OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan., 16, 1899.

The senate will this week amend and pass the Morgan Bill for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and if the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce would drop the bunch of canal bills it is wrestling with, and report the Morgan bill, even with a few amendments, there would be a reasonable certainty of its becoming a law at this session. But, if that committee reports an entirely new measure, as all the secret opponents of the canal wish it to do, and as it seems likely to do, the chance of getting it through will certainly not be encouraging. It is either the Morgan bill or no bill at this session.

Gen. Otis and Admiral Dewey, who certainly ought to know better than anybody else, do not expect a conflict with the Philippine insurgents. In their official reports to the government, they say that they have perfect control of the situation in and around Manila, and that they are gradually succeeding in making the rank and file of the insurgents understand that Americans are their best friends, not their enemies, as Aguinaldo has recently been trying to make them believe. As soon as that task is accomplished, the rest will be easy. Things will move faster over there after the treaty has been ratified.

All sorts of arguments are being advanced in all sorts of ways to arouse opposition to the acquisition of the Philippines by the United States, one of the most unique being the offer of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to pay from his own bank account the $20,000,000 the treaty of peace calls for, if President McKinley will withdraw our soldiers and warships and allow the Philippines to govern themselves. That offer is buncomb pure and simple. There are no circumstances under which the offer could be accepted, and nobody knows that any better than Mr. Carnegie. By the treaty of peace the Philippines pass from Spain, their recognized owner, to the U. S., which will be held responsible by the nations of the world for the protection of the interests of their citizens in the islands. Whatever may be decided upon, after we have learned more about the islands, the assumption of sovereignty over them by the United States is a present duty that cannot be shirked.

Representative Barry, of Ky., is not with the "anties," as may be seen by the following from a speech made by him: "While I have not in my own mind yet concluded what is best to be done with that new and beautiful country, down under the Equator, called the Philippine islands, as much may be said by the people who occupy it, I am ready to listen to suggestions and to hear from men like Dewey and men like Otis, and others that are there representing the United States, what their conclusions are as to the best course of the government of the United States towards these people, and having heard that, to give it and other circumstances full consideration. But I do not propose, in spite of that treacherous scoundrel, Aguinaldo, that scoundrel who was brought in a ship of Dewey's from Hong Kong to Manila, even in spite of the German Empire, to stop one moment in forming my conclusion as to what are the interests of the United States, even if it involves the fact that we shall have to whip Germany as we did Spain."

Death can certainly be accused of having been partial to the New England delegation in Congress when it strike down so close together two such prominent men as Senator Morrill and Representative Dingley. The funeral of Mr. Dingley took place to-day, in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of almost the same audience of prominent officials and persons who attended the recent funeral of Senator Morrill, in the Senate Chamber. Mr. Dingley was not an orator, but he was a statesman of hard, horse sense and wide experience, whose advice was always welcome in the highest Republican councils, and usually followed. He knew the tariff as only half a dozen men have ever known it, and the present tariff which bears his name is a monument to the good use to which he put his knowledge. A joint Congressional committee left Washington after the funeral with the remains, which will be interred in Maine.

The first contest in connection with the treaty of peace was over the motion to consider it with open doors. There was no doubt of the fate of the motion at any time, as some of the strongest opponents of secret executive sessions had in former contests specially excepted treaties as the one thing that should be considered secretly. R.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that too, by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamblek & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at C. H. Smith's drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00; every bottle guaranteed. 4

Big bargains in bristle goods at Delaney's.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Send Them to Bed With a Kiss.

O, mother, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn till night,
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, for thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children voices
For a sweet, childish face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

—Selected.

Conviction.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste. I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace;
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matters if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

My Lady's Plumes.

We are indebted to Mrs. F. M. Stewart for the following interesting and pathetic story of "My Lady's Plumes," taken from "The Forest and Stream." If any woman can wear egrets in her hat after reading it her womanly sensibilities have been horribly deadened in some way:

You observed the hat of the lady who walked in front of you down the fashionable part of the main street the other day. You have not noticed, perhaps, that on my lady's hat are some tall, pliant plumes, long as those of the ostrich, but far more beautiful, with delicate filaments as light as frost work on a winter window.

These long, filmy plumes on my lady's hat are the plumes of the white egret. Naturally, they are pure white, but pure white not being barbaric enough for the use of civilization—though it used to serve Southern Indians who wore these plumes—they are dyed any color of the rainbow, losing thereby none of their gracefulness and only some of their beauty.

