

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FROM THE RANGE-TRIBUNE – 1897-1898

[Compiled and Transcribed by William John Cummings]

1896

1897

The Range-Tribune, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume XIX, Number 30 [Saturday, November 20, 1897], page 1, columns 2-3

FRED COWLING SHOT

Popular Young Man the Victim of a Hunter's Rifle Ball.

ACCIDENT THAT STARTLED THE CITY

His Death a Loss to the Community. Story of the Fatality as Told by a Companion. Funeral Wednesday. Coroner's Inquest.

"**Fred Cowling** was shot dead this morning. Will reach Iron Mountain with the remains this evening."

This was in substance the contents of a message received shortly after one o'clock Sunday by **Agent J.M. Clifford**, of the Milwaukee road. The telegram was sent from Channing by **Arthur H. Moll**.

In less than half an hour from the time the message was received nearly everyone in Iron Mountain had been made aware of its contents. Groups of men and boys could be seen in the hotels, drug stores and on the street corners, discussing the distressing event and speculating on the probable cause of the shocking accident. Everywhere the news called forth

expressions of the most sincere sorrow, and many an eye was dimmed with tears while some member of the group was relating his last conversation with poor Fred Cowling.

CROWD AT THE DEPOT.

Long before the St. Paul train rolled into the station a crowd of men, women and children had gathered to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the remains, and to learn from those who accompanied the body, more particulars concerning the accident.

On the depot platform it required the assistance of the police to keep the crowd back. The baggage car door was opened and there, on a stretcher, lay all that was mortal of Fred Cowling. The remains were conveyed to the undertaker's wagon in waiting and driven to the home of his parents on East Ludington street.

The remains were accompanied to this city by Mr. A.H. Moll and **E. Ward Wamsley**. Mr. Wamsley is the man who did the shooting. He went direct to the Central House and retired for the night.

STORY OF A COMPANION.

Later in the evening Mr. Moll was seen at his home on East B street by a reporter for the Tribune. Mr. Moll was sorely affected and while relating the particulars could hardly control his emotions.

"Fred and I left here Saturday evening for Channing with the intention of spending Sunday hunting deer," said Mr. Moll. "We spent the night at a camp, and, after an early breakfast, started in company with several others for the woods. In the party were **Axel Swanson, Edward Johnson** and E.W. Wamsley, all employed in the camp, and Fred and myself. We started in different directions and had agreed to meet at a point six miles from the camp on the banks of Lake Ellen.

"About eleven o'clock Fred succeeded in killing a large buck, and meeting Ed Johnson secured his assistance in dragging the deer toward the place agreed upon as a

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meeting point. After going some distance through the thick brush the two hunters stopped to rest a moment. Both men were standing in an erect position admiring the antlers and fat haunches of the big buck when, suddenly, a rifle report rang out and Fred Cowling, with a ghastly expression on his face, and his right hand grasping at his throat, fell backward full length upon the ground, dead. Johnson was standing within three feet of his companion, and when he realized what had happened, began to shout for help.

“By the time I reached the spot,” continued Mr. Moll, “the other members of the party were crazed with grief and were running about like madmen.”

From a further conversation with Mr. Moll it is learned that Mr. Wamsley had, previous to the accident[,] wounded a deer, but the animal had succeeded in making its escape. He followed in the direction taken by the wounded deer, and when he heard the twigs crack and saw the bushes move, which was caused by the two hunters as they stopped to rest, he placed his rifle to his shoulder and blazed away in the direction of the spot.

The ball struck Mr. Cowling in the back between the shoulder blades coming out at the chest. He did not utter a single word nor give any sign, save the clutching at the throat and a look at his companion as he fell.

WAMSLEY WANTED TO DIE.

Mr. Moll stated that the grief exhibited by E. Ward Wamsley, the man who did the shooting, was something terrible to behold. The unfortunate man threw his coat, vest and hat upon the ground and wept like a child. He would rave and rush wildly about, and once he grabbed his rifle and threatened to kill himself. It was the most difficult task to get him to assist in carrying the body to the road. The men carried the remains a full mile to a wagon road, and then secured a team. From there the body

was driven to the railroad and placed upon a push car and taken to the station at Channing. The distance from the station to where the accident occurred is six miles.

