

# Union Station Time Card

EFFECTIVE JAN. 1, 1907.

## Hocking Valley

NORTH BOUND.	
No. 31	7:00 am
No. 33	10:25 am
No. 35	4:20 pm
No. 37	10:50 pm
No. 39	6:10 pm
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 30	5:50 am
No. 32	7:20 am
No. 34	10:25 am
No. 36	1:25 pm
No. 38	7:15 pm
*Daily.	
No. 38 starts from Marion.	
No. 39 stops at Marion.	
No. 39 will leave Columbus at 6 pm on Sundays.	

## ERIE RAILROAD

No. 10, Chautauque Ex.	12:45 am
No. 8, New York Ex.	5:22 am
No. 12	8:50 am
No. 4, Vestibule Limited	6:23 pm
No. 16 Accommodation	12:55 pm
No. 22 arrives	6:10 pm
C. & E. DIVISION.	
No. 9, Chicago Express	12:55 am
No. 3, Vestibule Limited	10:34 am
No. 21	7:00 am
No. 11	3:45 pm
No. 7, Pacific Express	11:10 pm
SOUTH AND CINCINNATI.	
No. 9, Cincinnati Express	1:15 am
No. 3, Vestibule Limited	10:39 am
No. 11	3:45 pm
*Daily, a Daily except Sunday.	

## New York Central Lines [BIG FOUR ROUTE]

WEST BOUND.	
No. 15	6:40 am
No. 19	9:52 am
No. 25	2:00 pm
No. 5	4:23 pm
No. 43	7:30 pm
Local	11:45 am
EAST BOUND.	
No. 36	10:48 am
No. 46	12:17 pm
No. 19	5:27 pm
No. 16	7:25 pm
No. 20	11:14 pm
Local	3:39 pm
All trains daily except locals and Nos. 5 and 10.	

L. E. NEBERGALL, Ticket Agent.  
Phon—Home 246; Bell 177.  
Effect Jan. 1, 1907.  
For further information regarding trains, call information operator, either 'phone.

## R-U-GOING To Florida?

Low round trip rates now on sale daily to Jacksonville, St. Augustine and many other Florida points.

ALSO TO Texas and Virginia and New Orleans and one hundred other southern destinations.

## "Ask THE Man"

How much time you save by going via the

## HOCKING VALLEY

**X-RAY Stove Polish**  
The Shine That Shines Quickest  
No Coat for Nineteen Years.  
During the journey from Victoria Falls to Kimberley a big, sun-browned man boarded the Zambesi express minus his coat, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up. He took a seat at dinner and the chief steward remarked to him that as there were ladies present perhaps he would have no objection to putting on his coat. "Great Scott!" the man replied, "I haven't worn a coat for 19 years. You will have to wait, my friend, until I can buy one at Kimberley!"—South African Railway Magazine.

## REMEMBER

We move and store your goods and do all kinds of transfer work. Phone 155.  
PEOPLES TRANSFER CO

## THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

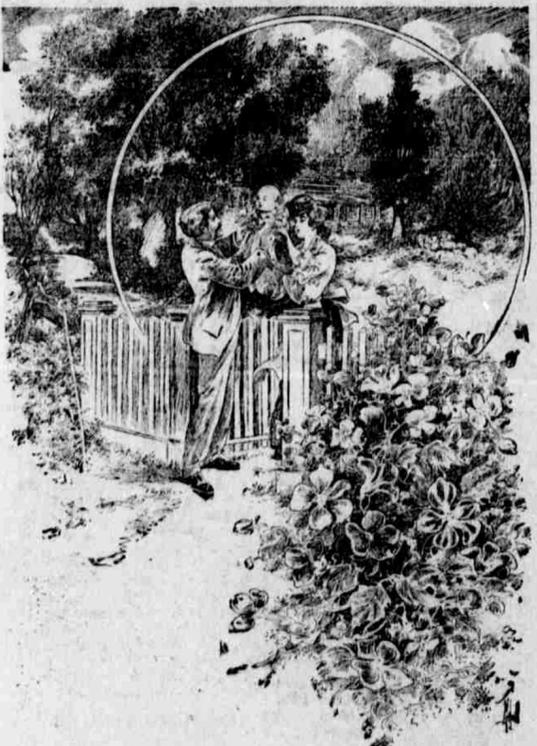
By Byron Williams.



