PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.

Time Table in effect Jan. 1, '94.

Trains Run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH				STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH			
P'ss'r No. 6	Pass. No. 8	M'x'd No. 2	Pass. No. 4		M'x'd Pass. No. 1	P'ss'r No. 3	Pass. No. 5	P'ss'r No. 7
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
7 45	3 15	8 00	6 00	PONTIAC, High Cent.	5 00	10 15	12 40	6 00
7 55	3 25	8 10	6 10	Rundell	4 50	10 05	12 30	5 50
8 05	3 35	8 20	6 20	Ramer	4 40	9 55	12 20	5 40
8 15	3 45	8 30	6 30	Clarkston	4 30	9 45	12 10	5 30
8 25	3 55	8 40	6 40	Oxford	4 20	9 35	12 00	5 20
8 35	4 05	8 50	6 50	Leonard	4 10	9 25	11 50	5 10
8 45	4 15	9 00	7 00	Goodrich	4 00	9 15	11 40	5 00
8 55	4 25	9 10	7 10	Grand Blanc	3 50	9 05	11 30	4 50
9 05	4 35	9 20	7 20	Holly	3 40	8 55	11 20	4 40
9 15	4 45	9 30	7 30	Grand Rapids & Indiana Junction	3 30	8 45	11 10	4 30
9 25	4 55	9 40	7 40	Holly	3 20	8 35	11 00	4 20
9 35	5 05	9 50	7 50	Fenton	3 10	8 25	10 50	4 10
9 45	5 15	10 00	8 00	Linden	3 00	8 15	10 40	4 00
9 55	5 25	10 10	8 10	Fenton Crossroads	2 50	8 05	10 30	3 50
10 05	5 35	10 20	8 20	Bird Art	2 40	7 55	10 20	3 40
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
10 15	5 45	10 30	8 30	Hamburg	2 30	7 45	10 10	3 30
10 25	5 55	10 40	8 40	Pinckney	2 20	7 35	10 00	3 20
10 35	6 05	10 50	8 50	Stockbridge	2 10	7 25	9 50	3 10
10 45	6 15	11 00	9 00	Munith	2 00	7 15	9 40	3 00
10 55	6 25	11 10	9 10	Gregory	1 50	7 05	9 30	2 50
11 05	6 35	11 20	9 20	Unadilla	1 40	6 55	9 20	2 40
11 15	6 45	11 30	9 30	Dexter	1 30	6 45	9 10	2 30
11 25	6 55	11 40	9 40	Delhi	1 20	6 35	9 00	2 20
11 35	7 05	11 50	9 50	Ann Arbor	1 10	6 25	8 50	2 10
11 45	7 15	12 00	10 00	Arrive	1 00	6 15	8 40	2 00

Trains No. 6, Mixed, No. 8, Pony, and Pass. Trains No. 4, "Jerseyite," Sundays only, Trains No. 1, "Jerseyite," Thursdays and Fridays, and Pass. Train No. 5, Sundays only.

Connections.—Trains stop only on signal.

Connections.—Pontiac with Detroit, Grand Rapids & Western Ry., and Michigan Air Line division of Grand Trunk Ry. Oxford with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. Leonard with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry. Clarkston with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry.

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Removes Freckles, Pimples, Blotches and Tan, in one night. Not a cosmetic but a medical preparation, superior to all others. Ladies who travel should not be without it. Ask druggists, or mailed for 50 cents in stamps. Address

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is daily recommended as a delicate, yet effective, cosmetic for the toilet and nursery. Sample cake, by mail, 25 cents.

G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.

MOTHER SONG.

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlit bloom
Soft sleeps the breath above the room;
Yet deeply deeper the silence falls
Breathless on fast asleep at last is still.
Sleep, little darling, I will not leave
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About the dreams the drowsy flower
Whose pure sweet breath rises hour by hour.
And while the great moon symbolic hier wings
Wide the blue, while far, far the dark stars sing,
Sleep, little darling; all night long
The winds shall murmur my cradle song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mystic care,
And hosts of heaven, to whom I pray
Stand over thee, their lost, tired lamb
Safe, little darling, from my sight
Some mighty wing shall fold thy sleep.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN H. MATHERS.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Fo' dat, tonight a fadin' mo war th' bottle o' sleepin' stuff as I'd stood all them seven year. I'd fetch it a mind me o' th' hell I'd had in s' Seth an' side o' the stuff war the milk an' th' cup out o' which Steve had drunk that day.