A BRIGHT YOUNG LIFE.

A bright and promising life ended when Fred Cowling fell dead from the effects of the rifle ball discharged in a moment of unnecessary excitement.

The loss to this community by the death of Fred Cowling is very great, and deserves more than a passing mention. His character and life were of the most exalted type. His devotion to his three motherless sisters gained for him the respect and admiration of all his associates.

He has lived in Iron Mountain sixteen years, and for ten years has occupied the position of bookkeeper and confidential [*sic – confidential*] clerk for **Wright Bros.**, the well known [*sic – well-known*] cedar firm. For several years Fred has practically managed the firm's business at this point, and he was held in high esteem by his employers. At the time of his death he was 25 years of age. He is survived by a father, two brothers and three sisters.

Coroner James D. Cudlip empaneled [*sic – empaneled*] a jury Sunday and in the evening viewed the remains. The jury consists of **John Clifford, Chris Grossbusch, David Bergeron, Thos. Rowell, Fred Treglawn** and **L.M. Hanson**. At two o'clock this afternoon the jury was called to order in the office of the Coroner. **Prosecuting Attorney Cook** is present conducting the examination by order of Coroner Cudlip. All the witnesses to the accident and Mr. Wamsley, the slayer of the victim, were examined and their testimony taken down. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

All that remained mortal of **Frederick Charles Cowling** was laid to rest in the cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

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During the forenoon and until the moment the funeral cortege left the house on East Ludington street, crowds of people viewed for the last time the remains of the young man who all had learned to esteem and respect. The front room in which the body lay was filled with magnificent floral tributes sent by sorrowing friends and arranged by loving hands. Many of these were placed upon the handsome black casket and were lowered into the grave with the remains.

Long before the eight pall-bearers [*sic – pallbearers*] marched slowly down the aisle of the church the sacred edifice was filled with friends. People from every station in life, every creed and nationality[,] were there to pay their last respects to the departed and to pray for the repose of the soul of their friend.

Every incoming train brought some one [*sic – someone*] to attend the funeral, and the church contained fully 600 people. The service was opened by the congregation singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," followed by the reading of the scripture lesson by the pastor. Rev. Polkinghorn spoke for fifteen minutes in which he spoke feelingly of the death of the young man. He referred to the community's appreciation of Fred Cowling as a model young man, and closed with a fitting tribute to his excellent character and exemplary life.

The words of the pastor and the singing by the choir dimmed many eyes with tears, and the weeping of the mourners was heartrending. The long line of carriages followed the remains to the cemetery, where a second brief service was held.

The interment was in the Quinnesec cemetery in the family lot beside the grave of the deceased's mother who died six years ago.

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HE IS COMPLIMENTED.

State Deputy Game and Fish Warden Doing Good Service Here.

(From Ishpeming Iron Ore)

The special deputy game warden, **Mr. Watkins**, appointed to look after the interests of the state in the **vicinity of Iron Mountain**, has been making a number of arrests for the illegal killing of deer. Several were arrested for shooting deer on Sunday, the day before the open season arrived, and more for killing without a license. The deputy seems to be fearless in the discharge of his duty. The state should have more like him, then there would be less breaking of the game laws.

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WALPOLE STARTS UP.

Development of the Mine will be Pushed as Rapidly as Possibly [*sic - Possible*].

Work was resumed at the **Walpole mine** Monday with a small force of men, which will be increased as development progresses, and under the energetic and intelligent management which has characterized the **Pewabic company**, who are also owners of the Walpole, it needs hardly be said that the latter property will be developed as rapidly as possible and will

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undoubtedly be made one of the important acquisitions of the company and a considerable factor in the future growth and prosperity of this city. Exploratory work has been carried on at this property for the past fifteen years, but until it was acquired by the Pewabic, with but meager success. There is every prospect now that it will soon take its place among the important mines of this range and afford employment to a considerable number of men.

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FIRE LOSS OF \$25,000.

Combination Shaft and Rockhouse of Calumet & Hecla Co. Burned.

