



CHAPTER I.
 Chapter I.—Master Aschick, that reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the industry, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail.

CHAPTER II.
OF THE DRUSH WITH THE BLACK SHIP.

I plunged off to the forecastle, seizing a handspike as I went. Thundering on the hatch, and then opening it, I roared down:
 "All hands ahoy! Look alive!" In an instant there was a bounding out of bunks and hammocks, and a rush up the hatch. The fellows popped out in quick succession, and in a flash the entire crew was ranged on deck.
 "To the braces!" shouted the captain through the trumpet. "All ready to slack and haul! Some of you forward to tend spritsail!"

These orders, taken up by the mate, as the yelling of the wind drowned in part even the bellowing of the trumpet, were rapidly obeyed, and the crew scrambled to their stations and stood ready.
 "Down helm!" was shouted back to the two fellows at the tiller. The ship's head began to fall off, and as it did so the orders to handle the braces followed. In a mere matter of moments, so fast did the men work—urged on, indeed, by the knowledge that there was some unusual stress, though as yet they understood imperfectly the cause—in that few moments the last order was carried out, and the ship's head now pointed due north. I had kept an eye on the stranger's movements while we were fetching the industry upon the new course, and was not greatly surprised, on casting my eye that way, to see the broad bows suddenly fall away from the wind, and the long black side begin to show. At the same moment her yards were round, and thus she, too, was pointed north. There could be but one explanation of this last action—the stranger meant to overhaul us. I was now burning to get speech with the captain or Selinger, that I might resolve something more certain out of this stirring business; but for the present they were busy with other matters, so that I did not like to seek them. The readiest answer to be come at was that she was Dutch, and was making a flying cruise of it in the channel. If so, she should be both faster and stronger than she looked, for a mere wagon of a merchant rigger, without broadside guns and having no near friendly port for refuge, thus to seek prizes in our narrow seas. While I was turning these matters over in my mind, taking care to keep an eye out at the while, to be in readiness for sudden orders, the companion opened and the supercargo again appeared. The mate was standing near by, and Mr. Tym at once went over to him, and by his expression and some words which the wind took to me, desired to know what had happened. This was the very thing I would have, for now, without pushing myself into their counsels, I could slip a little nearer, and be made acquainted with the whole matter.

"Ay, a Dutchman, fast enough," the supercargo was saying. "A daring fellow, too, and not to be lightly shaken off. I fancy. Will it do to set a bit more sail?"
 "It would not be profitable," the mate answered. "She is doing what she can with this strength of wind. By the breaking of the clouds yonder, it will presently quiet a bit, and then we will see what can be done. You observe that we hold our own with the fellow at present, and carry as much as he does."
 "Yes," said the supercargo, "I perceive that."
 "We will make a race with him for the coast," pursued the mate, "and it will go hard with us if we do not give him a broad bruiser."
 "How far might it be? Surely twenty miles."
 "Call it a bit more. Say five-and-twenty. He could make that by night-fall."
 "True," said Mr. Tym, with a satisfied nod, "and if he should overhaul us on this course we could try a bowline."

He strode off to where the glass hung (the captain had brought up anchors, which he was using from the poop), and when he felt that to the rail he climbed upon a coil of line and brought it to bear.
 The supercargo used the glass for some time, but finally put it by and went up to have a talk with the captain. Of course I could not hear what they said, but it was easy to guess that it must be about the present strain. In a few moments the captain came to the verge of the poop and called the mate, Master Sellinger hurried up the ladder and the three men talked together earnestly. The mate then came down again, and immediately the captain walked to the color heliars and with his own hands ran up the flag. As it blew out at the mizen truck the crew, who, as well as myself, were watching anxiously and curiously the doings aft, broke into a cheer. All eyes were now on the stranger, for this was a clear demand that he should declare his intentions. It was the most striking moment thus far since the chase or race, if you please—had begun. The long black mass rose on the next crest and foaming down the valley, and again soared and fell. How we watched that! Lift, lift, she rose, uplifted her great house of a stern and plunged, with the shock of the parted seas, down the declivity, and all swiftly and nightly rode to the top again, and still not a handkerchief's breadth of hunting! Five, and at last ten minutes, and the same monotonous up and down and fall. The captain stood with straddled legs, silently using his telescope, and the mate was in the mizen shrouds scanning the foe under the pent house of his hand. The supercargo leaned over the poop rail, holding on hat and wig, and the rest of us lined the weather bulwark in the waist. Of a sudden the captain lowered his glass and shut

