

The *Reverie*.
The summer night in thoughtful mood,
I gazed alone in solitude,
When lo! I saw a multitude
Of phantom in the gloom.
They rode upon the light-winged breeze,
And played and danced among the trees,
Then swooped down like a swarm of bees,
Fair girls like flowers in bloom.
The sylphs wore colors rich and rare—
Had bright blue eyes and golden hair,
And short gauze skirts and shoulders bare,
And all in quiet costume.
Their wild sports made the wilderness
An Eden—where ecstasies bliss,
With youth's delightful joyousness,
Dissipated the rose-portense.
The fairest that gazed throng among
Her soft white arms around me flung,
And blended in sweet rapture,
Of love and beauty.
The motley leaves took up the strain
And blended in sweet rapture,
Of love and beauty.
Friend, what could a weak mortal do
Alone and charmed by music too?
I gazed enraptured, bolder grew—
You'd done the same, I wis,
Remember the song the singing shoon,
Enchanted in that gorgeous scene,
I caught the lovely elfin queen,
And gave her one warm kiss.
But, ah! the vixen snapt my face
And charmed in deep, angry bliss,
"Nonsense! of every race,
Life's grandest triumphs shun.
This woodland scene's a rendezvous
For all the fair—the brave—the true,
Not selfish, pampered dromes like you,
So fight with me and run.
"You're not a man sir, nor yet half!"
Then every limb began to chant,
And with a loud, long, boisterous laugh
The witches all took wing.
"Goodbye, my love! the false nymph cried;
The ghost of your luxurious pride,
I'll haunt you when and where you hide,
You sentimental thing."
Then I woke in awful fright,
And shivered in the pale moonlight,
And reached home in a sorry plight,
With wand'ring, aching head.
My limbs all ache, the sybarite whined,
I've lost my heart, but never mind,
I swear henceforth, when I'm inclined,
I'll do my dreams in bed.
—[Isabella Bourne.

A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

Mrs. Araminta Dykandye, calling on her school-friend for the first time since she became Mrs. Royal, surveyed her surroundings, curiously, critically, while awaiting the little lady's appearance. The longer she gazed upon what she considered an open confession of poverty, the loftier grew her scorn. That Alce Brown, with her floating hair and wild-rose bloom, should have come to this! She, plain as she was, poor as she still imagined herself to be, had no doubt drawn a much higher prize in the matrimonial lottery.
Truth to tell, there was a good deal the matter with Mrs. Araminta Dykandye, as shall shortly be proven, and nothing at all the matter with the apartment around which she gazed so superciliously. To be sure, it was inexpensively furnished, yet most people declared it "the prettiest little parlor they ever did spy." Let me hold up the picture as it was held before me. It may give young beginners some helpful, happy hints.
It was papered with hardware paper in soft, gray shades; it had two Shaker chairs, tied with red ribbons, and some folding-carpet-chairs in moss-green tints. In the centre of the floor was a rag-carpet, laid down like a rug. The rugs had been carefully selected, and a shopkeeper's remnant-basket furnished a harlequin-fringe not in the least detracting from its general prettiness. The curtains were a ten-cent chintz that would never bear washing, but as long as its good, clear India-red gave a finish to the room few inspected the quality. The cloth on the table was of crash, coarsely embroidered in crewels where the seams came together and to form a bordering. The low bookshelves were of pine, finished with shellac and fitted in a recess, so as not to require any cabinet-making. There was a nest of mirrors over the mantel, and underneath an open grate, brimming with dried grass and autumn leaves. Last, not least, a rattan lounge tied with bright ribbons, and a comfortable, red chintz pillow made the room complete as to the furnishing. There were a few additional touches, evidently bridal presents, in the way of two oil paintings, sea and land views, brackets with tiny marble cupids and other dainty knick-knacks on them, a bouquet-table with vase and flowers, and finally, a bunch of rainbow-eyed peacock feathers, set against the soft, gray wall.
Mrs. Royal was not many minutes obeying her neat little maid-servant's summons to the parlor. And, let me tell you, her breezy presence made the room complete, although Mrs. Dykandye was more than ever taken aback. That one whose honeymoon of wifehood was scarcely on the wane should appear before a caller in a seersucker and an apron was absolutely on a par with barbarism. To be sure, the seersucker was a pinky pink, the apron a dainty white dot, and Mrs. Royal, with her golden hair in a golden net, and her eyes as bright as purple violets cradling dewdrops and sunbeams in their velvet hearts, looked the good house-fairy that she was. Yet, for all that, this utter disregard of conventionalities almost threw Mrs. Dykandye into spasms.
"We have drifted apart since my marriage two years ago," remarked the lady who had been Araminta Case, after they had kissed and exchanged congratulatory greetings, "and I should not have called had I not been positively assured there were no cards. I am delighted to see you looking so well and so happy, dear; but, excuse me, I thought Mr. Royal was in comfortable circumstances."
"He considers himself one of the richest men in the world," replied the young wife, the dewdrops and sunbeams dancing in her eyes.
"Of course, my love, possessing you he is. You always have been a treasure and always will be, Alce, but—"
Then, amidst profuse apologies, Mrs. Dykandye went on to say something to the effect that she was afraid her friend had thrown herself away, concluding with: "I can't help seeing how you live, you know," with a comprehensive glance around the apartment.
"In your father's house everything is so different."
Away down in the depths of her tender heart Mrs. Royal heaved a sigh. Yes, everything was different in her father's house. Life there was a splendid shant, a gilded bubble ready to burst if but one creditor put so much as a finger upon it. She remembered well how the thousand dollar check so con-