Sunday night the largest **combination shaft and rockhouse on the Calumet & Hecla property**, at **Calumet**, was destroyed. The loss is \$25,000. The building was ignited by spontaneous combustion. No men were at work, but the watchmen underground had considerable difficulty in making their escape, the smoke being forced down the mine. The shaft was blocked at 200 feet and the fire was thus prevented from going further down. Some of the largest crushers in the world were ruined. A high wind was blowing and several adjoining buildings were destroyed. The mining company will immediately rebuild.

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LECTURED TO THE JEWS.

Prominent New York Rabbi was a Sunday Guest in Iron Mountain.

Rev. J.E. Latvin, a well known [*sic – well-known*] **Jewish Rabbi**, was a guest in the city Sunday from New York. He was entertained by the Jewish residents of the city and Sunday night, delivered a stirring lecture to about fifty people at the residence of **Mr. P. Warshawsky** and **Mrs. L. Harris**, at 123 Ludington street.

Rabbi Latvin spoke for two hours. After the lecture the party enjoyed several hours of music. A number of ladies present entertained the guests with instrumental selections and all joined in singing several songs.

Rev. Latvin left Monday morning for Hurley, and Ironwood, where he lectured to the Jewish people of those cities.

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A BLIND PIG.

One Located in Waucedah in the Very Heart of the Little Burg.

HAS EXISTED FOR SOME TIME.

Valcutin Passentina is the Proprietor of the Joint. Arrested on a Warrant and Bound Over to Circuit Under \$400 Bonds.

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In the very heart of the business district of **Waucedah**, in this county, there has been unearthed a “**blind pig**” that has been conducted successfully and without molestation for several months.

The proprietor of the joint is **Valcutin Passentina**, a well known [*sic – well-known*] Italian citizen of Waucedah.

Monday the proprietor of the “blind pig” came to grief and all through his having been too careless in disposing of his liquors.

It has been known to several people in Waucedah that Passentina was selling liquor without a license, but no one ever offered a complaint as the place was always conducted in an orderly manner.

The other day a fifteen year old [*sic – fifteen-year-old*] son of **M. Larson**, section foreman for the Northwestern road, purchased from the proprietor a bottle of “budweiser” and, after drinking the contents, proceeded to paint the town a carmine tint. The boy’s father learned of the affair and swore out a warrant before **Justice Miller** of this city. Justice Miller had the warrant served and the keeper of the “blind pig” was brought to this city to answer to the charge of selling liquor without a license.

The prisoner waived examination and was bound over to the next term of the circuit court under \$400 bonds. He succeeded in securing bail and returned to his home in Waucedah.

In explanation of his offense, Mr. Passentina states that he could not afford to take out a license as there is not business enough in Waucedah to warrant the payment to the county of the sum required for a liquor license.

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’T WAS SIX TO SIX.

Correct Result of Saturday’s Football Game Between the School Teams.

THE REFEREE MADE AN AWFUL BULL

Gave Escanaba Two Points a Touch Back. ’Twas Not in Accordance With ’97 Rules. Only One Accident – Scenes on the Gridiron.

Visitors at **Lawndale** Saturday afternoon saw the greatest football contest of the season. For more than two hours the contesting teams struggled with desperation born of great energy, perseverance and courage, and wound up by a score of six to six.

At the time the contest ended, and for several hours afterward, every one [*sic – everyone*] but those who were posted on ’97 rules believed that **Escanaba** had won the game by a score of 9 to 6. This was due to an inexcusable blunder on the part of the referee, who, through ignorance of the rules, gave Escanaba two points on a touch back in the end of the first half. Later, when confronted with undisputed evidence, the referee decided the game a tie.

A crowd of about two hundred people saw the struggle and shouted themselves hoarse. It required all the energy of **Mr. Greene** and **Supt. Paton** to keep the spectators off the field, and in several instances spectators who got in the way were run down by the long haired [*sic – long-haired*] athletes. It was a clean, manly game from start to finish. Only once was it stopped on account of an injury and then only for about a minute. **Calvi** suffered a slight accident, having his ear cut. The

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disputes were many, but in each case quickly decided.