it up. The supercargo turned, catching the action, and they came together and exchanged a few words.
 "The thing is fetched to a head," said a sailor at my elbow, with an excited pull at his waistband.
 He had scarce spoken when Houthwick left Mr. Tym and stepped briskly to the head of the poop ladder.
 "Master Sellinger, set the mainsail and reef it. Take out one reef in the foresail!"
 The mate was off his perch to the deck in an instant, and at his word the men flew to their stations. The wind had less weight now than formerly and blew steadier, but for all that I apprehended that we were taking considerable hazard to thus swell our canvas. Yet very quickly the thing was done, and under the added pressure the ship drove her nose into the smother, and made a strong lurching start of it onward. While I was stepping back from the foot of the main shrouds, and in the act of directing one of the men to coil up a loose length of halyard, some one behind me gave a shout, and I turned to see that the dark ship was likewise whitening with added sail.
 On we raced, and it must have been that the greater part of an hour went by. So far the Dutchman and we were rarely well matched, he driving along at the same point off our beam, as though he might be our shadow. But a change was at hand. All in a moment, as it seemed, his long bulk began to narrow, the small slant of his sails that we could see expanded, and at once his pot-round bows rode, leaping and sinking, into view. He had changed his plan, and would fly straight at us.
 In an instant the trumpet of Capt. Houthwick began to bellow:
 "Man braces! Down helm! Slack lee braces! Haul in on the weather! Aft here, some of you, and let out a reef in the lateen!"
 It was clear what the skipper would be at. The cruiser, perceiving that he could not out sail us and cut us off, meant to close in and try to disable us with his guns. To prevent this we must turn tail and make a straight-away run of it. The question then to be settled was whether he could get near enough to wing us, by cutting up our spars and rigging. I thought this all out at a blink, as the Scotch say, just at the moment I had to use my fingers rather than my brains. When I came in from the boltspit, having gone there on some matter concerning

the drawing of the sail, I found that the Dutchman was fair astern of us, only the slant of his sails catching the light, and the rest of him standing up round and black. I think something like two hours now passed, only one thing, but that an important one, happening, which was that the Dutchman slowly gained upon us. At last Houthwick said something to which the others appeared to assent, and the mate hurried off the poop. He espied me, as I stood by the main shrouds, and beckoned me to him. When I came up he said low and in a strained, quick tone:
 "The captain thinks we had best try a gun. I must serve it. Do you stand ready to help work the ship. Call the carpenter, and put him in charge of the magazine. The main hatch will have to be opened till they can get up the first supply of ammunition, after which I'll open it down again. The rest can come up the companion. Tell Spiglow that he can fetch out the arms chest and take the pikes from the deck and pile them up. No harm to have things at hand. Stay! You may likewise get out the medicine chest, and set it in the open space 'tween decks. That must serve as a cockpit, if any are hurt. Let the cook, who is something of a sawbones, go thither. The cabin boy can assist him. That will do for now, and look alive!"
 I said: "Aye, aye!" in a seeming hearty voice (though, to own the truth, my heart was beginning to beat fast, and I felt a bit weak in the knees), and hurried away. In a few minutes all the orders were carried out, and the mate was free to try his experiment.
 When I returned to the deck the gangport had been unhooked, and the gun's canvas jacket taken off. As I turned to see whether the mate was ready—I mean ready to have the ship fired, so that he could secure his aim—I heard a low, dull boom, and, as I whirled again, a ball of smoke blew out from the bows of our pursuer and wreathed off to leeward.
 "He's firing at the moon," said the mate contemptuously, and now I saw that the excitement had struck the color from the man's cheeks, save for a little patch of red which showed under the sea-burn, and that his nerves were strung high and firm.
 "At the gun!" called the captain from the poop. "Are you ready, Master Sellinger?"
 "All ready, sir!"
 "Then to the braces, men! Luff!" he roared back to the two fellows at the helm.
 The shot came handsomely into the wind, and as she dipped to the bottom of a hollow the mate gave a swift glance along his gun and applied the linstock.
 He had loaded while I was below, and I knew not what the charge was, but it must have contained a seater-load, for I saw a tremendous display all over the water, just outside of the Dutchman's forefoot.
 "A good beginning!" shouted the captain. "Have at him again!"
 We got upon our course once more, and meantime the gun was reloaded.
 "Ha! He's showing his teeth at last!" cried the mate, pausing with his fuse, which he was blowing up in his hand.
 He pointed toward the enemy, and I saw two points in the bows had opened, and in each was the round target spot which marked the muzzle of a gun.

