in great numbers these days, and taking their departure for **Menominee** and **Marinette**. They all have a shake of the hand for **McGraw**, too, we know they have. If we're ever liked so well in a town as he is they'll have hard work getting us to exchange earth for heaven.

Early Reminiscences. –Its [*sic - It's*] interesting to hear **Mr. D.R. Gifford**, **hotel keeper and postmaster** here, and his very amiable lady tell about their early experiences in **Waucedah**. **Mr. Gifford** was one of the first white men, and his wife the first white woman, to locate on the spot now known as the proud town of **Waucedah**, which boasts of a **railroad depot, two general stores, a doctor shop and half a dozen saloons**. The good man

and his wife say that when the railroad was being built through the town there were more drunken men lying around loose than there were railroad ties; they'd all want to board at his house, too, although he and his lady were known to abhor drunkards. They'd come around in swarms every night and offer to be good to the children if **Mr. and Mrs. Gifford** would only let them board in the house. "This state of affairs continued," said the lady, "until at last I persuaded my husband to build a high fence around the house so that they couldn't get over it and come and bother us. It was laughable," she continued, "to see those drunken men trying to get over the fence. Some would travel several times around it looking for a gate, threatening us with dire vengeance when they got in, while others would try to climb over it, get the task about half accomplished and fall down with a broken oath – but oftener a broken bottle." The fence remains around the house yet, but there's a gate now, and Mrs. Gifford says it is about five rails lower than it was in those days.

VULCAN.

Mr. H. Killgallon, Esq., the station agent at this place, reports droves of lumbermen coming out of the woods and leaving from Vulcan daily.

The **Vulcan hotel**, **L. Whitehead**, proprietor, is said to have the best fare and accommodations for man and beast of any on the range. The proprietor works like a regular whitehead to please folks, and succeeds about three thirds of the time.

They say that **Mr. Sloan**, at the **store**, is about to change his girl's name.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

S.S. Curry's explorations on the south half of the northeast quarter, section 9, 29, 39, are looking well. He has struck ore in seven pits out of about twelve sunk in an area of about an acre. The ore deposit seems to be a large one.

The **Vulcan mine** is looking well, the usual amount of ore being taken out daily. A series of explorations adjoining the mine proper are being pursued, under the supervision of **Capt. Schwartz**, which promises well for the future.

QUINNESEC.

A Corliss hoisting engine, twelve inch bore and thirty-six inch stroke, built by **E.P. Allis, Milwaukee**, and two of Merritt's interior gear hoisting drums were laid down at the **Quinnesec mine** Wednesday.

A large crowd attended the **temperance lecture by Rev. Mr. Davis**, at the school house, Sunday, and it is thought he made some converts. But there's no telling how such a thing will take in a town like **Quinnesec**. For the last two years water has only been used for rinsing out glasses here.

J.H. Malloy, our trusty **station agent**, will give a postal card for information that will lead to the discovery of the **burglar who broke a pane of glass out of the depot window, raised the sash, entered and endeavored to unscrew the hinges to the door of the safe and get the treasure**. M. thinks that fellow could hardly steal away if he tried, let alone stealing anything else.

Buell has got a **new buckboard for his fast horse O'Leary** – the mineral right of both of which is reserved. A newspaper

and a fast horse and buckboard – what more does a man want.

Ben. Marcha [sic – Marchand], saloon and boarding house keeper, formerly of **Ishpeming**, boasts of the largest custom *[patronage]* in town. In fact he and his wife are kept so busy attending to their customers that neither can take the baby when it cries.

The **first jewelry store** in town was started by **Charles E. Stellar, Jr.**, in **McKenzie's drug store**, last week. Mr. Stellar *[sic]* is from the leading jewelry house at **Calumet**, and what he dont *[sic - don't/doesn't]* know about jewelry can't be learned on earth. Repairing is one of his specialties.

Hugh McLaughlin, deputy sheriff of the county, has headquarters here, and a better or more trusty officer never wore the star. He is also about as strong as you find them anywhere, too.

Dr. T.A. McLeod, the able physician of the **Menominee mining company's mines**, is one of the favorite doctors of the range, and particularly at **Quinnesec**. Doc. secures a pile of births here and very few deaths.

The new **Catholic church** is going up as lively as a worldly building, and will be quite an imposing structure when completed. It is proposed by our good **Father Fox** to have the church completed for Easter Sunday services.

THE EMMETT MINE – The belief that there is gold and silver in paying quantities in the yellow ochre *[sic]* and blue hematite ores of this mine grows firmer every day with each new development and assay. That there is gold and silver in the ores is now beyond doubt, in the opinion of those

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

well acquainted with the theory of the occurrence of the precious metals, and that they are found in the ore in almost fabulously paying quantities it would seem from assays made by competent and reputable parties. As it is now, perhaps the least said and the more done about the matter the better. The discovery of gold and silver is certainly having one bad effect on the mine, that of causing partly from being mined and wholly from being marketed the ores said to contain them, and it cannot be demonstrated to a certainty too soon whether the Emmett is an iron or a gold and silver mine.

They are now getting out about 125 tons of ore daily. A new engine house 24x30, is being built to receive a new boiler of capacity sufficient to work the pumps up to a point at which they will be enabled to keep the entire mine clear of water, which is very troublesome in the lower levels at present. **Capt. Harrington** is in charge of the mine, and a better practical miner does not exist in the district.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 559 [Saturday, April 5, 1879], page 8, columns 1-6 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

The lumberman cometh, drinketh, fighteth, and goeth away.