"Th' devil see th' some o' th' stuff I'd drink, an' he'll never know, an' I'd him out o' th' way afore Steve be comed in! Thar war no taste to th' drinks, no sweet, no bitter, no color, th' gipsies knowed thar war no too well fo' that, an' wi' my back t' Seth, I jest poured th' stuff into th' cup, th' milk to top o' th' cup, an' I jigs an' I'd stirrin' it.

"There was no water in the cup board?" I said.

"Water?" said Judith, staring at me, "what for should I keep water there? Wa'al, him I posed t' off to wance, an' afore he could count ten, him war asleep an' snorin', and out he slips fro' th' chair to th' floor an' a box falls out o' his bosom, an' I picks t' up clatterin' the whites fo' Steve's eyes, an' I put it my pocket, an' thin, knowin' he war safe naw for twenty-four hour, I looks at un an' see, Where ever num I hide un?

"There was th' secret bit room, my Steve allus went thar, when he comed in, an' I daurna pit him on th' clig. Just thin my eye alighted th' ring on th' trapdoor, an' I doevil flashed it up t' me, 'Put un down t' th' cellar.' I'd be good in twelve hour, an nuthin' will come to me much t' blame fo' yer thoughts o' me, thar's but wan t' th wide world (she kissed "Stephen's hair hard), as knaw I speak the truth."

"No, I believe you too," I said, but without hope, for there was no hope in me.

And then I turned my back on the pair, bidding them make their farewells, and presently I called the turnkey, and soon found myself in the fresh air with the sense in which to ponder over those things that I had heard.

CHAPTER V.

Smuggler's Hole was empty, as it had been ever since its landlord discovered an unlooked for tenant, and when I told the worthy man I would take it for three months at a liberal rent, he scratched his head, and clearly thought me mad.

The place needed, he have been built out of uneven lengths of timber, crosswise, anywise, so that the existence of a secret door in the sitting room wall would never have been discovered by any stranger save by accident. When my new landlord touched a spring, and showed a small shelf or less concealing a second door, and a grating about the height of my hand, I was astonished, but I'd by under-tood that it had been devised as a means of escape for the smugglers when surprised by the excise officers.

Then he lifted the trap door, and striking a match we both peered down as if half expecting to see Seth Treloar staring up at us, and grave is his opinion that, but for the conscious presence of Judith, she would have been an out-and-out good woman. I got but little comfort from Judith, and yet my spirits rose as I turned my back to the hovel, and standing on the towering cliff, along the precipitous edge of which a narrow path wound spasmodically to the little cove below, gazed out at a ship whose the ocean line of sky just touched it, while betwixt them shone a single silvery sail.

From that wonderful orange the sky melted by imperceptible tints to the transluscent green that is never matched by any earthly hues of grass or flower, and by the pale yellow lights and shadows on the waters seemed to laugh in the sunshine, and to touch there as there the sea-gulls resting upon the bold, dark headlands is farther away.

I was taken back to great sorrow, Mr. Seymour, I'm sorry for you.

I exclaimed aloud, and the loneliness and majesty of the scene did not appall me, or, at least, not yet.

The Lord's Prayer, I thought, not share in my admiration for what was common to him as daily bread, and having recommended Jakes as a good guide, I left him, and went to bring my supplies from the village, and returned to send him down to the hotel, half a dozen miles away for my belongings, he, with the Irish or Celtic courtesy, took himself and his pipe and sing song voice away, evidently relieved to turn his back on the lifeless body.

Unutterably dreary in the chilliness of the spring evening looked the squalid room, and I shivered as I sat by the fire-place with my head in the chair that Seth Treloar had occupied not so very long ago.

But as my bodily discomfort grew, my mind concentrated itself the more intensely on Judith's story, which seemed to see her coming and going about her night's work, exactly as she had told him and as I also were making the one great and fatal error of her life, methought she comfitted it magnificently well.

And yet, what would my presence here avail her, her whom I had caught in the toils, with no power, to undo the thing that I had done, not of idleness, vanity and curiosity?

There was only one chance, one hope, that if, justified could furnish me with even the faintest ground for applying to the home secretary.