My lady's hat, if worn too long, will lose its purpose and cease to attract. She must therefore change it. The plumes in the new hat must be of different color. For these new plumes she looks to her milliner. The milliner looks to the great wholesale supply house of the metropolis. The wholesale supply house looks—and with much anxiety these days—to Thomas Jones, market shooter, or, technically speaking, plumage hunter.

Thomas Jones knows where there is an egret roost, or, as he will call it, a "white crane roost." Really, he does not mean a roost so much as a nesting-ground, where thousands of birds nest in a small tract of the isolated wet forest or "dead-tree swamp." Such rookeries were once common in Florida, but are so no longer. Thomas Jones may know of one in Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas, and holds himself fortunate if he does, for they are scarce enough to-day.

Mind you, the plumage hunter does not go into the roost until spring has well advanced. When he reaches the roost, the low trees, bushes and grassy brush clumps are full of nests, and the nests are, or soon will be, full of young birds. The busy life of the colony goes on. The parents come and go, traveling, no one knows how far, to get food for the gaping young birds in the nest. Thomas Jones notes the high, projecting snag of the tallest tree near the edge of the colony. There is a white crane on that limb. It seems to him there always is one there. In short, it is a habit of the bird to alight on the highest branch offering itself.

Out of the thousands of nests in the vast colony, how can the parent egret pick its own nest, since all look so much alike? Thomas Jones often wonders about that and often laughs a little to himself. The parent egret has been out after food and returns to the colony. Without a second's hesitation he picks out his own nest, and pauses for an instant directly above it, high up in the air, feet first, in the most comical and awkward looking way in the world, though he never misses his nest by an inch, but he lands just where he wants to. As he thus backs downstairs out of the air, his long plumes, attached in a little clump at his shoulders and spreading out over his back as far down as the longest tail feathers, flare up in the air, reversed and standing up over his head as he drops, as a white garment would in the resistance of the air.

On these plumes Thomas Jones fixes his eye. He shoots an egret and satisfies himself that the plumes are "ripe"—i. e. in their prime condition. Then he builds his camp on the best ground he can find near-by and the next day is ready to go to work.

Surely Thomas Jones is not going to kill these birds in the nesting season, when the helpless young are in the nest and must die also if their parents die! That cannot be possible, you say. Yet that is precisely what he is going to do. It is not his fault, he will tell you, that the plumes are not good in the fall, winter, or early spring, and are not prime until the height of the breeding season. Here are the plumes, found at much labor, reached at much danger, says Thomas Jones, blind and deaf—further than that, and there is the price offered me for them, so much an ounce, perhaps forty dollars an ounce, or perhaps as low as one hundred and forty dollars a pound. Is this right to kill these birds at this time? I am not clear that we should ask this question any more of Thomas Jones than of the wholesale milliner's supply house, or of the retail milliner, or every lady on the street. Only the fact remains pitiless, horrible, unspeakable, that the gathering of the plumes is a harvest of death, a harvest untimely, disastrous, because it is reaped at the sowing time of life. Every egret killed for its plumes is killed when it is helpless through its blind, natural love for its offspring, and when its death means the death of all its helpless young. Does the wholesaleman know this? Does he care? Does anybody know or care? Is it not the one thing to be remembered, that my lady must have her plumes? White, they are white, these plumes. It is mockery. They should be the blackest sable, and they should stain black the white fingers that caress them.

But Thomas Jones cannot stop to argue. The next day he pushes quietly into the edge of the nesting-ground. He ties his boat firmly within easy range of the tall snag he saw the day before. He takes out his rifle, the .22 shot will make no noise and it will serve his purpose perfectly. There is an egret on the tall snag. Taking a steady aim, Thomas Jones fires, and the bird whirls down, dead. One or two other birds start on their perches in the same tree, but settle back. One by one they too whirl out and lie in a white, tangled mass at the foot of the tree. An egret raises herself up above the rim of the nest on which she sits and the tiny bullet pierces her. She whirls down lying white and motionless. The little ones gape and cry, but no food comes. The father was killed on the tree near-by. One by one, out of the nests, all from the limbs of the trees, here, there, anywhere,—for the birds are all about and so stupid with the breeding fever that they will not leave,—the slender white birds meet their doom. That tall snag has yielded twenty victims. Thomas Jones has not moved from his boat. He has over two hundred birds down. He can tell by his cartridge boxes, for he rarely misses a shot. It is easy shooting. It calls for no display of markmanship. It is mere wanton slaughter.