SCENES ON THE GRIDIRON

Every man on the Iron Mountain eleven played with vim and dash and there was no yellow work done by anyone. It would be hard to mete out praise to our boys without crowning them all.

John Oliver was in every play and his long legs and big form were a tower of strength. He plays football with about the same pleasure that a half starved man would go at a porterhouse steak.

Matt Cook surprised everyone by his brilliant plays and evident knowledge of just where to be at the proper time. Cook will make a record for himself in football circles and in time may be playing with a more noted team.

Miss Parker, a teacher in the **Escanaba High School**, who came down with the visiting team, is a **thorough football enthusiast**, and her presence reminds one of the big games witnessed in former visits in the large cities, where many ladies are in attendance. Miss Parker is popular with the boys of the Escanaba High School.

Another game between the two teams may be arranged to be played in Escanaba on Thanksgiving Day. The visitors extended a kind invitation to the local eleven and as the best of feelings exist, its [sic – it's] possible that the invitation will be accepted.

The Escanaba team played a good, strong, clean game. They are a coterie of gentlemen and made a good impression in Iron Mountain. The gentlemanly manager, **Robt. Oliver**, has the true idea of sport and leaves nothing undone in the way of courtesy. The Escanaba eleven is considered one of the crack High School teams in the upper peninsula and Iron Mountain has shown her right to share this reputation.

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BAGGED FOURTEEN DEER.

Party of Well-Known Hunters Claim to Have Been Successful.

The party of local hunters that camped near **Metropolitan** for ten days returned Sunday night. The party included **Geo. Seibert**, **Dr. Jones**, **R.C. Browning**, **A.E. Robbins**, **John Russell**, **Hugh McLaughlin**, **Capt. Symth** [sic – Smyth – ?] and **D.A. Graham**.

The party claim [sic – claims] to have shot fourteen deer which arrived here Monday evening. This is considered very good luck for one party. The oft repeated statements that deer are very plentiful this fall is not considered seriously by many hunters who have spent a week in the woods.

Candid hunters admit that the deer hunting this season is poor, and certainly their words seem to be borne out by the few carcasses that have been brought to town. The number shipped at all points through the peninsula is much less than it was a year ago.

The first two or three days of the season everybody went to the woods and there seemed to be as many deer as usual brought out, but as the results of the hunting fell off so the latter end of last week, the suspicion has arisen that some of those deer had been caught and tied up to wait for the time when they could be legally dispatched.

It is not thought the deer are less in number than they have been of late years, but that the weather is to blame.

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Though the season opened a week earlier last year than it did this, there was plenty of snow for tracking even during the first week. This year there has been no snow in this part of the peninsula, and added to this disadvantage the weather has been so cold the deer are not inclined to move about much.

Unless snow comes soon the slaughter this season will fall far short of last year's figures. To many this will be considered an evil not altogether unmixed, for if the deer are not killed this fall the hunting will be all the better next year. At present the weather man seems to have joined the legislators in their efforts to preserve the sport by cutting the season short.

In spite of the not encouraging reports the demand for licenses keeps up, and it is unlikely that the number will be short of last year's figure.

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BUNTED BY A BULL.

Shocking Scene Witnessed at Camp Six on Pine Creek.

AN OLD MAN SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Vicious Propensities of a Big Black Bull Nearly Ends the Life of John Daugherty, Barn boss for Hamilton, Merryman Company.

John Daugherty, sixty-five years of age, and who is well known [*sic – well-known*] to many people in this city, met with

a shocking accident Tuesday afternoon at **Camp Six, on Pine Creek**, where he is employed as **barn boss for the Hamilton, Merryman Company**.

About four o'clock Daugherty was engaged in corralling the company's herd of cattle. **Among the herd was a large black bull of the mooley breed**. The bull was following behind Mr. Daugherty in the direction of the corral, and not knowing of his vicious propensities, Mr. Daugherty paid no attention to him. Suddenly, however, the big black brute lowered his head and bellowing frightfully, made a powerful charge at him. Mr. Daugherty was taken unawares and fell under the bunt he received from behind. Not content with his first charge the bull turned about and, with a bound, landed with all fours on the prostrated form in the barn yard. He kicked and bellowed and stamped about like a Comanche Indian, and it was several minutes before assistance arrived.

