

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (UNABRIDGED VERSION)

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.

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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.

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ESCANABA.

THE snow has almost disappeared from our streets, leaving large pools of water here and there, which is slowly but surely being absorbed by the mud. Nevertheless, the town should have sewers to carry off this water. The only sewers we have now are the tailors and people form the "Soo."

THE firm of **Winegar & Miller**, dealers in cash groceries and provisions, and fresh

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and salt fish, have been appointed to run the Goodrich dock, and are repairing and putting it in first class order. They are regular dockslogers at the business, and know more about it than wise men from the east.

LOUIS STEGMILLER, dealer in jewelry, watches, clocks, silverware, spectacles, etc., is so busy these days that he can't even stop to argue religion with **Gaynor**. The past week he has fitted out about a dozen bridegrooms with watches and an equal number of brides with wedding rings, ear rings, and bracelets, and still they come. Then when this job is over they go to housekeeping, you know, and Louis has to furnish them clocks, castors, cake baskets, and knives and forks, all silver plated, of course, and it keeps him forever on the jump. It is said that a girl here can never be more than a sister to a fellow until he buys her some jewelry at Stegmiller's, and we don't blame the girl either. Love among the roses, and a light in the window for you darling, may be all well enough, but it's nothing compared to jewelry, so far as Escanaba girls are concerned, at least. Louis makes a specialty of repairing jewelry, and is so expert that he can repair it on you if you haven't time to take it off.

THE largest general grocery store and provision dealer in town is **John Semer** -- not in statue [*sic - stature*], but in stock and finances. His place is as attractive as a sunny street corner in spring, and we'd rather go in to see John for nothing than go in and see a fat woman in a circus for twenty-five cents. He is a blonde [*sic*], is John, and has a smile for customer and

visitor alike. The children cry for him, and kiss him for their mothers. With a full and choice stock of groceries and provisions, queensware, glassware, crockery ware and earthen ware, always on hand, and dealing fairly and justly by all, he enjoys a most enviable custom and reputation. It would almost seem that John was sent on this earth to cross all other fellows in love.

AMONG the anti-total prohibitionists in town is **John Walsh**, saloon and boarding house keeper and general good fellow. John is making so much money out of the business that he is down on total prohibition, and says so as freely as **Hiller** says he's an infidel. He keeps a good orderly boarding house and saloon, and thinks there is no harm in it, and neither is there.

WINEGAR & MILLER, the great fish firm of Escanaba, as do all other Upper Peninsula fish men, object to the passage of the "Bill to regulate Lake Fisheries," brought up for the second time before the present congress. The bill is in the interest of a Detroit fish ring which proposes to get a corner on fish by prohibiting all fishing north of 45 parallel, from the 23d of November to the 1st of March, thus giving the ring the inside track by cutting off all fall and winter fishing in those waters, and give them a chance to buy from Canada fisherman who fish all the year round. The bill also provides for the maintenance of a score or more of inspectors at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year each. Most of the present inspectors or commissioners employ their time filling up private and public sporting club ponds with brook trout,

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salmon, etc. It is further proposed by the bill to tax all gill net fishermen the sum of \$10 per annum for every hundred fathom of gill nets used by them, -- or one-third more per annum than the nets are worth! THE MINING JOURNAL thinks that if a bill was introduced to regulate the size of meshes to say 4 1/2 inches, and not allow anything smaller to be used, it would cover the whole ground, viz: the preventing of the slaughter of small fish. The 1 1/2 inch pound nets of Peshtigo reef and up the shore, on Lake Michigan, do more harm than all the gill nets in the lake. It is notorious that there are thousands of packages of No. 3 white fish caught in the nets mentioned every summer that are sold as lake herring, and do not bring more than enough to pay for salt and package. Action will undoubtedly be taken the coming summer to get a just bill passed by congress in this regard, and we think that every fisherman on Green Bay and Lakes Michigan and Superior will endorse a law which will prohibit fishing with nets of small meshes.

EVERY one knows Pool, the florist – old blue-coated **J.A. Pool**, who fought in the rebellion, and had the misfortune not to get wounded and be pensioned off under the old or new bill. Pool's only weakness is flowers, and a love for the beautiful in nature. Well, we visited his mammoth greenhouse here the other day, the greenhouse which is filled and scented with over two thousand different flowers and plants, and the proprietor, has been heralded through the columns of the Prairie Farmer and Vick's Floral Guide until it has become world wide. Heading the list of the vast and beautiful collection in this greenhouse is the world-renowned Century

Plant, "old Agave Americana" 97 years old, followed by an immense number of night-blooming Cereus-es-es, and calla lillies [*sic - lilies*] or lilies [*sic - lilies*] of the Nile, whose fragrance is most sweet and fascinating. New Japanese and variegated ivies, Zonal geraniums (mostly varieties of his own making) monthly and hard roses, attract the olfactories on every side, while Fuchsias, (all new varieties) and new double blackberry plants in full bloom, three inches across the blossom, command the eye and perfume the air one breathes. Mosses and ferns, cactuses and succulents in endless profusion are in this greenhouse of the north. But why dwell? Mr. Pool intents to open up a flower and plant store in Marquette, form the first to the fifteenth of next month, over which his daughter will preside, and where all your people can go and buy almost every variety of plant and flower known to botanists, and at prices far below all other dealers, whether from Chicago or elsewhere. Be ready, therefore; go and smell for yourselves.

WE told **Hiller** that if he wouldn't [*sic - wouldn't*] authorize for the MINING JOURNAL and RANGER for a year we'd call him an infidel in the middle of the page. He only went six months on it and we have to keep our word. But though Hiller is an infidel, a fourteen horse power one at that, he has an unblemished record for honesty and integrity, and it is well earned, too. Would that all so-called charlatans were as honest and upright as he.

DR. MULLIKEN – it's an Irish name but the doctor has been out a long while – reports plenty of births and no deaths. It

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would be a good thing if all doctors could report likewise.

THE good looking **Paul Kelly** is fitting up his saloon in Queen Anne style. The woodwork is being grained and varnished and the walls neatly papered, making the place look as clean and neat as home.

THE old ore dock is undergoing some repairs for the coming summer's shipping. The repairs will be light, however, for the reason that the dock will have to be rebuilt next year, probably, being too low at present to admit of the large-sizes steam and sail craft being loaded advantageously, having been built at a time when such vessels in the trade were not more than half the tonnage. It will be re-built to the height and length of the new ore dock.

THOUGH Escanaba is an infidel town its citizens are most religiously orderly. **Sheriff White** and the marshal haven't made an arrest for so long that they have forgotten almost how it's done, and are aching for a chance to commit it to memory once more. If our people aint [*sic -ain't*] God-fearing they're certainly law-fearing, and it speaks well for our worthy sheriff and marshal that they are.

IT is reported that **Underwood**, the world-renowned infidel lecturer, has been chartered to give a series of lectures in Escanaba in the near future, in view of which **Stack**, **Mead**, **Bebeau** and **Greenhoot** have taken out their second church papers.

—**C.J. HURSEY**, Esq., of Humboldt, was in town last week taking an inventory of the brick contained in the walls of the old **Escanaba furnace**, with a view to their purchase by certain parties. In all probability the purchase of the brick will be made. **Gaynor** says if the certain parties will buy the dwelling houses of the furnace company also, he'll take three or four of them and move them down town, as he has seven lots without houses. Why Mr. Gaynor has seven lots without houses is a mystery.

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 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

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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.

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

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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 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.

Steller [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 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 well acquainted with the theory of the occurrence of the precious metals, and that they are found in the ore in almost fabulously paying quantizes 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,

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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.

BOWLDERS.

—A one page paper ought to pay in a four page range.

—If sin weighs anything, **Gaynor** is the heaviest man in Escanaba.

—The only bay windows that we have here in Escanaba are the windows that face the bay.

—It's strange, but there's a young man in Escanaba who goes Rowing all the live long winter. His girl's name is **Row**.

—When you see a man hold his head so high that he wouldn't stoop going up hill, you can bet your wife's false teeth that his father carried water for a living, and won every time.

—"Whose [sic – Who is] going to be queen of May?" is the question country school children are asking each other. And as they look at the frozen creek and deep snow bank, echo answers "who?"

—It was at Escanaba, during supper at the Ludington house, and they were talking about physical strength. "I tell you what it is," said one. "I'll bet five dollars that I can hold out as many pounds for my weight as

any man in town." "Of course you can," replied the other: "you don't weigh much."

—When big-bug meets big-bug then comes the tug of war. At least that's what **Bowlders** thought when he heard a "big-bug" from Chicago bound out of bed in a room next to his at a Menominee hotel the other night, as he tried to stop the flow of blood and exclaim, "Jehosaphat! Wonder whose snapping turtle has broken loose now?"

—**John McKenna**, of Quinnesec, is loaded. Don't toy with him or show him to your friends as he might go off. The other day John was troubled with a couple of boils on the back of his neck, and a man whom he showed them prescribed several grains of buckshot, to be taken internally. John's blood was out of order, the man said, and this would repair it. John took the shot and has it yet.

—**Gaynor**, of the Ludington house, Escanaba, the greatest unbeliever of them all, who eats meat three times a day during Lent, and doesn't even give the Almighty credit for making the little fishes, is as happy and contented as the father of triplets, as usual. There are some people who say that Gaynor can't talk anything but religion, but he can. We have tried him. Only the other evening we asked, "Mr. Gaynor, what do you think of the Chinese question – do you think the Chinese must go?" "No, I do not," was the answer. "What would our boasted American fourth of July be without the Chinese. No firecrackers, torpedoes, or big fans. Better be without valentines on St. Valentine's day, sir, as true as I am a good man at a fire. They call the Chinese heathens, but they are good infidels and don't believe in clergymen, churches, or –" "That's a nice dog you've got," we interrupted, patting the hotel dog which came snuffing around us. "Yes, and

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the most human dog you ever saw. He's a shepherd dog. The idea of calling clergymen shepherds of the flock! Might as well call all their dogs shepherd dogs even if they were only common curs. This church business is – "Have you any cat?" we interrupted a second time. "Certainly – two," was Mr. Gaynor's reply. "Do you know, I believe the catechism was derived from cats and –" But just here we had to go out and take a man's subscription for the MINING JOURNAL, and didn't hear Mr. Gaynor out. But enough is shown, however, to prove that Mr. Gaynor can talk on a subject other than that of religion. So can **Hiller**, his pupil.

EXPLORATIONS at the **Breen** still continue under the supervision of **Capt. Tobin**, of the Commonwealth. Ore has been found in the first opening and drifting commenced. It is not certain whether the parties conducting the explorations will lease the mine, but it is among the probabilities.

We haven't got fairly established yet – will try and fill this page to the satisfaction of the readers, regularly every week hereafter.

The editor will receive and fill all orders for every description of job printing, at the lowest cash prices.

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

BOWLDERS.

—The widow's mite – might get married.

—When you come to Quinnesec do as Quinnesec does. Get drunk.

—An Escanaba girl calls her fellow a big bear because he hugs her so much.

—There's not an idle man in Quinnesec. All are either working or drinking.

—**Gaynor** wants to know why they don't blame doctors for births as well as deaths.

—The meanest man lives in Quinnesec. He chews his tobacco twice and sells calendars.

—Escanaba has an old maid that is said to have been the first dove that Noah sent out of the ark.

—If the wages of sin is death, please drive the hearse around to the Ludington house and ask for **Gaynor**'s remains.

—The most unpopular song with Escanaba ladies is, "Darling, I am growing old." They don't want to own up to it.

—A young lady at Norway walks in her sleep. She made three quarter miles in three quarter hours, the other night, with fifteen fellows **XXXX** to the mile.

—It was at Escanaba, and they were quarreling: "Old man!" she cried, "if I raise my hand to you you'll be killed by a falling limb, sure!" He paled.

—Jordan is a hard road to travel, but it's a Nicholson pavement compared to the road between Quinnesec and Vulcan when the spring thaw comes, gentle Annie.

—**Gaynor**, the one and only original Escanaba infidel, says that when a man dies that's the last of him. This is a beautiful belief, when viewed in connection with Gaynor.

—The walking mania has reached Escanaba, but we don't hear of any reduction in railroad fare in consequence. It would be a blessing if it would seize some of our corner loafers.

—"No cards!" exclaimed **Curt Lewis**, reading a marriage notice in a local paper,

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the other day, at the Escanaba railway eating house. "No cards! Hang it all, I'll send 'em a pack!" And he did.

—An Irishman's recommendation of **Croser**, of saw-mill fame: "They kin say wat the plase against him, but be jabbers its many the good hard days work I gets out of my friend, Mr. Croser."

—About the only thing in Waucedah in which no pains are spared to make it a success is dentistry. No pains are spared in pulling teeth successfully there. They havent [*sic – haven't*] any regular dentist in the town, you know.

—It was an Irishman who, seeking a job at the **Vulcan** mine, and being asked if he had ever worked on a night shift, answered, "No, but bedad I've seen me wife work on one long enough to know how."

—It is thought that if gold is found in sufficient quantities at the **Emmett** mine to fill teeth cheaply on the Menominee range that the thing will pay. As it is now it costs more to get your teeth filled here than it would cost to visit the hold land, first class passage.

—This is the way they sing it at the Quinnesec, since the roads became so bad:

"Oh, mother may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter;

Walk from Quinnesec to Vulkin [*sic*],
(Hang your clothes above your chin,)

Through the slush and water."

—They have a horse at the **Norway** mine which has driven three drivers to an untimely grave yelling and shouting at him to make him go. The animal is perfectly sound in body and limb yet, and will stand it to be worked another year or more before being put in a livery stable.

—A certain Waucedah man when he goes to Quinnesec and puts up at the hotel, if only for dinner or a drink, repairs to the

register and registers his name with a Mr. attached. It's all right, we suppose, but we can't help thinking what he would do if he only had a title, such as marshal, justice or squire.

—"Mike," called one Irish miner to another, while working in a certain mine on the range one day recently, "go and ask the captain if he thinks them rocks beyant our bids will fall down and kill us?" "An' faith'n I won't," said Mike: "I'll ask him if he thinks they won't fall down and kill us -- that's safer, Pat." The captain said he thought they wouldn't fall down and kill them.

—A man in Escanaba sings it thusly to his better half:

Oh wife, dearest wife, get up, will you now.

The clock on the mantel strikes six:
You said you would like the fires right along,

If I would but the kindling wood fix:
Get up, get up, ah wife, dearest wife, get up.

The fire's gone out and the house is all cold,

And I have been waiting for you--
With poor baby Benny asleep in my arms

So get up and light the fire -- oh do!
Get up, get up, oh wife, dearest wife, get up.

—So far Quinnesec has the prettiest girls of any on the Range, with Waucedah next, and Vulcan bringing up the rear. We actually believe that the pretty girls have made Quinnesec the large place it is, and not the fact of its being the terminus of the railroad. Two-thirds of the travel at Quinnesec is all on account of its pretty girls. Tourists in search of pleasure, and invalids in search of health, all come to see them, and sometimes settle down and stay with them. Quinnesec girls are pretty enough to spread onto bread in place of butter.