"He has discovered that something besides swivels will be needed," said Mr. Tym, who had come, without our perceiving him, among us. "Nay, but he is about to give us the compliment of his whole broadside!"
 A tremendous crashing roar, and a sky full of smoke following. I think I stooped, but I am not sure, and the next that comes clear before me is that a great splinter from somewhere overhead struck the deck near me and gave a queer sort of elastic spring, and went overboard. I confess I jumped back, and as I did so I ground my heel upon something soft, and had to make another spring to prevent falling. By this time I had backed nearly to the quarter-deck, and the smoke having now almost blown away, I leaned against the break of the deck and looked round. The spot where I had stumbled first arrested my eye, and there, rolled up almost in a ball, lay the body of old Dingshy. His belt had burst with the strain of his doubling over, or perhaps was cut by the glancing fragment of shot, and it was slipping off him, almost giving him an air of unbacking it from the front, his back being toward me. The mate and the Frenchman were standing up stiff and bold near the gun, and no one else had been hurt, that I could perceive.
 The captain's figure broke through the passing cloud of smoke, coming from the helm or some part aft, and passing at the edge of the poop.
 "On deck, there, how fares it?" he inquired, peering down. The Dutchman saw the body of the old man-of-war's man, he answered his own question—"So they have slain poor Dingshy! Carry him a bit aside, some of you, and bestow him in a seamy sort of you, would do better anon. What say you, Master Sellinger, have you a sharp word back?"
 "Aye, aye, sir!" growled the mate. "Luff her, and I will give her a shrewd answer enough."
 "Luff it is, then."
 Again we came into the wind, and again the mate sighted and applied his linstock. The smoke drifted astern, and I eagerly jumped into the shrouds and stared through the first clear opening. What was my delight when I saw the great bulk of the Dutchman sailing wildly into the wind, beating up a yeast of foam, and all a wreck forward, where his foremast and fore topgallant mast hung in a dreadful mass from the foremast head.
 Presently the order came to handle the ship and fill away upon our old course.
 We had got everything to drawing, and I had climbed upon the weather bulwarks, my mind very content, and casting looks of exultation at the foundering Dutchman, when, with very startling suddenness, a spit of fire darted along his cumbers foredeck, and a terrible whistling ball rushed close above my head. I distinctly felt the wind of it, and was off my perch, half tumbling, indeed, to the deck, in an instant.
 As I struggled myself on my legs I heard a loud above me, and on looking up saw Capt. Houthwick standing at the top of the poop ladder. He shook his shaggy head at me mightily amused, as it seemed, at the way I rolled off the bulwark, and as I looked up he said something in a kind of chuckling voice, and turned away. I had his tall, broad figure for an instant in my eye, and then came the boom of another gun from the Dutchman, and before I could move or scarce think the captain took a long, sinking step backward, whirled, rounded to the edge of the poop, and fell down in a loose heap, one arm hanging over the verge.