After noon, Thomas Jones goes out and gathers up his spoils. A cut of the knife and the clump of plumes is off. The carcasses of egrets are left lying. Two hundred carcasses of egrets are left lying. That many more to-morrow. Many more than that the next day, for by that time the wailing of the dying young of the first day's victims will have ceased. From then on, day by day, increasing in three-fold ratio, the harvest of death goes on, steadily, pitilessly, on the sowing grounds of life, out in the silent, peaceful wilderness where the birds have tried to hide their homes.

In less than a month it is over. The long white lines no longer cross the country going to and from the feeding grounds. The white forms no longer appear on the naked trees. Doubly naked the forest stands in silent desolation. Silent and discolored the once white forms below the trees are sinking into the slime. From beneath the trees and from the nests up in the trees a great stench goes up. Not a bird, young or old, is left alive. The old ones stayed till death came, bound by the great instinct of nature to remain with their young.

Jones, a little yellower but not sick, for he is a healthy man, packs up his feathers carefully and hies him to the railway for a swift and secret journey out of the country. He wonders where he can find another roost next year. Behind him is desolation.—E. Hough.

A Plea for the Dictionary.

Somewhere I read recently an article entitled "A Plea for the Dictionary," which I thought I would like to have read by every one who is intrusted with the responsible duty of training children. The writer suggested that you look around the next time you are calling on your friends and see where this family friend is placed. Rarely will you find it given the place of honor in the home, as it should have. More often if there is one it is in the most inaccessible place in the room, the under shelf of the table perhaps, or under several other books more or less heavy, quite safe from molestation.

Time and again Tom or Lizzie when learning their lessons or reading have been heard to ask mother the meaning of some, to them, new words; she being busy about some household task will reply, "I have forgotten the exact definition but you can find it in the dictionary." Tom, careless boy, looks around, sees where the book is and decides that to dig down to the dictionary is too much trouble, so leaves the search until some other time, which never comes.

Mothers, fathers, do you know what an opportunity for helping your children you are letting slip by? A fine dictionary is a mine of information and most interesting to the average, boy or girl who is a living interrogation point. Book knowledge is not everything. A few things like love, justice, mercy or common sense we place far above it, but knowledge is power and adds to rather than subtracts from the virtues. Your own stock of information is not as great it might be. Have a good dictionary and use it. K. E. W.

Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.

(Mock Bisque)—One quart of milk, one pint of tomatoes, one large cup of water, one rounding tablespoonful of butter, one rounding tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, a dash of red pepper. Strain tomatoes through a potato squeezer, pour the cup of boiling water into the press to get out all the pulp. Place in granite ware kettle, add the salt, sugar, pepper and soda. Melt the butter and mix the flour with it. Add a little warm water, to free it from lumps, then add it to the tomato, letting it cook until very smooth, stirring it constantly. Have the milk hot in another dish and when time to serve pour it into the kettle, stir until well mixed, but be sure and not let it boil.

CREAM OF BEAN SOUP.

One quart of milk, one pint or less of cooked beans rubbed through a sieve, salt and pepper to suit the taste, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour rubbed together and seasoned with celery.

"For my part," said Col. R. G. Ingersoll the other day, "I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died. I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country, out of the mad race for money, place and power."

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters, and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering with this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by C. H. Smith druggist. 4

November's Meteors.

Two fine meteor showers are expected by astronomers this fall. The first is the advance guard of the famous "November meteors," the main display of which is due in 1899. These meteors appear in immense numbers three times in a century, and the spectacles they presented in 1833 and 1866 were magnificent. They are extended so far long their track that they require about three years to cross the earth's orbit, and accordingly, many are seen on the 13th or 14th of November in the years immediately preceding and following that in which the principal swarm meets the earth. The other shower due this fall is that of the Andromeda meteors, supposed to be part of the missing comet of Biela. They appear on the night of Nov. 27, their periodical returns occuring about thirteen years apart. Their finest previous displays were in 1872 and 1885.

Strange Siamese Custom.

Every Siamese girl, who reaches a certain age without marrying is ticketed and labeled and placed in a privileged class, under the special care of the king, who binds himself to find a husband for them all. His method is delightfully simple. A prisoner in any of the Siamese gaols may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the ineligible class. Whether he is already married or not is not of great consequence, for in Siam it is not necessary to draw the line at one wife. This method of matchmaking can hardly result in domestic bliss.

Women as Business Advisers.

