

Brummitt's GOLD WATCH.

Brummitt's Diamond Ring.

The old lady who said that they did not make looking glasses as good as they used to, would have been satisfied if she had had her picture taken at Brummitt's. He takes out the wrinkles.

Pontiac Above All.

Pride in one's own country is praise-worthy. A Pontiac Club is said to have expelled a member recently for admitting, for the sake of argument only, that Lake Superior might be larger than Orchard Lake; but they were unanimous in the opinion that Brummitt made the best photographs in the State.

The Marseilles Executor.

A story that used to be told of the advice of Charles O'Connor, the distinguished American lawyer, to the heir of an estate, is thus paraphrased by a French newspaper.

A Marseilles merchant, who started in business with \$5,000 and became a millionaire, left his property to a friend with the condition that he should be buried with the sum of \$5,000 placed in his coffin. The executor bewailed the reckless waste of money and was at his wits end to know how to defeat the whimsical claims in the will. At length a happy thought came. "I will put a check, he said, into the coffin for \$5,000. It will be duly honored when he presents it."

Wouldn't a photograph by Brummitt have done just as well?

James Jones Was no Fool.

"Another instance of good fortune," continued the broker, "occurred in this city five or six years ago. There are two men whom I'll call Jones, because that sounds something like their name. One was John Jones and the other James. They were twin brothers, and looked so much alike their wives could hardly tell them apart. For some strange reason they dressed exactly alike, too, and I would wager \$10 against a brass button that you couldn't tell which was which when you saw them standing side by side. Why, when a man who had been drinking saw them together he would generally think he saw double. John was a petroleum broker and James was an insurance agent. Both lived in New York. Every once in a while James would go down to the Exchange to see his brother, and in that way met a good many business men, none of whom ever knew him afterwards from his brother. One day the market was going up like a rocket, when James was to the pit looking for his brother, who didn't happen to be in at that moment. This, remember, was the good old times in oil when the market used to break loose once in awhile like a fresnet.

He thought they mistook him for his brother, and wondered what John had done to make himself so extremely popular, but before he had made up his mind about the matter the market changed and began to

BRUMMITT

The Photographer!

I will give a beautiful pair of

Gold Bracelets

To the Lady that will send me the fourth largest number of customers for Photographs, (not less than ten,) before January 1, 1885.

These Bracelets are on exhibition at the jewelery store of Archie McCallum, Pontiac, who will be pleased to show them to anyone.

Any lady wishing to compete for these prizes may apply for tickets at my gallery, where they will be furnished free of charge.

W. H. BRUMMITT.

To all persons who will send me six customers for cabinet pictures, I will give one dozen of themselves free of charge.

Brummitt's Silver Watch.

Brummitt's Gold Bracelets.

drop like hail in February. The crowd grew frantic and the noise increased to bedlam; then the bottom was struck and the confusion began to subside.

While James was watching the scene with considerable curiosity, for he had never been in a lunatic asylum and was unaccustomed to such sights, a broker walked up to him and held out his hand.

"Well Mr. Jones," he said, "you've made a pretty good thing out of this."

"Yes," said James, thinking he alluded to his curiosity being satisfied.

"I suppose you have cleared a neat little sum out of this deal?"

"Ah?" asked Mr. Jones, in surprise.

"Yes," said the broker. "I believe I owe you something over \$15,000 on that 100,000 barrels."

"Ah!" said Mr. Jones again, more cautiously.

Before they got through talking another broker came up, and still another. While James was nodding to his brother's friends in friendly recognition, as he supposed, he had been selling thousands of dollars' worth of oil, which the sudden drop in the market of fifteen cents a barrel had made valuable.

Well, James Jones was no fool, he didn't tell who he was. He kept his identity strictly to himself, and hurried out as soon as he could get away to notify his brother of the great good luck. As fortune would have it, he found him at his office, and thus his real name was not disclosed. That day's mistake cleared them \$200,000 or more.

"How did you happen to know about the story, if it was kept so secret?" we asked.

"I am one of the twins," responded the broker.

"Do you ever sit for your photograph?"

"Well, one of us sit occasionally at Brummitt's but he says that both look so much alike that no one can tell tother from which, and so we save expense that way. Good bye."
—N. Y. Sun.

Three years ago Jay Gould had \$53,000,000 in stocks and bonds, and he has no doubt since then added one-quarter or more to the principal. The way in which his possessions were then known is thus explained: His credit was severely attacked at that time and he therefore made an exhibit of his resources to John T. Terry, who certified to the fact. Gould suffered his share in the shrinkage, but on the other hand he has made immensely out of the L road and the telegraph. His wealth may now be estimated at \$75,000,000.

There are only two men in the country richer than Jay Gould. One of them is Vanderbilt and the other is Brummitt the photographer. That is he will be when he gets money enough.

Brummitt has not failed in making a baby's picture in over two years.