Give me the songs of childhood days,  
The melodies that thrill  
The songs my mother sang to me—  
The songs I've never still.  
Listen, my heart, to memories  
Of tender days of yore,  
The crooning of maternal love,  
The songs of simpler score.  
Give to my weary ear the airs  
That stir me through and through,  
The old-time songs, the mother songs,  
The songs forever new!  
Grant me the pulse of ecstasy  
I felt in ancient tune  
My mother sang in quivering voice,  
In words of simple rune.  
Sound me no grand orchestral flights,  
No peans of the time—  
Give me the songs of childhood days,  
The mother songs, divine.  
Copyright.

## THE SESAME

By Byron Williams.



Ploeing the azure of Heaven's blue,  
What doth the Ladder of Fame lead to?  
Does its top rest 'gainst Diana's tower?  
Temple of Ephesus? Vestal's bower?  
High in a castle of wondrous gems,  
Is there a crown with its diadems?  
Why do men struggle in hope and hate,  
Speaks on the ladder, toward their Fate?  
Scaling the rungs to the Land of Fame,  
Craving renown and an endless name,  
Man gains his goal in the firmament—  
Reaping, he harvests but discontent!  
Blending with hope is a base alloy,  
Lost in the strife of Life's simpler joy!  
Death to us all sends his blighting ban;  
He careth naught for a famous man!  
Are these not better—more perfect bliss?  
Love and a cottage, a baby's kiss?  
Why toll ye on for an empty name,  
Bleeding and faint on the Ladder of Fame?  
Copyright.  
BYRON WILLIAMS.

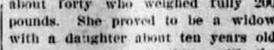
**AN EPITAPH**  
Here lies little Tommy Tompkins;  
It pleased God his life to take;  
Big life pulled him in the basket  
So he rests here, calm and quiet,  
Sleeping snugly night and day,  
Only one regret has Tommy—  
That the big fish got away!  
Copyright.  
BYRON WILLIAMS.

## WEARY WILLY'S TALES

The Dilapidated Gentleman Continues Stories of Tramp Life.

### HOW HE BECAME AN OUTCAST

While Staying at a Farmhouse He Tells a Fictitious Anecdote and Then Gets a Walloping From the Hired Man.  
[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]  
"Did it ever occur to you that Weary William meets up with coincidences as well as other folks?" asked the dilapidated gentleman as he pocketed the coin and prepared to talk.  
"Well, then, let me say that he does, and two that occurred to me a couple of years ago in my travels are worth relating. I had been hoofing it pretty hard for a couple of weeks when my feet got sore, and I looked for a place to lay off for a day or two. I selected a modest looking farmhouse and turned in, and my knock on the kitchen door was answered by a woman of about forty who weighed fully 200 pounds. She proved to be a widow with a daughter about ten years old and was running the farm with the help of a hired man.  
"I offered to work for my board for two or three days and was set to picking up cider apples in the orchard. When supper time came, I had my meal alone and then helped the hired man do up the chores. The tramp who knows his business will always try to square the hired man on the farm, particularly if he has the bossing of things. This one didn't cotton to me worth a cent. He was gruff and surly, and though I made it plain that I was not after his job, he wouldn't be friendly. As I afterward came to know, the widow had said a word or two in my praise, and that had cooked my mutton with him.  
"After things had been cleared up for the night I sat down on the veranda steps, and presently the others came out. I was for moving away, but the widow detained me by saying that I must have had many adventures on the road and she would be glad to hear me talk. The hired man gave me a look of warning, but I passed it by and replied:  
"My story is one that I need not be ashamed of. I am on the road as a tramp simply because I was steadfast in my love for one of the most beautiful and lovable girls in all the world.  
"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the widow as she threw her hands up.  
"That's what I said to Jim an hour ago—that you didn't look like a common tramp."  
"And I said he did, and he does," growled the hired man.  
"I had just finished at Princeton college," I said, "when I attended a theater in the city and fell in love with the actress who played the part of the heroine in 'Coon Hollow.' I managed to secure an introduction to her that evening and told her of my love. She thought it was rather sudden, like falling off a horse, but she did not discourage me. I followed the theatrical company around for a month, and then Gwendolin promised to be mine. When she spoke the words she made me the happiest man in all the world."  
"Great snakes, but you don't tell me!" exclaimed the blushing widow.  
"Why—why—I used to be on the stage myself."  
"Is that so?"  
"I had the lead in the play you named."  
"Can it be possible?"  
"And I—I—am Gwendolin, and you are—"  
"Arthur Bonnicastle!"  
"Taboo!"  
"Bad fire!"  
"Hired man wanting to cut my throat (then and there)."  
"When I had asked Gwendolin to be mine and she had consented," I resumed as soon as I could get a grip on myself, "I returned home to break the news of my happiness to my father. He met me with a cold and cruel stare, and in words in which there was no pity he informed me that I was out of her up or become a penniless outcast. I took the alternative. With only 9 cents in my pocket I started to rejoin the woman who had my heart in her keeping. When I reached the town where I expected to find her it was to learn that she had eloped with the 'heavy' man of the company. That broke my heart and took all my courage away, and, instead of returning