CHAPTER III.
OF THE COURSE OF EVENTS TILL WE WERE FINALLY SOUTH BOUND.
 Some one behind me shouted, and there was a rush of the men and cries, and in the midst of it I saw the little supercargo dart from some place aft and raise the captain's head. I leaped to the poop ladder and flung myself up, and then I turned to the poor captain, with whom it had fared, indeed, after the worst. His lower face, save for the chops, to which some beard hung, had been shot away, and he was a dead man, even before he had stopped to speak to the sailor.
 "This is sorrowful business," said the supercargo, rising with a sigh, and covering the shattered face with his pocket handkerchief. "He was a brave man and true."
 I summoned three seamen, and with great tenderness we brought down Capt. Houthwick's body, which we laid for the time on the quarter-deck, covering it with a tarpaulin. When these things were attended to the mate dispatched us again forward, and for a little we gave our sole attention to the handling and better speeding of the ship. The Dutchman's crippled foremast continued to fret him, but he would not give over, and so for a long time we both kept our course, though the industry all the while made a small but steady gain. It must have been half an hour after this that Master Sellinger called me, and upon my responding said that he must now retire to the cabin for a little, the further disposition of the voyage standing to be settled, and that meanwhile I was to command the ship. With that, and upon my ascending to the quarter-deck, he made a sign to Mr. Tym and they both went below.
 After a little Mr. Tym and the mate returned to the deck, their countenances, though sober, cleared, as I thought, as it might be they had settled their business to their minds.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Little Cherub.
 Little Boy—Mamma, may I give you what's in my savings bank to that beggar man?
 Mamma—You dear, sweet little cherub! Do you want to give away all of that money your uncle gave you? There was ever a dollar.
 "I spent some of it, mamma."
 "Did you? How much is there left?"
 "There's a twenty-five cent piece left, but th' chancy man said it was bad."
 —N. Y. Weekly.

Interchangeable.
 "Where in thunder are all my col-lars?"
 "Why, I'm wearing one and sister has another. Birdie took another and the rest are at the laundry."
 "But I'll say—there was a clean one in the drawer this noon."
 "Yes; Bridget borrowed that."
 —N. Y. Evening World.

QUEEN'S PRIVATE MUSEUM.
 All About the Contents of a Little-Known Room at Windsor Castle.

There is at Windsor castle a private museum, which is of very recent date in the formation of which her majesty has taken an immense amount of interest. Its treasures are in many cases of unique value, both from their associations and their intrinsic worth.
 In 1896 some workmen engaged in clearing out a set of apartments that had long remained unused, and which were situated in the Tower, came upon some old lumber, as they imagined it to be, in a passage which was quite blocked up with it. On closer examination, however, the "lumber" turned out to be a collection of most interesting and valuable relics, whose very existence had been forgotten for generations.
 Her majesty took great interest in the find, and, in conjunction with the inspector, conceived the idea of making a private museum for these and similar treasures in the lower vestibule, an apartment near the equestrian entrance, on the ground floor.
 It was just at this time that Sir Herbert Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, paid a visit to Windsor, on the conclusion of the Dongola expedition, 1897. He brought with him several trophies of the campaign, which the queen promptly ordered to occupy the first case of her new museum. These treasures consisted of Wad Bishara's red banner, with its tin rattle, which was captured at the battle of Firket; also a Crusader's sword, found in his house, and with a Spanish motto in Roman characters, which says: "Do not sheath me without honor." In this case, too, the queen has placed the Afghan trophies presented to her by Lord Roberts ten years previously.