“**Rick**” **McKenna**, a former Marquette county boy and printer, is at present enjoying his robust manhood in these diggings. Whether there’s a girl at the bottom of it or not we do not know.

A rabbit and a partridge met with a fatal accident while **Brown**, of the store, was out shooting the other day.

The extremities to which editors are obliged to resort here in order to get subscribers are many and great. **Atkinson**, of the Escanaba Iron Port, had to rock a man’s baby a whole hour before the man would subscribe for the paper a year; **Crozer**, of the Menominee Herald[,] was obliged to play himself for a single man and spark a mother’s only eighth daughter for a six months subscription, and we -- well we had to board a subscription of one annum out in advance before getting our man to come to terms at all, and even then he grumbled. The greatest extremity of all, though, was when **Buell**, of the Range, said at last to his man, “**Carney**, I’ll tell you what I’ll do, now, just to show you how bad I want to have the honor of having your name on our list: I’ll let you take my watch chain if you’ll let me take yours, for awhile.” Both chains were gold, but Buell’s chain was the heaviest, and Carney speedily took the paper. The other day the editor being in town, asked Carney if he thought it wasn’t about time to again exchange, and learned to his chagrin that Carney had understood the transaction to have been a fair and legitimate trade and, worse than all, had traded the chain to a third party. So now the editor is trying to get his watch chain, in the face of the awful fact too, that Carney swears if he does get it, he’ll be hanged if he won’t stop the paper.

“How de do, and how are you fixed?” is the very latest at Waucedah.

Old Mr. **Ingalls**’ new butchershop is going up like sixty or a hundred. The old man is beginning to view it with pride.

Aged Mr. **Crowley**, from Marquette, is down here working in the mine, and showing visitors the “gould,” as he calls it.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

He says it aint [*sic*] “iron pirates [*sic*]” be jabbers.

McGraw, the blonde [*sic*] moustached station agent[,] wants to know why a silver mine aint [*sic*] as valuable as a gold mine, since the gold and silver are at par. Won't some one tell him why?

Will Selden, the young civil engineer, comes to town rather often now. He says that he comes to survey. Probably to survey his girl.

Dr. Fortier says they drink each other's health too often to be healthy here in Waucedah.

As the passenger train pulled out from Waucedah Tuesday, bound south, two of a crowd of drunken lumbermen on board started to fight, and the way sober passengers vacated their seats in that coach and ran into the baggage car was more discreet than valiant. After pummeling each other among and seats and burning themselves on the stove, they were finally separated, shook hands, took a drink and washed the blood off their faces.

The discovery of gold and silver at the **Emmett mine** has as yet brought but few visitors here, although it must eventually have the effect to bring them. Some come, get a few specimens, and return the same day, leaving a reputation behind them of being specimen fiends, only.

Judge Ingalls says he believes that diamonds will yet be found at Waucedah, as the lay of the country is just right for them. There are lots of diamonds there now, Judge. They are often discovered with spades, for that matter.

Thos. Breen and **Judge Ingalls** arrived at Waucedah Monday. Thomas remained there, but the judge returned to Menominee the same day. We make mention of the fact merely because they own a gold and silver mine.

VULCAN.

Young **Mr. Fisk**, at the **store**, has recovered from the mumps, after giving them to nearly every girl in town.

Girls are scarce at Vulcan. A hundred not very bad looking girls could get fellows here.

Numbers of jaded men and teams pass through **Vulcan** on their road to Menominee, daily.

William Arnold, Esq., **assistant paymaster**, and **dealer in drugs and medicines, groceries and provisions**, and a dozen other things, reports business lively. William is an enterprising young man, and can hardly number his friends on the hairs of his head.

Capt. Whitehead, who runs the **Vulcan hotel**, began digging close to his house the other day, and it was whispered he was exploring. But it turned out, finally, that he was only digging a well. If he had really been staking a pit, he would have been troubled greatly with water we opine, for he struck that article rich.

Vulcan to Quinnesec:

Aha! my sister, with all your pride,

With all your gold and silver gilding.

I can everlastingly over thee ride,

For you can't get insurance for a single building.

While I, surrounded with hardwood forests green,

Can get insurance at one per cent;

A fire here will ne'er be seen

Until the day of judg-ji-ment.

At the location of the **Norway** and **Cyclops mines**, two miles and a half distant from **Vulcan**[,] a **new school**

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

district is to be set off by the township board and a school established. It will start with about fifth pupils. A selection for teacher has not yet been made, but one will undoubtedly have to be imported, as most of the fellows there are all out of practice in that line.

The **meat market** firm of **Newberry & Jenkins** are **building a meat shop** at the **Cyclops and Norway location**, which will make the folks fleshy around there. The worst we can say of the firm is that they don't subscribe for this family paper.

QUINNESEC.

J.M. Longyear, Esq., agent for the Portage Lake Canal company[,] was in town Tuesday attending to the business of the company and seeing the lumbermen fight.

All the camps of the **Kirby Carpenter company** have broke [*sic – broken*] up, and the men gone to Menominee to work in the mills. About fifty or sixty million feet of logs have been cut. The **Ludington, Wells & Van Schaick company** will do the driving of the Kirby Carpenter company on the Brule and Paint rivers this spring.

The **latest discovery of gold and silver bearing iron ore and quartz is on the Brule river**. The discoverer, who is a reputable party, has had assays made of the rock by **Thomas, of Chicago**, which gives \$14.50 in gold and silver to the ton. He is laying low at present to secure the property.