spicious among
was afterwards counted
Brown to pay several
g bills
She could not tell her friend this, however, so she said, cheerily:
"You speak and look as though I ought to be pitted, Ara. Why, I'm the happiest creature alive, and my home a second Paradise." Then, in order to clinch these assertions, she took her friend all through the house. "I haven't got many things I might have had had not Will and I resolved not to receive wedding presents outside of our own immediate families, and, in addition to that, determinedly regulated every purchase." She remarked further, as they left the sweet simplicity of those upper chambers with their stained floors, homemade rugs, and drift-of-snow beds for the lower floor: "We could have had solid silver and all that sort of thing, only we thought we might on some future occasion feel embarrassed by not being able to return their full value. So, as you see, everything is plain, and many things home-made, yet all the more precious."
They had entered the parlor again over whose floor shadows of rose vines came and went like the waves of some fairy sea, and where the air was perfumed with the heliotrope's purple and the mignonette's bronzy-green blossoms that overhung the rustic stand on the porch outside the windows.
"Sis wanted to give me a bookcase," continued Alce Royal, surveying her precious volumes fondly. "But Will and his brother Courtland together put up these shelves, and I like them ever so much. Then they two built this frame with its compartments over the mantel, and set these squares of looking-glass at the back, making a divided mirror. I think it's one of the prettiest novelties I ever laid eyes on."
Certainly it was, Alce Royal, even without the reflection of that sweet face of yours with its wild-rose bloom and gints of gold hair. With these it was assuredly a marvel of beauty.
"Then, in spite of innumerable directions in how-I-furnished-my-room articles, I found we couldn't make a comfortable sofa without springs and considerable upholstery. So we bought this rattan lounge. In cold weather my silk quilt will do nicely for both under and upper cover."
All this was very well to listen to, especially as Mrs. Royal was continually making pictures of herself in her pink dress and bit of an apron, and with her bright eyes, red lips, and gints of gold hair. Now she stood near the Indian-red curtains, now under the mirror's flash, and again where leaf-colors blazed in the open grate, but Araminta Dykandye was not satisfied with these dissolving views, fascinating though they were.
She was exceedingly curious to know how her friend, who had always moved in brilliant circles, and who was married to a man whom she supposed was in easy circumstances, came to be reduced to so pitiful a strait as this in which she found her.
Pressing the question, she learned that the year previous Will Royal had honorably failed in business and now occupied a position as clerk in a wholesale dry goods store. The young couple, who had been looking forward to a far different future, and whose wedding-day was appointed before "all was lost but honor," concluding they could better wait for wealth than happiness, were married at the hour named, just as though nothing had occurred to mar their plans.
"Aunt Alce, for whom I was named," continued Mrs. Royal, "gave me this beautiful cottage, but vowed she'd do no more. Having no rent to make up, we can live snugly, pay as we go, and put by a little—sometimes it's a very little—for a rainy day."
"But after all, now confess, Alce, doesn't it take a vast amount of courage to live this way?" inquired Mrs. Dykandye, with a singularly eager look in her dark eyes.
"Nothing like the amount of courage it takes to run into debt and meet greedy creditors on every hand," replied Mrs. Royal, emphatically.
Her friend was positive "the bow was drawn at a venture." Nevertheless, she turned her face square toward the window to hide the flame blazing out on her cheeks—the arrow had struck home. Although she hurried her departure the tell-tale color still burned as she passed through the vine-entangled gate and out upon the street.
Seated in a passenger-car and riding homeward she felt herself "a captive, bound and double-ironed." Then, concluding it couldn't be helped, threw off the impression, and began wondering how she would have her silk dress made, and whether or not to have old gold color in the new carpets. She rather thought old gold was going down.
Meanwhile, Alce Royal sat in her cozy sewing-room, arranging a rustic Christmas ornament, with a real bird's nest swinging in the centre.
"I can't imagine what ails Ara," she remarked to her husband, on his return that night. "Judging from all I ever heard or saw, she has everything heart can wish, yet she looks so discontented and unhappy. There's even a wrinkle or two around her eyes and she's only twenty-one—a year and six months older than I. I'll get her to come here often and see if she won't fall in love with our home and home-ways."
"This wife of mine's a jewel," replied handsome Will Royal, slipping off Alce's golden net and letting her hair sweep like a sun-burnished cloud over her girlish shoulders. "She could make a body fall in love with a charcoal burner's hut."
"A lonely household fairy she. That 'twiteth all for good."
—Madge Carrol in *Arthur's Home Mag.*