It is said that the only two countries where women are the leaders and men in leading strings are France and the United States. Frenchmen comment on the fact that English and American women often are utterly ignorant as to whether their husbands are making or losing money, while the Frenchwoman, even in business, is her husband's adviser, and is made his confidante in regard to all his business transactions. The critics think that the different positions occupied by American and English women are due largely to education, boys and girls being educated in the same schools in America.

Miniature Oxen.

The sacred oxen of Ceylon are described by a recent writer. The largest specimen never exceeds thirty inches in height. The Marquis of Canterbury has one, presented to him in 1891, which is now about ten years of age, and only twenty-two inches tall. Notwithstanding their smallness they are very useful in Ceylon, where, it is said, four of them are able to draw a two-wheeled cart with a driver and 200 pounds of merchandise, sixty or seventy miles in a day.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Milton's Unrivalled Tribute to Woman.

When Milton wrote those words which stand unrivalled as a tribute to woman: "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes; in all her gestures, dignity and love," he did not have in mind a weak, nervous, sickly, nerve-exhausted and pain-racked woman suffering from female complaints, but one in the glow of perfect health and strength. To be a perfect wife or mother every woman should first of all see that she is in good health. This is certainly not difficult at the present day, when such an eminent specialist in the treatment of female diseases as Dr. Greene, of 148 State street, Chicago, Ill., who undoubtedly has the largest practice and the greatest success in curing all forms of female weakness and diseases, can be consulted free and his advice and counsel obtained by any woman absolutely without charge, either by calling or writing about her case. From his enormous experience he knows just how to cure your complaints, just how to advise you, and he uses only harmless vegetable medicines which are wonderful in soothing, healing, strengthening and invigorating the female system. One of his grand discoveries, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is known and used all over the world, and he has discovered many other medicines no less marvelous in their curative effects. No woman afflicted with female troubles or who is out of health in any way, should hesitate to write about her case to Dr. Greene, and she will get, free of charge, information and advice which is almost sure to lead to her complete restoration to health.

Heat and Cold on the Moon.

Prof. F. W. Very has lately made some new experiments relating to the heat and cold of the moon. He finds that its rocks, except near the poles, must glow in the sunshine with a temperature above that of boiling water, while during the lunar night the temperature sinks almost to the level of absolute zero—a burning and a freezing desert every fortnight alternately.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. H. Smith, Hillsdale.

A Visit to the National Capital

may be enjoyed without extra cost for fare in going to Philadelphia and New York over Pennsylvania Short Lines. Tickets to those points via Washington may be obtained at same fares as apply over Pennsylvania direct lines, and will be good for ten days' sojourn at the National Capital. For particular information apply to F. M. Bushong, 66 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich.

Relative Importance of the Letters

To those who have never considered the subject, it might appear that each letter is of equal importance in the formation of words, but the relative proportions required in the English language are these: a, 85; b, 16; c, 30; d, 44; e, 120; f, 25; g, 17; h, 64; i, 80; j, 4; k, 8; l, 40; m, 30; n, 80; o, 80; p, 17; q, 65; r, 62; s, 80; t, 90; u, 34; v, 12; w, 20; x, 4; y, 20; z, 2. It is this knowledge of how frequently one letter is used compared with others that enables crytogram readers to unravel so many mysteries.

Speed of the Frigate Bird.

Many soldiers believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

Still a Mystery.

The closing of the leaves of plants as the evening comes on, was first supposed by botanists to be due to the difference in temperature, but on transplanting the plants into a hothouse it was found that the same phenomenon occurred, the leaves closing at sunset.

A Fleshy Consumptive

Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one?

Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh.

If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take

Scott's Emuslion

of *cod liver oil with hypophosphites.* No remedy is such a perfect preventive to consumption. Just the moment your throat begins to weaken and you find you are losing flesh, you should begin to take it.

And no other remedy has cured so many cases of consumption. Unless you are far advanced with this disease, Scott's Emulsion will hold every inducement to you for a perfect cure.

All Druggists, 50c. and $1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

T RHEUMATIC

New, sure and never-failing cure for Rheumatism. The bottle is large and contains a 5 weeks' treatment. Three bottles are guaranteed to cure any case of Rheumatism that can be produced. Greatest Blood Purifier known. Don't give up till you try T Rheumatic. For sale by F. A. Hodges & Co. and H. D. Tisdale Druggists.

A Royal Lecturer.

The queen of Roumania is, perhaps, the only royal personage who acquits herself as a public lecturer. For some time past her Majesty has been accustomed to give lectures privately in his palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that demands for admission have grown inconvenient, so that the queen has thought it expedient to lecture in the high school for all pupils who cared to attend. Before her Majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the king and the minister of instruction.

