

LINKED BY THE LOCKS.

WHERE THE GREAT NORTHERN LAKES MEET.

The Great Canal at Saint Mary's River is a Marvel of Engineering Skill, but a Still Greater One in Process of Construction—Progress of the Work.

T. MARY'S River improvements began in 1852, when a grant of 750,000 acres of public land was made to the State of Michigan, from the sale of which the canal was built, says a correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*, writing from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Ground was broken June 4, 1853, and exactly two years and fourteen days from that date the steamer Illinois had the honor of being the first boat to be locked through. This lock had two chambers, each 70 feet wide and 350 feet long, between gates, passing vessels drawing a maximum of eleven and one-half feet.

Water was admitted to the locks through openings in the leaves of the upper gates by means of butterfly valves which were worked with a rack and pinion. Seven minutes was required to fill the upper lock chamber, and fourteen minutes to fill the lower one. The volume of water in the upper lock, when filled to the level of the canal above, amounted to 3,757,000 gallons. Valves in the lower lock gates allowed the water to escape, and it only required fourteen

rocky sides of the canal by a revetment of pier work, the general height of which is four feet above mean water level. The material is pine timber one foot square.

The chamber of the lock is 515 feet long between the gates, eighty feet wide, narrowed to sixty feet at the gates. The depth of the water on the miter sills is seventeen feet. The volume of water in the lock chamber when filled to the level of the canal above amounts to 9,888,000 gallons, nearly three times more than that in the old lock, but less than one-half the volume that will be contained in the one now under construction.

The walls are of limestone. The cut stone was obtained from Marblehead, Ohio, and Kelley's Island, Lake Erie. There are 34,207 cubic yards of masonry in the construction, of which 35,000 barrels of cement were used, every barrel of which was tested before it went to the wall. The foundation is on rock throughout, a Potsdam sandstone of different degrees of hardness. A floor of timber and concrete extends across the bottom of the lock and five feet under each wall. The miter-sills are oak timbers 12 by 8 inches, and fastened in place by bolts ten feet long, fox-edged and concreted in the rock.

The estimated capacity of the lock is ninety-six vessels in twenty-four hours. The limit was nearly reached two years ago, when eighty-four vessels were locked through in one day.

A prettier piece of masonry does not exist anywhere in the United States. The total cost of the canal enlargement was almost \$2,250,000.

Two minutes is required to open or close the lock gates, eleven minutes to fill the lock and eight minutes to empty it. The water reaches the lock from two culverts under the floor. These culverts

actually carried amounting to 7,516,022 tons in addition to nearly twenty-six thousand passengers. The steady increase in business and tedious delays that oftentimes arise have convinced the Government that a single lock cannot accommodate the commerce of the Northern lakes, so on recommendation of Gen. Witzel, of the War Department, Congress



REPAIRING A BROKEN VALVE.

finally authorized the construction of another lock and the improvement of Hay Lake channel. The new lock will be built on very nearly the same lines as the present one, only it will be larger in every way, as already described.

A RIFLE QUEEN.

Miss Adelaide Remsen's Remarkable Record as a Markswoman.

Fashionable New York society is happy in the possession of the champion amateur rifle shot in the world. Miss Adelaide Remsen, who, it is claimed, can make a clean score every time. Miss Remsen is an intimate friend of the Marquise de Mores, and was first taught how to handle a rifle by the plucky wife of the nobleman cowboy. Miss Remsen's favorite weapon is a 38-caliber Winchester rifle. She has an unerring aim and rarely if ever misses her mark. While visiting the Marquise de Mores in the Bad Lands of Dakota, two years ago, the fair New York girl astonished the professional hunters with the remarkable precision of her aim and her wonderful pluck. Miss Remsen has bowled over deer, bear, antelope, and mountain sheep—a truly wonderful record for a man, let alone a pretty young society miss, who performed this marvelous shooting in the face of the greatest dangers.

While at Lennox, Mass., last season and again at Cannes, France, about three months ago, Miss Remsen made such phenomenal scores as to evoke the admiration of the spectators, who presented her with a couple of jeweled badges emblematic of her prowess with the rifle. The Prince of Wales, who witnessed Miss Remsen's marksmanship at Cannes, presented her with a tiny gold target, studded with priceless

She Had a Fresh and Blood Baby.

A lady walking along the street came upon a little girl wheeling a baby carriage. "What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed the lady as she discovered a pink face done up in a cream-colored shawl. "Whose child is it?"

"Mine," the girl answered.

"Oh, you mean that it is your little brother or sister."

"No, I mean that he is not my brother, but is mine—my child."

"You are a very young mother."

"I ain't no mother."

"Then why should you say that the baby is yours?" the lady mischievously asked.

"Cause God sent it to me. My mamma asked me if I didn't want a little baby in the house an' I said yes, an' she said if I prayed for one God would send it, and then I said I would pray for a little sister, 'cause I like girls better than boys; but mamma said I jest better pray for any kind that God was a mind to send, but I didn't. I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy any way, an' I guess it was 'cause he didn't have any girls on hand. Then I said I would pray to send a little girl as soon as he could, an' it made papa laugh, an' he said I neener pray any more; he'd see the Lord about it himself. And he did. This is the child—my child."—*Pioneer Press*.

