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11 08	6 10	Ossineke,	9 30	1 30
10 35	5 47	Black River,	9 53	2 15
10 08	5 23	Roe Lake,	10 08	2 27
9 40	5 26	Henry,	10 14	2 35
9 25	5 18	Mud Lake Junction,	10 21	2 50
9 01	5 04	West Harrisville,	10 30	3 10
8 40	4 57	Gustin,	10 42	3 22
8 20	4 50	West Greenbush,	10 50	3 35
8 05	4 41	Handy,	10 57	3 45
7 25	4 29	Au Sable Oscoda,	11 20	4 20
	3 57	Bristol,	11 42	
6 25	3 50	East Tawas,	12 10	7 00
5 50	*3 44	Tawas City,	12 15	7 20
4 50	3 32	Hale,	12 25	†7 45
4 30	3 25	Arn,	12 34	8 10
4 15	3 18	Emery,	12 42	8 25
4 00	3 10	Whittemore,	12 50	8 55
3 40	3 02	Mills,	12 58	9 20
3 20	2 50	Prescott,	1 10	9 50
2 55	2 34	Shearer,	1 22	10 15
2 38	2 20	Moffatt,	1 29	10 30
*2 20	†2 20	lv Alger, arrive,	1 40	11 00

* Daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday.

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P. M.		P. M.
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7 45 A. M	leaves Detroit, arrives,	8 45

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JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,

without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Latarge deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of-the way place?—for you never go to the city."

KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magic? No! Magazine! And a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household: father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all right for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only $2.00 a year. I suppose you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send 15 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

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HUMOROUS.

Men who lay wagers hatch disappointments.—Washington Star.

Getting in a pickle is not apt to make a man look well preserved.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—"The bride's father gives her away, I suppose?" He—"No. He sold her privately."—Life.

"Why do you call her a daisy?" "Because when I proposed she came with a spring."—New York Herald.

Electricity is a great educator. Think what it has done to make men see things in a new light.—Elmira Gazette.

"Is Barlow a good shot" "First-rate" "He never gets any birds." "No; but he never shot his dog yet."—Brooklyn Life.

Paradoxical as it may appear, when a man has got low down in the world he may be said to be gone up.—Binghamton Leader.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asked a scientist. Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins.—Philadelphia Press

Clara—"Do you see how the shape of this gown can be improved?" Maude—"You might get some other girl to wear it."—Cloak Review.

"I have been known to beat a railroad" said a tramp, "but there's one thing I never did beat." "What is that?" "A carpet."—Washington Post.

Too Dear.—"Pretty cheap sentiment this," whispered the man next to him at the play. "Dunno about that," was the answer; "I paid $1.50 for my seat."—Puck.

Miss Grotesque—"I wish something new for the complexion would come out."

Miss Summit—"Have you tried sand-paper?"—Truth.

Leap-year-girl—"Liveryman, is this horse gentle?" Liveryman—"Yes, ma'am, exactly what you want; he is used to being driven with one hand."—Binghamton Republican.

"Before he married me John said he would love me too well ever to see me build a fire." "And does he?" "Yes: he never looks at me when I am building it."—Washington Star.

Gentleman—"Does work make you tired?" Tramp—"No, sir." Gentleman—"What!" Tramp—"I never get so far as that. But the thought of it makes me tired."—Epoch.

"What particular incident in the life of George Washington marked his undaunted courage?" asked the teacher. "He married a widow, ma'am," replied Benny Bloobumper.—Life.

He—"I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only two weeks!"

She—"And I don't see how she can marry one she's known longer."—Life.

"I wish," said Rastus, scratching his head, thoughtfully, "I do wish dat wizzid Edison would invent a sort o' cow-catcher fo' de reah eend o' dem animiles called de mule."—Harper's Bazar.

Manager—"What are you kicking about?" Actor—"My salary." Manager (impressively)—"Don't you think you are making a great deal of fuss about nothing?"—Washington Star.

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.—Texas Siftings.

"How do I stand with your father?" he asked. "I don't think," she answered after a little thought, "that you had better stand when you are with father. You had better run."—Washington Post.

Aunt Prue—"Nellie has a very sweet voice." Little Pitcher—"I guess that's why cousin Bill had his mouth so close to Nellie's last evening. He must be awfully fond of sweet things."—Boston Transcript.

Young Man (whose mother severely objects to the girl of his choice)—"Mother, you say how much I will lose by marrying a girl so far below me in social standing as Clara; but just think of how much she will gain, and it will all be in the family."—Harper's Bazar.

A Duel Under Water.