Proprietors of saloons about town now close them up two hours on Sundays, leaving the back and side

doors open, of course, for the convenience of the family.

About all the men who took the temperance pledge from Rev. Mr. Davis last Sabbath have broken out drinking again. It will be awful here in dry weather.

Mr. W.H. Wicks, shipping and billing clerk at the mine, and head man of the company's store, is rated the best singer in town, at least when all the other singers have a bad cold. He confines himself to hymns.

Capt. Smythe[,] **justice of the peace and carpenter,** says he has numerous orders for buildings to be put up the coming summer, **mostly saloons,** and that the **Norway mill, John O'Callaghan proprietor,** will furnish all the lumber that comes to town. Capt. is a level headed old temperance sufferer.

Ten pounds of hair was cut from the heads of ten lumbermen here the other day, and it wasn't a very close hair cut either that any of them rendered. When washed and strained, lumbermen's hair is good to mix with plaster. It's so long.

J.B. Maas, of Negaunee, was in town this week. He left for home Tuesday, intending to return again when walking was better. He is on the explore as big as a Durham.

In another month it is thought that the town will be full of speculators and prospectors, and the boarding house and saloon keepers expect to make enough out of them to buy their wives and children new clothes all around. How much the speculators and prospectors expect to make out of the saloon and boarding house keepers is not known.

There are more captains in Quinnesec than there are on the great chain of lakes. The term Mr. is not known here.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

The average receipts of our two principal saloons was a hundred dollars a day each last week. We'd just as soon discover a saloon as an iron mine here, with all due respect to the iron mine.

Quinnesec looks forward to a Sunday train on the railroad this summer, but we have it from good authority that there will not be a Sunday train put on.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 560 [Saturday, April 12, 1879], page 8, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

Ingalls, the butcher, has moved into his new store, but he can't take a joke yet.

John McCachran, a man who broke his right leg in two places near the knee and hip, while at work in a lumber camp about two months ago, left for Marinette on foot the other day. It was **Dr. C.A. Fortier** who set the fractures, and that it was done well may be judged from the above facts.

Election passed off quietly, and was held in the old butcher shop. About 125 votes were polled, and the following ticket elected:

Salmon P. Saxton, supervisor; **David R. Gifford**, town clerk; **William E. Ferguson**, town treasurer; **Edward Curran**, commissioner of highways; **William E. Ferguson**, school inspector; **Augustus H. Stanley**, to fill vacancy, justice of the peace; **Salmon P. Saxton**, justice of the peace for four years; **Maurice Canavan**, **Frederick Lampson**, **John B. Rochon**, **Michael O'Connell**, constables; **Michael O'Connell**, overseer of highways.

There were three tickets in the field, but party lines were not drawn.

The saloons were closed fore and aft on election day, and only those who took the precaution to get a bottle filled the evening before were happy.

On Saturday night last a **miner** working alone in the drift in No. 1 opening of the **Breen mine**, where there is considerable water, became so intoxicated with the contents of a bottle he had in his possession, that he laid down on the flat of his back in the water to sleep. When discovered he was unconscious and nearly drowned, a rope having to be fastened about his body so he could be drawn up. It was a narrow escape.

At **Meyer's mill**, about eight miles from here, they have got out about eight million of logs, which number will be apt to keep the mill running to its full capacity for the next two seasons, at least.

VULCAN.

On election day, to **Mr. and Mrs. L. Whitehead**, a **son**, weighing twenty pounds and four drams by a large majority. **Dr. McLeod** well.

The following was the vote at Vulcan, by majorities:

Supervisor, **E. Morcom**, 26; treasurer, **Wm. H. Jenkins**, 127; clerk, **Hugh McLaughlin**, 1; highway commissioner, **Wm. Dickie**, 77; overseer highways, **L. Whitehead**, 30; sup't of schools, **J.B. Knight**, 68; inspector of schools, **R. Brown**, 16; justice of the peace, **Capt. Schwartz**, 134.

When a man is elected overseer of highways and overseer of a newly born

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

son, all in one day, he would live always. Babies born on election day should be allowed to vote.

We fail to get the election returns from **Mulligansville**. We learn that **Mulligan** returned, and that's all.

Next week we will have something to say about the natural resources of Vulcan, the greatest of which just now seems to be the production of big babies.

If Vulcan girls were allowed to vote there would be an awful pile of scratching done at the polls.

An old maid at the Norway wears short dresses. She says she does it because it's so muddy, but there are young fellows around there unkind enough to believe that she is trying to put on the bloom of youth in this way.

Residents of Vulcan are called Vulcanos; and there's generally an upheaval when you call them such, too.

Corner lots are at a discount at Waucedah, there's so many corner loafers.

Miners who work on the night shift at the Quinnesec mine bid one good night when they go to bed for the day. They turn night into day even more so that a loving young couple.

QUINNESEC.

OFFICERS elected at the annual township meeting held in the **township of Breitung** on last election day: Supervisor, **Elisha Murcom** [*sic - Morcom*]; town clerk, **Hugh McLaughlin**; Treasurer, **Wm. H. Jenkins**; commissioner of highways, **William Dickie**; overseer of highways, **Lewis Whitehead**; superintendent of schools, **James H. Knight**; school

inspector, **Roscoe G. Brown**; justice of the peace, **Jerome B. Schwartz**; constables, **John Cumlin, Richard Harris, Richard Roach, Alphonse Surprise**.