I should know what that chance, and hope were worth soon, an' by a simple experiment that I meant to try the morrow, Jake appeared. Meanwhile, I lit my pipe, and smoked it for an hour or so, and finally fell asleep.

I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door, and for a moment, and in the half darkness, I could not remember where I was.

"Come in," I at last cried, but the door did not unclose, and, though I called out again, nobody replied. At last I lifted the latch myself, and there stood Jake verily laden like any beast of burden.

"I have been shouting to you to come in," I said, "didn't you hear?"

"Yes sin a bit laugh a deed' hearin' lately, mister," he said.

"How long?" I said sharply.

"I dunat know, it's just growed up' me, so my missus says.

"Come out on the cliff," I said "and just where you stood on the night you saw Seth Treloar come home."

He went obediently enough, wondering, I suppose, at my wild request, and the magnificent Lizard coast was fast being shrouded in the sea-mist that crept insidiously inward. Jake's figure was plain, and tall, and broad, as outlined against the sad grey sky, and far below him the monotonous rushing of the sea was broken by the sending of the waves, as they rushed into the little cove with a sullen roar.

"Kindly stay where you are," I said, "for two minutes until I come to you."

He promised, and when I returned to the cottage, and one who had seen my conduct there would never question my right to Bedlam.

Standing by the fireplace I gave utterance to sharp, spasmodic cries, gradually assuming all they reached the point of shrieks, into which I put my whole vigor, and my lungs were those of a normally vigorous man.

Having pretty well exhausted myself, I went out to the cliff, and found Jake precisely where I had left him, and with all a Bedlamite's contentedness at doing nothing.

"Well, Jake," I said, "I had been hearing some queer noises—what did you hear?"

The man looked at me with ingenuous, candid eyes.

"Nothing sir," he said, "that the wind howling on the cliff you let go."

"It makes a power of noise—you can hear it right out at sea."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Improving a Bulgarian Town.

No European town has been more consciously improved since recent years than Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. A series of splendid boulevards has been cut through the mass of old narrow streets and Turkish bazaars, concentrating the city, while others run across it in various directions, and a still more spacious avenue, 120 feet wide and set with six rows of trees, leads from the center of the town to the railway station, while another, called the Boulevard Alexandroff, runs from the same point to the new palace. This is very large and is said to be well planted. A great public garden has also been formed in the middle of the town, with smaller ones in various points, and a nursery, covering 100 acres, has been established in the suburbs so that plants will be grown for the public grounds and will also be sold to private purchasers.—Garden and Forest.

Use That surpins Water.

The enthusiastic spirit of the train Westerner is exemplified in the model irrigation of a section of the arid country of Southeast Colorado. On the Missouri river region, he says, there is no navigation, as formerly immense changes take place yearly, at high water, from the upper waters to New Orleans, and a powerful lot of water is running to waste. Water commands a high price in arts, regions, and he suggests that the money spent by the government in protecting Illinois, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana against overflows and floods be used to dig a canal along the eastern foot of the Rocky mountains to turn the Missouri river down into Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado and Northern Texas, where it will be appreciated.

Pugilistic Item.

Ambitious Sport—Could you take me and put me in training and make a prize fighter out of me?

Great Pugilist—Ain't you able to work?

"No, sir."

"Hate you got an education?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll see. If yer able to write spirrin' stuff about yourself and habit strong enough to do hard work, I guess we can make a fighter of yer. We's kind of careful, dough, not to let fellows into the perfesh what kin make a livin' by wrastlin'."—Texas Siftings.

Well Represented.

On the occasion of the last stay of Senator Hoar at the Fifth Avenue hotel, he was approached by a reporter for the New York Press. He was walking up and down the corridor, when the reporter stepped up to him and said: "Senator Hoar?" "Yes, I'm Senator Hoar," replied the senator. "Well, senator, I represent the New York Press." "Well, what of it?" "You do, he, he," responded the senator, grumpily, "well, sir, I'm glad to see the New York Press so well represented. Good-day, sir." And he resumed his walk.—Argonaut.

Wanted to Be Certain.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "do you think there is a burglar in the house?"

"Why, no, my dear. Why, I haven't heard a word all night."

"That's just what alarms me. Any burglar who wasn't foolish would keep perfectly quiet so as not to excite our suspicions. Listen! I do so wish you would get up and look through the house!"