The bull was finally driven off and the old man picked up and carried to the house.

Dr. Cameron was sent for and reached the camp shortly after dark. The surgeon made an examination and **found two broken ribs and other injuries**. The victim was given surgical attention, and when Dr. Cameron left Daugherty was resting as easily as could be expected under the circumstances. The surgeon left orders to have the man brought to the **St. George hospital** in this city Wednesday.

Daugherty's escape from death was miraculous.

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A LUNCH COUNTER.

One to be Conducted at the New Free

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Reading Room.

The **free reading room, opposite the post-office** [south side of the 200 block of East Ludington Street], is now open to the public. About thirty periodicals are on file, including the neighboring upper peninsula papers, Chicago dailies [sic – dailies] and the leading weeklies, illustrated papers and monthlies. A piano has also been put in and a library started.

It has been decided to start a **lunch counter** in connection with the room, and **Ben Bergstrom, of Norway**, arrived in the city and will have charge of that and the room, and also act as soliciting agent for membership, etc. While the use of the room is free to all, the city will be canvassed for membership at 25 cents per month, to help defray the expenses. It is hoped and expected that not alone those who patronize it but also our business men and others, whose social wants may be provided for otherwise, will encourage the movement by becoming members.

Boys over twelve will be allowed the privileges of the room in the day time and only those over fifteen years in the evening.

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DANGER ON LAKE ANTOINE.

Young Lad Injured While Skating on the Ice Wednesday Night.

George Jarvis, a thirteen year-old [sic – thirteen-year-old] lad who resides with an uncle in the **Chapin Location**, met with a painful accident Wednesday night while

enjoying a skate on the ice at Lake Antoine. The young fellow was cutting the figure 8, spread eagle, grape vine and enjoying himself generally when, suddenly, his skate became embedded in a crack that runs nearly across the entire length of the lake. Young Jarvis was thrown, falling squarely on his face. The fall nearly stunned the young fellow, and he lay in the position in which he fell until his companion reached the spot.

The bridge of the nose was broken and his ankle [sic – ankle] wrenched. He was taken home and a doctor summoned, who succeeded in patching up the injured boy. Today the patient is reported much improved.

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A.O.U.W. OFFICERS.

List of New Ones to be Chosen at the Next Meeting, Wednesday Night.

Like other secret societies in the city[,] the Iron Mountain the [sic] A.O.U.M. [Ancient Order of United Workmen] will have a new set of officers for the ensuing year. The following list has been placed in nomination and will be voted in at the next regular meeting Wednesday tonight [sic – night]:

M.W., **John W. Matthews**; P.M., **Jacob Holfetz** [sic – Holfletz]; Fareman, **Theodore Strebel**; Overseer, **Martin King**; Guide, **Peter Hagman**; Financier, **R.G. Thomas**; Receiver, **Andrew Wolfret**; Recorder, **S.V. MacElroy**; J.W., **Albert VanLaanen**; O.W., **Domonic** [sic – Domenic] **Hebert**; Representative, **J.R.**

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Holfetz [*sic* – *Holfeltz*]; Alternate, R.G. Thomas.

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DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Mother and Two Children Wander Thro' the Streets of Iron Mountain.

YOUNGEST IS A BABE OF TWO WEEKS.

Husband and Father is an Austrian Miner at the Chapin – Woman Claimed to Have Been Driven Out – She Has Been Untrue.

Justice Bergeron's court, Monday morning[,] was imbued with an Austrian-German atmosphere, but later the windows were raised, the place aired and the whole interior fumigated.

A case of assault had been brought by a wife and mother against the husband and father, and two hours were occupied in hearing the evidence of the principals and a score of witnesses. It proved to be a very queer exposition of domestic infelicity and faithlessness.

Five months ago Magdalene Goernor arrived in the city, from Austria, to wed John Ceasar, a miner employed at the Chapin. She had never been married, but she brought with her a five-year old [*sic* – *five-year-old*] boy who called her "mamma." Her explanation of this lad's existence did not come out in the trial this morning.