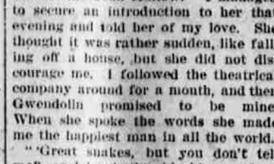
"NEVER STOPPED FOR THE NEXT FIVE MILES."

home to make peace with my father, I became a dilapidated gentleman, and here I am.  
"How strange! How wonderful how queer!" exclaimed the widow as she litobed around. "If any one had told me that this would have ever come to pass I should have called him crazy. It was all a terrible mistake, Arthur. The 'heavy' man claimed to have seen a notice of your death in the papers, and as he was in love with me at the same time I decided to marry him. We did not elope, as was told you, but the company busted and we headed for New York over the railroad ties. A thousand times have I thought of you and always as sleeping in your grave. Yes, I am the willowy Gwendolin of a score of years ago. I am the leading lady of the play of 'Coon Hollow.'"  
"Murmurs of astonishment from myself."  
"Exclamations from the widow's daughter."  
"Melting looks from the widow herself."  
"Murderous glances from the hired man."  
"I was telling a fictitious anecdote, of course. Nothing of the sort or kind had ever happened me, and to this day I believe the widow was also in the 'kidding' business. Perhaps she wanted to make the hired man jealous. As a matter of fact, she said I must stay there at least a month, and she promised my name in tender accents. The hired man got the green eye all right. It was announced that I was to have the parlor bedroom, but just before retiring he invited me to go to the barn with him to see the thrashing machine. He was it. When we got out there he called me all kinds of liars and thieves and gave me such a walloping that I took to the road and never stopped for the next five miles. How he explained matters to my willowy Gwendolin I never heard.  
"The other coincidence I have in mind was pulled off in Connecticut. It was holed for a farmer for a dollar a day and my board, and had worked for three days, when he said we'd stop and rest our backs if I'd tell him a story. I agreed, and we dropped our tools and sat down. The tramp who tells a farmer any story at all should make it a murder story to benefit by it. On this occasion I claimed to have murdered an old couple in Arkansas for their money, but was disappointed in laying hands on any cash. I described how I hid in a swamp for four days afterward, and he enjoyed the particulars like a hotted dinner. I put him on his oath not to give me away, and it seemed to me, after the story had been told, that he looked up to me with awe and reverence.  
"Say, now, that was a curious thing. When we went to the house to supper the farmer showed me an old newspaper with an account of just such a crime in it. It had occurred in the same state, the victims were an old couple, and the murderer had made good his escape. I read it, but did not worry. After I had gone to bed the farmer drove six miles and got the sheriff and two constables, and these officers were within a quarter of a mile of the house when the good wife woke me up and warned me to flee. She said she always did have a sneaking sympathy for murderers, and she hoped I would get away.  
"Get away I did, but I was followed for a hundred miles and had to do a heap of dodging. I don't know whether the farmer felt sure that I was the right party or not. You can't always tell about those Nutmeg farmers. He saved \$3 by obliging me to take a skate, and I think that had a heap to do with his officiousness."  
M. QUAD.