Nations and Crime.

In support of the contention of the Cologne Gazette that the simplest remedy for anarchy would be to conduct its advocates back to their own country, the following statistics are of interest. The convictions for murder for every million inhabitants a year are stated to have been: France (1893), 14; Germany (1894), 9; Austria (1893), 15; England (1894), 5; Scotland (1895), 3; Italy (1894), 68.

Harmony of Circumstances.

When Frederick Remington was in the West he observed a well-executed portrait in a dark room on the wall of a cabin and asked whose picture it was. "That's my husband," said the woman of the house carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his first picture in the academy. "So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued his observations.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Slow.

"That clock tinker is awfully behind the times." "Why? Because his work is in front of him?" "Worse than that. He is just doing his spring cleaning."

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers. 1

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NO American agency of public information and intellectual guidance has done higher service in this most momentous period of national transition and opening of a new world epoch than THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. In its point of view and treatment of events of the first national importance, it has stepped into the vacant place of a political review of clear insight, high purpose, wide knowledge, and bold conviction. It is doing for America some part of the work the serious political reviews always have done for Britain, and which it is the often baffled aim of the "Deux Mondes" to do for France. The time has now come for wide public attention to the illuminating discussion of which it is the medium.—*From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 29, 1898.*

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For sale by C. H. SMITH.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

L. S. & M. S. RAILROAD

STATIONS.	†Exp	*Exp	*Acc.	*Mail
	A. M.	A. M	P. M.	P. M.
Toledo	10:15	7:42	8:25	2:20
Pittsford	10:17	...	10:33	....
Osseo	12:26	...	10:43	....
HILLSDALE	12:37	9:42	10:57	4:06
Jonesville	12:47	9:50	11:07	.....
Allen	12:58	...	11:20	.....
	P.		A. M.	P. M.
Chicago	7 00	8:0	7:00	8:30

STATIONS.	*F Mail.	*Acc.	*Mail	†Acc.	*Exp
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Chicago	8:02	9:03	8:30	8:30	3:00
Allen	.....	.....	...	1 55	
Jonesville	7:00	7:24	...	2 07	8 56
HILLSDALE	7:06	7:31	1:11	2:18	9:03
Osseo	.....	.....	...	2:27	.....
Pittsford	.....	.....	.....	2:34	.....
Toledo	8:40	9:35	2:45	4:40	11:05

FT. WAYNE BRANCH.

†Mal. P. M.	†Exp A.M.	†Acc. A.M.	STATIONS.	Exp. P. M.	†Exp P. M.	†Acc. A.M.
6:15	11:30	7:15	...Jackson...	3:25	8:35	9 25
6:57	11:57	7:46	...Hanover...	2:55	8:08	8:44
7:25	12:19	8:10	...Jonesville..	2:32	7:43	8:10
7:30	1:12	8:25	..HILLSDALE..	2:18	7:30	7:35
	1:31	8:37	...Bankers...	2:03	7:14	7:00
	1:35	8:49	...Reading...	1:55	7:03	6:50

LANSING BRANCH.

†Fr't. P.M.	†Acc. P.M.	†Pass A.M.	STATIONS.	†Pass P.M	†Acc. M.	†Fr't A.M
2:10	5:05	10:00	...Lansing...	4:55	9:10	11:30
4:50	7:31	11:51	..Litchfield..	2:57	7:49	6:45
5:20	7:57	12:06	.Jonesville..	2:15	7:25	6:15
5:35	8:10	12:15	HILLSDALE	2:35	6 40	5:50

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

†Fr't A.M.	†Mail P.M.	STATIONS.	†Fr't. P. M.	†Exp A.M.
2:05	4:56	.....Ypsilanti.....	1:40	9:20
8 36	3:05	.....Somerset.....	5:06	11:18
8 28	3:01	....Somerset Center.....	5:13	11:18
8 15	2:53	.....Jerome.....	5:20	11:27
8 00	2:43	.....North Adams.....	5 37	11:38
7 35	2:25	.....HILLSDALE.....	6:10	11:55

*Daily. †Except Sunday.
O. C. DICKINSON, Ticket Agent.

THE Detroit, Toledo & Milwaukee R. R

GRAND HAVEN, DETROIT & TOLEDO.

TRAINS EAST.

