

## Brummitt's GOLD WATCH.

## Brummitt's Diamond Ring

Men of decision—Judges.  
But the best judges are those who admit that Brummitt's photographs are the best.

Read Brummitt's offers in this paper. If the girls have not a chance now to get something nice, they never will have. The offers are bona fide and the goods are on exhibition in the jewelry store named in the advertisement.

Harlan has written but one editorial for his paper. That one was prefaced with the remark: This newly discovered theory militates against the inflexible demolition of the oft repeated consanguinity. The managing editor told him to go and have his photograph taken at Brummitt's and get his nerves toned down.

On visiting the house of a friend the other evening, we met a little girl, aged about three years, a visitor also. She was playing with a little dog, and we playfully asked for her permission to cut the dog's tail off. On her refusal we asked her, "what use the dog's tail was to it?" when, after a little hesitation she said: "He wants it to feel tickled with when anybody comes."

### Couldn't Turn.

Ex-Gov. Wood is one of the stump speakers of the Pacific coast. At one time he was living near the Rocky Mountain range. He and his business partner were both ambitious to kill a buffalo. So early one bright morning they started out for a hunt, each armed with a good rifle. For a long time no buffalo appeared. Finally in a deep, long valley they suddenly came upon an immense buffalo bull standing on an elevation within easy range of their guns. But the ex-Governor's courage failed him at the sight of such a monster, and he begged Williams not to shoot. "Humph!" replied Williams, as he raised his gun to his shoulder, "do you think I am going to hunt this long for a buffalo and then throw away such a chance as that?" Wood then besought him not to fire until he could reach a place of safety. This he promised, when the latter ran down the valley and up the opposite side, where stood a juniper tree up which he quickly climbed. But just before he reached the tree the sound of a gun greeted his ear. Turning, he saw Williams, without hat or gun, rushing down the hill, a rod at a leap, and the wounded buffalo in full pursuit. At the bottom of the valley was a long, deep and very narrow gully, into which Williams plunged, but an instant later clambered out of and rushed for the tree. "Go back! Go back!" shouted Wood, as he saw his danger; "get into the gully!" "Not much!" yelled Williams, as he increased his speed. "There's the dearest big grizzly in in thar ever you see. I'll chance the buffalo."—Rochester Chronicle.

Oh! wouldn't Brummitt liked to have been there, either hunting bear or taking those fellows' photographs up the tree, he wouldn't care which.

# Brummitt

## The Photographer!

I will give a beautiful

## Diamond Ring

To the lady that will send me the largest number of customers for Cabinet Pictures (not less than twenty,) before January 1, 1885.

This Diamond Ring is on exhibition at the jewelry store of George Carhart, Pontiac, who will be pleased to show it to any one interested.

Any lady wishing to compete for the above and other prizes will please come or send to me for tickets which will be furnished free of charge.

**W. H. BRUMMITT.**

To all persons who will send me four customers for life size pictures, I will present them with one life size picture of themselves.

## Brummitt's Silver Watch.

## Brummitt's Gold Bracelets.

### Not a Drawing Announcement.

A western lecturer recently advertised a lecture for ladies over 25 years of age. The lecturer was promptly on hand, but the audience consisted of only one person—the lecturer's aged grandmother.

And she would have been too young looking if she had only had her photograph taken at Brummitt's.

### Lord John Manners.

[Whitehall Review.]

The return of Lord John Manners to the office which he filled so well under the former Tory Administration reminds us of a little story that was current at that time. The story goes that an elderly gentleman entered one day one of the large central post-offices in one of the busiest districts in London, and modestly made some request to be served with postage stamps to one of the young ladies behind the counter. The young ladies who attend to the post-offices are often distinguished by personal charms, but they are not always remarkable for civil manner and urbane demeanor. The young lady in question belonged to the more aggressive class of post-office officials, and she treated her elderly customer with lofty indifference. After the old gentleman had repeated his request two or three times, and failed to distract the young lady's attention from the conversation she was holding with somebody else, he grew rather impatient and demanded in more peremptory tones that he should be attended to at once. The young lady looked sternly at the presumptuous intruder. "Do not be in a hurry," she observed. "Who are you that should be giving yourself such airs?" The old gentleman drew himself up and said: "I am Lord John Manners; I am the Postmaster-General."

He was almost as big a man as Brummitt.

### A DUDE.

His Mission in Life Found at Last—Punchant for Good Clothes.

(Cor. Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.)

Berry Wall is the King of the Dudes. This sovereignty in the matter of dress is the unique means the young man employs to dispense with an income of over \$50,000 a year. A gentleman who has known this eccentric spendthrift for years met him at Saratoga recently. During the past month he has replenished his wardrobe with the most marvelous variety of garments ever made for man's back. It is said that after a long career among the toilers of the world, this fastidious dresser has finally decided that no one can excel the fit and style of the clothes made by a New York firm. Poole, by special permission allowed to refer to one of us—H. M. the Prince of Wales—as a customer, is superseded by this arrangement. Mr. Wall's happiest moments are when he is astounding a gaping crowd by his attire. Just to give them something to wonder at he will change his costume three or four times an hour. When conscious that he is being pointed out as the bean of the fashion-plate he will excuse himself from his friends for a space of five or ten minutes to return in a spick-and-span outfit of an entirely different design. The transformations in dress are made by two valets who are always on duty in his apartment to strip and rehabilitate him as they would a dummy model in a millinery store. The fellow is not bad at heart, as liberal as profigate Prince, and nobody's fool by any means. This penchant for clothes is simply an expedient for spending money and killing time.

He gets his photo taken in every new suit at Brummitt's.