How to Make Good Coffee.

Jokes never die, they are simply translated. We frequently find the witticisms of Greece and Rome togged out in American slang. For the good story now going the rounds about M. Grey we can find a counterpart on this continent. One day the President, who is an epicure in coffee, was out hunting and entered a roadside wine house. "Have you any chicory?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Bring me some." The man of the house returned with a small can of chicory. "Is that all you have?" "No, we have a little more." "Bring me the rest." Having thus secured all that was in the house, the President said, "Very well, now go and make me a cup of coffee." Its American counterpart relates that a careful housewife approached a dealer in fowl, and telling him she kept a boarding-house, asked him to pick out all the tough chickens. The man having done so, the careful caterer bought the balance!—*Toronto Mail.*

Man's Brains.

The human brain is absolutely bigger and heavier than that of any animal except the elephant and the larger whales, but in no other animal is there so great variation in brain weights of different individuals as in man, and it is perhaps a curious fact that the higher the civilization the wider the variation. That is to say, the brain weight in savage races is more nearly uniform than in enlightened nations. While in a general way the average weight of the brain is greater in civilized races, it does not at all follow that the size of the brain is an indication of the degree of intelligence. The average weight of the adult European male brain is forty-nine to fifty ounces. That of the female is forty-four to forty-five ounces, the difference being fully ten per cent. Statistics for America very nearly coincide with this result. There are examples of men of remarkable intellectual attainments whose brains have largely exceeded the average, as Cuvier, sixty-four and a half ounces, and Dr. Abercrombie, sixty-three ounces. Daniel Webster also had a very large brain. That of Agassiz weighed fifty-three and a half ounces, not very much above the average. On the other hand, high brain weights have also been found where there was no evidence of superior intellectual capacity. In an English insane asylum nearly ten per cent. of the cases examined showed a brain weight of over fifty-five ounces. An excessively small brain indicates feeble intellect, and an abnormally large one may indicate the same. Between the extremes there is a wide range, in which it is evident that intellectual power is more dependent on quality than quantity of brain matter. But it is estimated by several competent authorities that in an adult male of anything approaching average size, a brain less than thirty-seven ounces is usually associated with imbecility. In other words, a brain of less than this weight will not confer the reasoning faculty in the civilized Caucasian, though in uncivilized man, a rude intelligence may spring from a brain of thirty ounces.—*St. Louis Republic.*

In the Arctic Regions.

