

Brummitt's GOLD WATCH.

Brummitt's Diamond Ring

Wall of a Disappointed Candidate.

"O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!"
I never had a dog, nor cow, or
Hen, that laid an egg a day,
But what was marked and tuck away.
I never raised a suckin pig,
To glad me with its sunny eye;
But when it grewed up fat and big,
Or fit to roast, or bile or fry,
I could not find it in the sty.

ANON.

The Bootblack's Rent.

The official bootblack of the New York produce exchange pays \$650 a year for the exclusive privilege of having his assistants go on the floor of the exchange at certain hours of the day to "shine" the boots of the brokers.

Brummitt thinks of going into the bootblack business. It seems to be more profitable than photographing.

A Lon'g-elt Want Supplied.

The one serious drawback in the matter of love is the subject of correspondence. Not that there is any difficulty in seizing a sheet of perfumed letter paper, price one cent, a wooden penholder (price the same) and reducing a fellow's wild, yearning thoughts to cold black ink. Not that postage is too high, but a fellow's girl always expects him to enclose a photograph by Brummitt.

A YOUNG HERO.

Christopher Nicholson Gallantly Saves His Half-Brother from Drowning.

[Des Moines (Ia.) Special.]

A noble and remarkable act of heroism, recently performed by a twelve-year old boy in this county, has just been made public. The thirtieth ult., two miles west of Maxwell, northwest of this city, a little four-year old son of J. J. Shechter was playing on a well near a barn. One of the boards covering the well had become loose and the little fellow tumbled into the well, which was nineteen feet from the platform to the bottom, and contained seven feet of water. By mere chance a twelve-year-old half-brother happened to be in the near vicinity, and, seeing the accident, hastened to the rescue. Peering down through the narrow opening he could see the little fellow throwing up his hands and struggling in the water. With great presence of mind he decided at once that the only chance to save his little brother's life was to let himself down through the opening, slip down through the pump-stock, grasp the little fellow with one hand, and with the other arm cling to the pump-stock until both could be rescued. The effort proved more difficult than he had anticipated, the well being curbed with lumber in circular form, and there were no projections of any kind for footing. The stock was quite slippery and his weight carried him to the very bottom of the well, but coming to the surface he grasped the drowning child in one hand and with the other arm around the pump-stock managed to keep both their heads above water until their father was called from the harvest-field, some forty rods away, by the mother who also had witnessed the accident. It was near an hour before the child fully recovered. The whole country is ringing with the praise of this little hero, whose name is Christopher Nicholson.

Brummitt

The Photographer!

I will give just the nicest

SILVER WATCH

You ever saw to the lady that will send the

third largest number of customers for cabinet

pictures, (not less than fifteen,) before January

1, 1886.

Any lady wishing to compete for the above

or other prizes, will please come or send to me

for tickets which will be furnished free of charge.

This watch is on exhibition at the jewelry

store of O. L. Backenstose, Pontiac, who will

be pleased to show it to any one who calls.

W. H. BRUMMITT.

Brummitt's Silver Watch.

Brummitt's Gold BRACELETS

A better way to make a young man propose, is to present him with a photo by Brummitt.

She Had Him There.

Mrs. Jones, newly married—"How did you like that pie we had for dinner to-day?"

Mr. Jones (who recollects his childhood)—"It was rather good, but not such a pie as my mother used to bake. Why don't you call over and get her recipe? Did you bake it?"

Mrs. Jones—"No."

Mr. Jones—"Ah! Who did, then?"

Mrs. Jones (triumphantly)—"Your mother baked it and sent it over. She thought you would like it."—
[N. Y. Graphic.]

Brummitt has a photograph of Jones taken on the spot.

POTATOES WERE SCARCE.

The Exigency that Induced the Flaggling of the Passing Train.

[Charlotte (N. C.) Special.]

Recent heavy rains on the Charlotte, Columbus & Augusta Railroad caused large washouts at several places on the line. While a train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour between this place and Columbus, the cars filled with passengers, the engineer saw a light swaying to and fro a short distance ahead of him. He barely had time to reverse his lever and apply the air brakes, and the train was brought to a stop so suddenly that the passengers were thrown forward in their seats. The train had been signaled by a colored man who stood there with the light in his hand, while at his back, about fifty yards distant, was a great gap in the track where the flood had swept away embankment, rails and cross-ties. Johnston was overwhelmed with thanks by the passengers, and Conductor Clarkson called him up, and, in a neat speech, told him that his heroic act had saved many lives. The negro listened attentively, and then said:

"Tell you de truth, boss. I knowed if de train hit dat ar gap it would tumble right over on my 'tater patch by de side er de road, and rip and v'ar dem 'taters up. 'Taters very skase this year, en you'd er sot ur jiss de same es I did ef yo' patch was nigh run over by er train of kyars."

ALL DEAD BUT HIS HEAD.

The Peculiar Case of a Man Who Fell from a Load of Hay.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Dr. Hegeman, of Bellmore, has a case in charge which is arousing much interest among medical men. Nearly a week ago a laborer named John Hennessy, of Ridge-wood, fell from a load of hay on the farm of Edward H. Seaman, and struck on his head. The man was picked up unconscious, and has remained so ever since. A bone in his neck was broken, and Dr. Hegeman and all the other practitioners who have seen Hennessy are puzzled at the result of the injury. The bone has been set, as the doctors think, frequently, but it would not knit and kept separating to such an extent that the man's head had to be encased in plaster Paris, and the effect is awaited with no small interest, as Hennessy seems to be dead below the head, his flesh being cold and the heart throbs very faint. He has neither strength nor feeling. It is probable that he will die.

But Brummitt still lives.