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—"You're as good as show," said an Escanaba girl to her enthusiastic lover, the other evening, as he drew closer his chair and endeavored to take her on his lap. "As good as a show," he thoughtfully repeated, "of course I am, and I want you to take a reserved seat where you can see me." And he patted his lap. She did so, but hadn't [*sic*] enjoyed the entertainment long before the stamping of feet was heard and a paternal voice cried out, "Down in front!" The young man says the girl's father didn't let him have a fair show.

— "Pa," pleaded the five year old son of **Capt. Williams**, of the **Cyclops** and **Norway** mines, the other evening, "let me drive a horse and cart in the mine: I want to be a man." "All right," replied his father. "Go and get the lantern and feed and water the horses, rub them down, and sort out and hang up the harness, and have everything ready for the morning." The young hopeful got the lantern, put on his overcoat, and started out, but the cold and darkness was too much for him, apparently, especially the darkness, for he returned in a moment and said, as he set down the lantern and unbuttoned his ulster, "Pa, I guess I'll take the day shift."

— **Bowlders** don't want outsiders to judge how much he is loved in the home of his childhood, Marquette, by the amount of patronage in the way of advertisements he received from the business men for his RANGER. No, outsiders, no. We're thought more of there than five inches and a half worth of advertising, we know we are. But, really, Marquette business men should be more loving to one who knew them when they were boys — helped to nurse them, in fact. You **Watson & Palmer**, **Hotop**, **Neuberger**, and **Westlake & Pronson**, for instance, who don't advertise at all, are the fellows Bowlders is talking to.

Remember that an advertisement in the RANGER is as good, if not better, than a live traveling salesman, and eats and drinks nothing, and has no railroad fare or trade bills to pay.

— When aged Mr. **Nelson**, of Ishpeming, came to Vulcan last week to look over his valuable explorations he brought with him a horse and open buggy, which former was very restless and wouldn't stand without being tied as fast as a bridegroom. "**Whitehead**," said Mr. Nelson, addressing the proprietor of the Vulcan hotel who came out to take the horse to the stable, as he drove up, "Whitehead, do you want to buy a horse? I'll sell this one cheap. I want a horse that will stand." "Well, I don't know as I do," answered Whitehead: "how much do you want for him?" "His weight in board and lodging," was Mr. Nelson's reply. Whitehead smiled and didn't say anything, but Mr. **Brown**, of the mine, who had by this time joined them and heard part of the conversation, asked of Mr. Nelson, "How will you trade for a horse that will stand?" "Even," gladly retuned Nelson. "All right," was the reply. "Come over to the mine and I'll show you my horse, which I warrant to stand."/] They went over and saw the horse, a raw-boned brindle, standing as he never, or hardly ever, stood before, although three drivers grown to powerful lunged manhood, and a small boy, large for his age, were trying to make him go. "See how much he stands," remarked Mr. Brown, turning to Robert. "Yes," rejoined the latter with a merry twinkle of the eyes, "but I guess I won't trade. You see, Brown, I want a horse that I can take with me when I get through here and go home up north. I couldn't remove this one." The trade was called off.

— **Bowlders** has a great faculty for getting into trouble wherever he goes.

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When he was down to Menominee, the other day, soliciting orders for Page's map of Michigan and Wisconsin, for which he is sole agent for the Upper Peninsula, he accidentally wandered over the state line into Marinette, Wisconsin, and, bad luck to it, attempted to sell a map to the man who was agent for the same map there. Of course, explanations followed, and Bowlders didn't sell the map, but got into his own territory as quickly as a heavy heart and loaded conscience would let him. They should make the state line wider and remove the bridge form over it for the safety of map agents. The next row he raised with himself occurred at Quinnesec, when he undertook to see a girl home from church one Sunday evening on the strength of a day's acquaintance. Suffice it to say that her mother was with her, and that the girl wouldn't forsake her parent and cleave to Bowlders, who returned home and contented himself playing with the hotel cat, and thinking of what might have been until bedtime. The third catastrophe -- he might as well make a clean breast of all of them -- was also at Quinnesec, when **Bob. Barclay**, the livery stable man, told him that there was going to be prayer meeting in the evening at the school house. Bowlders, being in a prayerful mood, went, but had no sooner entered the building than he was confronted by a school "marm" and half a dozen mischievous-looking scholars and asked to leave, "as we are only exercising and can't admit an audience." It was in vain that Bowlders told them that he had waded through lots of slush and ten pools of water to attend, and was amply able to pray. They said it was no prayer meeting at all, only school exercises, and that some one had imposed on his religion. Yes, Bowlders has a great faculty for getting into trouble.

ESCANABA.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the MINING JOURNAL may be left with **J.K. Stack**, the christian.

THE ice on the bay is about twenty-two inches thick, and if navigation opens in a month navigation will have all it can do.

THE officers of the C. & N.W. railway company are expected up sometime next week to look over things connected with the road generally.

A BRAKEMAN on the night freight between Green Bay and Escanaba, named **I. Pippin**, had a thumb taken off while the train was passing through Marinette last Monday morning.

HON. **EMIL GLASER**, who has been suffering from a severe cold for some time past, has recovered so far as to be able to get along without his comforter and extra handkerchief.

NOW, then, clean up the streets and alleys and back-yards before we are visited with some pestilence or other in the shape of disease. Dirt, remember, is the hot-house of disease.

CAPTS. **Mitchell** and **Bacon** and Prof. **Charles E. Wright** stopped here on their way to the Menominee range one night this week. Capt. Bacon goes to look over the **Hamilton** and **Merriman** exploration.

WE learn that **F.D. Clark**, Esq., will make a reply to some of the recent utterances of **Underwood**, the infidel, this

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evening, at **Royce's hall**. Mr. Clark is a powerful religion slinger, and has our blessing.

THE ore cars are being repaired and put in readiness for the summer's business. Quite a number of new cars have been built at the shops this winter, to take the place of old worn out ones and to increase the number over those in use last summer.

WHY don't some of our clergy come to the front and give the lie to those infidel lecturers? Why stand they here idle all day when there's work to be done in their Master's vineyard? Oh ye of little faith, can't ye hire a hall and get up and knock the substance out of the arguments of those fellows! What do we pay you for?

PERSONAL – Messrs. **Henry F. Atkinson** and **J.F. Stevens** were in town last week looking over their purchase, the **Escanaba furnace** walls and dwelling houses. They left for home again in time to make April fools of their folks.

F.O. Clarke, Esq., the champion light weight of the Marquette county bar, was in town courting this week.

CONDUCTOR **Michael Houlihan**, of the Menominee Range passenger train, received a gold mounted cap from the company Monday, of this week, and has given his old hat to one of the brakemen. Michael looks well in his new uniform and black moustache, and we expect to see a considerable increase of lady travel on the range this summer.

JOHN DINNEEN, pop manufacturer and saloon and boarding house keeper, is prospering and has just put on another servant girl. His pop goes off like pop goes

the weasel, and is first class in all respects, giving the drinker delightful dreams of home, wife and children, and getting him up in the morning in time for the train. None but John's pop is drank on the Range.

A MAN named **Ericson**, a Swede, while holding drill in the railroad shop, Tuesday, had a hand crushed by a blow from a sledge hammer of one of three strikers. Ericson told the strikers to stop, at the same moment placing his hand on the top of the drill, and receiving a blow from the hammer of one of them, whose hammer was poised for the blow, and was unable to obey the order to stop. The hand was terribly crushed and will probably be disfigured forever.

C.C. Royce, postmaster, exchange banker and druggist, and a man who has handled more valentines than any one, is laying up treasures on earth, these days, even if it is harder for a rich man to enter heaven than for a needle to go through the eye of a camel [sic]. He has a large stock of exchanges, drugs, medicines and stationery that he is doing a wholesale business with, good man.

THE bricks in the walls of the **Escanaba furnace**, together with the dwelling houses at the location, have been purchased by Messrs. **Stevens** and **Atkinson**, of Negaunee, and part of the brick has been sold to outside parties, and the work of removing the houses into town, where they will be sold, begun. The brick is comparatively new, likewise the houses, and all will be sold at a bargain. Look out for their advertisement.

BETTING on the opening of navigation has already commenced. **Miller** has bet

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Bibeau a box of cigars that navigation will be open May first; Prof. Miller bets **Stegmiller** three shirt studs that it will be open May second, and **Mead** bets **Stack** a morning-glory dressing gown, with socks and slippers, that it will be open May fifth, and so on along down to May 10th. It will be open probably before the **Tilden house**.

WHOLESALE merchants of all kinds in Escanaba should advertise in the MINING JOURNAL and MENOMINEE RANGER, to get the trade of the Menominee Range. New business of all kinds will be sure to start upon the range this summer, and Escanaba might furnish a part or the whole of the stocks as well as not. Remember that we have the largest paying circulation of any paper on the range, and over twice the circulation of any other paper in the Upper Peninsula.

DR. MILLIKEN furnishes us these returns, and there's no going behind them: On the 27th ult., to Mr. and Mrs. **Samuel Bridges**, a nine and a half pound daughter; on the 25th ult., to Mr. and Mrs. **Patrick Connell** a nine and a half pound daughter; on the 29th ult., to Mr. and Mrs. **Baptiste Gilbault**[,] a two and a half pound daughter. And he would ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

ON Saturday night, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night last, **Underwood**, the world renowned infidel, lectured to good sized audiences in **Royce's Hall** on subjects which becometh a good unbeliever. He's a terror to the foe, is Underwood, being the most logical reasoner on the stage. But who is there who can't argue logically either for or against religion! Certainly none. Even **Gaynor, Hiller and Pool** can. Underwood

received twenty dollars a lecture here, the amount being subscribed by the prominent infidels of the place, among them is **Curt Lewis** – at least we heard Gaynor ask Curt if he would give ten dollars towards bringing Underwood to the town, and heard Curt answer, yes, more than that."

IT has come out at last – the cause of **Hiller** and **Gaynor** being infidels. You remember, **Swineford**, when the lamented **Col. B.F.H. Lynn**, the talented editor and aeronaut, was giving lectures on ballooning in the Lake Superior country, during the time he was on the MINING JOURNAL staff. He came to Escanaba and asked permission to use a church here for that purpose. Hiller and Gaynor, who were then members of the church referred to, or at least owned a pew in it, sought out the trustees, presented the colonel's request and asked them to grant it. For some reason the trustees refused, and the colonel was obliged to postpone his lecture and eventually give it up entirely in consequence. Ever since then his friends, Hiller and Gaynor[,] have been infidels in some way.

THE other day a man called at the Northwestern express office and asked of the official in charge: "Is it true what I read in the papers about them sending children by express?" "Yes, I guess so," was the answer. "Can they send grown people?" "Yes." "Well, I want to go to Chicago, C.O.D. My brother will call for me and pay charges and take me out when I get there." "All right," replied the agent. "Just sit down here until I wrap and tie you up in a bundle and label you." But you'll put in something for me to eat and drink?" queried the man looking alarmed. "No -- express matter doesn't eat or drink." "Then I guess I won't

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go that way," said the man: "I would want to live until I was sold for unclaimed goods, anyway. Here goes for a walking match," and he was gone.

RICHARD DODGE, of Irish descent, and a Frenchman of unpronounceable name, are practicing over **English's livery stable** for a walk of a hundred miles for a purse of one hundred dollars, in the near future. They practice four hours each day, two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. Dodge, who is timed, has made as high as seven miles an hour, while the Frenchman, who objects to his score being kept, is thought to do equally as well, if not better. The Frenchman, we believe, claims to have walked with a woman at Rochester, N.Y., who offered him one hundred dollars if he would walk along side of her for one hundred miles, only eighty-five miles of which he was able to make. The men's friends will raise the purse of \$100 for them when they are ready to walk the match, expecting to get back at least double the amount of money by charging an admission fee to the entertainment.

POLICE COURT. – "Whoop la! two forties on 'er Menominee range with two tons of gold and silver to 'er ton of iron on 'em!" he yelled, as **Sheriff White** brought him in to the police court and leaned him up against the desk behind which his honor, **Judge Glaser**, was presiding with his spectacles on. "Silence!" roared his honor, as he looked up and beheld the prisoner. "Officer, what's the charge?" "Drunk," answered the officer. "With (hic) intent to be drunker," chimed in the prisoner. "Name?" queried the judge. "Goldand silver **Charles**." "Well, gold and silver Charles, I fine you five dollars and cost, in default of the payment of which we'll send you to jail

for five days." "Judge, don't be too hard on an 'er prospector," put in the prisoner, half realizing his position; "don't be too hard, judge – I've been to 'er great expense explor—" "Well you won't be be [sic] to any more expense for the next five days, at least, interrupted his honor; "gather him in, officer." The man kicked, and offered this officer a quarter interest in both forties if he would let him go, but the pooler couldn't be bribed.

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

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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. He says it aint [sic] "iron pirates [sic]" be jabbers.

McGraw, the blonde [sic – blond] moustached station agent[,] wants to know why a silver mine aint [sic – ain't] 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.

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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 everlastinglly 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 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 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 form **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.

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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.

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 C. & N.W. R'y management will put a switch engine on the road early in the season, for the benefit of the various mines, as occasion may require.

JACK ARMSTRONG, the veteran explorer, who has been at work near the **Cyclops** and **Norway** for some time past, has been compelled to suspend work, owing to the superabundance of water; he has, however, started a number of pet pits "higher up the hill."

CURRY & SWIFT have suspended explorations, having succeeded in developing what they believe is an extensive and valuable deposit of very fine

ore. Their next move will be the commencement of active mining operations, preparatory to which a branch railway track 1000 feet in length must be secured.

VULCAN – Explorations at the Vulcan, west of the main pit, near the **Curry** tract, under the supervision of **Capt. Schwartz**, have revealed a large deposit of first-class ore, in which a shaft has been commenced. The company have purchased a Diamond drill which will be used in the exploration of new ground.

THE QUINNESEC – The new engine house will be completed in about a fortnight, when the new hoisting machinery manufactured at the **Iron Bay foundry**, Marquette, will be put in motion. About 110 men are employed, the average daily product being about 130 tons. Considerable sinking and drifting is being done, and the indications now point unerringly to a well defined and continuous vein. The force will be considerably increased about the first of May, the company having a call for all the Quinnesec ore it will be possible to raise the present year.

CYCLOPS AND NORWAY MINES – At the Cyclops a new engine house 20x30 is being erected, and will be completed in the course of three weeks, the machinery for which has already arrived. At No. 2 shaft about 200 tons of ore have been taken out altogether. A drift is being driven from the bottom of No. 1 to No. 2, a distance of 200 feet of which 150 feet all the way in good ore has been completed. No. 1 is a large open pit, the bottom of which has reached a depth of 90 feet. The daily average product of the mine is about two hundred tons, with something like 18,000 tons in the stock pile.

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About 70 men are employed, but the number will be increased as soon as the shipping season opens. New pockets are being erected at No. 2 opening.