The couple were [*sic* – *was*] married and the domestic life of John and Magdalene Ceasar ran smoothly until two weeks ago, when the wife gave birth to a baby girl. This, so John claims, was more than he could stand. He did not relish the idea of being the father of other men's children and he kicked.

When the young wife and mother was able to leave her bed the husband, so she alleged, kicked her out of the house. She was found wandering through the streets of the city carrying in her arms her infant babe, while her five-year-old boy plodding along clutching the thin, frail skirt of calico that served as the woman's only protection from the cold wind and drifting snow.

The husband was arrested[,] charged with assault. This was done in order to secure his presence before the municipal tribunal and explain his alleged cruelty. A dozen or more neighbors of the fellow appeared in court and in every case they testified to the good character of the husband, and against the woman.

There was no evidence to convict the defendant [*sic* – *defendant*] and he was discharged. He stated to the court that the woman could occupy his home with her children, but under no circumstances would he again live with her has a husband. The woman will probably become a county charge.

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LIVERY STABLE SOLD.

Sale of Felix LaBrook's Livery Outfit Made at Noon Friday.

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Amos Conrad, formerly cook for the **Quinnesec Logging company**, Friday purchased the stock of the **Felix LaBrook livery barn on East Hughitt street**. The price paid was \$1,400.

This property was to have been sold one week ago under a mortgage, but **Frank Parent**, acting for Mr. LaBrook, secured an adjournment and in the meantime hustled up a buyer for the property.

The building in which the livery is conducted is owned by **Joe Lamphry [sic – Lonprey]** and under the new proprietorship, the the [sic] business will be conducted at the old stand.

Mr. Conrad is well-known in Iron Mountain, and he will endeavor to conduct the stable on business principles.

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HANSON AND KULLGREN.

New Business Firm for Iron Mountain's Growing Mercantile Circles.

Iron Mountain is to have a new mercantile [sic – mercantile] firm added to its already well equipped [sic – well-equipped] and metropolitan stores.

The new firm will be known as **Hanson & Kullgren** and will occupy the **large store room in the Wood block** formerly occupied by **M. Salvin**.

John Hanson and **Charles Kullgren** are both well known [sic – well-known] to the trade in Iron Mountain. The former has lived here for many years. When a mere lad he was employed in the store of **Carl Schuldes**, and for some time past has waited on the customers in the **Paris store**.

Mr. Kullgren is one of **M. Levy & Co's**. [sic – Co.'s] popular salesmen. He too is well known [sic – well-known] to shoppers of this city and vicinity.

The new firm will carry a full line of **dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps** and **gent's furnishings**. Mr. Hanson will leave tonight for Chicago to purchase the stock, while his partner will remain here to superintend the arrangement of the store and the unpacking of goods as they arrive.

Mr. Hanson states that the store will be open for business the latter part of next week. The firm has a year's lease of the store room with the privilege of two additional years.

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SENT FOR HER HUSBAND.

Peculiar Case Occupied the Attention of Probate Judge Bergeron Friday.

Judge Joseph Bergeron, of the probate court, had a queer case Friday afternoon.

Mary Fraed [sic] had been brought here from **Metropolitan** suffering from a **light attack of insanity** brought on by worrying and fear for husband, **John Fread** [sic], who is confined in the **State asylum for the insane in Travers** [sic – Traverse] City.

The woman came here from Finland [sic – Finland] early last spring, and found that her husband had been committed [sic – committed] to the asylum.

She brooded over the misfortune to such an extent that she too became mentally unbalanced, and the authorities were obliged to detain her in the county jail.

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The superintendent of the Travers *[sic – Traverse]* City asylum had been informed of the affair, and he wired back Thursday that the husband is cured and would be discharged. The authorities here concluded to hold the woman until after the arrival of the husband, who left Travers *[sic – Traverse]* City Thursday for Iron Mountain, in the hope that his presence will restore her lost reason.

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VILLAGE OF NIAGARA.

Norway Current Says it is a Very Lively And Prosperous Place.