The Views and Experiences of Gilder, who Announced the Loss of the Rodgers.
W. H. Gilder, the *Herald* correspondent, who crossed Siberia in sledges to carry the news of the burning of the Rodgers, arrived in New York on Wednesday. He doesn't look as though he had undergone some of the severest hardships that ever befell a man. He says, however, that he is not very well—that the horse he ate on the journey had not been well fed, and didn't agree with him. To us, who sat yesterday and the day before around roaring fires, it seems impossible that a man could live in such a climate as he had been in for the past year. But even that was not as bad as the year he was with Schwatka on the other side. It is not a little singular that Mr. Gilder, when at home is the most luxurious of men in his way of living. He is so particular about his food, that no matter how hungry he may be, he would rather wait an hour and have it prepared in a certain way, than to sit down and eat 't if prepared carelessly. He won't drink a cup of coffee unless the bean has been roasted and ground since he ordered it, and he will go into the kitchen of a restaurant and give the chef exact orders how to grill a kidney or fry a dish of whitebait. He would rather go without the whitebait than eat it if one of the tiny fish happened to get broken. I have known him to have been an hour making a salad dressing. Yet he can rough it as no man I ever met. When he was in King William's land with Schwatka and during this last journey he lived on blubber and frozen seal. I heard him say to-day that the nearest he ever came to apoplexy from too high living was on Wrangle Land. They had a good Italian cook on the Rodgers, and plowever were to be had for shooting, so they lived as well as they could have in Paris or New York. The plowever were the size of pigeons, and as fat as though they knew the Rodgers was coming and prepared themselves for the slaughter. But after the Rodgers was burned all the stores were lost, and on the journey across Siberia the fare was pretty bad; and, what was worse to a fastidious man, it was not clean; it was eat that or starve. The frozen seal was piled up in a corner of the hut and was sat upon and slept upon by the entire family. When they were hungry they broke a piece off and ate it. Mr. Gilder says the fat was very warming, and the fur was not bad when it was frozen hard, but when it rose up and tickled the throat it was anything but pleasant. I asked him if he did not suffer a great deal from these privations, and he said that the hardships themselves were not so bad, that it was the mental worry that told on him. The native he had as a guide was a bad fellow, and was constantly trying to desert him, in which case he would have perished in the wilderness. It was necessary to watch the man night and day, and Mr. Gilder slept so lightly (so as to hear the rascal if he moved in the night) that when he got up the next morning he was far from being refreshed. And yet Mr. Gilder wants more of this life, and would go back to-morrow if on any expedition going out.—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

The Canadian Northwest.

The statistics recently published regarding the city of Winnipeg have surprised even those who took the most sanguine view of the progress of the Manitoba capital. In ten years the custom duties have increased from \$47,840 to \$1,587,327, and from \$651,892 in the year 1881. The money-order business is the most remarkable. The orders issued in Winnipeg were \$650,000, a greater amount than the issues at Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax combined. In one year, from 1881 to 1882, the foreign imports increased from \$2,837,431 to \$8,229,928. It is said that of 44,000 immigrants during the year, 8,500 were from the United States, some of whom were French Canadians who had immigrated from Canada to the Eastern States. The immigrants are said to have brought with them about \$10,000,000.

"Whisky in Bond."

Attached to every distillery is a warehouse of which the government, through a United States storekeeper, takes exclusive charge. On every door is a patent "government lock," and the storekeeper keeps the keys. At the end of the warehouse, nearest the distillery proper, is partitioned off the "cistern room" that contains tanks, into which the whisky runs direct from the still. From these tanks it is drawn off into barrels in the presence of the storekeeper and the United States Gauger. The barrels so filled are rolled into the other portion of the warehouse, and a "warehouse stamp," bearing the date of the distillation, is affixed to each. The whisky thus barreled can, under the revenue laws, remain in this warehouse under government lock and key for three years. Then the whisky is said to be "in bond." At the expiration of the three years the tax of ninety cents per gallon must be paid on the original quantity of whisky in the barrels, as shown by the gauge when it was barreled, less two-and-a-half gallons per barrel per annum allowed for evaporation and shrinkage. Then a tax-pid stamp is put on each barrel, and a brand, with the name of the distiller, the number of the district, and the date of the payment of the tax, is burned in the head.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Ship Guns Bursting.

Within the last few months there has been an epidemic of gun-bursting. First of all we had the Krupp naval gun, which burst on board ship; then on the 18th of October, a 28-centimeter German breech-loading gun at Wilhelmshaven, when, the men being all under cover, no damage appears to have been done to life. Pieces of it weighing two thousand pounds were, according to *The Madgebourg Gazette*, thrown more than one hundred yards. A little later in October a 6-inch English breech-loader burst at Shoeburyness, again luckily without damage to life. The reason for its failure was found to be a flaw in the inner steel tube, which could not be seen till the burst took place. Austria, not to be left long behindhand, followed with the burst of a breech-loading mortar at Felixdorf, on the 7th of November. This time, unhappily, if *The Cologne Gazette* is accurate in its account, a captain was killed by a fragment of the gun, and a lieutenant severely wounded. The French manage to keep their accidents very quietly from the public ear, but there is pretty good evidence that there has been at least one failure with their ordnance. With the exception of the two German guns, each burst represents a different method of manufacture. What an apple of discord for the artillerist!—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Edison and Storage Batteries.