At the Norway No. 1 shaft is being carried down 40 feet through the ore, at which depth a crosscut will be made to the south. In the expectation of again striking the ore at a distance of not more than twenty feet. All the pits, 1, 2, and 3, are looking well, the daily average product being about 150 tons. At No. 3 the ore lies at so great an elevation that a "drop track" with a grade of 12 feet to the hundred will be built to connect with the main track, the cars upon which will be propelled by means of a drum – the loaded cars descending being sufficient to draw the empty ones up the incline. About fifty or sixty men are employed, but the force will doubtless be increased at an early day. About 11,000 tons in stock piles.

Capt. T.W. Williams, who is in charge of the operations at the mines, is evidently the right man in the right place, while **J. Brooks Knight**, the clerk, is certainly a most competent official as well as agreeable gentleman.

OUR PATRONS.

If you have any legal business to transact in the Marquette circuit, and require the services of an attorney, you will find **F.O. Clark**, Esq., honest and reliable. He is one of the rising attorneys of the state, and is certainly the peer of any in his profession in the Upper Peninsula.

Jas. Dwyer & Co., wholesale and retail liquor dealers, and importers of choice wines and cigars, Marquette, solicit the trade of the Menominee Range, and the RANGER most cordially commends them to

the favorable attention of all who want anything in their line. When **Thomas**, the junior partner of the concern, comes down here and makes the acquaintance of our people, they'll love him, we know -- and he can't come any too soon.

Rothschild & Bending, the old reliable wholesale liquor, cigar and tobacco dealers, Marquette, make known their business through the columns of the RANGER. Their's [sic – *Theirs*] is certainly one of the most reliable houses in the Upper Peninsula, and the gentlemen composing the firm among the most liberal, upright and honest of its citizens. We don't advise anyone to take kindly to anything stronger than hot coffee, but if they will drink whisky they should by all means send to R. & B. for a supply of their choice Keystone and Cabinet brands, which are the best and purest in the market.

Mathews & Longyear, Marquette, have 150,000 acres of land in the Menominee district for sale or lease, and do a general real estate business. Their card will be found in another place.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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BOWLDERS.

—**Gibbs**, of Escanaba, is going to have a dog race.

—The corner loafer now calculates the distance of the sun from the earth.

—A Quinnesec girl is named **Club**. She is safe, even if she has "naught but her name to defend her."

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—If old age is honorable, there are some of the most honorable girls in Escanaba we ever saw.

—**Ex-sheriff Oliver**, of Delta county, wants it distinctly understood that he's not a relative of the Widow's.

—The first copper plating done in Escanaba was by the process of passing the plate around in church.

—It's now that the careful housewife shakes the can to her ear, and offers to bet the servant girl "That these oysters are bad in 'ere."

—In spite of eating fish three times a day, there are some people in Escanaba who do not believe in a supreme ruler of the universe.

—They say that **I.A. Pool**, Escanaba, is the most flowery speaker in the town. He keeps a green house and is always talking about flowers.

—An Escanaba man cried when his mother-in-law died, the other day. Yes, actually cried. There are some people who cry for joy, you know.

—**Bowlders** has received several invitations to visit the sugar bush near Escanaba, but really, girls, there's no need of it; he's sweet enough now.

—If you want to see a person engage in a job in a roundabout way watch a fellow undertake to see his girl home these fine moonlight evenings.

—**Swineford**, because our RANGER is on the back side of your paper, they call us the editor in the rear of the MINING JOURNAL. Please change it to the temperance page.

—'Twas at Escanaba, and William called at her parental mansion at noon to ask her if she would go to the lecture in the evening. She said yes, but her mother said no; making it rather uncertain for the young fellow, who stood with cap in hand in doubt

whether to call in the evening or not. But he was relieved of all doubt when the girl whispered in his ear, "Never mind the old woman; where there's a will there's a way." In the evening there was a Will, and the way was through the back door, on tip-toe, across lots.

—**Curt Lewis**, of the **Escanaba railway eating house**, has one thousand bushels of potatoes in his cellar for sale, and it's interesting to hear him talk this fruit of Erin up to some of the boarding house landladies. "Are they good," asks she. "Splendid," answers he; "dry, mealy[,] spongy and flowery." "How much are they worth?" "There's no estimating it, madam, but I sell 'em for ninety cents." "Are they good for seed?" "Never was better they increase and multiply the earth, and don't need any fence around them." "I'll take eight bushels," says she. "Eight bushels," asks he. "Eight bushels," answers she. "Its [sic] your own sweet self that shall have 'em," says he.

—They tell a good story on **Stegmiller**, the Escanaba jeweler. Stegmiller boards at the **Ludington house**, but sleeps at his store, and so one evening a couple of the boys called out "Steg," as they call him, and while one of them engaged his attention in conversation the other set all the alarm clocks in the store so that the first would go off at 2 o'clock, and the balance at intervals of every quarter hour thereafter that night. They were spring alarm clocks, and couldn't be stopped, and the night of terror that Stegmiller spent can't [sic – can't] be described except by a picture. He said it were better that a mill stone be tied about their necks, and they be ground into flour, than that they should set those alarm clocks again.

—In the early days of nitro-glycerine [sic – nitroglycerine] an agent for the

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introduction and sale of the explosive tarried at the **Ludington house**, Escanaba, for a few days while on his way to visit the mines of Marquette county. He brought with him a small bottle full of the nitro-glycerine [*sic – nitroglycerine*] as a sample, which he exhibited to **Gaynor**, the proprietor of the house, telling him of its wonderful power as an explosive, and assuring him that it was bound to supersede faith in moving mountains. Gaynor didn't believe it, and told the agent so, whereupon the latter said he would prove it. "Have you any place," he asked, "in which I can touch of [*sic – off*] this nitro-glycerine [*sic – nitroglycerine*?]" "You can touch it right off here in the office," answered Gaynor carelessly. "Good gracious man, what are you talking about?" replied the agent, "it would wreck the place entirely." Just to oblige him, then, Gaynor led the way to a small blacksmith shop which stood in the yard; the agent put a single drop of the nitro-glycerine [*sic – nitroglycerine*] on the anvil and taking a sledge hammer in hand, raised it above his head, said, "stand back, Mr. Gaynor!" and brought it down on the drip of fluid. There was a crack as if something had been struck by lightning, followed by a report of thunder sound, the sledge hammer shot up through the roof and shingles, clapboards and smut and dust fell thick and promiscuously about the heads of the men. "Lord of hosts!" shrieked Gaynor, as he rushed out of the building with the energy and enterprise of a man going to a conflagration. The agent called after him to know if he was convinced? "Yes," was the answer of Gaynor; "and convinced, also, that you won't spend another minute in my house until you have buried that bottle. Why, you villain, you might have blown us all into eternity alive with that stuff of yours!"

The agent sunk the bottle in the well until he was ready to take his departure.

ESCANABA.

SUPT. LINSLEY took a trip to the Menominee range Tuesday.

TIMMS has got a new barber, **Douglass Underwood** by name, although no relation to Underwood, the infidel. He's an expert at the business, nearly as good as Timms, who is rated as the best in Upper Michigan. Timms' is now a double O.K. shop.

SEVERAL shots were fired during a row in one of our saloons the other night, but no one was injured, the shootist being too drunk to take good aim. He was arrested and jailed, after kicking one of his boots off and skinning the officer's knee.

WINEGAR & MILLAR'S fishing tugs, the **Ben Drake** and **J.N. Brooks**, are expected here at this port from Milwaukee in about two weeks, ice permitting. They will probably open navigation here in time for Millar to win a box of cigars he has bet with **Harteau** on the opening of navigation on the first of May.

ON Tuesday morning news reached here of a most daring burglary of the depot at the **Menominee River Junction**, located about twenty-seven miles below Escanaba. Entrance was made through the window, the money drawer broken open, and five cents, forty tickets to Marinette, and a Havana filled cigar stolen. The thieves, in their hurry, left several tickets on the floor. No clue to the burglars has yet been found. The tickets taken are of no value to them as they are not stamped. The cigar was of

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considerable value, being the only good one in the place.

THE Escanaba Rifle club, thirteen in number, received new breech loading rifles the other day and turned out Tuesday afternoon to try them at long range, eight hundred yards. People who had valuable cows, horses, dogs and small boys running at large, were given due notice, and put them under cover. No accident occurred further than that **Hiller** and **Mead** hit the mark.

Following is the ticket elected in Escanaba: Supervisor, **Charles E. Brotherton**; township treasurer, **Alexander M. Sutherland**; township clerk, **John B. Hamacher**; justice of the peace, **Emil Glaser**; commissioner of highways, **Owen Cleary**; township superintendent of schools, **James H. Tracy**; scaler of weights and measures, **Jay Gibbs**; constables, **Henry McFall**, **Jerry Benan**, **Frank E. Bacon**, **Richard Malone**. The day passed off quietly although there was considerable opposition in the field. Not an infidel was elected.

AN Indian was found dead alongside the railroad track, about three miles below here, last Sunday morning, and brought to town the same day, when an inquest was held, which resulted in very little more than a verdict that the Indian was dead, sure. Since then, however, suspicions of foul play have been around from the fact that the Indian left Escanaba in company with another Indian late Saturday night, and had a cut on the head when found, which was thought, at the time of the coroner's inquest, to have been the result of a fall. It is further said that his companion cannot be found.

THE one hundred mile walking match between the Frenchman and Irishman, **Peter Riendien** and **Richard Dodge**, for a purse of \$100 began Thursday forenoon, at 10 o'clock, at **Elliot's hall**, witnessed by a large crowd of people who wanted to make sure that the fools were not all dead yet. The men have to make the distance in twenty-four hours or less for either one to win. An admission fee of twenty-five and fifty cents is being charged. We go to press too early to give the result of the contest, but full particulars may be looked for next week.

ON Tuesday evening the lights in **Royce's hall** were set ablaze, the chairs arranged, and ushers appointed for a lecture to be delivered by **F.D. Clark**, which was to be in response to some of the recent utterances of **Underwood**, the talented infidel. The lecture had been well advertised in the papers and by hand bills circulated throughout the town, and it was thought that this added to the gentleman's great popularity both as a lecturer and a harness and saddle maker, together with the low price of ten cents admission, would insure a large attendance. But nothing is certain since the panic. When the gentleman appeared upon the rostrum there were only ten filled chairs in the hall, and six of these were occupied by the three infidels, **Hiller**, **Gaynor** and **Curt Lewis**. In view of this, therefore, Mr. Clark announced that he would not lecture, and instructed the young man selling tickets at the door to refund the audience its money. It was a narrow escape for Underwood, nevertheless.

EASTER.

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Shine forth, O golden sun!
Bloom ye flowers of spring!
Offer up your swee'est fragrance
Unto the risen King!
Snowy lilies, starry jasmine, emblems
Of our love for Him,
O'er the cold earth, Easter morn,
Your rich odors fling!
For Christ has risen, as He said,
From the kingdom of the dead.

Shine forth, O golden sun
As on that easter [sic] day
When Mary at her Savior's tomb
Would fain her offerings lay!
Perfumed spices, precious ointments,
tokens
Of unceasing love.
Rome closed the tomb with stone and seal,
But lo, the stone is roll'd away!
And Christ has risen, as He said[,]
From the kingdom of the dead.

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.**

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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 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 [*sic – there are*] 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 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 following are the names of officers elected in **Spalding township**: supervisor, **G.H. Haggerson**; town clerk, **J.H. Kern**;

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treasurer, **S.A. McGraw**; commissioner of highways, **James Mordaunt**; justice of the peace to fill vacancy, **Norvel Nightingale**; supt. schools, **Patrick Hanlon**; school inspector, **F.M. Kettleson**; overseer of highways, **A. Sipchen**; constables, **Antoine Laurey, Lewis J. Esler, W.D. Lawrence, Michael Brown.**

A MEDLEY.

Listen to the welcome sound of the dinner bell
Assembling the boarders at **Ludington hotel!**

There they sit in goodly array.
Fairer than flowery meads in May.
At the festal board is seen, **Tom Linsley's** golden head,
As he says, in dulcet accents, "please pass the bread."

Louis Stegmiller, the German duke is near
--

Louis believes in Bismark and good lager beer;

There also is **Miller** of piscatorial fame,
Who is no common miller, for Miller is his name.

And Miller number two, who would be a pillar
In an orthodox church, were it not for Hiller;

Professor Miller no longer here repineth,
He no hath gone where the woodbine twineth.

Here, too, we see always *comme il faut*,
Escanaba's first merchant, **Sam Harteau**.

Saying *s'il vous plait un verre d'eau*,
To his friend and partner, Mr. **Bebeau**.
Trying to see the point of Van's last pun,
Is our spiritual guide, Mr. **Emerson**.

Ah! we had nearly forgotten to reckon in
That originator of mischief, that founder of sin,

Who makes night hideous with uproarious din,
The landlord's torment, **Donald Philbin**.
And **Dr. North**, who attends physical ills,
Supplying frail nature with powders and pills.
Mr. **Welsh** industriously manufactures weather,
Judiciously mingling good and bad together.
Here also is George, noted for blushes,
Who believes not in Moses nor in the bulrushes [*sic*];
And jolly **Van Cleve**, who never repines,
But always makes **Hay** while the sun shines,
And thinks the best thing in **Meredith's** books
Is that civilized men cannot live without cooks.

A DAILY average of about one hundred tons of first-class ore is being taken out at the **Vulcan mine**. Over forty thousand tons are now in stock piles.

MR. **BURT**, one of the railway company's civil engineers, is engaged in surveying a route for a side track to be laid to **Swift and Curry's mine**. The distance is about 1,000 feet.

THE Maas and Wendel explorations on sec. 2, look favorable to the discovery of ore in a short time.

EXPLORATIONS with the Diamond drill, recently purchased by the **Menominee mining company**, were commenced this week near the **Vulcan mine** proper. Some difficulty is experienced in getting a core at present, but it will be overcome in time. Coal instead of wood has been found necessary to generate a sufficient quantity of steam to work the drill advantageously.

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SPECIMENS of what would seem to be a hard steel ore, taken from the **Hamilton and Merryman explorations**, near the Norway mine, are on exhibition at superintendent **Linsley's** office, Escanaba, and are very fine, being very similar to the hard ores of the Marquette range. We have visited the ground as yet, but will do so next week and give the facts in detail.

ONE thousand feet east of the **Emmett mine S.P. Saxton** is carrying on a series of explorations with good indications, although no ore has been found as yet. Twelve pits have been sunk, the deepest of which is twenty-five feet, and in two of these the sand rock has been struck at depths of eighteen and twenty-five feet respectively. It would seem from the proximity of these explorations to the Emmett mine that a large body of ore must eventually be found.