STATIONS First Class.	21 Mail & ex da'y ex Sun	23 Tho Ex da'y ex Sun	25 Pass da'y ex Sun	27 Pass Sun. only
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Toledo	7:30	1 30	5:30	6:11
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Detroit	.....	7 15	3:20	6:10
		P. M.		
Addison Junct	9 46	3 45	7 46	8 26
Jerome	10 05	4 04	8 05	8 45
Moscow	10 12	4 11	8 12	8 52
Hanover	10 22	4 21	8 22	9 02
Homer	10 53	4 52	8 51	9 33
Marshall Lv	11 25	5 26	9 25	10 00
	A. M.	A. M.		
Battle Creek Lv	11 58	6 02		
	P. M.	P. M.		
Allegan	1 30	7 40		
Holland	2 25	8 35		
	P. M.	P. M.		
Grand Haven Ar	3 10	9 20		

TRAINS WEST.

STATIONS. First Class.				
	A. M.	A. M.		
Grand Haven Lv	8 10	12:30		
Holland	8 55	1 15		
Allegan	10 05	2 10	A M.	
Battle Creek	11 36	3 43	7 25	
	P. M.			
Marshall	12 05	4 20	7 55	8 5[illegible]
Homer	12 31	4 52	8 25	9 2[illegible]
Hanover	1 01	5 23	8 56	9 5[illegible]
Moscow	1 11	5 33	9 06	10 0[illegible]
Jerome	1 17	5 40	9 13	10 1[illegible]
Addison Junct	1 34	5 59	9 31	10 3[illegible]
				P. M.
Detroit	.....	6 15		1 12
Toledo Ar	4 00	8 15		12 50

THE DETROIT & LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Effective December 25, '98.

SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1 *	No 3 *	No. 5 *
	A M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit	8:20	4:00	.....
Dundee	10:15	5:50	.....
Tecumseh	10:45	6:20	.....
Adrian	11:08	6:43	.....
Columbus	P M. 5:55	.....	A M. 11:15

NORTH.

STATIONS.	No 2 Daily *	No. 6 *	No. 4 *
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Columbus	7:50	2:35	.....
Adrian	2:25	.....	9:16
Tecumseh	2:45	.....	9:45
Dundee	3:15	.....	10:15
	P M		P. M.
Detroit	5:10	.....	12:10

Nos. 1 2, 3 and 4 run daily, other trains daily expect Sunday.

R. C. CAPLES, Gen Pas. Agt.
J. R. HAWKINS, Gen. Supt., Detroit, Mich.

The Cincinnati Northern R.R.Co.

Trains pass Hudson as follows:

GOING NORTH.

No. 3, Passenger ..... 10 52 a. m
No. 9, Cincinnati and Jackson Mail .. 4:26 p. m.
No. 14, Local Freight ..... 3:20 p. m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1, Jackson and Cincinnati Mail .. 10.52 a. m
No. 7, Passenger ..... 4:36 p. m
No. 13, Local Freight ..... 8.40 a. m

Close connection is made with all roads diverging at Cincinnati and Jackson.

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points in the United States.

All trains run daily except Sunday.

T. C. M. SCHINDLER, Gen'l Pass Agent.

Closing of Mails at the Hisllidale Postoffice.

	Mail closes — standard time.
Jackson & Ft. Wayne, south.	7:55 a. m
Main line west, train 15	9:05 "
Main line east, train 6	12:15 p. m
Ft. Wayne, south	12:15 "
Grand Rapids & Elkhart train 7	12:15 "
Coldwater, Mich., Dis.* train 7	12:15 "
Quincy, Mich	12:15 "
Ypsilanti Branch	1:45 "
Lansing Branch	1:45 "
Jackson Branch, north	1:45 "
Cambria and Frontier stage	3:40 "
Ransom, Jefferson, Steamburg and Acorn stage	3:45 "
Main line west, train 35	5:45 "
Jackson, Ft. Wayne north	7:00 "
Main line east, train 14	7:45 "

*The "Dis" includes the stage lines from the several towns

†All mail on this road north of Elkhart. This includes the western tier of counties—White Pigeon, Kalamazoo, Reed City, Petoskey and northern Michigan.

LADIES' ATTENTION.

"MY OWN" VITA.

Has made a record unsurpassed by any treatment that has been introduced for female ailment.

Price for One Months' Treatment, $2.00
Price for Three Months' Treatment, $5.00

There is none better and the price is within the means of all. For knowledge of what it has done, call at my home, No. 32 McCollum street first door west of Goodrich's drug store, or address

MRS. B. ALLIE MOORE,
Hillsdale, Mich.