But few of our local people have ever visited Little Quinnesec Falls since the erection of the pulp and paper mills, and many hardly realize that within five miles of our city in Marinette county there has grown up and is flourishing a village of no mean proportions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent and the result is a pulp and paper making plant of the most modern type, employing about a hundred hands, most of them skilled workmen; about fifteen tons of paper is made each day and many tons of pulp is also shipped for manufacture elsewhere. The place has many comfortable dwellings, a large hotel, a postoffice *[sic – post office]* (Niagara), a general store and is lighted by electricity. – Norway Current.

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FIRED FIVE SHOTS.

Italian Merchant Must Pay \$117.20 or Serve a Term in the Cooler.

TROUBLE STARTS OVER A DICE GAME.

Prisoner Weeps when the Justice Utters the Words – His Five Shots Proved Quite Costly – Taken to the County Jail.

Peter Bartoli, who conducts a store and barber shop on Main street in the Chapin Location, was a prisoner in Justice Bergeron's court Monday to answer to a charge of assault and attempted murder – a most serious accusation – to which the prisoner pleaded not guilty. His examination was continued until Tuesday forenoon at 9 o'clock. Bail for his appearance in the sum of \$1,000 was furnished.

The trouble that Bartoli will experience in avoiding a term in the penitentiary originated over a friendly game of dice in his store in the Location.

About 5 o'clock Christmas night John Constantini, a miner employed at the Chapin and a friend and customer of Bartolis *[sic – Bartoli's]*, entered the little store and suggested a game of dice for the cigars. The merchant accommodated his friend and the ivory squares were rolled out on the show case. It was a horse a-piece *[sic – apiece]* and Bartoli rattled the bones

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William John Cummings]

for the third horse. He shook the box; blowed [*sic – blew*] his breath through his fingers; passed his left hand in a magic circle over the dice and rolled out a full house. He stood pat. Constantini then took the dice but the best he could do was three of a kind. He became enraged at his ill-luck [*sic – ill luck*] and refused to pay for the game. Here the trouble began. A war of words followed and the merchant is alleged to have picked up a huge club and struck his customer across the head. Constantini feared his assailant and dared not strike back. However, to revenge himself for his cracked and bleeding skull, he forced his fist through a large glass panel in the door and ran out and down the street.

The plucky merchant, seeing the destruction caused by the fleeing customer, ran to the door with a revolver in his hand and fired five shots in rapid succession. He is alleged to have fired directly at the fleeing figure of his former victim, and several of the bullets are said to have grazed the body of Constantini as he hastily disappeared in the darkness. Bartoli claims to have fired the shots high into the air, and strongly denies the charge of attempted murder.

Peter Bartoli, the Italian merchant arrested for firing five shots from his revolver at there [*sic – the*] retreating figure of a customer Saturday night, the particulars of which were given in Monday's Tribune, was up before Justice David Bergeron Tuesday morning for the preliminary examination.

The prisoner was not represented by counsel, but enough of his friends were present to conduct a case in the supreme court. Prosecuting Atty. A.C. Cook represented the people, and he was requested to show the complaint to be changed from "attempted murder" to a simple assault and battery. The prisoner agreed to plead guilty to the latter charge thus saving the county the costs of a trial. He also requested Mr. Cook to recommend

a nominal fine, but to this the prosecuting attorney turned a deaf ear. Mr. Cook stated that if any recommendation was made to the court it would be for a heavy fine – the full penalty. This statement had as much effect upon the justice as tho' [*though*] it had been made officially, for the fine he imposed staggered the crowd in the court room and brought tears to the eyes of the prisoner.

After the new complaint had been made out and served upon Peter Bartoli, Justice Bergeron began his usual canned lecture on morality and good government. His stern voice rose and fell to suit the sentences, and he waxed eloquently for a period of three minutes. Without changing the expression of his face or even removing the corn-cob pipe from his mouth, the learned ruler of the municipal bench announced the sentence of the court thus "You are fined \$100 and costs, including my own fees, and in default of payment you must spend ninety days in the cooler. That settles it."

The words of the court caused a ripple of excitement throughout the courtroom, and numerous expressions of disgust and surprise were uttered by the friends of Bartoli. Justice Bergeron, however, was firm and instructed officer Sam Costa to escort the prisoner to jail unless he paid the fine with costs.