THE EMMETT. – The removal of the old pumping machinery preparatory to the putting in of the new, last Saturday, caused a suspension of work and the flooding of the mine. The new machinery is expected to be put in operation to-day (Saturday), and the mine will be pumped out so that work can be resumed in two or three days thereafter. There is nothing new concerning the discovery of gold and silver. The owners are still confident of the great value of the find, and, as reported last week, will purchase a small stamp mill of three-quarter tons per day capacity, and make a practical test of three or four tons of the yellow ochre and blue hematite iron ores, in which the gold and silver is prevalent. As a further proof of the sincerity of the owner's belief in the great value of

the discovery, we have it from them that the mine, nor any part thereof, is not for sale at any price as an iron mine.

THE McKENNA MINE. – On section 32, town 30, range 40, about two miles westward from Quinnesec, on the line of the proposed extension of the Menominee range railroad, is the McKenna mine, or rather explorations, where an apparently large body of soft blue specular ore, of the same variety as the Quinnesec and a large vein of hard slate ore, similar to that of the Marquette range, have been found. The soft ore is found in pit No. 1 on the southwest quarter and, though it would seem almost incredulous, is over fifty-seven yards in width of stratification. The show of ore is fabulous, and the mine only awaits the extension of the railroad to be worked. That the road will be extended, and a side track built to this mine this summer[,] would seem certain, as the grade would be extremely light and the shipments heavy.

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BOWLDERS.

—A **Vulcan** girl can climb a tree – but can't get down again without jumping.

—Maple wax has taken the place of gum for awhile with **Quinnesec** maidens.

—**Buell** has new roads on the brain. He has lots of room for them there, too.

—**Crozier** says **Menominee** girls are pretty. He probably means pretty homely.

—I cannot tell a lie. — **George Washington**. Hold on! I'm a-coming! — **John L. Buell**.

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—**Escanaba** girls have to “get up and dust” every now and again during the days of summer, it’s so sandy.

—**Curt Lewis**, at the **Escanaba railway eating house**, claims to have the first “two of a kind” that Noah took into the ark.

—“The boys in blue” may be seen daily in the railroad yard and shops at **Escanaba** — the boys in blue overall’s [*sic - overalls*] and jackets.

—**Capt. Williams**, of the **Cyclops** and **Norway** mines, said one side of Buell’s paper is all alike, and the other is just the same.

—They have only one good dog at **Waucedah** out of about a hundred, but this doesn’t matter much, as everyone thinks they have him.

—**Gaynor** wants a cook. He says he’ll pay one what he or she is worth. Most cooks in **Escanaba** would starve to death on those wages.

—When a young man becomes addicted to Lakeside novels and black cats it is conclusive evidence of disappointed affection or — dyspepsia.

—**Buell**, of the **Menominee Range**, thinks he’s as good as Moses, but has no further proof for it than that he can break all the commandments at once.

—**Curt Lewis**, at **Escanaba**, has several hundred cords of wood for sale, the ashes of which is [*sic*] said to be excellent for making lye — Curt lies so much about the wood.

—If **Buell** would only build a road that would take him out of town forever, the people of **Quinnesec** and the whole **Menominee range** could well afford to pay the taxes incurred.

—These are the fine evenings when young fellows and their girls at **Vulcan** take a moonlight ramble, and the man in the

moon modestly closes his eyes and ears while the moon is passing over their heads.

—“Let me taste of the sweet nectar from your lips,” said a **Quinnesec** young lover to his sweetheart the other evening. And when she wouldn’t let him he did the next best thing — went and tasted a pail of Maple sap.

—’Twas at **Escanaba**, and she was playing the piano and singing that beautiful melody, “Will you love me when I’m old” etc., when a street arab [*sic - Arab*] shouted through the window, “Twill have to be love at first sight old gal, sure.” And the way she stopped that song and piano would have done credit to a Westinghouse air brake for suddenness.

—**Bowlers** failed to notice last week that **John L. Buell**, editor and proprietor of the **Menominee Range**, was a candidate for commissioner of highways. In fact, Bowlders didn’t know anything about it even before or even after the election. But he was a candidate, they say. Judging from the number of votes he received, he must have been a candidate on a total prohibition ticket.

—**Buell** claims to be the workingmen’s friend, and besides building useless pleasure roads and imposing burden-some taxes on the workingmen, he is known to have told one of them in his employ at **Menominee**, several years ago, *never to speak to him on the street, as he didn’t allow his hired help to address him in public!* If there are any of the three or four men who voted for Buell on last election who doubt this assertion, the man who makes it can be interviewed at **Vulcan** any time. Pretty workingmen’s friend that! Again, when they managed to elect him to the office of commissioner of highways by a miracle last year, and he went around and found a workingman who hadn’t voted for

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him on that ill-fated day, he would go to their foreman or superintendent and say, "There's a man who didn't vote for me," adding with the very suggestive remark, "Attend to him." Oh, yes; John L. is the workingmen's friend – on election day.

–The young man and woman of **Escanaba** who pass as man and wife whenever they chance to go out of town will never do so any more. They went up to **Flat rock [sic]** to visit the lone bachelor Burns, the other evening, to whom they introduced themselves as man and wife. Burns fell an easy victim to the joke, and it was just more than glorious fun., you know, for the young couple. But when a storm came on and they could not return home that evening, as they had expected, a terrible dilemma presented itself -- especially so when Burns insisted on their occupying his bed, the only one in the house, he making a shakedown for himself beside the stove. The young man looked at the young lady and the young lady looked at the young man. Both blushed, winced and squirmed under each other's gaze. It was evident, though, that the young man was strong, and the young lady weak. After many lame excuses and considerable embarrassment they at last convinced Burns that they weren't married at all – were only joking, in fact – and the girl was allowed to occupy the bed, while the young fellow and Burns slept on the shakedown by the stove.

–**Buell**, editor and proprietor of the **Menominee Range**, after publishing a lot of innocent nonsense taken from this **Boulders** column, says if there's any individual or interest on the range that has not been insulted or misrepresented by said nonsense, he would like to hear from them, or foolishness to that effect. This is but the last whine of a man beat over three to one

for the office of highway commissioner. He had to whine at some one and we were the farthest away. We'd be sorry, very sorry, to misrepresent the interests of the range as John L. has, in the single matter of mining explorations for instance. He has explored more and found less than any five men on the range, and this fact, when viewed in connection with his boast that he's the best explorer on the range, has hurt the new Eldorado more than people would at first think. For, if "the best explorer on the range" couldn't find iron ore after digging up half the country, undermining a stable, and sinking a dozen expensive wells, capitalists were not very apt to invest, that is if they really believed he was "the best explorer on the range." Yes, John L. has misrepresented this one interest of the range more by his explorations than we have all the others by our nonsense.

–**Gaynor**, proprietor of the **Ludington house, Escanaba**, one of the oldest hotel men on Lake Superior, has had, perhaps, as many trials and tribulations to bear up under as most of men. He finds but little relief in prayer, being an infidel, and generally resorts to emphasis instead. Now there was a fellow styling himself **Signor Glitz**, a showman, who put up at the Ludington house with his troupe, which last consisted of himself, a live rabbit and a stuffed rabbit. He was a sleight of hand performer, an expert at the business, and soon won the heart of Gaynor, the proprietor, who set him down as a great scientist because of his dexterity in sleight-of-hand movements. The Signor could swallow one or both rabbits, apparently, and take them out at his knees and elbows before Gaynor's eyes, and the latter being unable to detect a single flaw or fault in the whole operation, would look on the sleight-of-hand artist as the noblest work of nature,

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and applaud and encore him loudly. Other and as great tricks could the signor do. But though he was the wonder and won the admiration of the landlord he did not win it of the majority of the people in the town, and the consequence was that the signor's entertainments did not pay hall rent, so that when he came to leave he could not pay his hotel bill and was obliged to leave his rabbits with the landlord as security for the amount -- some ten dollars. This had the effect to show the true character of the showman to Gaynor, who argued now with himself that he, the signor, was neither a great scientist nor one of the noblest works of nature. But he took the rabbits as security, nevertheless, and when the stuffed one was torn to pieces by the cat and the live one ran under the hotel and died -- because he wasn't stuffed, too -- Gaynor was truly sorry, and sincerely mourned their loss. The next trouble he had in the capacity of landlord of a Lake Superior hotel was during this winter when the **Haywood Brothers**, dancers and singers, stopped at his place and gave him complimentary tickets for their full series of three nights entertainment, for all of which he thanked them kindly, but cursed them profoundly when at the wind up of their sojourn they couldn't foot their hotel bill without charging him one dollar apiece for the "complimentaries." No wonder that the guest at the Ludington house now sees posted up in every conspicuous nook and corner the following rules and by-laws of the house:

NOTICE TO INFIDELES AND OTHERS:

Guests unaccompanied by baggage
must pay in advance.

THE WIDOW'S MITE NOT TAKEN HERE.

The proprietor reserves the right to reject any and all rabbits and complimentary tickets to shows.

THE LORD HELP YOU, FOR I WON'T.

Given under my hand, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, St. Patrick's day, A.D. 1879. E. GAYNOR, Infidel No. 1.

ESCANABA.

JOHN SIPCHEN, the gentlemanly blonde who keeps saloon next to **Stack**, is still happy and a firm christian [*sic - Christian*], although **Gaynor** buys his cigars there. John has the handsomest place in town, shade or sunshine, and knows how to run it.

PAT FOGARTY, our flour, feed, hay, grain and field seeds dealer, is a good Frenchman, and keeps one of the solid institutions of the town. He is as liberal and kind hearted as old Dame Charity herself, and would just as soon one would take a cigar on his treat as not.

BALMY spring has indeed arrived. We have always had a profound admiration for Miss Balmy Spring. She is our style; not particular about her clothes. The beautiful damsel arrays herself in fragrant flowers and silvery showers, and looks almost as lovely as if she banged her hair and read Harper's Bazar [*sic - Bazaar*].

PEDESTRIANISM is becoming an epidemic. It is spreading "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." It

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has broken out in Escanaba, but **Whip** says he wants no more walkists on the see and floor of his livery stable – they make his horses' heads ache. Not strange, is it, that so many feet make an archer?

OUR popular jeweler, **E.S. Gagnon**, is stocking up his beautiful store for the summer trade. He sells all kinds of jewelry in three different languages for cash. At the rate he's doing business now he'll be so rich when he dies that they'll steal his remains as they did Stewart's especially if he has any of his jewelry about him.

THE firm of **Atkins, McNaughton & Co.**, is composed of young men, but they are as shrewd and long headed as gray haired veterans in the business of selling groceries and provisions, glassware and queensware, and do a large trade. They never have occasion to wear out the bulge of their pantaloons sitting on their counters waiting for customers.

VIOLETS.

OH! violets, open your azure eyes!
'Neath April skies
Pale buds arise!
Where wild ferns wave a welcome sweet,
Where gay birds carol merry lays,
Where robed in blue, grows the slender bell,
Announce the joyful summer days,
And nature's awakening tell!
Oh violets lift your blooming heads
From out your cold and wintry beds!
Oh! violets fragrant time's on the wing,
Hasten to bring
Visions of spring!
Emblems of truth, unchanging, constant love,

Come up mid the warm and misty showers;
Come meet the sun's first ray,
Perfume the air, oh! dainty flowers,
Await not the sunshine of May!
Oh! violets modest, sweet and blue,
No lovelier [sic] herald has spring than you.

THE walking match of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours between **Richard Dodge** and **Peter Riendieu**, which begun [sic – began] last Thursday night, ended Friday night, both men making the distance in the time given and coming out exactly even. The fact that they came out even knocked what would otherwise have created great excitement into a cocked hat, many believing that it was all a sham in consequence. Nevertheless the boys walked the one hundred miles in twenty-four hours nobly; especially did Dodge, who is certainly the **O'Leary** of Lake Superior. The receipts at the door amounted to about eighty dollars, which amount was equally divided between the walkers.

WHEN **Tom Moore** wrote his famed poem "The meeting of the waters" it is quite evident he had never witnessed the more effective meeting of two waiters carrying savory dishes to the guests at the Escanaba eating house. Hence the following:

THE MEETING OF THE WAITERS.
There is not in this wide world a wreck so complete
As the crash of the plates when two bright waiters met.
Oh! the last drops of gravy and soup must depart,
Ere the shattered remains are consigned to the cart.

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But 'tis not the collision that spreads on the scene
The fragments of crystal and bits of tureen
[sic – tureen]:
'Tis not the soft flop of the hashes that spill
—
Ah no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that boys, who love mischief, are painfully near,
And drive the head waiter half wild with a cheer,
And who feel how the best jokes will always improve
When reflected from eyes that absurdly love.

THE following communications explain themselves:

[To the Editor.]

DEAR SIR: In the Menominee Range of April 9th, Mr. **Buell** publishes against me the serious charges of treachery and duplicity in the recent township election. Respecting the assertion Mr. Buell makes in his letter – "This ticket so made was concluded upon, and Mr. **Hulst** pledged his word that he would stand by it if I would" – I have only to say that no pledge of any kind whatever was made to Mr. Buell, nor was any solicited from him by me. What individual preferences I had I frankly mentioned to him when he came to **Capt. Morcom's** office. I was disposed then to use what influence I might have with the voters to secure the election of Mr. Buell to the office of highway commissioner. The following Saturday noon I was startled by the information that Mr. Buell proposed, in case he was elected highway commissioner for this year, to construct a road to the west branch of the Sturgeon, and a road to the Upper Quinnesec Falls, in addition to much needed repairs on uncompleted roads of

the township. These improvements would necessitate expenditures far beyond the limits of the road fund, which fund had been considerably overdrawn by him last year. As soon thereafter as possible I sought an explanation from Mr. Buell, and found that rumor had not misstated him. I remonstrated against his plans, asking him to defer the construction of the road to the west branch of the Sturgeon only a year. Then, in 1880, the Canal Co.'s lands, the largest property in the township, would make the burden of expenditures lighter for all. The request was surely a reasonable one, but it was met with the assertion by Mr. Buell that he had promised the lumbermen to build the road in question this year if he was elected. This was my first knowledge of such promise by him. Thereupon I told Mr. Buell that if he held himself bound by such promise I would use my influence for Mr. **Dickie**, should he be free from obligations, and agree not to build this road this year, or incur any expenditure exceeding the road fund. It is an utter falsehood for Mr. Buell to state that I mentioned I had received orders not to support him. I have acted in this election matter solely upon my own responsibility, and in accordance, I believe, with the best interest of the company I represent.

Resp'y yours, **NELSON P. HULST.**
Vulcan, April 11th, 1879.

[To the Editor.]

DEAR SIR: -- I never heard Mr. **Hulst** pledge himself to Mr. **Buell**, or any other candidate for town office, at the election held in **Breitung township** Monday, April 7th, 1879, anything more than that Mr. Hulst personally preferred the candidates named. Mr. Buell, when he came to the Mining Co's. office, on Friday afternoon, instead of Friday forenoon, as stated in Mr.

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B's communication, never mentioned his intention of building 10 or 12 miles north from this place; neither did I know anything of Mr. Buell's intention of doing such work if elected, until Saturday afternoon. If I had, I certainly should have opposed the choice of Mr. Buell for highway commissioner, knowing the highway fund to have been overdrawn last year some \$635. Mr. Buell states that Mr. **Dickie** assures him that no member or party associated or connected with the M.M. Co., or in their interest, ever suggested the subject to him. I claim to be one of the company's officers, and I freely conversed with Mr. Dickie on highway matters late Saturday afternoon preceding election.

Yours Respectfully,
ELISHA MORCOM.

Quinnesec, April 15, 1879.

[To the Editor.]

I WOULD ask for a few lines of space in your next issue that I may refute an assertion made by **Jno. L. Buell** in his organ (*The Menominee Range*) of April 9th. Mr. Buell did, as he has asserted, show me one of the tickets which he brought with him to Norway, on Saturday before election, and after reading it I told him it was all right as far as I was concerned, and Mr. **Hulst**, who was present, used nearly the same words. But as for making any pledge, or reiterating any former pledge to support that ticket or any one candidate on it, we *did not do so*, and Mr. Buell is guilty of an elongated exaggeration of the truth in asserting that such was the case.

The Hon. John has pursued the old time course of a defeated candidate, by rushing into print to soothe his injured feelings, and I, for one, am satisfied to let him do so while he confines himself to the truth, which was

something he failed to do in his last communication to the Range. Hoping the erratic gentleman has by this time regained his composure, I remain, Yours truly,

THOS. W. WILLIAMS.

NORWAY MINE, April 14, 1879.

THE railroad company is constructing a long side track near the **Norway switch** for the stocking of ore cars.

J.J. HAGERMAN, president of the **Menominee Mining company**, was in the district looking over the company's mines last week.

THE new explorations west of the **Vulcan** look promising. Three shafts are being sunk in good ore. A detailed account of the workings will appear next week.

THE flooding of the **Emmett mine** also flooded the shafts and pits in which explorations were being carried on at the **Breen**, causing a suspension of work. Explorations will probably be resumed next week.

THE first timbers are being put in at the **Cyclops mine** to support the hanging wall of No. 1 pit, west of the tramway, which is a little shaky. The drift from No. 1 to No. 2 it is expected will be completed this week.

AT the **Norway mine** stripping for two new pits has been commenced, on the hill north, with plenty of good ore in sight less than two feet below the surface. The laying

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of the drop track from No. 3 pit to the side track was begun Monday. A pocket 20x30 will be built at the lower end close to the side track.

THE EMMETT. – The new pumping machinery was put in operation Tuesday with the calculation of having the mine pumped out by Saturday, when mining will be resumed. Concerning the gold and silvery discovery there is nothing new to report, further than the twelve tons of the blue hematite and yellow ochre, in which the precious metals are most prevalent, were shipped by rail to the Omaha Smelting and Refining works on Saturday last to be tested. The works promise to make a thorough test of the ores and return a reliable report of their value in gold and silver per ton.

THE QUINNESEC. – The new engine was put in operation and hoisting begun from No. 2 pit on Thursday. In about two weeks time the machinery will be hoisting ore from all the pits. A daily average of about 120 tons per day is being taken out, but the amount will be increased by shipping time, when a larger force will be employed. Over 8,000 tons are in stock. The vein is uncovered for a distance of four hundred feet, and the formation gradually becomes more regular as depth is attained. Explorations are in progress about half a mile west of the mine proper, where there are good indications for the discovery of hard ore. These explorations are at present being conducted with the pick and shovel, but should occasion require, the Diamond drill will be employed.

THE Hamilton & Merryman explorations, close to the Norway mine on the east, have partially suspended with a view to mining. Two regular veins, one of slate ore and the other what would seem to be a hard steely ore, have been found, separated only by a horse of conglomerate rock averaging eight feet in width. These veins are parallel to each other, running east and west, the slate ore on the north and the other on the south, and have been traced for a distance of over six hundred feet to the eastward, where the latter apparently swings abruptly to the south, for it is found in two pits fifty feet distant in that direction. Three shafts have been sunk. In No. 1, which is 62 feet deep, the ore was struck at a depth of twenty feet from the surface, and sinking continued the balance of the distance in good pure slate ore. The depth of No. 2 shaft is 63 feet, at the bottom of which a drift was run sixteen feet north, and the hard steely ore struck and passed through for a distance of seventeen feet. No. 3 shaft is down 33 feet, 25 feet of which distance is in the hard steely ore. The show of both hard slate and steel ore is excellent, and the commencement of mining but awaits the building of a side track about half a mile in length. The grade of a direct track from the explorations would be heavy, and a very feasible route afforded up a shallow ravine on the east will no doubt be taken. **Capt. F.M. Ayers** is in charge, and seems to be a first-class practical miner. The company, originally a lumber company, and the location a pinery, have a camp large enough for the accommodation of forty-five or fifty men, and a commodious stable, on the ground.

WE publish elsewhere the communications of Sup't. **Hulst** and Capt's.

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Morcom and **Williams**, of the Menominee Mining company, relative to charges of treachery in the late election, preferred by **John L. Buell**, a badly defeated candidate for highway commissioner of the township of Breitung. From a perusal of these letters it will readily be seen that if there was any treachery practiced it was John L. Buell himself who practiced it, insomuch as when the gentlemen named were in favor of placing his name upon the ticket for commissioner of highways, he was but advocating the *repairs* of a couple of roads instead of the *building* of one; that after receiving the approval of Mr. Hulst for the office of commissioner of highways under these representations, he went to the lumber companies and promised them that he would build a certain road which they wanted, in order to gain their suffrage; and this at the eleventh hour, when only by chance Mr. Hulst heard of it, when he sought Buell out and personally informed him that he would withdraw his support. The matter stood like this: Buell could not get the support of the **Menominee Mining company** upon the representation that he would build the road if elected, and he could not secure the vote of the lumber companies without promising that he would build it. That he made these different representations to the parties cannot truthfully be denied, for he had their united support for the office for a time. Was it treachery for Mr. Hulst to withdraw his support from him under these conditions? Or, was it treachery for Buell to make different promises to different parties? We leave the solution to the reader, only remarking that there was treachery somewhere, for John L. Buell says so.

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BOWLDERS.

—A **Quinnesec** girl can chew gum without spitting.

—A pretty girl is very often the missing link in the great chain of matrimony.

—When a **Waucedah** girl laughs you can see where she has been eating maple sugar.

—The spring has come, and soon even the path of the poorest cuss will be strewn with flowers.

—Now the, stand ready to take off your underclothes. The spring time has come, gentle Annie.

—A corner loafer never gets on the shady side of life, if he can help it. He would rather die first.

—When **Escanaba** girls go out walking with their fellows there's an awful number of laps to the mile.

—It is said that **Gaynor**, of **Escanaba**, voted for **Hayes** just because **Tilden** was named after the **Tilden house** in that town.

—Infidelity has one good thing about it, at least. Infidels have as much respect for the living as they have for the dead.

—**Marquette** may be the queen, but **Escanaba** is the king city of the lakes, and the king "always lays over" the queen, you know.

—**Curt Lewis**, the infidel, wants to know if the assertion in the good book that there's none good, no, not one, doesn't refer to spring oysters.

—**Gaynor**, proprietor of the **Ludington house**, **Escanaba**, has a parrot that can flap its wings and say, "I'm an infidel." He paid fifty dollars for it.

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—An **Escanaba** old maid has become very religious, apparently, and says she wants to be born over again. She probably thinks it would make her young.

—Advertise in the RANGER and be saved. We have lots of room for advertisements yet. You'd think so if you had to write this paper full every week.

—Though navigation opens a couple of weeks earlier at **Escanaba** than it does at **Marquette**, bets made on its opening at either place are paid about the same time.

—"Satan finds something for idle hands to do," says the good book. Yes, and we really wish he'd give some other employment than that of standing on the corner.

—A correspondent write to know where corner loafers go in the winter. We don't know exactly, but they can't go very far, they're here so early in the spring.

—"Hold the fort-y for I am coming!" is what a telegraph message to the **Menominee Range** man read the other day. He had the lease of a certain forty acre tract of land and was about to sell it.

—A correspondent writes us to know if we're an infidel. no, correspondent, no. We're a firm believer in everything but a man reading his neighbor's paper.

—All a man would have to do to make a fortune in a short time is to go to **Menominee** and start a trunk factory. At the rate people are leaving that town he would make several hundred dollars a day clear.

—The miner at the **Norway mine** who kept fulminating caps along with his pipe and tobacco, in his pocket, won't do it again until he gets the powder all out of his face and eyes, and is able to buy another pipe.

—The world is a stage and we are all actors, says Shakespeare. That's wrong, Shake. The world is a track and we are all

pedestrians, trying to get through it by making so many consecutive miles in so many consecutive years.

—Young man, if you are too corpulent and want to become lean, don't take Anti-Fat, but fall in love with some pretty girl and let her go back on you or go and board for a week at a **Menominee** hotel. Either will make you so lean that you can't resist an officer.

—The latest way of asking a man to stand treat at **Quinnesec** is to go to the water pail and ask him if you'll spoil your thirst. If he says no, you leave the pail and go up to the bar, but if he says yes, you stay at the pail and wait until the next man comes in, and so on.

—When he had bet his bottom dollar,
On Ludington roof seated high.
We saw him waiting for the boat,
And Havanna's — bye and bye.
Some said he's only a figure,
Others said "nay:
It is **A. Millar**
With his head blown away."

—The RANGER is just big enough to catch hail Columbia all around. Keep on, gentlemen, keep on. We'll get even with you when we enlarge to four pages one of these days. The trouble with the RANGER now is that it's all one-sided.

—Base ball has begun in earnest among the town boys, and now is heard such expressions as "you ---- ---- muffer!" "Touch the ----! touch the ----!" "In with her! in with her!" etc. We don't believe in the bible in the public schools, but by all means let us have it in the base ball field.

—The other morning a member of the **Improved Order of Red men** might have been seen on top of the **Ludington house, Escanaba**. The boys got a full suit of **Gaynor's** underwear which they stuffed and put a pair of boots on, and stood in a very

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striking position on the roof, similar to that taken by Gaynor when arguing religion or while ferreting out the one who played the joke on him.

—Now doth the busy housewife Improve all the shining hours, Digging holes in the garden all day In which to plant her flowers; With knife grasped tightly in one hand, A flower pot in the other, She digs all day in mud and clay Singing, “What’s home without a mother.”

—As **Escanaba** girls drift down the stream of life they fish diligently for husbands, baiting their hooks with curls, painted cheeks and cardinal red stockings. When they get a bite they don’t give their fish much play, but haul him out at once with the rapidity and enthusiasm of a southern tourist. When they get him on their string he’s gone, unless they come to the conclusion that after carrying him awhile that he’s too small game to take home to mamma. Then they throw him back into the great stream of life, to be caught at last in the pound net of some old maid.

—Last week an **Escanaba** young man concluded to go to Chicago to see his girl. He packed the valise; like a sagacious township treasurer put his portmonie in the outside pocket of his overcoat, and departed. When about to leave that righteous city the fair maiden softly asked a lock of his hair as a souvenir. Now the young man loves that girl. He would go to church three times a day and engineer a Sunday school class to please her. But he also realizes that the hairs of his head are numbered, and that their number isn’t Legion. He reflects a moment, then with a fond *au revoir* hastens to the nearest tonsorial artist, has his moustache shaved off, returns and presents it to the idol of his

affections. Since then that girl is hopeful. She is working “God bless our Home” in green and yellow worsted, and if Providence spares her will have several handfuls of that young man’s hair yet.

—A short cat-alogue of cat-astrophes in **Ludington Lane, Escanaba:** Not long since an infuriated female, upon whose cheek the bloom of youth still lingered, pounced into the magistrate’s presence shrieking, “Mr. Magistrate, in yon lane lie three slaughtered cats, and I demand protection for my Thomas W.; he weighs fifteen pounds and is worth fifty dollars.” His honor blandly assured her that her fears were groundless. “Be tranquil, madam, and remember that while this glorious country has the declaration of independence, the Monroe doctrine, and the total prohibition party, the rights of your grimalkin shall be preserved. He shall continue to prowl in neighboring barns, sing bass and practice cat-acoustics unmolested. The cat assassins shall be dragged to the tribunal of justice and fined \$3.33 1/3 cents for each defunct cat.” He then bestowed a bunch of red ribbons to tie on the tails of her feline favorite, and being troubled with catarrh bade her good morning. *Requiescat in pace.*

ESCANABA.

Croquet, or Presbyterian pool, has commenced.

Two regular **trains** have been put on between Escanaba and **Quinnesec.**

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The ice in the bay looks as if it might permit **navigation** open to-day or to-morrow.

The general repairs on the old **ore dock** and the repairs to the pockets of the new one will be completed this week.

The first mosquito put in an appearance here Monday, but was kept at bay very easily with the smoke of a five cent cigar.

"Chuck" Stevens, one of **Negaunee's** married men, was in town this week, betting on the opening of navigation.

It will seem awful strange to some Escanaba men when they have a home in heaven; something they never had on earth.

On the 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. **Chas. H. Scott**, a boy weighing nineteen pounds and eighteen carrots. Father as big a temperance man and christian [*sic – Christian*] as ever.

The **Menominee range accommodation train** now arrives in Escanaba seventeen minutes earlier than before, giving passengers time for a drink before supper.

There is not an idle man in Escanaba, and the cry of hard times grows fainter and fainter. The **RANGER** prophesies a busy

season for Escanaba, and the **RANGER** is no false prophet.

Church congregations are decreasing as the time for **pigeon shooting** draws nigh. An Escanaba man likes to go pigeon shooting on Sunday about as well as a Frenchman likes to wear his pants inside his boots.

Conductor Michael Houlihan has been appointed **American express messenger** for the **Menominee river railroad**. Truly a good appointment, for a more reliable, upright, honest man cannot be found anywhere.

Attention is called to the advertisement of **Myers Ephraim** elsewhere. Myers is the big businessman of Escanaba, and people should take off their hats out of respect when reading his advertisement.

Ludington street is being macadamized its whole length with chips from the railroad yards. If the chips ain't picked up and burnt by the women folks they'll make a capital road bed, and horse racing on the thoroughfare may begin.

E.P. Royce, Esq., our worthy city attorney and postmaster, is the biggest **cedar man** in the county, employing several hundred men and taking out over 600,000 cedar ties, posts and poles annually. Three or four vessels will be employed by him this summer in the transportation of the timber to the markets of Chicago and Milwaukee.

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Following are the names of parties having bets on the opening of **navigation**, with all our clergymen yet to hear from: **Millar, Van Cleve, Greenhoot, Sipchen, Stegmiller, Mead, Stack, Welch, Hiller, Semer, Preston, Royce, Ellsworth, Pool, Curt Lewis, Dr. Tracy, Dixon and Judge Glaser.** **Gaynor** will only bet on the opening of the **Tilden house**.

People contemplating a walk of a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to see who'll come out even will do well to buy their boots and shoes from **Conrad Linds**, as he makes none that do not fit like a charm, and which will never wear out by walking, go as you please. Boots and shoes made by Conrad have a better reputation than some men who wear them.

IN MEMORIAM.