It must be remembered that **Vulcan and Quinnesec** are both in the same township, of which each forms a precinct.

We have had considerable to say about Quinnesec as a drinking place lately, but in this way we were only laying the foundation for an article intended to prove that Quinnesec is a lively go-ahead town. For, wherever there's lots of drinking done there you will find business without end. Yes, Quinnesec is the greatest town on the range, possessing natural advantages without number which must some day [*sic – someday*] make it an immense metropolis. The article referred to will appear next week. The foundation has been laid.

The lumbermen have nearly all come and gone.

Servant girls are very scarce here. A string of them could secure work.

The new **Catholic church** will be completed in time for Easter Sunday services as prophesied by our good **Father Fox**. It will no doubt be crowded on the first day.

The rivers hereabouts are rising and driving must soon commence.

The snow has gone,

The mud has dried.

And the corner upon

Stands the loafer – warming his hide.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 562 [Saturday, April 26, 1879], page 8, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

A **new road** is being built from the **Emmett mine** across the swamp to the railroad track, and the floundering of horses in the mire and the profanity of their drivers thereat is the town talk. The dirt for the new road bed is being hauled from the mine. A blacksmith shop will be built about half way on the road.

The woods are full of girls in search of **spruce gum**. An average daily product of about ten or fifteen mouthfulls [*sic*] is being taken out.

Mike O'Connell tried to auction off his horse for potatoes the other day, but only receiving a bid of fifty bushels for the nag and harness, reserved the right to reject any and all bids, with the remark, "Be jabbers, ye mustn't think that an Irishman will do anything for petaties."

The establishing of an **American express office** here is a great convenience and saving of both time and money to our people, besides enabling fathers and mothers to tell their inquisitive Tom or Mary that their new born brother or sister came by express instead of going to the trouble of making them relieve it was found in the woods, as heretofore.

Percy M. Beaser is clerk of the **Emmett mine**, and a nephew of **Capt. Beaser of Ontonagon**, who wouldn't take thirty thousand dollars for his silver stock which afterwards wasn't worth a continental. he is the most popular man in town, and the babies all go to him in preference to their fathers.

Deer in great numbers are seen on the outskirts of Waucedah daily, and the game law abiding man is sorely tried. The RANGER would warn the deer to use more discretion, as we're all liable to err.

As the train arrived at Waucedah Monday it was boarded by officers who arrested one **Eugene Sullivan**, on the authority of a telegram received from **deputy sheriff Hugh McLaughlin**. It appeared that Sullivan had jumped his board bill at **Quinnesec**. He paid the amount required in time to take the gravel train in the evening.

McGraw mourns his sale of the boss corner lot in town to the **O'Connell Bros**. Since the gold and silver discovery he holds the opinion that Waucedah will be the boss town.

VULCAN.

Capt. Whitehead is getting rich by **keeping hotel**, and people ache to trust him and go on his bond as **overseer of highways**.

Dr. McLeod, the **popular physician**, promises us lots of birth notices soon.

The **post-office has been removed from the drug store to the depot building**, where **assistant postmaster Martin Killgallon** can be found to give one and all their love letters.

The side track at the **depot** is being lengthened out for the passage of larger ore trains.

When a Vulcan school boy "goes to the head" it's generally to get a thrashing.

A Vulcan woman has given her neighbors a "piece of her mind" until she has hardly any left for herself. And it is further said that if she goes crazy she'll never come back.

The **Menominee Mining Company** paid off its men in full Thursday, and every one had money for a time.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Mr. Fiske, clerk of the Menominee Mining Company, thinks Vulcan is a great winter resort. Don't know. We never resorted to Vulcan in winter. It may be like the last resort for all we know.

QUINNESEC.

On Thursday of last week Ed. Girzikowsky, jeweler from Ishpeming, gave a satchel containing some some [sic] sixty dollars' worth of jewelry to the bartender at the Quinnesec hotel, telling him to put it behind the bar. The bartender did as directed, not knowing what the satchel contained, of course, and no more was thought about it until next morning, when it was discovered that burglars had broken into the hotel, rifled the money drawer of its contents and stolen the satchel. Officers were immediately notified of the burglary and engaged to work up the case, their efforts resulting in the arrest of the thief at Ford Howard Wednesday last. He was taken to Quinnesec the same day to be identified.

Mr. Wendell, proprietor of the Quinnesec hotel, has given the place into the entire charge of Omer Huff, Esq., an experienced hotel man. The house is first-class in every respect.

The construction of a number of new business houses is soon to be commenced.

Capt. Morcom, of the mine, paid Marinette a visit Saturday, returning home Monday morning. He brought with him a pan used in washing gold, which same was for a man named Gould, who thinks he has found some of the precious metal and wants to wash it.

It is reported that Carney, of Marinette, who owns the forty acres on the north side of the railroad track, will set the property off into a town site. It will make a beautiful one.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 563 [Saturday, May 3, 1879], page 8, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

New quarters for the postoffice are being fitted up by postmaster Gifford in his old boarding house building, next to his hotel. John K. Stack having removed his entire stock of goods out of his store and taken them to Escanaba, left the postoffice alone in the building, and postmaster Gifford becoming lonesome has set to work to fix up new quarters preparatory to removing, after which Stack's store building will be entirely vacant.

Waucedah housewives having a love for the beautiful in nature, may now be seen daily with the sleeves rolled up and sun-bonnets on, making flower gardens. When it comes to making flower gardens Waucedah women have hearts in them as big as canal forties.