The Woes of This World.

The professional pessimist came into the office looking absolutely miserable.

"Well," they asked him, "what is the new cause of complaint this morning?"

"I was thinking how unjustly things were arranged for a man who has a corn. It gets its worst mashing from the man who is too heavy to knock down."

An Incredible Story.

Bob—I was in an awful embarrassing condition last night. Jack, I went into a store to buy some cigars when I suddenly discovered I had left my pocketbook at home.

Jack—Did the proprietor trust you?

Bob—Oh, yes; he knew me.

Jack, in surprise—And he trusted you?—Texas Siftings.

It Might Work.

Briggs—I think I have evolved a scheme for stopping that tipping nuisance that will prove a success, if I can only get others to follow it.

Tragg—Tell it, quick.

Briggs—Oh, it is simple enough. Whenever I give the waiter a tip I explain to the cashiers that it has left me short, and ask him to stand me off for the rest.

Educational Item.

"Which of your lessons do you like the most, Johnnie?" asked Mr. Harlem of his son Johnnie, who is a Columbia college student.

"I like singing lesson. That's the one I'm excused from," replied Johnnie.

Hard Question.

Mrs. Shortt—How do you expect me to buy things for you, to eat, if you don't give me any money?

Mr. Shortt—And how do you expect me to earn money for you if I don't get anything to eat—say?

REAL HARD WORK.

So Much of It on Board a Warship That It Disgusts an Officer.

Every nation loves its navy, and the heart of the landsman goes out to the proud fellows who are cooped up for life within the steel walls of a man-of-war. And yet, when one pays a visit to such a ship as the new cruiser New York, he is filled with envy of the captain, the lieutenants and even the ensigns. When he stands upon the spar deck and gazes around he realizes that he has beneath his feet probably the finest warship in the world, and feels that he would like to be part of her. He addresses himself to a lieutenant enthusiastically:

"I'd give everything I've got in the world to be an officer on this vessel!"

"Take my place and let me go ashore," was the reply, quick as a flash.

"If it were possible I would exchange with you to-day. What a time you have! Pets of the government, pets of the women, nothing to do but feel proud of your ship and yourselves. Wear the handsomest uniform in the world, look spick and span, and be the luxurious mother in-law's pet. Ah, what a life!"

The lieutenant seemed sad.

"You know not what you are say-ing," he answered. "Do you honestly think how hard a life we lead. Look at that and tell me if we lie on a bed of roses."

Opening a locker he flung out a pair of overalls, blue, greasy, painted, filthy, rusty. At sight of them the land man's eyes filled with tears of sympathy. And he, this beautiful officer, so spick and span, actually wore them at many things!

"Do it possible that you, too, have to help scrub the decks? Is this science? I should never have thought it. I believed that was left to the tars, and the middies and the marines. Do you do it five hours every morning, even with the assistance of your 3-0 seamen? I don't believe I'd exchange with you."

"What would you think of help-ing scrub decks? I'd rather stand on

"Hell of fifty things. What do you do in them? Take up the guns, maybe?"

"O, no. Once a week I have to inspect the inside of the hold, and it is necessary to crawl through some very small holes, so to speak, to get in to it and see that there are no rats."

"Once a week? Is that all you have to do?"

"Well, no! I drill some of the men in the rigging—three times in a week. I have just finished drilling a squad and feel exceedingly proud of it, for it at least an hour and a quarter."

"Anything else disagreeable?"

"I have to go on watch occasionally."

"You don't tell me so! It is pretty rough, ain't it? I never dreamed you poor fellows had such a terrible amount of hard work to do. The life of an officer is not a jolly one. Do you ever have a holiday?"

"Only two a week. The first I am so tired that I lie around the ship to get rested. The second I have to make a few calls, and when they are over I hurry back to get ready for work the next day."

"Well, old fellow, I sym-athize with you from the bottom of my heart. I'll go ashore and stay the rest of my days if I can do anything to make life more pleasant."

"Thank you, no. The city of New York has given us everything we need, silver service, ice and all."

"Are you ever allowed to take a drink?"

"Oh, yes, a little nip now and then."

"A mates sip?"

"Any sip you like. Hop Wah takes the glasses and an orderly-man in charge."

Poor fellows!

Tales of Navy Officers.

Naval officers have plenty fair of their own to help while away time. On board ship officers are expected to photographs. Others make a specialty of remote climates, and in the line of their profession, having collect here a hoard and curios. These amusements are for the most part, cheap, and, on rainy days, they are profitable. Only officer usually picks up enough foreign postage stamps and strange coins in a long cruise to make a fortune. The coins are so light, gets to some port where such things can be sold.

Resting on Their Honors.

Vermont and New Hampshire grow more slowly than any other states of the union, and the former seems as nearly as any to be satisfied and formed in community. Old as the state is one county has less than 1,000 inhabitants, and another less than 10,000. Large numbers of men are drained of their young men, who go to Boston or New York in search of careers, not to be found at home.

The Silk-spinning Spider.

Investigation is being made as to the silk-spinning spider, Mr. Jackson, with the object of creating a new industry. A single female spider gives a French missionary 3,000 yards of fine silken thread, and she is in spun so on days. Small textures woven by her in Madagascar are used by the natives of Madagascar for fastening flowers on sunshades and for other purposes.

The Romance of a Trunk.

John Thacker, of Waterford, Va., being accustomed to "jerk" mechanics, bought at a sale of unclaimed baggage a trunk in which he found property proved to be that of a relative who had been missing for years, and the incident has led to the reunion of a long separated family.

Treeing.

"It's hard luck," said the waiter, "but I guess well have to stand the expense of a new steak."

"What do you mean?"

"The dime museum strong man was just here, and he kept at it till he succeeded in cutting a hole in it."

A receipt for money is not legally conclusive.

LIFE AT WINDSOR, 1893.

When Queen Victoria First Mounted the Throne It Was Dull.

The life which the queen leads is this: She gets up soon after 8 o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and if employed the whole morning in transacting business she reads all the dispatches, and has every matter of interest laid before her. At 11 or 12 Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous). Melbourne always rides on her left hand. And the equerry-in-waiting generally on her right. She rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop. After riding she undresses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the suite, and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there, or in any other way she fancies.

The hour of dinner is nominally 7:30 o'clock, soon after the guests assemble, but she never appears until near 8. Melbourne is seated on her left hand, and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the servants open the doors, and the queen of the house shoot, and followed by the duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she took that of Mr. Stephenson, the American minister (though he has no rank) which was very wisely done.

Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long over their port, and she summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing room she never sits down till the gentlemen appear, and coffee is served to them in the drawing room, when she goes round and says a few words to each of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over, the duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and the round table is marshaled. Melbourne is invariably sitting on the left hand of the queen, and remains there without moving until the evening is at an end.

About 10:30 she goes to bed, or whenever the duchess has played her usual four rubbers, and the band has performed all the pieces on its list for the night. This is the whole history of her day. She orders and regulates everything herself, knows everything, is dignified in manner, lodged in the castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love, divine or human, exercised in pain, in strife and self-abnegation.

Mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the great weakness of human nature.

Pink-eye Pills are a certain cure for weak stomach and disordered liver and are pleasant to take. Sugar coated.

Ign reason of the law excuses none.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

"Tis great souls made up of little dollies.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The greatest healing ointment. Cures chapped hands and face, chilblains, etc. C. W. Hegeman & Co., Chemists, New York.

New York has 1,500 millionaire residents.

The first new railroad was built in 1826-7.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known and admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

Signatures in lead pencil are good in law.

The world really literally means half-giver.

The Evolution

of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old time herbs, pills, drastics and vegetable compounds to the past. Ladies now prefer the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it comes from the California Fig Syrup Co. Sold by all leading druggists.

Everything in this world depends upon will. Disease.

When you are troubled with dizziness, your stomach out of order, your liver generally take a few doses of Dr. Henry Hunter's Vegetable Pills and you will be surprised at the good they do you. Sugar coated. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction.

Said a noted man of so years, "My mother gave me Poisons. Either for coughs and colds she would give me Piso's."

There is no calamity which right words will not begin to repair.—Emerson.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To be young is merely the beginning of being old.—Lowell.

Accord with, even when unenergetic, is far more than mere passive. Mark Hopkins.

The hare is usually considered a harmless, timid creature, but of dogs it is a formidable foe, for it only defends itself.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands of baking powder in the market, in their reports placed the "Royal" at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

The Retreat of a Bayard.

There is a little island in Delaware bay locally famous as the place to which one of the most gallant knights treated as a religious recluse seeking asylum from the too noisy world of his little state. He had fallen in love with a Quaker maiden, and accepted their peaceful creed in so practical a spirit that nothing sufficed but self isolation. This he found in his island retreat.

Colored Arithmetic.

"De lor!! I hasn't seed yer sence you got married. Has yer any children?"

"You bet I has. I has a boy two yeahs old an' a gal fouh yeahs."

"Yer don't tell me! How time do fly. I wouldn't hab believed you was done married six yeah."—Texas Siftings.

How to Keep Well.

Little Boy—Dr. Knowall says that peoples that always eat too much.

Mr. Magnate—Well, what is true?

Little Boy—Well, if peoples would just let their childrens eat all they wants to, there would didn't be so much left for the pie plates to eat their selves.

More than 10,000 Hollows have been inoculated for the prevention of cholera.

The largest pearl ever found measured 4 inches long and weighs three ounces.

The Italians have started the manufacture of boots with detachable soles and heels.

There are now 81 metals known to exist. Three centuries ago only seven were known.

Meyerbeer's Bats.

Meyerbeer's favorite baton, made of ebony with silver tips has come to light again. It has gone to a professor of the Danish composer, Glaser, whose widow the other day sold it at auction for the benefit of famishing fishermen in Jutland.

As Beggars of Malta.

Beggars swarm in Malta that the only way to avoid being pestered by them is to put out your hand and antiepate them, with their own whining: "Give me something." "Me thirsty, good man," "Me very large family.

On the Other Hand.

Dickson—I am going to marry Miss Mordant. Don't you think she'll make a good wife?

Sonning—No doubt of that; but I fear she will not make a good husband.

Impoliteness is derived, from two sources—indifference to the divine and contempt for the human.

There is a surely any popular tenet more erroneous than that which holds that when time is below life is dull.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

One reason why there is much more good being done is because so many people want to wait until to-morrow to begin.

A lunar rainbow was seen recently at Durham, N. C. While a slight shower was falling the moon shone brightly in the east and outlined against a dark cloud in the east was a silvery bow very bright and clear, for some minutes.

The subject of the above portrait is a prominent and much respected citizen, Mr. Robert Manson, of Weedsport, N. H. Where Mr. Manson is known "his word is as good as his bond." In a recent letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Manson says:

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best pills I ever took for the liver. All my friends say they do them the most good."

This opinion is shared by every one who once tries these tiny, little, sugar-coated pills, which are to be found in all medicine stores. The U. S. Dispensatory, Institutes of Medicine, N. Y., writes of them as follows:

"From early childhood I have suffered from a sluggish liver, with all the disorders accompanying such a condition. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines I have used in abundance; they only afforded temporary relief. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I did so, taking two at bedtime, and one after dinner every day for two weeks. I have reduced the dose to one Pellet, every day for two months. I have in all months taken *twenty-six fresh, twenty-two pounds.* I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Dyspepsia and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared."

John R. Berry

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is shown by the fact that *more are used, they are always in favor.* Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and *regular*, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with those suffering from habitual constipation, piles, and indigestion.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are far more effective in arousing the liver to action than "blue pills," calomel, or other mercurial preparations, and have the further merit of being purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system; no particular care is required while using them.

Composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they are fifty times more than is that of other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four "Pellets" are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, and can be had at the price of the more ordinary and cheaper made pills.

Dr. Pierce prides himself on having been first to introduce a Little Liver Pill to the American people. Many have imitated them, but none have approached his "Pleasant Pellets" in excellence.

For all laxative and cathartic purposes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are superior to all "mineral waters," sedlitz powders, or any other "cathartic." Not to mention, called, laxative "teas," and the many other purgative compounds sold in various forms.

"Pills" as a rule, are cathartic, therefore always pill, is understood to be a cathartic.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, one pellet is equal to them. They are tiny, sugar-coated, antibilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child wants them.

Then, after they are taken, instead of disturbing or weakening the system, they act as a mild, and natural way. There is no reaction after their use. They leave no bad effects.

Accept no substitute recommended to be "just as good." *They may be better for the dealer, because of larger profit, but not for the one who needs help.*

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