The cats that once on Terror's fence
Loud howls of triumph gave –
By murderous hands, departed hence
Are laid within the grave.

So hushed the noise of wakeful night,
So gory dreams are o'er;
No longer in the cold moonlight
They sing the "Pianafore."

I always loved cats said **H. McFall**,
As Mrs. W. put flowers on the dead,
While **Bacon** and **Fogarty** lifted the pall,
And **Greenhoot** the Litany said.

Ah! 'twas sad to see the pearly tear,
The manly sigh arise;
But **Glaser** suggested a glass of beer,
And they wiped their weeping eyes.

West's new saw mill at Pine Ridge, 25x70, two stories high, will be completed and running in about two weeks. The roof will be of corrugated iron, which is as good fire proof material as wood received on subscription to the RANGER. The fire fiend will find that he can't destroy West's new mill as readily as he did the old one.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the **Methodist church**, has been preaching some sermons lately that our infidels should have heard. These sermons knock the foundation from under all the arguments of the infidels **Hiller, Gaynor** and **Curt Lewis**. If they would only go and hear him as often as they did **Jamison** and **Underwood**, they would surely be converted and take the veil.

Now see here, Escanaba folks, why don't you clean up around your premises, plant trees, macadamize your streets, and make a summer resort of your town; you can do it. You have all the natural advantages of **Marquette**, and were you to set them off to best advantage visitors would flock to your shores without number in preference to those of Marquette, as it doesn't cost so much to reach them. This is one natural advantage you have over Marquette. Escanaba is a handsome town in summer, shade or sunshine, and if if wasn't for its infernal sandy streets and dirty yards, would be a credit to the union as a summer resort. Come now, folks, have some style about you, and don't be content to call this a railroad town always. You have some fine business blocks and elegant private mansions, and if you keep

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your more humble edifices in trim these will show you off. We're rather too new a comer to be telling you what and what not to do, but as no one else will do it, and as we have the interests of the town at heart, we hope you will excuse our impertinence by taking our advice.

The very passable looking **Prof. J.F. Miller**, champion **musician** and **piano and organ tuner** of Lake Superior, is meeting with that encouragement in Escanaba which enables a man to wear his pants outside his boots and smoke cigars. The Prof. is boss of the walk in his profession here, and can go into any house without rapping, he's so well known. He has a large number of pupils under his tuition, and contemplates giving a concert in **Royce's hall** that will enliven the dead, if they haven't taken too much medicine, not to say a word about the living.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Wee child of northern woods,
Born mid snowy spray,
Where solemn mourns the stately pine,
O'er spectral mosses gray --
Welcome! your waxen clusters, forest pet,
Breathe incense rare
Like a whispered prayer --
Soothing bitter sorrow, stilling keen
regret.

Tender, lowly woodland blossoms,
You will open to the sun
When hands that caressed your dainty
petals
Life's labor shall have done
From sombre calyx your beauty unfold,

And sweetly rise
When weary eyes
Have the heart's last anguish told.

The Union must and shall be preserved, and so much and shall the **Union boarding house and saloon**, of which **John Coan** is proprietor, so long as people eat, drink and be merry. The house has been thoroughly fitted up for the summer travel until a king or queen would feel at home in it and sleep until ten o'clock every morning. A person gets that both eating and sleeping there.

MARRIED.

ATKINSON -- BROWN -- At the Catholic church, on Thursday, 10th inst. by **Rev. Father Langner**, Mr. **H.M. Atkinson**, of Negaunee, and Miss **Maggie Brown**, of this place.

The happy couple left for a bridal tour south the same day. We noticed that Henry was coming down here pretty often of late, but thought it was to look after the brick and houses of the old **Escanaba Furnace company**, for himself and "Chuck" **Stevens**, and didn't say anything. But matrimony will out. Well, he has received for his partner in life Escanaba's fairest daughter; a young lady whose beautiful traits of character will be as the golden sunshine to him on the shady side of life. As a teacher of our children she was loved and esteemed by all, and as wife she will be her husband's priceless idol and treasure. May they pursue life's journey in a "go as you please" style, and at the end of the great walking match come out as did our recent pedestrians – even! Here's to you and your fair bride, Henry!

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WAUCEDAH.

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 – mouth fulls*] 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 Killgallan 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.

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – THE MENOMINEE RANGER (UNABRIDGED VERSION)

The Mining Journal, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan
from March 29, 1879 to August 14, 1880
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The Menominee Mining Company paid off its men in full Thursday, and every one had money for a time.

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, Volume XI, Number 563 [Saturday, May 3, 1879, page 8, columns 1-4]

BOWLDERS.

–Escanaba loafers claim to be thorough-bred men.

–Gibbs, of Escanaba, has the refusal of another dog.

–Young man, it's better to be in a tight place than in a place tight.

–If old age is honorable, Buell, of Quinnesec, must be awful young.

–The "Triumph" hat is considered beautifully appropriate for brides.

–Sandal slippers will be worn by Escanaba ladies during the coming summer.

–Should the rush for the RANGER continue we'll have to print an extra Sunday edition.

–When a man says his is a double XX horse, be sure it isn't a saw horse, before you trade.

–The reason some people don't speak their mind is because they have no mind to speak.

–The only way they can account for it is that Vulcan girls eat so many buckwheat pancakes.

–Lying Buell, of Quinnesec, can play "draw," but can never draw a sober breath, some way.

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—**Escanaba** infidels loaf around and keep the Sabbath day holy, just the same as christians [*sic - Christians*].

—An **Escanaba** old maid writes us to know if marriages are really made in heaven. She says she's not afraid to die.

—**Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, will never be a credit to himself while he is a *credit*-or of so many others.

—As a last resort an **Escanaba** old maid has bought a clothing sign and taken it to her home.

—Now, then you **Escanaba** fellows, pay your bets on the opening of navigation and be ready to bet on the close of it.

—The specimen fiend is abroad in the land at **Waucedah**, seeking what gold and silver specimens he may devour.

—Very particular ladies affect the Primrose bonnet, and do not think it proper to wear undressed kid gloves.

—A **Vulcan** man who married a woman who was all the world to him, says he finds that she is a world of trouble, the same as the original.

—**Buell** can tell one thousand consecutive lies in one thousand consecutive seconds, "He as you please," with a new road on which to do it.

—When **Escanaba** girls sing canary birds throw themselves full length on the bottom of their cages and poke each other in the ribs with glee.

—The meanest man lives at **Vulcan**. He whipped his boy the other day for breaking a dozen eggs going over the township road that **Buell** built.

—It's a mighty good thing that music has charms to soothe the savage breast, for the average girl who plays it now-a-days hasn't charms enough to soothe anything.

The ice has left the harbor,
And Escanaba's glad;
But the Tilden isn't open,

And Escanaba's mad.

—Sitting **Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, calls us a vulture. He probably got the idea from the way we like pecking at a fellow about his size, who is politically and morally dead.

—**Escanaba** girls are about the only persons in the town who don't make a great fuss over the opening of navigation. They have seen navigation so many times that they have become used to it.

The ballot falls as light and still
As dew drops fall upon the sods,

Yet executes a freeman's will
Prevents **Buell** from building roads.

—Sitting **Buell** says we are a map-calper [*sic – caliper*]. We'd rather be a map-scalper and live on the vapors of a dungeon than run for highway commissioner and be beat over four to one by the other fellow.

—An **Escanaba** young man takes his girl along to spit on is hook when he goes fishing. The fish fairly cry for the bait, and he has contracted to furnish all the boarding houses with speckled trout this summer, provided his girl's spit holds out.

—John III **Buell** says he's spent as much money in the **Menominee range** as any man of his means. he has, he has. Spent more in the way of exploring, for instance, than any ten men of his means.

—A **Quinnesec** girl has to wear hoops to keep her toes from sticking out beyond her dress. If her feet grow much larger she'll have to petition the legislature for a right of way.

—An analysis of the average **Escanaba** girl gives the following result:

	Per cent.
Style.....	50
Clothes.....	50
Girl.....	.00
Total.....	100

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—**Buell** don't like these Bowlders, but says they're the hardest he ever struck during his whole career as an explorer and new road builder. He thinks he'll never be able to drift through them.

—**Waucedah** girls have about come to the conclusion that none but men can get married there. It has been almost a year since a wedding has occurred at Waucedah.

—The favorite perfume with young ladies is "Bridal Boquet [*sic – Bouquet*]." Some young men have a decided penchant for "Lily of the Valley" and "New Mown Hay."

—The fellow who wants us to publish a communication relative to the election in **Waucedah** had better sent it to another paper. he has only sent it to three already.

Quinnesec girls ain't Indians,
No – not hostile Sioux,
But they are somewhat similar
To those savage crews;
They're not supported by the
government,
The same as the treacherous Lo
The similarity is they have powder and
paint,
And are often found with a beau.

—An **Escanaba** boy can walk twenty consecutive miles in twenty consecutive quarter hours with fourteen and a half laps to the mile, but if his mother asks him to walk a few steps to the woodpile for an armfull of wood, or to the well for a pail of water, his feet immediately become blistered and he has to leave the track.

—A **Quinnesec** man traded off his horse for a cow, the other day, because the horse kicked badly. But after the cow had made a target of three bran [*sic – brand*] new milk pails, knocked the youngest born down with a swing of her tail, and got her horn caught in his wife's locket chain while she was trying to hold her, he offered to trade back

again at a bargain, remarking that he didn't "have to milk the horse."

—**Bowlders** has occasion to report this week that **John L. Buell** has nothing to say about treachery, but calls him (Bowlders) to account for hinting that he (John L.) would lie at half cock. Now, Bowlders may be a little mistaken in this. How Bowlders came by the idea was once upon an evening, several weeks ago, when he and some others were listeners to John L. telling of an adventure of his on the Menominee range in its early days. He said that once when he was out exploring for pine, night came on and he made his bed of hemlock boughs and laid down to sleep, but hadn't slept long before he was awakened by the howl of a pack of wolves. "Spring up," he continued, "I felt their warm breath in my face and saw their white hungry teeth and bright glaring eyes but a few inches from me. In another instant I felt their teeth and claws in my flesh." Here he paused and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "And how did you escape?" asked his listeners, eagerly. "Oh, I didn't escape at all," replied John L., "*they eat me.*" Then one of the crowd remarked that there was some very straight pine on the range. "Talking of straight pine," put in John L., "[" reminds me of the time when they couldn't fall pine trees on this range, they were so straight." "Indeed!" exclaimed a listener in surprise. "Yes, sir," added Mr. Buell; "we've cut trees on this range clear through and they've been so straight and evenly poised that they wouldn't fall for several days, or until a wind storm came on." Bowlders may have been a little hasty in saying that John L. Buell would lie. This is how Bowlders got the idea.

A SUMMER IDYL AT ESCANABA.

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She was such a stylish beauty
It was in the pale starlight,
Louis met her on the beach in the
evening,
And loved her at first sight.

Oh! but **Steggie** made a sensation
Whenever he did appear
With this dashing belle from **Ann Arbor**
At **Wagner's**, taking beer.

The summer days like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free,
Louis learning French from **Helen**
And saying, "*oui chere amie.*"

For her he wore a swallow-tailed coat,
He waltzed and drank champagne,
'Till he tried to unlock the door of his
shop
With the top of a "swell" switch cane.

One day he offered her his heart
And a silver butter knife;
But Helen replied, "I am engaged,
And cannot be your wife."

He followed her around the room
Weeping, on bended knees --
"Don't be so silly," said Helen,
"Some one's coming, arise, if you
please."

"Oh! why did she flatter my boyish
pride,"
Said Steg, as he 'rose to depart --
"She spoke of my German accent
sweet,
This woman without a heart."

Near by her met a chum who said,
"How's Helen? You look confused."
"Well, her father wants me to marry her,
And I -- you see -- refused."

In the sanctum of the Port,
Softly whistling "Hold the Fort,"
Reads the scribe with exultation
A new scheme of fertilization;
Reads of the growth of the festive
pea,
Reads and thinks the world shall see
Agri-culture is the culture for me.

ESCANABA.

Richard Dodge, our pedestrian, returned home from **Ishpeming** on Sunday, where he made 107 1/2 miles in twenty-four hours. He looks somewhat jaded from his long tramp, but began arrangements by telegraph immediately for a walk of one hundred miles in 24 hours at Green Bay for a purse of \$50 and gate money. He said he was used splendid in Ishpeming, but did not make any money.

The firm of **Winegar, Millar & Co.**, general forwarding and commission merchants and agents for the Goodrich firm of steamers and marine insurance union, is one of the biggest and most reliable in the country, and has headquarters on the decks at the foot of Tilden avenue. Fresh and salt fish, provisions, by wholesale, is one of its specialities. The firm own two large tugs which are engaged in fishing and trading during the season of navigation, and make lots of money.

Navigation opened Friday, and all the bets have been decided, if not paid. The **Goodrich steamer Menominee** was the first boat of the season to come crashing through the ice. The bay and lake is now

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clear of ice as far as the eye can reach, and the puffing of the locomotives and the rumbling of the ore trains on the docks, the rattling of the ore into the vessels, the italicised *[sic]* shouts of captains and sailors, are once more heard in the land. Everything denotes a busy season of navigation for Escanaba.

STRAWBERRIES.

Sweet berries! luscious *[sic – luscious]*,
rosy red.
Upon cool dew and sunshine fed,
Where are you found the fairest?
Is it when torn from your native vine,
And sent to some less sunny clime,
You are sweetest, being rarest?

Ah no, in some meadow sunny and old,
Where your transient blossoms first
unfold,
And leaves are tinted rarest;
Ripening where the scent of the wild
rose lingers,
And picked by childish eager fingers,
Berries are sweetest, fairest.

Will the town board please arise and report why it doesn't have the streets cleaned and macadamized? Does it think we're Irish? This kind of thing is played out, town board. The RANGER won't have it as long as it has a single lung with which to raise its voice against it. You are there to look after the best interests of the town, and these demand that the streets be cleaned and macadamized. We are free from debt and can afford to make these needed improvements. Are you going to make them? Don't let the RANGER have to draw

your attention to it again or you'll be sorry for it. It's not afraid to talk to you, town board.

WAUCEDAH.

New quarters for the postoffice *[sic – post office]* 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 *[sic – post office]* 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 sunbonnets 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. 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 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

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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 [*on*] 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 oar 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, 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 to believe that it's the birds or **Mulligan** that's singing and whistling, but it isn't. It's Wallace.

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 bead under the bedclothes.

On the outskirts of Vulcan lives a somewhat renowned personage, a saloon-

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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 bulldozing, 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," 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**

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Menominee range, and must eventually be a large and prosperous city.