A charity ball was given in Waucedah last week, for the benefit of a poor family, at which all, down to the stingiest man and woman, were in attendance. The poor family are [sic – is] poor no more for awhile [sic – a while]. Waucedah people have hearts in them as big as canal forties.

And now the Waucedah maiden meanders forth at sunrise, when the early bird catches the first worm, to pick May flowers for the dinner table or her fellow's

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

button hole. What is prettier than a Waucedah girl picking May flowers! Certainly not a cow eating hay. She stops, stoops, her fairy fingers bend and snap the tender stem of the blossom until a bunch has been picked. Nature furnishes her a string in the shape of trailing arbutus, and this she winds around the slender stems. Then, with her dainty nose buried in the flower buds, she starts for home, her cheeks flushed with the kiss of the morning breezes, her eyes sparkling with the glory of the rising sun -- and her dress bathed in the bright dews of the night. What a picture! Oh, girls, girls, girls.

The **town site** and some of the **principal streets** are full of stumps which ought to be jerked out by the roots or the town officers before the next election day, if they want to serve a second term. The people depend it, especially those who have fallen over the stumps in the dark. Don't let us have to make a stump speech again, town officials.

Timothy Mahon, formerly **station agent** at **Centreville**, has superseded **Mr. McGraw** as station agent here. **Mr. McGraw** goes to the **Ishpeming** office. Timothy is a good man and has the blessing of the RANGER.

Several weeks ago we stated that **D.R. Gifore, Esq.**, was the **first white man who came to Waucedah**. And now arises **John Malloy**, and is just as white as he is. We make the correction so that it will pass into history all right, and our children and our children's children will not be deceived.

"An' wat are ye's doing," asked **Pat O'Connell**, last Saturday, as he stood in front of **John Malloy's** house and watched three or four men working in the cellar underneath. "What are we doing," repeated John: "taking out this stump of course." Patrick joined them and after examining the

stump closely offered to bet five dollars that they wouldn't get it out before night, for it was a huge one and had great roots. John took the bet, and the money was put in a third party's hands. It was agreed by Patrick that John could engage all the help he wanted, and so the latter got half a dozen of the boys and a lot of blasting powder and set to work, but at night, after shoveling, chopping and blasting all day, and searing all the women and children folks, the stump wasn't out and Patrick won. A keg of beer followed.

VULCAN.

Mr. James A. Warren and **Miss Augusta Boyd** were **married** forever and ever, amen, last week, and ere this have begun housekeeping. Jimmy is **Mulligan's** bar-tender [*sic – bartender*], and the way he made the cigars and beer fly among the boys as soon as he began to realize that he was really married was beautiful. They'd like to see Jimmy get married every day, if the young lady had no objections.

Young **Mr. Sloan**, of the **store**, was prostrated with a severe cold in his back several days last week, but is up and around again. It seems that a coolness sprung up between him and his girl, and he turned his back on her and caught cold.

Wallace Manning, our **saloon keeper**, is doing such a big business these days that he sings and whistles all the day long. Wallace's place is **built in the woods**, and people are often lead [*sic - led*] to believe that it's the birds or **Mulligan** that's singing and whistling, but it isn't. It's Wallace.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Fisk has stopped growing, having no further right of way. He's head and shoulders taller than **Capt. Whitehead**, and **Capt.**'s so tall that he has to stoop if he wants to sleep with his head under the bedclothes.

On the outskirts of Vulcan lives a somewhat renowned personage, a saloon-keeper. He is **John Mulligan, the prize fighter**, who has fought as many successful rounds in the ring, probably, as most pugilists, his last fight being with the famous **McAlpin**, at **Menominee**, which was a draw. Mr. Mulligan is a low-sized, heavy-set, round built man, of pleasing appearance and good address. He is a widower, and the father of a boy who is known all over, far and near, as "Mulligan's boy." The boy is his father's pride and joy, and is being well educated at the Vulcan school. "All I have to live for," said Mr. Mulligan to us the other day, "is that boy. When I am dead and gone I want him to be able to say, 'Though my father was a prize fighter he made a man of me.'" And there never was a happier father and son. Though there's no one left to love him but that little boy of his, John Mulligan, the prize fighter, is indeed happy.

The little lakes in and around Vulcan, which swarm with rock and black bass, are now the center of attraction for the Vulcan youths. **Master Whitehead** keeps his father's hotel supplied with fish all summer, and he swims more than he fishes, as a general thing.

QUINNESEC.

The **dry goods firm** of **Harteau & Bebeau**, of **Escanaba**, is **building a large**

store on the lot adjoining Wright Bros. The building will be completed in a few weeks and stocked with a full line of dry goods, clothing, etc.

Harry Kellar, the **Quinnesec hotel burglar**, who was captured at **Marinette** and brought to **Quinnesec**, waived examination before **Judge Smythe**, and was placed under bonds of \$800 for his appearance at the next term of the Menominee circuit court. Not being able to procure the bail, he was taken to the country jail at Menominee Thursday by **deputy sheriff McLaughlin**. Great credit is due **C.L. Wendel**, the proprietor of the hotel, for the great pains and expense which he incurred in ferreting out and securing the arrest of the thief, as he was not a loser by the robbery personally, the loss being that of **Ed. Girzikowsky**, the **Ishpeming jeweler**.

It is whispered that the **McKenna Bros.** will commence the **erection of a commodious hotel** soon.

W.W. Felch, Esq., has begun the **erection of a building 22x36, which will be occupied as a barber shop, restaurant and residence.**

See here **Bill Dickie**, you who was recently elected **highway commissioner** by a large majority, we don't know you personally, but would warn you against **John L. Buell**, the bull-dozer. He's trying to lead you by the nose into the construction of that pet new road of his by his soft-toned flattery. You are an honest man, we know, but bull-dozing is bull-dozing, and John L. Buell is John L. Buell.

Terry Hanley, of **Marquette**, has taken up his residence in Quinnesec, and though he was lonesome the first two or three evenings of his sojourn here, he is now happy and contented. With "Ted.,"

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Quinnesec can boast of the first-class **bartender** and best fellow in the county.

Quinnesec is being built up rapidly. New buildings are springing up all over the town site as if by magic. Not a vacant house in town, but many crowded almost to suffocation. The streets are crowded with visitors, capitalists, prospectors and others, daily. **Quinnesec is the Chicago of the Menominee range, and must eventually be a large and prosperous city.**

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 564 [Saturday, May 10, 1879], page 8, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

The **Emmett mine** pays off on the 15th. inst.

Explorations at the **Breen** have not been renewed as yet, and possibly never will be.

An ore train going north one day last week ran over a porcupine, scattering porcupine quills along the ties for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile.

S.P. Saxton has suspended explorations on the forty adjoining the **Emmett**, but not before striking ore. He will renew work as soon as the swamp dries up a little and a pump is put in.

Preparations are being made for **potato planting** by **Saxton, Gifford, Malloy, O'Connell** and others. A large crop of potatoes will be raised in Waucedah this year.

Wolves, bears and **deer** swarm in the woods around about Waucedah, and are so tame that you can almost pat them with your hand.

And now the May flower droopeth, hangeth its head, withereth and dieth, although May has just commenced. Who'll petition the legislature to change the name of May flowers to April flowers? It's a hollow mockery and a snare to call flowers that come in April and go in May, May flowers.

VULCAN.

The **township road** that **Buell** built is **being repaired all the way from Quinnesec to Vulcan** and back again to **Twin Falls.**

Mulligan had an encounter with a **lynx** on the railroad track the other evening. It wasn't a lynx of bologna, either, but a regular, live, ferocious one. It seems that **Mulligan** was **on his way home from Quinnesec** when he espied the animal in the gray shadows of the evening and gave chase, forgetting for an instant that he wasn't loaded. Lucky for **Mulligan**, the lynx ran and didn't show fight, giving him a chance to remember his unarmed condition and retrace his steps lively.

The woods are full of explorers and prospectors, and reports of new and valuable finds are heard in the land.

About every one you meet has a chunk of iron ore in his pocket, and when he shows it to you and you ask him where he got it, his countenance immediately assumes an expression as mysterious as the great hereafter, and he answers, "Oh, I got it." From this reply you must always infer that he has found the biggest thing on the range, and is trying to keep quiet about it until he can secure the land. Such an inference is very agreeable to some men.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

At **Norway** one day last week to **Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks Knight**, a young son, weighing **nineteen and three-thirds pounds**. The young clerk, superintendent of schools and school assessor is, like his father, an all-fired democrat.

At the **Cyclops mine** last Saturday evening while a young man named **George Taft** was riding one of the switch horses to the barn, at **Norway**, the animal became frightened at a locomotive and ran away, throwing Taft off, striking his head against a stump and breaking his right arm. **Dr. McLeod** was immediately called, under whose skillful treatment Taft is speedily recovering.

QUINNESEC.

The town is chuck full of strangers, and the hotel and boarding houses are filled to overflowing.

Supt. Lindsley, of the **C. & N.W. R'y**, was in town the fore part of the week. He came by special car, and paid a visit to the explorations of **Robert Stephenson** and others on section 25, before returning.

Patrick McKenna, formerly of **Negaunee**, has begun the **erection of a neat residence adjoining his brother's drug store.**

Deputy sheriff Hugh McLaughlin, the "tall sycamore of the range," has commenced the **erection of quite a pretentious frame building, which will be used for a residence.**

The Quinnesec school has now over a hundred pupils in attendance.

"When will the log jam occur at **Quinnesec Falls?**" is the question residents are bored with now by strangers.

We say bored, because residents are tired of telling them that there ain't going to be any log jam at Quinnesec Falls this spring, to the best of their knowledge and belief.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 565 [Saturday, May 17, 1879], page 12, columns 1-4 [The Menominee Ranger]

WAUCEDAH.

Mosquitoes and black flies congregate about Waucedians in the evening and try to steal their remains.

Pat. O'Connell has the handsomest specimen on the range. It is a dark colored piece of rock flaked with bright yellow gold, or what appears to be gold. He bought it from an **Indian** for fifty cents, who says there's a mountain of it located several miles up the **Brule river**, which he will show anyone for the small sum of twenty-five dollars or a bottle of whisky. Here's a chance for specimen fiends.

Another **saloon** has been started in Waucedah. It is located in the basement of **John Malloy's residence** in the rear of the **O'Connell Bros. saloon.**

We were mistaken in saying that a marriage hadn't taken place in Waucedah in a year. About a month ago the boys got to teasing a Frenchman about getting married, and he went right off and hunted up a sharer of his joys and sorrows and was married. Aside from this we weren't mistaken.

Fifty-five men are employed at the **Emmett mine.**

The **gold and silver excitement** has abated somewhat, to the great detriment of the sale of corner lots in Waucedah.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Men are scarce in the town. The owners of the **Emmett mine** had to import men from below the other day.