Bartoli, in company with the officer, called on several of the former's friends, but was unsuccessful in raising the required sum of money. At two o'clock the prisoner was turned over to Sheriff Anderson, who will keep him at work for the next ninety days.

Until Bartoli's sentence expires and he is released from jail, a friend will conduct his store and barber shop in the location.

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IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Elaborate Christmas Services Held Saturday in all of Them.

Christmas was observed with great pomp in all the three Catholic churches. In St. Mary's church in which the alters [*sic – altars*] were profusely decorated for the day, solemn high mass was celebrated at midnight in the presence of a large congregation of Catholics and non-Catholics. The music was of an imposing character, and in this instance exceptionally fine. Other masses followed at 8 and 10 o'clock.

It is a custom of the faithful to attend three masses on this feast. A representation of the stable at Bethlehem was conspicuous in nearly all the churches, and throughout the day devout worshipers were found kneeling before the same adoring the infant Jesus in the manger.

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ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

There Will be a Big Bicycle Trade in Iron Mountain Next Year.

All indications point to a big bicycle trade in 1898. Not the least important reason for such a prediction is the fact that prices will be more attractive than ever before. Many of the old riders will gladly

buy new mounts next spring, who otherwise would have been content with their old ones for another season. With road wheels and racers of reliable manufacture retailing at \$50, and up-to-date tandems as low as \$75, there need be no more complaint of exorbitant profits for the makers.

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DIED AT GREEN BAY.

J.A. Sloane, Former Bookkeeper at Sagola Died Friday Morning.

Word was received here last Friday that J.A. Sloane, for several years bookkeeper for the Sagola Lumber company, and well known [*sic – well-known*] throughout the county, died at Green Bay Friday morning of heart disease. At the time of his death Mr. Sloane was employed by the Diamond Match Company, having resigned his position at Sagola several months ago to accept a more lucrative one with the above mentioned [*sic – above-mentioned*] concern. He leaves a wife and three children.

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WATER PIPE BURSTS.

Caving Earth Causes a Bad Break and Some Damage Thursday Morning.

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William John Cummings]

WATER SHOOTS HIGH INTO THE AIR.

Three Hundred Thousand Gallons Escape Within an Hour and Inun- dated the Northwestern Yards in This City – Repairing Break.

About 3 o'clock Thursday morning the night crew on the Northwestern switch engine noticed a twelve inch [*sic – twelve-inch*] stream of water shooting out of the ground and high into the air near the coal sheds in the Northwestern yards in this city. The Water Works company was immediately notified and a man was sent hurriedly [*sic – hurriedly*] to the scene of disaster. When the fellow arrived the stream had increased in size and ferocity. A ninety pound [*sic – ninety-pound*] pressure was forcing gallon after gallon of water every minute, and the railroad yards and street near by [*sic – nearby*] was fast becoming inundated and almost impassable.

Before the men succeeded in shutting off the stream fully 300,000 gallons of water had escaped. After an examination it was discovered that the trouble was caused by a break in the water pipe due to the ground caving in the direction of the Chapin pit. The pipes are laid a distance of 125 feet from the pit, but the excavation is gradually drawing loose sand, thereby causing the pipes to separate at the joints.

The pipes in this locality are laid twelve feet below the surface and some little time will be required to dig down to the break, but Manager Croll expects to have the difficulty adjusted the same night.

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“COLD-BLOODED.”

If We Could But See Ourselves as Others See Us.

From the Florence Mining News.

The Iron Mountain school ma'ams are having an exceedingly hard time of it this winter. They are permitted to attend parties only on Friday and Saturday nights, and were given one week's holiday vacation. The unfortunate teachers who desired to spend Christmas out of the city were "permitted" to employ substitutes to take charge of their rooms Friday and there weren't enough "subs" to go around. The Mining News believes the cold-blooded gentlemen who constitute the Iron Mountain school board are making a big mistake. There's nothing gained in treating school teachers in an arbitrary manner. Florence has always pursued a liberal policy in dealing with her teachers and the wisdom of such a course has been shown by the good results accomplished. There must be perfect harmony existing between school boards and teachers. If you want a teacher to do good school work, don't try to humiliate her.