While in **Menominee** the other evening we were let into the inner secrets of the **fire engine house** by **Bob. Stephenson**, who is named after a tug, and **Hank O. Fifield**, one of the foremost editors in the Upper Peninsula. The fire engine is probably the largest and best on the Upper Peninsula, weighing 7,360 pounds, and is of the Amoskeag, Manchester, N.H., manufacture. Entering the engine house Mr. Stephenson located us in a corner where could be had a commanding view of the department wherein the horses were kept, and he, taking hold of and pulling a cord, the doors to this department flew open and out rushed the horses instantaneously, four in number, and took their places in front of the fire engine, all ready to be hooked on. At an order from Mr. Stephenson they returned in regular order to their stalls once more, and the doors were again closed on them. "They come out better when the bell is rung," said Mr. Stephenson to us. And then addressing Hank he said, "take hold of the rope and ring the bell while I open the doors and show him how they come out then." This was done; the horses came bounding to their places in front of the fire engine in an instant, with extended nostrils and flashing eyes. At a word from Mr. S. they stood as mute and still as a man expecting to be discharged, and when he said to one of them, holding down his head, "take off my cap," the animal lost no time in doing it. The horses seem to be almost human, being as well trained as firemen, which fact reflects great credit on Mr. Stephenson, their trainer. They are heavy animals, massive in build, the two teams weighing about 5,800 pounds. **Edward**

Benthouse is driver, and **Nelson Graham** engineer of the fire engine, both of whom are experienced firemen.

THE engine house at the **Quinnesec mine** has been completed. The roof is of sheet iron.

MESSRS. **McKenna** and **O'Callaghan**, of **Quinnesec**, returned home from **Milwaukee** the latter part of last week, where they had been negotiating for the sale of their valuable mine. The sale was not made.

PUMPING and hoisting from No. 1 pit at the **Cyclops mine**, with the new engine, was begun Wednesday of last week. Forty cars a day are being shipped from this and the **Norway mine**.

THE Diamond drill explorations in the hill west of the **Vulcan mine** proper had revealed no ore up to the time of our visit Wednesday morning. They had bored through one hundred and eleven feet of rock, mostly mixed.

JOHN L. BUELL has disposed of his interest in the **McKenna mine** to **McCartney**, of **Marinette**, for a consideration of \$10,000. Mr. Buell has discovered a large deposit of fine ore on a Canal forty close to Quinnesec, which we intend visiting and inspecting next week, when we will have something further to say about it.

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CURRY & SWIFT are still carrying on explorations on **Sec. 9**, near the **Vulcan mine**, where they have discovered a large deposit of blue ore, an analysis of which gives equally as fair a percentage of metallic iron as the ores from most mines on the range. Stripping for mining will be commenced when a side track 1,200 feet in length to the railroad will have been procured.

WENDEL & MAAS, who have been carrying on explorations on **section 2**, about a mile east from **Quinnesec**, have struck ore similar to the **Emmett** at a depth of about two feet from the surface. It appears to be an extensive deposit. The location of the new find is distant from the railroad about a quarter of a mile north. The property is owned by **F.M. Moore, Esq.**, of **Marquette**, from whom Wendel & Maas have an option for a lease of twenty years.

THE **Saginaw Mining company** has leased the **Hamilton & Merryman mining property** adjoining the **Norway**, on which considerable exploring has been done, and has commenced mining. It has been fully and satisfactorily determined that two veins of ore, of great width and length, exist -- one of slate and the other of hard steely ore. A side track from the railroad will be built on the west of the location. **Capt. Mitchell** is in charge.

NOW that his treachery and lying has been proved, **John L. Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, has nothing to say, but resorts to low personalities and threatens to attack the character of a prominent and trustworthy mine superintendent and explorer whose record is irreproachable, and whose name

we hold too sacred to be mentioned in connection with his own. Just what Buell's opinion in the matter would be worth is hard to imagine, as he is known a chronic, incurable liar, and as one who makes a specialty of being a damphool in all things pertaining to mining explorations. As a man who has sunk pits and shafts, or, more properly speaking, cellars and wells, all over the country until it isn't safe for any one to walk out at night, and found more specimens and less iron ore than any ten mining superintendents and explorers on the range, he had better hold his peace.

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BOWLDERS.

—Sitting **Buell** has one or two friends, besides himself, in **Quinnesec**.

—**Gibbs**, of **Escanaba**, is an infidel. He only believes in having lots of dogs.

—Will some kind clergyman in **Escanaba** please give a lecture on "The Mistakes of **Gaynor**?"

—When an **Escanaba** girl gets married you can almost hear other Escanaba girls taking new hope.

—Young men with an eye to the eternal fitness of things would do well to use foolscap when writing love letters.

—**Atkinson**'s brains must be in his feet. If you look close you will see Atkinson, of **Escanaba**, has very small feet.

—A young man with an idea that he's handsome is generally a bigger fool than a young man without any idea at all.

—Sitting **Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, says he'll thrash us or sue us for libel, or both — but

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he's such a liar we don't believe a word of it.

—When an **Escanaba** old maid looks under the bed before retiring, it is about the only time she ever looks for a man and don't want to find him.

—Dressmakers in **Escanaba** don't charge any more for making long dresses than they do for short ones. To be surprised at this you've got to see some of the short dresses.

—There's no more harm in being a blackguard than a white guard in **Bowlders'** [sic – Bowlder's] opinion, Sitting **Buell** and Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Business to the contrary, notwithstanding.

—The circulation of the **RANGER** now numbers two hundred in **Escanaba** and three hundred on the **Menominee range**. Go on with your blackguardism, **James F. Atkinson** and **John L. Buell**.

—**Quinnesec** girls are often mistaken for their mothers. No, not that. Quinnesec mothers are often mistaken for their daughters, is what we mean. Don't want to be too hard on Quinnesec girls.

—And now the language of the waves as they beat against the sand-coated shores of **Escanaba** are heard in the land. **Bowlders** don't understand the language of the waves, however, and don't know what they are saying.

—And now the **Escanaba** bed-bug crawls forth from his lair and basks in the sun's rays which come through the bed room window onto the bed. Hear him -- he sings:

The spring has come,
The boarders in bloom,
I hope this hotel
Will have lots of transients soon.

—The theory that there is a man in the moon first originated in the fact that old maids are forever moongazing. This is the

one and only original explanation of the theory. Some would have us believe that the theory originated in the fact that dogs bark at the moon, but some are wrong.

—A certain clergyman in **Escanaba** objects to members of his congregation taking their **RANGER** to church with them and reading it there. We'd just like to bet him that the **RANGER** has some as solid truths in it as the bible, and just as effectually teaches some men that there's a hereafter, by giving them a taste of it while living.

—Little wonder that the empty-headed noodle and editorial insect, **James F. Atkinson**, of the patent bowed **Escanaba Port**, would wax wrath at Bowlders, for he endeavored to hire **Bowlders** on three different occasions to run his brunless [sic] paper and failed. Bowlders thought he had enough of foolishness hanging to him already without joining Atkinson.

—A bashful **Escanaba** young man, whose orthography is not his strong point, sent a young lady a bouquet with card attached, on which he supposed was written "compliments of a friend," but the omission of the letter r seemed to strike the young lady unpleasantly, and now he is practicing with a revolver on the side of a barn, in hopes of becoming an emotional shootist.

—Nine-tenths of the men who go to church and listen so devoutly, and bow their heads and turn up their eyes while the minister is picturing the beauties of heaven, would almost rather live at **Spalding** or the junction, than go there. It's wicked, but nevertheless true, that people would rather live in the Dismal Swamp than go to heaven, although they do say it's so beautiful. What is it that makes life so sweet – lone, desolate life?

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—Appropos [sic - Apropos] to **Bowlders** analysis of the average **Escanaba** girl last week, a young lady of that place sends him the following analysis of the average Escanaba young man:

	Percent.
Smoking tobacco.....	25
Chewing tobacco.....	25
Cigars.....	25
Cigarettes.....	25
Young man.....	00
Total.....	100

She might have got the total percentage [sic – percentage] of his notion of matrimony in there, too.

—**Donald** was certainly too good natured,

And had he less amiable been,
That girl at the Escanaba church donation

Would never have “taken him in,”

When he was asked by this pretty siren,
With light red hair and azure eyes,
To help her to ladle out the coffee,
Don. gave the sweetest of replies.

In a wash boiler battered and ancient
Was made the fragrant Java.
And when Don. arrived upon the spot
‘Twas hot as molten lava.

With one hand Donald the ladle held,
With the other tried to squeeze
Three of the girl;s soft fingers
He could manage no more than these.

Alas! that boiler had passed its prime,
Though time’s ravages it long defied;

A piece of paper cambric served
To close a hole in its side.

Just as Donald fondly murmured,
“Don’t hurry -- dearest stay --
He never finished that sentence,
For the treacherous rag gave way.

With a Comanche whoop, a Kangaroo’s grace,
Donald danced the highland fling,
As a jet of coffee struck through the pants
That have been his pride this spring.

With a bottle of arnica he spent the night,
Uttering groans of rage and despair,
Mingled with smothered imprecations on
That girl with the torch-light hair.

—Who is the most logical man in Escanaba? The meteoro-logical man, of course.

The ice cream season approaches, and when the Escanaba young man sees his last winter’s girl he hangs his head like a bulrush and passes on the other side.

—**Sitting Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, was in Escanaba over Tuesday night of last week and held a council of war with **Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Business**, of the Iron Port, as to what was to be done with the pale-face **Bowlders**. It was agreed that they’d both go on the war path and catch and scalp Bowlders, or chase him off their reservation. They have a big job on their hands and heads. Bowlders may be an orphan and the mother of fourteen children, with the youngest at the breast, but it will take more of the editorial tribe than Sitting Buell and the Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Business to make him an exile from Escanaba or the Menominee range.

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—Sitting Buell, of Quinnesec, says Bowlders is boarding out the price of a map at the second table of the Kirby house, Menominee, for proprietor Shephard [*sic*] told him so. This is truth stranger than fiction, all but the second table part, and we've to say that a better kept hotel than the Kirby does not exist on Lake Superior. By the way, Shephard tells a moderately good story on Sitting Buell. He says that one night when the hotel was jam full Sitting Buell came in and wanted lodgings. "I have no place to put you," said Shephard. "You've got to find a place," replied Sitting Buell. Shephard studied awhile, in fact long and thoughtfully, toying with his beard as is his custom in perplexity, and at last a happy idea occurred to him. He got a pack of cards, drew out the table, and asked S. Buell if he would play a game. Sitting Buell assented. They played one, two and three games, and when about to begin the fourth, and it was Sitting Buell's deal, Shephard put his happy idea into practice. he stole out of his chair, unknown to Sitting [*sic* – *Sitting Buell*], and went to bed. When he got up in the morning and came down stairs Sitting Buell was still playing, and muttering to some invisible person in the chair used by Shephard the night previous, "Shephard, my boy, I'm h---on lone hands."] And now when the house is crowded and Sitting Buell comes in and wants lodgings for the night, Shephard always gives him a pack of cards and starts him playing. It's just as good as a feather bed with downy pillows to Sitting.

ESCANABA.

There are now four ore trains running on the Menominee range railroad.

The C. & N.W. R'y is building a new water tank at Vulcan, on the Menominee range division.

The next town board elected in Escanaba ought to give bonds to clean up and macadamize the streets. The RANGER will go bonds for one or two of the lazy cusses.

Law business is somewhat dull in Escanaba, but our popular lawyer, J.W. Pinch, seems to be busy. He is liked so well that people get into the courts just on purpose to patronize him.

News reached here Monday that a section foreman named James Johnson had been run over by a hand car on the C. & N.W. R'y, near Peshtigo, and seriously injured. No bones were broken, however.

A nine-year-old boy named Wickstrom was drowned at Flat Rock Monday afternoon, while fishing in the locality of the mill. The body was found shortly afterward, a considerable distance down the Escanaba river, and an inquest resulted in a verdict in accordance with the foregoing facts.

Escanaba has considerable vocal talent for a railroad town, whose streets are a bed of sand and whose town board are as lazy as tired mud turtles. Yes, Escanaba has. There are some young gentlemen and ladies in Escanaba who are regular

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canaries or angels on the sing. Musical ability is away above the average here, too; as good, in fact, as it is in Marquette.

WHY?

Why, when our pride is wounded,
When by a word or deed,
We have found the friend we trusted
Worse than a broken reed –
Why, oh why! can we not forget.
And bury the past without regret?

Why is not the brief moment we stand
On the brink of life's river more sweet?
Why must we gaze to some bar off strand,
Ever seeking for joy more complete?
Why does each hope disappear like a breath
Ere we meet the ocean whose name is Death?

The RANGER isn't republican, but will say that **county clerk and register of deeds, E.P. Barras**, who is elected on the republican ticket every time, is a competent officer and thorough gentleman. Of course, he wears a plug hat, sometimes, and don't smoke or chew, but when it comes to business he's there every time to attend to the wants of the people.

BIRTHS – On the 29th ult. [*of last month*], to **Mr. and Mrs. Johnson**, a boy, weighing nineteen pounds, eighteen grains and three pennyweights; 1st inst. [*of this month*], to **Mr. and Mrs. Olson**, a girl, weighing twenty pounds and four ounces;

5th inst. [*of this month*], to **Mr. and Mrs. John Barker**, a boy, weighing eighteen pounds and a fraction. Escanaba is a great summer resort. What's home without a mother?

"Judge" Edwards, an old gentleman of this place, claims to be an heir to the famous Edwards estate in Europe. He is now engaged in hunting up the records, and is in communication with lawyers in New York and Milwaukee, who think his claim substantial. We hope the Judge will be able to prove that he is the mother of the Edwards estate, and get the bulk of the fortune. A fortune would come handy to him now as he's on the shady side of life and not able to work.

LITTLE BAY DE NOQUET.

Beautiful bay! sunshine and rains
Have broken winter's icy chains;
Each blue wave wreathed with spray,
Dancing o'er pebbles and fragile shells
Of nature's unceasing mutation tells.

In far purple distance sinks the sun,
Stars come forth in beauty one by one;
Like a faithful monitor the lighthouse stands,
And its golden gleams with the waters play,
Where the white, glistening point juts into the bay.

The enfeebled drunkard and deranged morphine eater of the patent bowed **Iron Port** would fain call us to account for an imaginary insult to a lady, but in reality for

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obtaining the confidence and patronage of a people who are heartily tired of the maintenance of a low, fawning sneak, who is a libel to the newspaper profession, a blotch on humanity, and a caricature on noble and independent manhood. The husband of the lady referred to has requested us to leave out her name in this connection, assuring us that no offence [*sic – offense*] was given and no apology was needed, and that he forbid the difference between a baboon and monkey who is editing the Iron Port from saying a word about it on his account, but that his request had been disregarded. In view of this it will be readily seen that the attack made on ourself by the Iron Port dockwolloper was prompted by personal motives and grievances, and that not having the moral courage to assault us in his own behalf, he trumped up an excuse upon which to assail us in behalf of others. Our character is too high for the reach of such a low political and religious sneak as he, and the RANGER too pure and good to be mistaken or misinterpreted. We are as much above such an editorial rat, such a political cur, or such a religious possum as heaven is above hell.

MARRIED.

McNAUGHTON-ELLSWORTH – On April 30th, by Rev. C.P. Emerson, John A. McNaughton and Carrie Louisa Ellsworth, both of this place.