### And Now the Auto Divorce.

"So Ffhigh and his wife are divorced? You surprise me! What was the ground?"  
"Oh, incompatibility of ideas. She wanted to run their motor car with deatured alcohol, and he preferred gasoline. Of course they would never agree, so they have separated."  
Judge.

### Benefits of Education.



Mistress—Good gracious, Marie, what a mess your kitchen is in! Whatever have you been doing? It will take you a week to clean it, I should think.  
Marie—Yes, marm; the young ladies have been down here showing me how to boil a potato according to the cook-book.  
Mabel's Changing Moods.  
When Mabel plays the typewriter, The click portends her current mood; It tells us how her thoughts prevail And if she's feeling bad or good. When Mabel is in her heart and brain, The sound is soft as summer rain. That taps upon the window-pane, When Mabel plays the typewriter.  
When Mabel pounds the typewriter, A cloud arises in the sky. The dove of peace outstretches its wings To other regions quick to fly. At tossing of her graceful head, Bright with its crown of golden red, You feel a growing sense of dread. When Mabel pounds the typewriter,  
When Mabel pounds the typewriter, Look out—the rebel war's begun! To other regions quick to fly. You hear the deadly galling gun. Don't say for yes, don't say for nay, Don't dare a single word to say. But softly, swiftly, steal away. When Mabel winks the typewriter, —Chicago News.

## TO ENRICH THE POOR

MEXICO'S RICHEST MAN MAY DISTRIBUTE MILLIONS.

Thousands of Alvarado's Countrymen to Receive Aid from him—He May Yet Pay His Country's National Debt—Rapid Rise.  
City of Mexico—Dame Rumor has it that Don Pedro Alvarado, the richest man among the Mexicans, is about to distribute several million pesos among the poor of his country. He is the owner of the phenomenal Palmillito mine, in Parral, state of Chihuahua, and his only peer in wealth is Don Luis Terrazas, ex-governor of the state of Chihuahua, and father-in-law of Hon. Enrique Clay Creel, the new Mexican ambassador to Washington. Alvarado is rated at \$150,000,000, Mexican money. Of course, that is a moderate fortune alongside those of Rockefeller, Bell and other billionaires, but the Mexican millionaire, if Dame Rumor is correct, is about to teach a lesson to many a man who might profitably go and do likewise. It is said that Don Pedro will distribute the sum of ten million pesos among the needy poor of Mexico soon. It is not his plan to give the cash outright, but to provide homes and lands for the poor, and equip them so they can earn their living at trades and on plantations. It is a sort of cooperative plan; this philanthropic man will co-operate with Providence in the undertaking that will have the effect of making 10,000 Mexicans independent, educate as many poor children and give away a few odd millions every year. Ever since he got his money he has spent large sums along just such lines, and the new idea therefore is but a broadening of old methods on his part, for he has always been liberal to the poor and has erected quite a number of churches and school-houses where they were needed in the great state of Chihuahua.  
Six years ago Don Pedro Alvarado was a poor miner, but soon fell under



DON PEDRO ALVARADO. (Mexican Millionaire Who Will Distribute Wealth Among the Poor.)

