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10 45	5 55	Ossineke,	9 00	1 15
10 25	5 32	Black River,	9 21	1 50
9 58	5 19	Roe Lake,	9 34	2 10
9 32	5 12	Henry,	9 39	2 20
9 20	5 01	Mud Lake Junction,	9 45	2 35
9 00	4 55	West Harrisville,	9 53	2 15
8 35	4 45	Gustin,	10 02	3 10
8 15	4 38	West Greenbush,	10 08	3 22
8 00	4 32	Handy,	10 15	3 32
7 20	4 10	Au Sable, Oscoda,	10 38	4 10
	3 47	Bristol,	10 48	
5 35	3 40	East Tawas,	11 06	7 00
5 20	3 33	Tawas City,	11 13	7 20
4 50	3 21	Hale,	11 23	7 45
4 30	3 13	Arn,	11 30	8 05
4 18	3 08	Emery,	11 36	8 20
4 00	3 00	Whittemore,	11 45	8 50
3 40	2 52	Mills,	11 52	9 10
3 20	2 40	Prescott,	12 04	9 45
2 55	2 25	Shearer,	12 14	10 10
2 38	2 20	Moffatt,	12 20	10 23
†2 20	*2 10	lv Alger, arrive,	lv 30	10 00

*Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.

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†4 35 p m	Midland Accommodation	†6 55 p m
†4 45 p m	Gladwin Accommodation	†10 05a m
†3 00 p m	Vassar Accommodation	†5 10 p m
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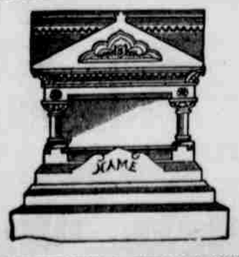

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HUMOROUS.

The chemist's best girl is analyzer.—Lowell Courier.

It is not wise to tell the bicyclist that you will go to the door and "see him off."—Boston Bulletin.

The only way it pays a person to be his own lawyer is to keep his own counsel.—Philadelphia Times.

A stock company has been formed to control the boot and shoe trade. Here at last is a corporation which will have a sole.—Chicago Times.

He (who is going abroad to seek his fortune)—"You'll be true to me, won't you, darling?" She—"Ye-yes, George, if-if you're successful."—Pick-Me-Up.

Then the Bills will Come In.—Bunker—"How much did your visit to Cincinnati cost you?" Hill—"I visited a friend, and I can't tell yet until he comes to visit me."—Puck.

"I wish you would tell me how to get out of debt," said the man depressed. "Humph," replied the citizen who hasn't any credit to speak of, "I wish you would tell me how to get into debt."—Washington Star.

Gallant drummer (on the porch of backwoods store)—"Can I help you to alight, Miss?" Miss Lyddy Green (who has just ridden up)—"No, thank ye, sir, I don't smoke."—Brooklyn Life.

Charitable lady [bestowing a dime]—What is your disease, poor man?

"Help the Afflicted" Scrubbs—I have a chronic case of cantstir.—N. Y. Herald.

They Act. Dix—"In this country every boy stands a chance to be President." Hicks—"And between 16 and 20 they act as though they had delegates enough to nominate."—New York Herald.

He took her out for an ice cream treat,
His pretty, blue-eyed Sal,
But fainted when he read the sign,
"Cream ninety cents a gal."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

No Hope. Cholly—"How do you know she won't marry you, deah boy?" Chappie—"Precedent, me deah fellow. She nevah has married any one." Cholly—"That's so, by Jove."—Truth.

Aunt—"Why, Clara! How do you manage to get one hand so much more sunburned than the other?"

Clara—"That is the hand on which I wear my engagement ring."—Puck.

She—"He has deceived me shamefully." Her father—"I'll horsewhip the young rascal. How has he deceived you?" She—"Boo-hoo—he let me decline him before he told anyone he was rich."—New York Herald.

Mike—It's like owld times to see you again, Pat. Why did you niver wroite me a letther since last we mit? Pat—Oi didn't know yer address, Moike. Mike—Thin why, in the name o' sinse, did ye not wroite for it.—Harper's Bazar.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations. I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record." "Very true, but the record is a bad one. You didn't ask me what kind of a record he had."—Rider and Driver.

Don't Get Moonstruck, Young Man.—These moonlight nights, and the number of pretty girls in the world, are responsible for lots of young men asking girls to marry them when they can't support themselves.—Atchison Daily Globe.

Outvit—I suppose that when you talk French to Waite you are telling him something you want the rest of us to know nothing about?

Ontwit—Not at all, my dear fellow. I am telling him something I want him to know nothing about.—Puck.

Mrs. Beau Monde (at the play)—"Am I attracting much attention, Marie?" Her Maid—"Half the theater is looking at you, madame." Mrs. Beau Monde—"Only half the theater? Pshaw! those wretched actors are so provoking!"—New York Telegram.

Officer—"See here sir! what business have you with that life-preserver?" Jeremiah Green (from Watts Corners, N. J.)—"Why, I overhearn some o' the folks sayin' that this boat was a goin' to bust her record this trip, an' you jest bet I'm goin' to be ready fer her when she goes."—Judge.

Queer Animals in Mines.

In connection with the resumption of mining along the famous "Blue lead," in this section, a most peculiar discovery was made. Among the mines now being worked is the old Potter mine, owned by Mrs. Ben Bishop and rechristened the Bishop mine. When the Bishop mine was first reopened one of the Will boys entered a dry slope leading to a second shaft whose existence was unknown, owing to a thick growth of brush and trees about it, and had nearly reached the shaft when he noticed a large number of flies buzzing about him in a very troublesome manner. He made several slaps at them, and accidentally caught one.

On examining it by the aid of his lantern he was nearly startled into letting it go by the uncanny appearance of the insect. It was absolutely white, with the exception of its eyes, which, having the usual red color, seemed unusually large and prominent. The red-eyed white fly, while not being common, is not unknown in the older mines, particularly the deep coal mines of the East; but this is the first time, so far as known, that they have been found in any California mine, where access to light and the open air are too easily obtainable for flies to remain below long enough to fade out.

Scarcely had Mr. Will recovered from his surprise at the white flies when he was startled again, this time by the whirring sound of a rattlesnake's musical apparatus. Looking carefully around, he saw the eyes of the reptile and threw a rock at them. The rattling promptly ceased, and a mass of white, glistening convolutions writhed into view from behind a protruding bowlder. A couple more rocks dispatched the creature, which proved to be a rattler of over four feet long. One of the rocks thrown had knocked off a good part of his snakeship's rattles, so his age was not to be discovered, but he must have been an old fellow. The color of the snake was pure white. Though a temperate man, Mr. Will was not fully satisfied that he was in his ordinary condition of sanity until he had dragged his prizes back to the newly opened shaft and listened to the expressions of surprise of his companions at the appearance of the two captures.

Prof. Harlow Ballard, Buffalo, who was visiting Bangor in search of mineral specimens, secured the snake and several specimens of the white flies, which he has preserved and shipped to the East. The Professor is of the opinion that the flies are the offspring of some imprisoned in the slope years ago by the rising of the water in the lower workings. The old and partially filled shaft allowed air, but no light, to enter the slope, while the stream flowing into the slope may have provided them with food.

The snake, he thinks, may have been carried down by the water while very young, as it is scarcely possible that it is thirty years old, which it would have been had it remained there ever since the mine was flooded. What the reptile ate during its long captivity is among the mysteries. Since the reopening of the Bishop mine the white flies have entirely disappeared, and a few which Prof. Ballard kept in a small glass case resumed the colors of ordinary house flies within a week after exposure to the light.—San Francisco Examiner.

Portuguese Superstition.

In a voyage down the river to Oporto, the channel is sometimes so narrowed between hills as to form a dark ravine. Respecting one there is an old Moorish superstition that may be interesting to the reader. The entrance into this striking ravine was formerly guarded by a Moorish fort, which still frowns over the water. There is a superstition connected with this castle, common to many of the old Moorish towers—that of the Moira Encantada, or enchanted Mooress, a superstition well known and widely credited in parts of Portugal. The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with feudal sway, an enchanted Mooress still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle.

Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages and the stroke of death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind, there is no terror in her look, for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Moors' untenanted abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some ruined monument of national glory, as one who mourns but seeks not to avenge.

She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her; sometimes she weaves her spells around a favored individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him a portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a Moira, and in return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and, as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love.

The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enchanted by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the full, soft light of the moon.

Scrambling for Life.

The ascent of Adam's Peak in Ceylon is not only difficult but extremely dangerous. Lawrence Oliphant, who was a "trustworthy pilgrim" not likely to manufacture "hair-breadth 'scrapes," gives the following account of his own ascent which, it is easy to believe, one would not care to repeat:

"The path at one point was cut in the precipitous hillside; at least 300 feet below roared a torrent of boiling water. My foot slipped on a root, and I pitched sheer over a cliff. I heard the cry of my companions as I disappeared, and had had time to realize that all was over when I was brought up suddenly by the spreading branches of a bush which was growing upon a projecting rock. There was no standing ground anywhere except this rock. "Looking up I saw my companions and the natives peering over the edge above, and to their intense relief shouted that I was all right, but dared not move for fear the bush would give way. They, however, strongly urged my scrambling on the rock, and this, with a dizzy brain, I succeeded in doing.

"The natives then undid their long waistcloths and tying them to each other and to a piece of cord taken from the packages, made a rope long enough to reach me.—Fastening this under my armpits, and holding to it with the energy of despair, I was safely hauled to the top.

"This adventure was not a very good preparation for what was in store for us when, not far from the top, we reached the one really dangerous point in the whole ascent. Here again we had a precipice with a torrent at the bottom on one side, and on the other an overhanging cliff. This was not metaphorically overhanging, for its upper edge literally projected some distance beyond the ledge on which we stood; it was not above forty feet high, and was scaled by an iron ladder.

"The agonizing moment came when we had mounted this ladder to the projecting edge, having nothing between our backs and some hundreds of feet below, and then had to turn over edge, and take hold of a chain which lay over an expanse of bare, sloping rock, to the links of which it was necessary to cling firmly while one hauled one's self on one's knees for twenty or thirty yards over a surface by no means smooth. Yet we did it, and lived to tell the tale."

No Pickles.

A lady who has the good fortune to be a friend of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes relates a little anecdote of the first time she asked a favor from him as an author. She had just completed a book for children, and Doctor Holmes kindly consented to read the manuscript.

When it was returned to her after his perusal she naturally looked it over with eagerness and anxiety, in haste to see what criticisms or corrections her distinguished friend had made. She turned page after page, but found no erasure, mark nor marginal note, until at length, nearly at the end of the story, she came to a single neatly penciled line in Dr. Holmes' fine handwriting.

It was placed against a passage upon which she rather prided herself, a vivid description of the picnic feast of a group of children in a grove.

First reading the paragraph to see if she herself could find anything amiss, she next read what he had written. It was this:

"Don't let those children eat pickles!"

Much relieved to find that it was the doctor, not the author, who found fault with her work, the lady at once drew a line through the offending viands, and when the story of the picnic appeared in print, pickles were omitted from the bill of fare.—Youth's Companion.

An Automatic Contribution Collector.

A fashionable Philadelphia church has put in an automatic contribution collector. The idea of this ingenious mechanism is derived from the cash railway of the dry goods shop, but it possesses certain original attachments all its own. The idea is to send a number of beautifully decorated little baskets of brass wire through the congregation at collection time; each basket, of course, following a different course, and moving with solemnity and sedateness. A famous Spanish scientist has invented a musical signal box, which is fastened to each basket and which is a miracle of ingenuity. If a cent is deposited it will grunt a loud, dissatisfied grunt and will emit the same sound when buttons or other spurious contributions are passed off on it. A series of musical sounds will be given forth for quarters, halves, dollars and bills, sweet in proportion to their value, and when a check is deposited—checks generally being for larger sums than $20—a long whistle, as of gratified surprise, will proclaim the event throughout the church.

An Actor's Unknowen Friend.

"Joe Jefferson," said an old theatregoer, "had taken a lady to a restaurant, and when he put his hand into his pocket to pay his bill he didn't feel a penny. He explained his position to the cashier, but the cashier 'didn't know him.' The perspiration began to ooze, when a gentleman stepped up, laid a $20 bill on the desk, and said:

"'I know you, sir; allow me to settle.'

"Jefferson was profused in his thanks, and, when near the door, said:

"'You must give me your name and address, in order that I may call around to-morrow and settle.'

"'Never mind that', said the stranger, with a smile. 'That bill was counterfeit, and I got $17 in change.'"—St. Louis Chronicle.

First Lady—"I don't see how you can afford to let your lodgers owe you several weeks' rent." Second lady—"Well, it's like this. When they're in debt it affects their appetites; they never like to ask for a second helping; so it comes cheapest in the end."—Tit-Bits.

Right or Wrong.

Which will ye have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as alterative of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, popular and well known as it is, there are unfortunates who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well known and long tried properties of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication. "The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the exclamation is pregnant with truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the endorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria, constipation, rheumatism, debility and troubles accompanied by dispepsia. Latterly it it has declared itself and been thoroughly approved as a remedy for "la grippe."

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