It is rumored that **Stack's store building** is to be turned into a free and easy **saloon**.

VULCAN.

Vulcanos go fishing nearly every Sunday.

Capt. Whitehead is building a **hen-house in the rear of his hotel**, into which hawks and weasels cannot break and steal. He intends raising his own eggs and spring chickens hereafter.

The **poll-tax collector, Capt. Whitehead**, is heard in the land, trying to make men believe that they have to pay their poll-tax, or work on the streets or go to jail. Men would rather pay dog-tax than poll-tax, as a general thing. The Capt. has collected hardly a dollar as yet.

Dr. McLeod, of the **Menominee Mining Company**, has taken unto himself an assistant in the person of **Dr. J.L. North**, an able **physician and surgeon**, from **Escanaba**. The two will make a strong team, and cheat death out of victims on the Menominee Range. The only chance for people to die down here now is from that terrible disease, old age.

Cores from the **Bullock diamond drill** command a good price among foreigners in Vulcan.

QUINNESEC.

A public meeting was held at **Merchant's hall**, Thursday evening, May 89th, for the purpose of **making arrangements to protect the village against accident by fire**. It was decided to purchase an engine and hose cart.

Dr. C.A. Fortier, of the **Emmett mining company**, has opened up an office in town for the practice of his profession. The doctor is a good physician but doesn't know how to advertise worth a cent.

Patrick McKenna, Esq., left town Wednesday bound for **Negaunee**, whither he goes to **bring his wife and family back with him**. Mr. McKenna is "awfully gone" on Quinnesec.

Deputy sheriff McLaughlin's new residence is nearly completed, and is about as good looking as any in town.

Bob Barclay, the **livery stable man**, is raising a colt, born and bred in Quinnesec, which he thinks will be able to make pretty good time on the township road that **Buell** built, one of these days.

At the rate people are settling in and around Quinnesec we prophesy that it will have a population of two thousand by fall.

Tourists not having enough money to visit the holy land do the next best thing – come to Quinnesec. Quinnesec is a holy land. There are holes everywhere around here where they've been exploring.

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 566 [Saturday, May 24, 1879], page 8, columns 1-3 [The Menominee Ranger]

BOWLERS.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

–And now the miserly idiot, **Crozier**, goes for **Bowlders**. Bowlders doesn't are to notice a miserly idiot.

–Clothes don't make the man, but when it comes to the woman, clothes are a wonderful manufacturer.

–"Bloody mosquitoes," is what Cousin Jacks on the **Menominee range** call them. Pretty near right, you.

–In **Escanaba** when the old folks grumble about a loving young couple sitting up and burning the kerosene, the loving young couple blow the light out and sit up in the dark. They say there's nothing mean about them.

–The men who will go to bed in the next room to you at a hotel and talk together for half an hour or so before going to sleep ought to be made sit up at a wake three nights in succession, with their hands tied behind their backs to prevent them from rubbing their eyes.

–The **Escanaba** young man who "cut another out" with a girl the other evening, stopped laughing and poking himself in the ribs about it pretty rapidly when he ascertained that the fellow he "cut out" was the girl's brother. But he congratulated himself, nevertheless, with the knowledge that there were some fellows who couldn't even do that.

–A **cattle drover** has been down on the **Menominee range** reaping a rich harvest selling cows to the people. He sold the cows for an average of \$40 apiece [*sic*]. At the high price for hay on the range those are pretty dear cows. In fact, cows which can't eat sods, roots, and ground pine and ring a twenty and four pound bell, are a poor investment to a person down here, at any price.

–They have some awful bad boys in **Escanaba**. Probably the sons of some of the infidels there. On a promiscuous board

fence in the town was an advertisement which read "Chew Jackson's Fine Cut and be Happy," and what did those awful bad boys do but convert the letter C in "Cut" into a G. And now the people are horrified as they pass that fence and read the inscription on it.

–It was at **Quinnesec**, on Thursday of last week, the day on which the breaking of the great log jam at the falls was expected to take place, and he had promised two girls that he would take them out and show them the sights. It so happened, however, that he was detained at home on business and couldn't keep his promise, and was obliged to appoint a proxy in the shape of a gallant livery stable man, who vouched for it that he would take the girls without fail. But the livery stable man he, too, was detained on business, business as important as his friend's, and the girls didn't go, and there was a coolness away down below zero between them and the young men. This coolness spread and spread until it sprung up between the young men themselves, and then there was a row. One charged the other with treachery, with intent to make his girl go back on him, and the other charged him with laying awake nights thinking of how little he knew, until the hills, valleys and dales re-echoed with loud talk and threats against life and limb and future happiness. They don't even speak now, and choose the widest street in town in which to meet and pass each other.

–**Bowlders** has been slightly under the weather this week and would ask the forbearance of his readers just once more for the thin appearance of the RANGER.

ESCANABA.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

IT now transpires that the RANGER has been abusing the wrong board about those sandy streets and dirty back yards. The **town board** has no authority in such matters, but rather the **village board**. The village board, therefore, will please consider itself abused.

ONE of the watches stolen from **Svenson's** shop last week, that owned by **Mr. Harteau**, was found under the sidewalk on Tilden avenue by a **little colored girl** named **Handy**, and returned to the owner. A plug of tobacco and a Swede paper was found with it. No clue to the robbers has yet been found. Mr. Harteau rewarded the little colored girl handsomely for her honesty.

AMONG the **lawyers** attending circuit court here are the following from Marquette county: **W.P. Healy, Dan H. Ball, M.H. Crocker, G.W. Hayden** and **F.O. Clark**. We like to see the gentlemen down here very well, but look hopefully forward to the day when the people of Delta county will patronize their own lawyers instead of those of other counties. We should support home talent in this as well as other things.

H. BITTNER, our popular **meat market man**, is coining money like a mint, and is going to buy a safe so that he won't have to put his vest with his money under his pillow when he goes to bed. His meat market is always fully stocked with the best and choicest meats, fish, eggs, butter, and lard, and people know it, and come and spending [*sic*] their money with him. He

has a smile for man, woman and child alike, together with a shake of the hand, and isn't an infidel. He is of the opinion, however, that it's no harm to eat meat during Lent, and neither it is.

WAITING.

Waiting for the beautiful summer days,
And the golden light of a sun that glows,
The warble of birds, the perfume of flowers,
The robins' whistle -- the sweet wild
rose,
Waiting for days with sunshine rife,
As the leaflets fall from the book of life.

Waiting for something that seems a myth,
For sorrow and pain to say good-bye:
And there comes the thought how brief is
life,
When the summer wanes, and the roses
die.
Waiting until re-created as by a magic
hand,
Rejoicing in endless day -- life in the
summer land.

THE RANGER takes pride in presenting to its readers this week the advertisement of **Atkins, McNaughton & Co.**, of the bottomless price **grocery and provision store**, which by the way has just now the biggest run of custom of any establishment in town. Let it be read and pondered over. Their stock of groceries and provisions are fresh and toothsome always, while their assortment of chinaware, queensware, and glassware is the best outside of the manufactory to-day. Besides this, the firm is composed of such enterprising and

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

honest young men that it ought to receive the bulk of the patronage, and as we have said before, does receive it.

BURNS' millinery emporium is now jam full of women and girls all the day long, for Burns has received his spring stock of bonnets, hats, crinolines, skirts, sacques, feathers, scarfs, handkerchiefs, corsets, parasols, switches, waves, ruches, stockings, garters, etc., and they are beauties. All colors, all shades and all description, are to be found in this gorgeous array of female paraphernalia *[sic]*. His stockings, garters and corsets are a complete costume in themselves and shine in the sun. Ladies have no trouble in getting husbands or keeping husbands they have got when dressed in Burns' best. Ready made white clothes a specialty.

FAYETTE. By invitation of **Capt. Joe Colwell** and **A.S. Kitchen**, we boarded the staunch tug "**Joe Harris**," on Friday of last week, and set out to visit the town of Fayette, situated about twenty-five miles across **Bay de Nocquet** from **Esanaba**. A stiff head breeze was blowing, and a woman seated on a box of unadulterated soap on deck was sea-sick, but the gallant little tug made the distance in two hours very easily, arriving in Fayette harbor just as the fireman finished a story he was telling us about the tug beating the **steamer "Welcome"**, in a race on day last summer, and being the fastest boat on the bay. Fayette harbor is wonderfully beautiful and picturesque. A small peninsula, thickly grown over with beech, maple and elm, just out from the main land, hiding from view the docks and location and sheltering from

winds and seas the shipping. On either side of this peninsula a solid limestone shore rises up majestically and almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly sixty feet, casting its grayish tinted shadows for rods out over the waters and lending a halo of romance to the scene. Beyond lies the town and **Jackson Iron Company's** furnaces, in a valley surrounded by green hills and hardwood forests. All a sight for painter or poet. But being neither and very hungry, we lost no time in idle fancy, but sprang on to the dock as soon as the boat touched and made our way to the **Fayette House**, kept by our old friend **Joe Sawbridge**, and partook of a first-class supper, after which we strolled out in company with **J.B. Kitchen, Esq.**, the gentlemanly agent, and **Joe Harris**, the famous founder of the furnace. The furnace was out of blast, No. 1 stack having been shut down for repairs after a run of nine months and six days on a patched hearth, making a daily average of thirty tons of iron, but No. 2 stack, which lay idle during all that time undergoing a slight overhauling, was to be lighted the Monday following our visit. The company have a cupola and make all their own chills and other castings. It also has two crushers and two rotary engines. A railroad seven miles in length runs to **Sag Bay**, and over this is hauled the charcoal from the kilns, and wood thereto, by a locomotive of sufficient power to draw sixteen loaded cars. A steam derrick on the dock has capacity to unload a thousand bushels of coal on bank from the hold of vessels, and a lime kiln adjoining the furnace makes 160 barrels of first-class lime per week from the native lime-stone close by which stone is also used as a "flux" in the furnace. A well equipped *[sic – well-equipped]* machine shop, carpenter shop and blacksmith shop,

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (ABRIDGED VERSION) – NEWS ARTICLES ONLY

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan

from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

the machinery of which is all run by steam from the furnace, are close by. Last though not least is a large general store. Taken all in all, the Jackson Iron Company's furnaces and shops here are the best and most completely equipped of any it has been our good fortune to visit on Lake Superior.

Fayette is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, and has been built up principally by the Jackson Iron Company, which owns nearly all the dwellings occupied by its employes. Joe Harris, the great founder, owns the fastest horse in the place, and **Doc. C.J. Bellows**, the company's physician, the slowest one, while **Doc Budd** has the boss hen to lay. **Bill Wilson** is the biggest contractor, and a side-wiskered man named **Bartley** the handsomest carpenter. This was as far as our observations extended during our short visit of a single day. Our next volume about Fayette will be more complete.