the witchery of fortune's smiles. Nearly two years ago he offered to the government of Mexico what is unique in human history—to pay off its public debt—but the offer was refused, while most graciously acknowledged. But it is said that he proposes to come to this city and see President Diaz and personally renew and press the offer. Don Pedro's capital is commencing to roll up so swiftly that he could easily pay off, with one check, the public debt of \$225,000,000 carried by Mexico, and that at an early date. Thus he would save to his country at least \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 per annum, as well as lift the principal itself.  
Don Pedro Alvarado's plan to provide homes for needy Mexicans on a huge scale, if carried out, will establish a precedent in human history, and go to prove that after all the world is getting better when men of means will sacrifice for others. Senor Alvarado is credited with saying quite recently: "I got my money from the earth itself, which is a part of Mexico, and Mexico ought to receive some benefit from my acquisition." He said this referring to his pet scheme for paying the debt of his country.  
Referring to his other plan for distributing relief to the needy of Mexico, Senor Alvarado is quoted as having said also last month, "Mexico has enriched me, why should not I enrich my countrymen? To erect monuments, establish libraries and universities only helps the rich and their children. But that form of philanthropy does not feed the body, clothe the naked nor save the souls of the deserving poor. I propose to give away much of my wealth before I die, for none of it can I take with me, and only a fool will hoard wealth while half the world starves." As Senor Alvarado has been in the habit of helping the poor who come within his radial activity ever since he commenced to acquire wealth, his words have not only much of power and beauty and homely force, but all the weight of consistent experimental endeavor.

There is only one "Bromo Quinine"  
That is Laxative Bromo Quinine  
CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY PREVENTS THE GRIP  
Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablets is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. Brown

## FISH THAT SWALLOW SAND.

Ocean Denizens Which Load Their Stomachs with Ballast.  
An official of the fish commission, at Washington, states that captains of fishing smacks in the North sea have found that codfish at certain times of the year take sand into their stomachs as "ballast." This, it would appear, is done when the fish are about to migrate from the shallow water covering the southern banks of the North sea to the deeper water farther north.  
It has been observed that fish caught on the southern banks just before the migration begins and those caught in the northern waters after it is completed have sand in their stomachs and that the sand is discharged after the arrival of the fish at the southern banks on the return migration.  
In proof of this it is stated that the sand found in the fish often differs in color and quality from that of the bottom where they are caught.

## A Novelist's Mission.

The neglect of Disraeli's writings may be in part due to the fact that most people think it is below the dignity of a statesman, or of any man following what is called a "serious" profession, to compose works of fiction. Certainly, many do not yet understand that the man who writes novels may be a very wise man; they do not realize that accurately to portray human nature and to present pictures of life is not only a most worthy, but also a most difficult task, requiring for its performance an intelligence far above the average, acute powers, of observation, and a keen sense of humor. For surely the great novelist is the observer sounding the depths, while others glance at the surface, and examine the mysteries of life, while others are content to overlook even the obvious.—Melville's Victorian Novelists.

## Health the Prize Most Sought For

You want to be strong and healthy. Everybody does. Women as well as men.  
There was a time when women prized themselves on looking pale and delicate. That day has passed.  
Today robust health is the ideal. A well-rounded form, firm flesh and muscles, strength and elasticity of movement and a healthy glow to the complexion—these are what all are striving for and many are attaining their object by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills.  
When the food which is taken into the body fails to supply the required amount of rich, life-sustaining blood external assistance must be sought until the system is fully restored.  
Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills supply the very material which goes directly to the formation of blood—pure, health-giving blood.  
Weakness, irregularities, headaches, dizzy spells, feelings of fatigue, discouragement and despondency soon disappear before the splendid restorative influence of this great medicine. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.  
For sale in Marion, Ohio, by Flocke's Drug Store.

**MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pain. No remedy equals Dr. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.  
For sale by Tschannen Bros.

**PILES**  
Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure itching, bleeding and itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, kills the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.  
For sale by Tschannen Bros.

**MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.**  
A Safe, Certain Remedy for Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Nervousness, Irritability, and all the ailments of the Female System. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.  
For sale by Tschannen Bros.

**ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC**  
The one sure, safe remedy for hair troubles. It makes the hair beautiful, heavy and fluffy. Use it every day and watch your hair improve.  
FREE, a sample bottle of ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC (enough for 3 applications) for 10c. to pay postage and packing.  
Write today to ED. PINAUD'S American Offices, Ed. Pinaud Building, New York City. Ask your dealer for ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC.