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11 40	6 25	ar Alpena, leave,	*8 30	*12 35
10 55	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 04	Mud Lake Junction,	9 45	2 35
9 00	4 55	West Barnesville,	9 52	2 5
8 35	4 43	Gaskin,	10 02	3 10
8 15	4 38	West Greenbush,	10 08	3 22
8 00	4 32	Randy,	10 15	3 32
7 20	4 10	Au Sable, Oscoda,	10 38	4 10
	3 47	Bristol,	10 58	
5 35	3 40	East Tawas,	11 06	7 00
5 20	3 35	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 15	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 28	Shearer,	12 14	10 10
2 38	2 20	Moffatt,	12 20	10 23
†2 20	*2 10	lv Alger, arrive,	12 30	10 50

*Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.

H. M. REEVES, agent, Alpena. MILO EASTMAN, Gen'l Supt.

Mich. Central.

P. M.		P. M.
12 20	Bay City, leave,	2 40
7 45 A. M.	leaves Detroit, arrives,	6 55

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†6 55 a m	Midland Accomo	†10 25 a m
†7 05 a m	Vassar Accommodation	†11 40 a m
*8 35 a m	Grayling Accommodation	†9 50 p m
†10 10 a m	Owosso Accommodation	†4 35 p m
†12 20 p m	Mark'w & Alpena Ex	†2 20 p m
†2 40 p m	Detroit and the east	†5 30 p m
†628 p m	Detroit and the east	†12 00 n.
*4 35 p m	Midland Accommodation	†6 55 p m
†4 45 p m	Gladwin Accommodation	†10 05a m
†5 00 p m	Vassar Accommodation	†5 10 p m
†7 30 p m	Chicago Fast Ex	8 00 p m
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HUMOROUS.

When a man is hopelessly in love it greatly increases his sighs.—Siftings.

"Mamma," said little Jonnie, "if I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"—Boston Post.

It doesn't follow that a man approves of a cyclone even if he is completely carried away with it.—Boston Courier.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQueary. "Yes; when I get any," snapped the old dyspeptic.—Puck.

First Tramp—Did you get a bite at the last house at which you called. Second Tramp—Yes, and lost the seat of my trousers by it.—New York Press.

There are a great deal in the papers now about lightweights, but we believe the ordinary ton of coal is still the champion light weight.—Boston Bulletin.

"Ah," she murmured, as her father hustled two would-be visitors from the front door, "I think I hear the rustling of the leaves."—Washington Star.

Maud—How could you be so free with Mr. Gabble, an entire stranger? Kate—He is not an entire stranger. He lost one arm several years ago.—Boston Transcript.

She—"You say you think Mr. Pinckerly was born lucky. Why, he's been jilted by four girls!" Her Husband—"That's lucky!"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Expert. He (putting on the ring)—So glad you like opals! So many girls are afraid of 'em. She—How do you know? He—Tried 'em.—Kate Field's Washington.

"This food," said the grumbling boarder to the landlady, "is not fit for a hog." "Isn't it?" she asked, "then let me take it away and get you something else."—New York Press.

They have begun to put pneumatic tires on sulkies used in trotting races. The men who bet on horses drawing these sulkies continue to be tired in the same old way.—Buffalo Express.

"Madge, what makes you always get tolu gum? It isn't half as good as the pineapple." Madge—"I know it, but Jack says it's twice as easy to get off his mustache, though.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

May—"Can you look me in the face and tell me you weren't intoxicated last night." Frank—"Yes, darling; but I couldn't look you in the face and not be intoxicated now."—New York Herald.

"It was awfully mean to deprive us of our vote that way," said the feminine politician. "How did they accomplish it?" "They got a lot of mice and turned them loose around the polls."—Washington Star.

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made over Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s and I'm sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes! but Miss A. has by far the richer father.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Deacon—Biblets has acted queerly since he took the bichloride-of-gold cure. The Elder—In what way? The Deacon—When the plate is passed to him in church now he just breathes on it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Don't you think Mr. Twiddles is very absent-minded?" said a young woman. "No," replied Miss Pepperson. "He displays admirable caution. What little he has he always brings with him."—Washington Star.

A correspondent vouches for the accuracy of the following: "My brethren," said a preacher, "such a man is like the captain of a crewless vessel on a shoreless sea. Happy would such a man be could he bring his men safely to land."—Tid Bits.

Smith and Jones were having a wordy argument on politics, when Jones said: "The fools are not all dead yet." "That is an unnecessary assertion," said Smith. "Why so?" "Because you enjoy remarkably good health yourself."—New York Press.

"Johnnie," said his mother, "if you don't quit smoking cigarettes you won't grow a bit." "Don't care if I don't," responded Johnny, sullenly. "And, of course," continued the good woman, "If you don't get any bigger you will still have to wear clothes made from your father's old ones." "I guess I'll quit, ma."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lectured the Wrong Man.

It was wash-day at the house of the Fergusons. The clothes had been in soak for more than an hour. The laundress in the basement came up stairs to report that the soap, which had been ordered early that morning, had not come yet.

"Lycurgus," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you will have to go to the grocery store and get it. We can't wait any longer."

Mr. Ferguson went to the grocer's whose place of business was seven blocks away.

"How does it happen," he demanded, fiercely, "that the soap my wife ordered three hours ago hasn't come yet?"

"She ordered a lot of other stuff at the same time," said one of the clerks, "and we filled the order as quick as we could. The boy with the delivery wagon is on the way there now."

Mr. Ferguson went back home. Mrs. Ferguson reported that the grocer's boy had come and delivered everything she had ordered—except the soap. It had been overlooked.

Mr. Ferguson, boiling over with wrath, was about to start for that soap, when the laundry lady made her appearance again.

"There's a man at the back door," she said, "with an order book in his hand. I think it's the grocer himself."

Then Mr. Ferguson went to the back door.

"You've come yourself this time, have you?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Got that soap?"

"No, sir; but——"

"You haven't! Do you know, sir, that we have been waiting all this morning for a few bars of cheap, common, yellow soap, sir? Do you know that I've had to make a trip to your store on purpose for soap myself and then did not get it? What kind of way is that for a man to do business? We could have waited an hour or two for the lettuce and cocoanut and strawberries and can of tomatoes——"

"But——"

"And there wasn't any particular hurry for the broom and scrubbing brush and the peck of potatoes. But we wanted that soap. The girl's been waiting for it for two hours——"

"But I——"

"And a whole washing is going to ruin for want of it! I won't stand it! You can't play a trick like that on me a second time. We have only been in this house two weeks, and we have got all our groceries from you. We have ordered something every time the boy came round. We have spent more than $20 at your store, and we're not going to spend any more. You have got every cent out of us you are going to get. We shall try some other grocer. You will find it doesn't pay to——"

"Will you let me say one word?"

"It won't do any good, sir. My mind is made up. What do you want to say?"

"I'm the ice man."—Chicago Tribune

The Premier Had Dined.

A young shorthand writer was once told to report a speech by Sir John Macdonald. Now it happened that the Canadian Premier had come to the House from a dinner party, and his speech in matter and form was of a decidedly postbrandial character. The youthful reporter, however, could not believe it possible that Sir John should want editing, and took down every word. His editor on seeing the copy, told him it would not do, and as it was not wanted for the next morning he was advised to go and see Sir John and get him to correct it. The reporter, on being shown in, found Sir John, as usual, exceedingly affable. Having explained the object of his visit, the reporter was desired to read his notes aloud. This he did, while Sir John lay on a sofa listening with a face of extreme solemnity to his incoherencies and correcting them as occasion required. When the notes were finished the Premier rose, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and began in the most fatherly of tones:

"I see exactly what has happened. Now my dear young friend, I am an old man and you are a young one, and you will not mind therefore if I give you a piece of advice as to the practice of your profession. My advice is this: Never attempt to report a speech unless you are perfectly sure that you are sober."

With this Sir John bowed out his visitor.—Spare Moments.

No More Crowded Cities.

"I believe that the days of great cities, as we now understand the term, are numbered," said Professor W. B. Cowper, at the Southern.—"Rapid transit has for years past been spreading the population of these immense trade centres over a larger area, and in my opinion, this work has just begun. The tendency is to go further and further away from the dust and heat for home enjoyment, and trade and industry are creeping after the population towards the suburbs. When the science of transportation is so perfected that a journey of thirty miles represents no greater time or expense than one of five miles now does, you will soon see cities like St. Louis and Chicago spread over quadruple the present area, and instead of miles after miles of solid brick and stone the chief districts will be interspersed with numerous parks and gardens. Then will the charms of the country be wedded to the social and commercial advantages of the city, and the reeking plague spots that now defy both the laws of man and God will disappear."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Geography in South Africa.

Boston is a noble and famous city, but there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was traveling across the pampas of South America in comany with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterward overheard this conversation between two of his fellow travelers:

"Where is Boston?" asked one.

"Boston is in France, to be sure," replied the other.

"That cannot be. France is a great way off, and has not got any moon; and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Boston, and North America is in the same place."

"Fool!" exclaimed Number One. "North America is in England, the country where the gringoes live that tried to take Buenos Ayres."

The Laugh of a Child.

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and claim the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-liped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.—Colonel Ingersoll.

It is the man who doesn't believe in advertising who gets the maddest when his name is spelled incorrectly in the paper.—Ex.

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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