This Is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum, and other serious blood disorders, which are easily cured by Dr. Dorn's Electric Soap.

The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns frequently, certainly seems to justify urging the use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you.

What a Poor Child Thought.

A young girl, beautiful in form, feature, and dress, sat in a car. Directly opposite sat a poor child of about the same age, shabbily clothed, with a shambly body, slightly deformed as to the shoulders, and an exceedingly plain face, which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager eyes were fixed on the face and figure opposite her with a devouring, pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of a beautiful body. The object of the gaze began to grow uneasy under its intensity and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face, she leaned pertly across the aisle, and said:

"Well, Miss Impertinence, if you have looked at me long enough, you will be kind enough to look somewhere else. I'm tired of it."

The poor child grew first red and then white. A look of keen pain came into her eyes, and then tears, as she turned away, and said softly:

"I was only thinking how beautiful you are."

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it, because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable success has been entirely by its genuine merit. Ask your friends who know it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles \$1 and \$1 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

Not So Bad as Alleged.

Considerable complaint is heard because of alleged rough and unkind remarks recently made by a minister of the gospel from the pulpit here in regard to the people of Bellville, among other things that "Bellville would be a more appropriate name for our town than Bellville." The Standard trusts that there is some mistake or even exaggeration about this. The real facts are that we, who have lived and prospered here for twenty years or more, are strongly impressed, in fact, firmly believe, that our little town is a real nice place, and the better class of people are largely in the majority here.—*Bellville (Texas) Standard*.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Bellville, Ind. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure give the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimony as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75¢.

AMONG the incidents of the late Grand Army reunion in Boston was the meeting of two brothers, natives of Maine, who had not seen each other since the war and each of whom supposed the other to have been killed in that conflict. One now lives in New York and the other in Vermont.

Men think house-cleaning easy, but unless a woman uses SAPOLIO the proverb is true, "Easier rule a kingdom than manage a house."

"Well, then, it will be in order for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways."—*Boston Transcript*.

"As Good as Catawba."

Lake Keuka first became noted for the culture of grapes on its shores. The first vineyard was planted about 1856 on the west shore. In 1861 another was planted on Bluff Point. The business proved very profitable, and the cultivation of grapes extended until nearly all available land has been utilized. At present grape land is valued at \$100 to \$300 per acre and bearing vineyards \$500 to \$1,000, the latter price being that of the best Catawba vineyards. The present crop is very promising, and, in view of the general failure of other kinds of fruit, grape-growers are expecting good prices.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Papa's Wedding Present.

After the wedding: He—What are you crying for, love?

She—Over papa's wedding present—boohoo.

He—Why, what's the matter with it?

She—it's nothing, but I received a bill for the gas we used up during our courtship.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A Mean Cheat.

Customer (angrily)—This suppressed edition of the "Kreutzer Sonata" is a fraud, and I want my money back.

Newsdealer—What's the matter?

Customer—There's nothing objectionable about it.—*New York Weekly*.

ELECTRIC currents of 500 horse-power will be supplied by the International Electrical Exhibition at Frankfort from generators 140 miles distant.

Over nine thousand five hundred vessels passed through the lock last year.

which is the connecting waterway between these two important lakes, it was expected that the difficulty was solved for years to come. But scarcely a decade passed before the volume of business had increased so largely that it was easy to figure the first lock would, before long, prove wholly inadequate.

From the shores of Lake Superior came a wealth of iron and copper ore, together with millions of feet of lumber, and to carry this through the canal taxed the lock beyond its capacity. A new and larger one became an absolute necessity, and to supply this demand the United States Government in 1870 let the first contract for the improvement of the canal, which resulted in its enlargement and the building of the magnificent lock in commission to day.

The canal, originally 5,400 feet long, was increased to 7,000 feet and the depth from twelve feet to sixteen feet. Its width is variable—the least width being 108 feet at the movable dam. Vessels are protected against injury from the

Long Life to Him.

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DORN'S Electric Soap does not chap the

hands, being perfectly pure. Many people

afflicted with Salt Rheum, have been cured

by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes.

Have you grocer order it and try it now.

GEORGE BLUST swore so frightfully at

Mrs. Charles Graham, near New Albany, Ind., that she went into convulsions and died.

An indignant professor of anatomy in

New York denies that there is a skeleton

in every closet—he has pawned his.

—*Times Siftings*.

WHEN medicine is given a child, parents

try to tell it is a safe and proper one.

Such a remedy is Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

THE world's a stage, and you will always

have crowded houses when you make a fool of yourself.—*Atchison Globe*.

For a disordered liver try BERCHAM'S PILLS.

A MAN'S tongue can spoil all his industry.

If afflicted with Nore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25¢.

THE POINT.

From a Catholic Arch-

bishop down to the

Poorest of the Poor

all testify, not only to the

virtues of

ST. JACOB'S OIL,

The Great Remedy For Pain,

but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken

promptly relieves with no return of the

pain, and this, they say, St. Jacob's Oil will give. This is its excellence.

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