The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of friends of the young couple. Well, such is life. One RANGER does both of them now. May they live to be great, great grandparents, and never know a sigh or tear.

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.

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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.

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.

AT the **Cyclops** the drift from No. 1 to No. 2 shafts was completed Tuesday. It is all the way in good ore.

A.R. HARLOW, of **Marquette**, is on the range. He contemplates carrying on some explorations on small tracts of land around **Lake Antoine**.

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THE new pits opened on the hill north, at the **Norway mine**, are turning out considerable ore of good quality. The stripping averages less than two feet.

THE **Curry Iron company** is the name of the new corporation which filed articles of association last week for the purpose of the development of the mining property heretofore known as the **Curry & Swift explorations**, located a short distance to the west of the Vulcan mine. Following are the officers of the company:

President – **S.S. Curry**.
Secretary – **W.F. Swift**.
Treasurer – **Joseph P. Outhwaite**.
Directors – S.S. Curry, W.F. Swift,
James H. Dallilba.

THE **Saginaw Mining company**, lessee of the **Hamilton & Merryman** property, adjoining the **Norway** on the east, have three pits opened, in all of which the ore is exposed. A large force of men and teams are engaged stripping. The stripping averages from ten to twelve feet. New buildings for the accommodation of the company's offices and employees are going up.

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BOWLDERS.

–Bowlders must go!
–Nickel cigars are called five scenters in **Escanaba**.
–It is claimed that **Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, built the Jericho road.

–Wild geese are going north, and now look out for some wild goose chases.

–Sandy is a very popular man in **Escanaba**. Nearly every one [*sic* – everyone] is called Sandy.

–This is the season of the year when it doesn't take ten mills to make a cent, in **Menominee**.

–**Escanaba** has no fog whistle, thank the Lord, and when the baby goes to sleep it stays asleep for hours at a time.

–A receipt for the treatment and cure of cholera morbus ought to be sold with every dozen **Lake Superior** apples.

–**Escanaba** thinks some of rearing a monument to the memory of the author of "Meet me on the Bloody Sands."

–**Gaynor**, **Escanaba's Bob Ingorsol**, threatens to write a book on nature. What has nature ever done to Gaynor, we wonder?

–A man who reads his neighbor's **RANGER** and won't subscribe will chew his tobacco twice and save the cleanings of his teeth.

–The army of the Lord in **Escanaba** is about the size of Co. G., in **Marquette**, now, and nearly twice as hard to get out to meeting.

–Bowlders dislikes to call a man a falsehood and will hereafter refer to **Sitting Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, as the no-such-thinger.

–Bowlders thinks some of becoming a pedestrian. His friends appear to be honest in the belief that he has more feet than brains.

–An **Escanaba** little girl who was advised to wash her face, replied: "What's the use, when I ain't got a new dress to wear with it?"

–In order to experience about all the ups and downs this life one has only to ride over

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the township road that **Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, built.

—At last Bowlders has solved the great problem of "What is home without a mother? [sic]" It is but the residence of a very newly married couple.

—They talk some of building a lighthouse on the township road that **Buell** built. A life saving [*sic – lifesaving*] station there, too, wouldn't be a bad thing.

—House cleaning has commenced in **Escanaba**, and there's no telling when it will end, judging by the appearance of some of the houses there.

—**Escanaba** girls have a great memory. Often you'll hear one of 'em singing and telling you the way she went "When I was a maiden, a maiden, a maiden."

—It's not good for man to live alone. Now hold on there, you old maids, don't jump at conclusions. Bowlders means that he (the man) should have a dog.

—And now the hen hideth and buildeth her nest in the weeds or bushes, where the housewife never trod before, but giveth herself away by her cackle every time she layeth.

—An **Escanaba** old maid says she had three chances to get married when she was young, but that she wouldn't do it. The fellow probably had four chances and would do it.

—When we hear some girls singing "Oh for a thousand tongues," etc., we almost feel like dropping on our knees and thanking the Lord that they haven't got more than five hundred, anyway.

—We look hopefully forward to the day that a through train will be run from **Marquette** to **Quinnesec**. Then, and not till then, will the RANGER arrive in the Menominee range in time for Sunday's reading.

—The roosters in and around **Escanaba** should be set to Chicago time. If we understand it right, cock-crow in the morning is about five o'clock in Chicago. In Escanaba it's about three and four o'clock.

—The beautiful **Bay de Noquet** is now decked with row and sail boats filled with fun-loving, rollicksome young men and women. The young men steer while the young ladies row. In such cases, steering is harder work than rowing.

—It must not be inferred that Bowlders grows fat and waxes strong with this incessant battling for the right. No, it must not be inferred. He does not. He lays awake nights with the lullaby [*sic – lullaby*] taught him by his parents ringing in his ears:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
But little children you should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To tear out each others [*sic*] eyes."

Or words as strong. But the cusses went for Bowlders, and he had to defend himself. It was enough to provoke a nun the way they went for him.

—A young lady at his elbow — no, not so close as that, but pretty near — says that Bowlders must have been crossed in love at one time, he's so severe on the girls. No, Bowlders hasn't. Bowlders makes but a poor cross in love.

—Bowlders is getting up a champion belt with gold buckle, beautifully engraved, to be awarded to the pedestrian walking one hundred consecutive miles in one hundred consecutive hours, "go as you d--- please," on the township road that sitting [*sic - Sitting*] **Buell** built.

—Sitting **Buell**, of **Quinnesec**, as compared to George Washington: "John L. did you cut down that cherry tree?" "I

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cannot tell a lie." John L., did you cut down that cherry tree!" "I cannot tell a lie!" "JOHN L., DID YOU CUT DOWN THAT CHERRY TREE!" "I CANNOT TELL A LIE!" All Bowlders desires to show is that John L. beats George Washington – he cannot tell a lie – or the truth, either!

–An exchange says they don't hang in Michigan. If that editor will only come to **Quinnesec** some moonlight evening, and take a look at the gates he will come to the conclusion that they do hang in Michigan – hang for hours at a time, hang until they are dead – in love.

–Residents of **Waucedah** claim it to be the leading town on the Menominee range, and if you want to make 'em mad all you've got to do is to ask 'em if they mean by that that it leads on to **Vulcan** and **Quinnesec**. They'll almost pull out stumps to get at you.

–The Chicago Times says[,] "The Menominee gold mine has been sold for \$40,000." If **Storey** would read his RANGER more closely it would improve his veracity. The Menominee gold mine hasn't been sold for a cent, **Wilbur**.

–We understand that **Pete Bennett** intends starting a trunk factory here. Peter had better stick to the RANGER and not launch forth into the uncertainties of a manufacturer." -- **Hank O'Fifield**. All right, relative. Come to think of it a trunk factory wouldn't pay in **Menominee** anyway, as the people down there don't want trunks, having nothing to put in them unless they were to go to bed or in swimming.

–The members of the **Escanaba town board** ought to be carried out on some of those chips they are macadamizing Ludington street with. The idea of the principal street of a beautiful town, which is free from debt, being paved with chips! It's enough to make every member of the town board ashamed of his birthday. Oh, just

wait until next election, you fellows, and you'll think you've been running on a total prohibition ticket the way you'll get scooped for a second term. The RANGER is on to you.

–Sitting **Buell** was once a commissioner,

Who built roads to gain renown --
An explorer sinking wells enough
To undermine **Quinnesec** town.

Bijah Perkins, a man of means,
Was of iron lands in quest,
And this is why, on Menominee Range,
He concluded he wouldn't invest.

The landlord warned him on the road,
But the brave and dauntless man,
That cloudy night, determined to ride
To Quinnesec from **Vulcan**.

Very soon his horse tripped on a stone,
And giving a frightened jump,
Landed the shrieking Bijah
On the top of a monstrous stump.

The branch of a tree skinned his nose,
He then disappeared in a hole,
Then found himself in the middle of the road
On the top of a rising knoll.

Bijah was pious, and murmured later,
As he arose from a muddy pool,
"Oh Lord forgive Sitting Buell,
For building a road like a mule."

Arrived in town, torn and bruised,
Bijah talked of fighting a duel,
Vowing he would blow a new road
Through poor Sitting Buell.

But B. Perkins departed a wiser man,

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Saying he'd be hanged if he'd break his neck,
Traveling the township road that Buell built
From Vulcan to Quinnesec..

ESCANABA.

There are now six out-and-out infidels in Escanaba.

A FIVE year old girl named **Green**, of **Ford river** [sic], died of water on the brain last Saturday.

IT has been cold enough for fires nearly all the week in Escanaba. Not a straw hat or linen duster was to be seen.

Escanaba was visited by a severe rain and wind storm Monday evening, which was hard on spring bonnets and hoops while it lasted, but it soon passed away.

CAPT. Blanchard and **C.G. Gooding**, government inspectors of hulls and boilers, were in town Wednesday, for the purpose of inspecting the **steam tug Ben Drake**.

Will the members of the **Escanaba town board** please stand up and tell folks what they were elected to office for? Was it to gather chips with which to macadamize the streets? The members of that board have no more style about them than half-breeds.

C.H. Hopkins, Esq., formerly of the **MINING JOURNAL** staff but now of the **Depere Furnace company**, was in town Tuesday and made a pleasant call on us. Harry is the same pleasant gentleman as of yore, one of God's true noblemen, in fact. Call again, "Hop."

THE **steam fire engine** turned out for practice Wednesday evening, and it would have done insurance companies [sic] hearts good to have seen her throw water. She's a regular water spout, in her way. She could almost almost extinguish the great hereafter, we're thinking.

Instead of buying the brick in the Escanaba furnace and paving Ludington street with it when they had an opportunity, the **Escanaba town board** is gathering chips from all the yards around and putting them on the said street. Such a town board ought to have its remains stolen.

Joseph Nolden, proprietor of the **Escanaba brewery**, than which there is no better in northern Michigan, informs us that he can deliver beer at a price one dollar less than Milwaukee can in Escanaba, or on the Menominee range. Here's a chance to speculate, saloon keepers. His beer is first-class.

DR. J.S. NORTH, our able and talented physician and surgeon, has severed his connection with Escanaba, and gone to **Quinnesec**, as assistant to **Dr. McLeod**, of the **Menominee Mining company**. The doctor leaves hosts of friends here who are

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sorry to lose him. Escanaba's loss is Quinnesec's gain in this particular instance.

ROBBERY. On Monday night last the ~~watch shop~~ ^{repairs} of Augustus Svenson, a jeweler, was broken open. On Monday night last the ~~watch shop~~ ^{repairs} of Augustus Svenson, a jeweler, was broken open. stolen was a gold watch valued at \$120, belonging to Mr. Harteau, of the firm of **Harteau & Bebeau**, which had been left in the shop for repair the morning previous to the robbery. Svenson has closed up shop, and says he wont [*sic – won't*] open again until he has money enough to buy a safe in which to put his jewelry over night [*sic – overnight*].

Why don't the town authorities impose a license on peddlers, hawkers and commercial drummers, and devote the proceeds to cleaning up and macadamizing the streets? Here's a big revenue going to waste, town authorities. It seems hardly the fair thing that peddlers, hawkers and commercial drummers are allowed to come into a town and compete with home dealers who are tax-payers, without paying a license for so doing. Let steps be taken immediately to protest home business and industries. If the RANGER had its way it would pass a total prohibition law against peddlers, hawkers and commercial drummers.

Aside from its dirty streets and town board, Escanaba is a great summer resort. Its beautiful Bay de Noquet, with its rippling waters, sandy beach and green shores, is alone worth double the price of admission, to the fatigued business man, the emancipated [*sic*] invalid, and the romancing tourist. The rivers which empty into this land-locked, health-giving, love-making breach of promise bay, teem with

speckled trout, black bass, perch and small boys during the summer, and the worn is hardly drowned before one gets a bite. Many flowers, training arbutus, and lilies of spruce trees cast their shade athwart mother earth and keep the old woman cool the season 'round. Yes, Escanaba is a great summer resort. It's a great winter resort, too.

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 form 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**.

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

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.

THE MAY MOON.

Like some pure white flower, full blown,

Closing with the sunshine of day,
High up in the cloudless sky
Blooms the beautiful moon of May,
Touching with silver the dew on the grass,
That waves to and fro as night winds pass.

On the silent waters where pale lilies lie,
On the sedge, where wild reeds sway,
Casting shadows gray and long,
Shines the beautiful moon of May.
Like them, life's shadows will soon take flight,
Fading forever in eternal light.

STANZAS ANACREONTIC.

With the fading sunset light
If by chance I miss you,
In the silence of the night
I shall come and kiss you.

If upon life's ocean wide
I no more shall meet you,
On the golden farther side
I shall wait to greet you.

Should you pass before I go
Through the silent portal,
Gladly you will search below
For some loving mortal.

Only loving hearts above
Find the wished for treasure;
Pain is only absent love;
Joy is pleasant pleasure.

Though your lovely form elate,
Glad no more my vision,
Every soul shall clasp its mate

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In the fields Elysian.

Should we never meet again,
'Till our lives are ending,
We two shall be saved from pain,
In the final blending.

Planets, stars, and burning sun
Lives alone of action
Through eternal spaces run,
By a fierce attraction.

Call! but never speak a word
Cold dull sense of hearing!
Strangely has my spirit heard
My own self a 'nearing.

Count no more the fleeting years,
Sorrow's sum amassing;
Tell no more the source of tears,
Sad and swiftly passing.

Time, eternity are one --
Neither ever ceases.
Not diminished as they run,
Nor their loss increases.

Stay not idly and alone,
In the silent places;
Come! I only call my own
Glad me with your graces.

Lo! I clasp you in my arms
With a joy supernal;
Shield you 'gainst all future harms,
Earthly or eternal.

Creeds may chatter, brutal laws
Charge in phalanx cruci;
This their shadow of a cause
They would steal my jewel.

God, they claim, is only love;
This to saints is given

Only in some realm above
Love is present heaven.

Why then fly to scenes unknown,
Back of death's dark curtain,
When the present is your own,
Nor a future certain?

Grant they win it; they but get,
After years of sorrow,
Joys we take without regret,
Every day and morrow.

Live! then life is also mine;
Perish! they too perish;
Life and love, the rights divine,
Are the Gods we cherish.

I to you, and you to me,
May be absent never;
Each the other's self shall be,
Only one forever!

ISAAC A. POOL.

Escanaba, Mich., Jan. 17, 1878.

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

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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 good friend of the RANGER, **J.J. Farrier**, of **Menominee**, dealer in boots and shoes, trunks and valises, is prospering, and can get trusted anywhere in town. His boots and shoes never wear out collecting the hardest bills, and his trunks and valises are equivalent to money when left for board and washing at the best kept hotels in northern Michigan. No trouble to try boots and shoes on the most fastidious young lady or corn-footed old maid, or to show trunks and valises to the blind.

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BOWLDERS.

–And now the miserly idiot, **Crozier**, goes for **Bowlders**. Bowlders doesn't care 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

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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.

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.

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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 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 [sic – 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 **Escanaba**. 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 form 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

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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, 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.