The second contains several notable articles, chief of which is a fine specimen of executioner's ax, which has evidently seen great service, and which was given to the queen by Sir William Congreve, who invented the war rocket.
 The next case has a unique collection of beautiful feather cloaks, formerly belonging to some chiefs of the South Sea Islands. On a charming network are seven feathers so minute that they form a smooth, finished surface in black, yellow and red colors. Most of these are single feathers of a very rare species of parrot, and each of the magnificent cloaks has been valued by experts at no less than £10,000. On further inquiry it was found that they had been given by the king of the Sandwich Islands, in 1824, to his majesty, King George IV.
 In the fourth case are a set of Nepalese knives and daggers used in our Indian frontier campaigns by the Ghoorkas and similar tribes. The "Kokri," or Ghoorka, fighting knife, which the native uses in preference to the sword or bayonet, is well worth attention.
 Case No. 5 displays the head and skin of an enormous Indian lion, around which have been grouped the ancient Hanoverian standards of the first three Georges; some weapons of the Zulus taken at Isandhlana, some finely caparisoned saddles of war horses, and a "samprit," or blow tube, used to shoot poisoned darts by the natives of Borneo.

The next collection is a very fine and unique one, being that of a succession of spurs, of all shapes and sorts, from the Wars of the Roses till to-day. With these are placed six pieces of plate which formerly belonged to the Thirty-second regiment. They will at once strike the spectator's attention by their extraordinary shapes, being twisted into some most fantastic arrangements. This was due to the effects of a shot which struck the regimental plate chest during the siege of Lucknow.
 Case No. 8 may be said to represent war weapons of various countries. They are old muskets and blunderbuses of the Prussians, French, Hanoverians, Russians, Portuguese, Spanish and English; also African war hatchets and hammers, together with bundles of spears and arrow heads of the North American Indians. Then there are the shields and weapons of Asiatic savages, as well as of such nations as the Chinese and Japanese.—London Tit-Bits.

EASTERN WASHERWOMEN
 In Corea Rivers and Creeks, "addies and Stones Their Implements."
 The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.
 The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash tub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way. The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands on the banks of the Nile and washes the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellow women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.
 French women pound the dirt with paddles, often slapping the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—Detroit Free Press.

They Never Speak Now.
 Mrs. Naberly—Can you give me a good receipt for sponge cake?
 Mrs. Smith—No, but I will give you a receipt for that pound of ten you borrowed a month ago if you will bring it back.—N. Y. Journal.

Good Advice.
 Never make a confidant of everybody's friend.—Chicago Daily News.

Ch. Picturesque
Baltimore & Ohio
 12-12 TIMECARD
 Schedule in Effect Nov. 29, 1893.
 TRAINS LEAVE CAMBRIDGE, O.
 For Chicago and northwest, vestibuled limited, daily, 8:30 a. m. Sleeping car attached.
 For Chicago and northwest, express limited, daily, 8:00 p. m. Sleeping car attached for Chicago.
 For Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 11:45 a. m. Daily. Sleeping cars attached.
 Accommodation for all stations Cambridge to Columbus, inclusive, 5:30 a. m. Returning, arrives at Cambridge at 7:00 p. m. Daily except Sunday.
 For Wheeling, Grafton, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, vestibuled limited leaves 10 p. m. Sleepers attached.
 For Wheeling and Washington, D. C., express, 7:15 a. m.
 For Pittsburg, Pa., and points beyond, 2:15 a. m. Sleepers attached.
 For Pittsburg, Pa., and points beyond, 2:00 p. m. Chair cars attached.
 B. D. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic
 M. FORDYCE, Agent, Cambridge, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS RY
 Schedule in Effect January 1, 1894.
 SOUTH BOUND

Centers	7:00 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Cleveland	7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00
Euclid Avenue	7:15	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15
Newburg	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30
Cuyahoga Falls	7:45	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45
Akron	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00
Hudson	8:15	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15
Millersburg	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30
Orville	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15	2:45
Millersburg	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00
Centerville	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45	3:15
Westerville	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30
Cincinnati	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15	3:45

 NORTH BOUND

Centers	7:00 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Cincinnati	7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00
Westerville	7:15	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15
Centerville	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30
Millersburg	7:45	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45
Orville	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00
Akron	8:15	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15
Cuyahoga Falls	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30
Euclid Avenue	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15	2:45
Newburg	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00
Euclid Avenue	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45	3:15
Cleveland	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30

 Central Time. 7:00 a. m. 8:30 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 1:00 p. m.
 Cincinnati—Lv. 8:30 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 1:00 p. m.
 Columbus—Lv. 11:45 a. m. 12:30 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m.
 Westerville—Lv. 12:15 p. m. 1:00 p. m. 1:45 p. m. 2:30 p. m.
 Mt. Vernon—Lv. 12:45 p. m. 1:30 p. m. 2:15 p. m. 3:00 p. m.
 Centerville—Lv. 1:15 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 2:45 p. m. 3:30 p. m.
 Millersburg—Lv. 1:45 p. m. 2:30 p. m. 3:15 p. m. 4:00 p. m.
 Orville—Lv. 2:15 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 3:45 p. m. 4:30 p. m.
 Millersburg—Lv. 2:45 p. m. 3:30 p. m. 4:15 p. m. 5:00 p. m.
 Centerville—Lv. 3:15 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 4:45 p. m. 5:30 p. m.
 Westerville—Lv. 3:45 p. m. 4:30 p. m. 5:15 p. m. 6:00 p. m.
 Cincinnati—Lv. 4:15 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 5:45 p. m. 6:30 p. m.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR
 We will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," which contains the most valuable information on health, wealth, and happiness ever published. It is a masterpiece of wisdom and practical advice, and is worth its weight in gold. We will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," which contains the most valuable information on health, wealth, and happiness ever published. It is a masterpiece of wisdom and practical advice, and is worth its weight in gold. We will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," which contains the most valuable information on health, wealth, and happiness ever published. It is a masterpiece of wisdom and practical advice, and is worth its weight in gold.

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 Ridden by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.
 Models A and B.....\$50.00
 Model C (32-in. wheel)..... 60.00
 "Special Racer"..... 65.00
 Models E and F (chainless)..... 75.00

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 We will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," which contains the most valuable information on health, wealth, and happiness ever published. It is a masterpiece of wisdom and practical advice, and is worth its weight in gold. We will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," which contains the most valuable information on health, wealth, and happiness ever published. It is a masterpiece of wisdom and practical advice, and is worth its weight in gold.

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Ch. Picturesque
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 For Wheeling, Grafton, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, vestibuled limited leaves 10 p. m. Sleepers attached.
 For Wheeling and Washington, D. C., express, 7:15 a. m.
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Centers	7:00 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Cleveland	7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00
Euclid Avenue	7:15	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15
Newburg	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30
Cuyahoga Falls	7:45	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45
Akron	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00
Hudson	8:15	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15
Millersburg	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30
Orville	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15	2:45
Millersburg	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00
Centerville	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45	3:15
Westerville	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00	3:30
Cincinnati	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15	3:45

 NORTH BOUND

Centers	7:00 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Cincinnati	7:00	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00
Westerville	7:15	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15
Centerville	7:30	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30
Millersburg	7:45	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45
Orville	8:00	9:30	11:00	12:30	2:00
Akron	8:15	9:45	11:15	12:45	2:15
Cuyahoga Falls	8:30	10:00	11:30	1:00	2:30
Euclid Avenue	8:45	10:15	11:45	1:15	2:45
Newburg	9:00	10:30	12:00	1:30	3:00
Euclid Avenue	9:15	10:45	12:15	1:45	3:15
Cleveland	9:30	11:00	12		