"It was way back in '65, when Bill and I were working together on a wreck just outside of Chesapeake Bay, between Cap Henry Light and Hampton Roads.

"We had come down from New York, and were pretty spruce young chaps in those days. Now it seemed, although neither of us knew it, that we were both thinking considerable of the same girl. We had been aboard a wrecking schooner about the size of this one for nearly two weeks, when one Sunday I was overhauling my things in the forecas'le, and was just taking out a picture of the 'little one' that I'd left up home. Bill came along, and, looking over my shoulder says, 'Hullo, chum, who have you got there?'

"Says I, as honest as could be, handing him the picture, 'That's the woman I hope will be my wife some day.'

"'Your wife!' says he, as he took the photograph. 'My stars! That is Nancy Stewart!' and glancing up I saw Bill staring at the picture with his face as white as a new gaff-top-s'l. Then thrusting the likeness into his pocket, he hissed through his clinched teeth, 'No, Tom Baxter, she will never be your wife!' and, turning, he sprang up the steps out of the forecas'le before I could stop him.

"As you may imagine, I was boiling mad, and surprised as well. I followed Bill on deck, and saw him sitting on a water-cask with both hands up to his face. I approached him, and, touching him on the shoulder, I asked as gently as I could for the return of my picture.

"As he looked up to me the expression of his countenance was that of a maniac; his features were distorted with either rage or anguish, I know not which.

"'Come, come,' I said after a pause, during which my chum glared vacantly at me. 'Give me back the photograph.'

"The answer I received was a blow, and down I went as though shot, with Bill on top. I was considerably stronger than he was in those days, and soon got the best of the affair. I held Bill down on deck with one hand at his throat, and with the other pulled the picture from his pocket, but in so doing it was torn in two, and I only secured one-half. At this intant our shipmates separates us, and for the rest of that day we avoided each other as much as possible.

"On Monday morning, as we were 'dressing' ourselves side by side as usual, ready to go down to work, I could hear Bill muttering under his breath, and just as his 'tender' was screwing on the face-piece to his helmet I caught a most maligant look upon his features, but he uttered no threats aloud.

"My companion had scarcely reached the bottom ere I was in the water and rapidly descending. I had made up my mind to give Bill as wide a berth as possible during the day, and began my labors stripping off the copper from the wreck well aft, while he was amidships.

"We had been down perhaps half an hour, and I was beginning to feel a little more at ease, when all at once I heard a slight tapping on my copper helmet, and a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I had been kneeling, but quickly rose to my feet, and turning, saw Bill standing before me; but his aspect sent a chill to my heart. He was extending towards me a knife, the blade of which he touched with one finger, and then pointed to my weapon, which hung in my sheath at my belt.

"I comprehended his meaning. It was a challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for such an encounter! I am ashamed to admit, however, that after the first brief instant of surprise I began to feel an insane desire to overcome and subdue my rival, even though it was in a struggle to the death.

"So, dropping the short iron bar with which I had been working, I drew my knife in turn. On seeing this move, Bill reached forth one hand and grasped mine, which he gave a convulsive pressure, and then waved me back to prepare for action.

"Now began the battle. The thrusts, as you must know, were somewhat impeded by the pressure of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been skilfully parried, for any one of them to have proved fatal. In a little while we found ourselves locked, each with his left hand grasped the other's wrist, while the knives waved to and fro above our helmets.

"Suddenly I began to lose my air, and was horrified to see a small piece of the rubber hose drop down from before my eyes, and I knew that Bill had severed the pipe—but still at that moment I remember thinking that it must have been an accident, as Bill, even in anger, would not take such a mean advantage over his adversary.

"Suffocation quickly followed, but before entirely losing consciousness I gave the signal to be drawn to the surface, and then I knew no more until I found myself lying upon the schooner's deck, with helmet off, and my head resting on Bill's knee, who was wiping the blood and foam from my lips and nostrils. He was dressed just as he had been when going into the water, barring the removal of the 'face-piece' in his headgear.

"When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw him wave the rest of the chaps aside, and then he bent down until the cold copper of his helmet touched my cheek, as he whispered: 'Thank God, Tom, you are safe. But don't for the sake of our friendship, say a word of what's happened to our shipmates. And, oh, if you can, forgive me yourself.'

"Forgive him? Why, bless him, I've loved him ever since that moment. And never from that day to this has the affair been spoken of to any one but ourselves."

"How was it he cut your hose, willing to take your life, yet still did much to bring you to?" asked the captain incredulously.

