

**Brummitt's
GOLD WATCH.**

**Brummitt's
Diamond Ring.**

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

The already crowded condition of our advertising columns makes it an impossibility for us to accommodate W. H. Brummitt, Esq., the well known artist of this city, with sufficient space for his announcement for the approaching holidays; therefore we issue this supplement, which will doubtless be read with fully as much interest as the regular columns of our paper. Mr. Brummitt has evidently taken great pains in preparing his matter for publication, and advances several new ideas which, in our opinion, shows him to be as well posted in the literary as he is in the mechanical arts.—PUBLISHER.

Brummitt's Gallery is the place for pictures.

Go and see Brummitt if you want to be made beautiful.

The next thing on the carpet is, read Brummitt's address.

The next after that is to go and do as Brummitt tells you.

Call and see the new style of pictures at Brummitt's Gallery.

Brummitt copies old pictures better than any man in the west.

Brummitt will make you handsome if you don't got any yourself.

Call and see the laughing and crying babies at Brummitt's Gallery.

Conundrum—Who is the most enterprising photographer in the state?

ANSWER—If it was not for my excessive modesty I should say Brummitt of Pontiac.

Brummitt makes the largest photograph ever made in this or any other country.

When war breaks out with Spain Brummitt will have his hands full taking soldier's pictures.

Brummitt has had eighteen years experience, and can make every kind of photograph known.

And as for babies' pictures, if Brummitt can't make them, who can? That's what's the matter.

Brummitt has fitted up his show case with the best pictures in Michigan. Call and see them.

A dentist advised a man to have a tooth taken out, assuring him that he inhaled gas he would feel no pain. "What is the effect of the gas?" asked the man. "It makes a man insensible," said the dentist, "and you don't know anything that takes place." The man took out the tooth. "Oh, never mind the fee," said the dentist afterward, "I was thinking of that," said the patient; "I only want to see how much money I had, rather if I should have money enough after you get through to get a photograph taken at Brummitt's. I think I had better go there now."—Tata.

BRUMMITT

The Photographer!

I will give an Elegant

Gold Watch

To the Lady that will send me the largest

number of customers for Cabinet Pictures,

(not less than twenty-five.) before

January 1, 1885.

The watch is on Exhibition at the store

of H. E. Allison, Pontiac.

Any lady wishing to compete for the

above and following valuable prizes, will

please send or come to me for tickets

which will be furnished free of charge.

W. H. BRUMMITT.

**Brummitt's
Silver Watch.**

**Brummitt's
Gold Bracelets.**

Pithy Correspondence.

Some years since we saw a brief and pithy correspondence, officially published, as having taken place between J. N. Pounding, while Secretary of the Navy, and an agent of the Department in the State of Alabama. Here it is.

DEAR SIR—Please inform this Department by return mail, how far the Tombigbee river runs up.

Respectfully,

J. K. PAULING, Sec'y.

Hon. J. K. PAULING—Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, just to hand, I have the honor to say that the Tombigbee river don't run up at all. I have the honor, etc.

We will warrant that the agent did not receive enough salary the next year to pay for a dozen photographs at Brummitt's.

Perpetual Motion.

There is a clock at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up-draught of air which sets a fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a break on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock is practically a perpetual motion machine.

Brummitt can beat that clock all hollow. He can make pictures in any kind of weather, and do just as well whether the sun shines or not.

Was He Talking French?

The other day on calling in at Brummitt's Gallery on a matter of business, it became necessary to wait a few minutes while that gentleman made a picture of a baby. On listening we heard a *lingo* something like the following:

"Now, then, Ki-Hi. Look here, Sugar Candy, hity tity, pretty birdie, nip up the doodendunk, quierleege, the smok-i-mola, nevertheless. T-h-e-r-e."

"Why, is it done?" asks the mother.

On being answered in the affirmative, the lady expressed her astonishment, and started to go, after ordering the picture printed, when a little four year old girl said to her,

"Ma, does our baby understand French?"

"Why do you ask?" said the mother.

"Why, wasn't Mr. Brummitt talking French to him?"

There were over 500 babies born in Oakland Co. last year, and Brummitt has photographed over two-thirds of them and the rest are coming.