"Bill was quick-tempered, and he was in an awful rage. He would not have hesitated to have thrust his knife into my heart, albeit he would have been sorry for it the next instant; but cutting the 'pipe' was an accident, and when he saw the terrible death with which I was threatened, his anger disappeared like the mist of the morning before the gentle sea-breeze. The 'boys' told me that when I came to the surface I was in Bill's arms, and it was his own hands which unlocked the helmet from the 'collar' and gave me air. They also told me that he would not stop to have his 'weights' unbuckled, nor his 'head-piece' removed, but just knelt down beside me, calling all the while for me to open my eyes, just as though I had been a brother."

"How about the young woman who was the cause of this trouble? What became of her?" inquired the captain, with much interest.

"Oh, Nancy? Poor girl," said Tom. "Why, she didn't care nothing for either of us two fools. All the time we were thinking we might prevail upon her to cruise in our company she had agreed to sign articles with a young mate of an East Indiaman. So when we found that out, we both of us took a job which lasted about two years down in Key West. But when we got back we heard that Nancy had been a bride, a mother, and was then a widow, the poor chap whom she married having been lost at sea on his very next voyage.

"Then we hunted her up, and when we found her we adopted her for our sister. We came out here to 'Frisco, where business is better than on the Atlantic coast, and she came, too, and we've looked after her ever since."

"Her child. Did it live?" inquired the captain, interestedly.

"Well I reckon it did. Leastwise, it was alive a couple hours ago, when I saw it going over the rail yonder with a month's pay in his pocket to gladden a mother's heart," replied the old diver, with a quick chuckle.

"What! Do you mean that Neddy, your 'tender,' is Nancy's boy?"

"That's just about the size of it, cap'n. And he's a boy that no woman need be ashamed of, either; and if his mother will let the lad follow the business into which he's started—and that's what Bill has gone up to the house to find out—I'll wager my gear and 'dress' that within five years there won't be a diver on the Pacific coast who will 'dip' deeper or work longer than the same boy."

"But Nancy?" asked the captain. "Will she never marry?"

"Hush cap'n," exclaimed the diver, in a low voice. "Not until either Bill or I have 'sounded' for the last time, and been layed away in our armour. Then, perhaps, she might."—Yankee Blade.

Is it Ever too Late.

A blind old man, asking alms, sits upon the curb at the gateway of the park. He looks ragged, repulsive and feeble. The sun sinks and the air grows sharp. The blind man shivers as he at last attempts to rise. But—weak from hunger and long waiting—he falls wearily back. Why not lie down upon those stones and die? Yet he knows, though none help him to live, that he will not be allowed even to die quietly—there.

A passing girlish form pauses, hesitates, then goes to his side. She is bravely dressed—rather too bravely, perhaps; while a reckless lightness of manner sits upon her more like a subterfuge for something sad than happiness. She assists the blind man to his feet, and places a coin in his hand.

"Take this," she whispers. "I wish it was more."

As she flutters away, he seems to look after her with tears in his visionless eyes.

"Heaven bless you!" he murmurs. "Heaven bless you—whoever you are!"

* * * * * * *

Midnight. The dwindling echoes of a city's life are merging slowly into silence.

In the accident ward of a great hospital a young woman lies. Standing near are a nurse, a surgeon's assistant, and a policeman. The patient's eyes are glazing; yet an inner light, as of relief long withheld but now at hand—is apparent. All that was repugnant upon that face is hidden beneath a touching serenity, not always denied even to the erring and unfortunate, when death—claiming all—forgives all.

"Who is she?" asks the nurse.

"Don't know," said the officer. "Crossing the avenue near the park, she slipped and fell under the very nose of the horses. No chance for her, I suppose?"

There was a tremulous gasp—the dark eyes became fixed, and the patient's jaw slightly dropped. The "lost" one was "found" for all eternity. Who shall prove that the blind man's:

"Heaven bless you—whoever you are!" was said in vain—or that her one act of charity did not—like a benediction—cover up her multitude of sins?—Ex.

Too True.

They were sitting on the sofa in the parlor. She was a young lady of the period, expensively attired and wore bangs. He was her affianced, an economical young man—in short, a plain, everyday sort of fellow.

He dared to venture the remark that he "believed in leaving everything precisely the same as the divine hand of Providence had moulded it."

"Do you really, Charlie?" she asked.

"Yes," he continued; "remember my dear, Eve never wore bangs."

"No, Charlie, that's so: in fact, Eve never wore much to speak of."

And now Charlie wonders if she meant it that way.—Natural Weekly.

Little Dick—"The school is closed because so many children are sick." Mamma—"They will probably be all right again in a week or so." Little Dick (hopefully)—"Perhaps the rest of us will be sick then."—Good News.

Taken for a Crank.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

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