Maj. Eaton, the president of the Edison Light company, was asked yesterday what his company thought of the plan proposed by the Brush company to use storage batteries in connection with an arc-light current. "The public," said Maj. Eaton, "do not distinguish between different systems of lighting. The Edison system was invented to supplement gas for domestic lighting, and was made absolutely safe so as to be free from danger in houses. For that purpose Mr. Edison adopted a low-pressure current and carries it underground. The Brush and other arc-light systems were developed for a different purpose, principally that of street lighting. They use currents of high pressure and carry them over aerial wires. It is now proposed to introduce these high-pressure currents into houses to feed storage batteries. This high-pressure current used by the arc-lights and proposed to be used in houses for storage batteries has a pressure of 2,000 volts, which means instant death to anyone who touches the wires. The Edison current has a pressure of only 100 volts, about one-twentieth of the arc-light and storage battery current, and the Edison wires can be handled with entire safety like wood, and give no shock whatever. We believe that no current should be introduced into a house which is strong enough to kill, and Mr. Edison has perfected his system accordingly. We shall be sorry to see the death current of the arc-light circuit used to supply storage batteries in houses, because the danger and deaths sure to follow will injure all systems of electric lighting for domestic purposes, especially our own. The public will not discriminate. They do not know that electric currents differ in intensity and danger. So long as the death currents of the arc-lights are used only for street lighting the danger of death is limited to the workmen of the arc-light company and to firemen in case of fires. But when this death current is carried into houses, although it is carried no further than the storage battery, an element of danger and death appears which may lead to a wholesale, although unjust, condemnation of all systems of domestic electric illumination. Whenever the death current is thus actually introduced into a house to feed storage batteries, we hope the public will remember the distinction between it and Mr. Edison's current, which, like the other details of his system of lighting, has been perfected with an especial eye to absolute safety. If the public will understand this distinction the Edison system will escape future censure for accidents and deaths caused, not by our safe current, but by the high-pressure current of another system of lighting used in streets but not adapted to houses.—*New York Tribune.*

Two Notes for a Physician.

A friend of mine, says the *New York Star's* "Man About Town," was telling me a story the other day of a well-known South Brooklyn physician. The physician alluded to is a constitutionally impulsive and fidgety person. Going down 4th place one evening some time since he heard a female voice shrilly screaming for help. Guided by the sound he rushed up to the top story of a tenement-house and found a big, hulking fellow laboring his wife with a bed-slat.—The woman was almost unconscious. A rapid glance showed the doctor a stout bludgeon in the corner close to his hand. Ere yet his presence had not been detected, he seized the stick and felled the wife beater with a sledge-hammer blow that laid four inches of the scalp open. Peace being thus restored in the household, the doctor coolly knelt down pulled out a surgical needle, and proceeded to stitch the wound of the man he laid prostrate and insensible. Finishing that task, he dashed cold water in his face until he revived him, and then sternly said:
"Two dollars, my man!"
"What for? Wasn't it you that cut my head?"
"No nonsense! Two dollars, or I'll cut out those stitches."
"Here's the money, doctor," exclaimed the wife, producing her purse; he gave me his wages and wouldn't have been cross, only that he took a dro, too much. If he ever does it again it is for you, and not for the police, I'll send."

A Boston Hypochondriac.

A good many hypochondriacs have probably as much ground for their fears as the Boston gentleman who was much disturbed the other morning on going down town to find that one of his legs had suddenly become shorter than the other. The *Journal* thus describes the case and the cure:
"Every time he took a step on that side his body experienced an unpleasant shock from a fall of about an eighth of an inch, and whenever his advance was assisted by the employment of the other leg he felt himself rising an equal distance into the air. His walk, therefore, consisted of wavy undulations, which, however, graceful and picturesque in themselves, were extremely disquieting under the circumstances. Thoroughly alarmed by these singular phenomena, he visited a doctor, and describing his symptoms, earnestly asked whether paralysis did not sometimes give warning of its approach by such contraction of the limbs. The doctor confessed that it did, and, while the doomed man perspired with apprehension, instituted a vigorous examination, the result of which was to show that the cause of complaint was an inequality in the thickness of the soles of the boots that were worn by the patient. On getting up in the morning he had dressed himself hurriedly and while he had drawn a thin dress boot upon one foot he had equipped the other with a covering which not only had a heavy double sole, but a thick felt in-sole also. The physician then hurriedly stated that contraction of the limbs was not an essential precursor of the paralytic shock."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

When the Lime-Kiln Club was first organized it lent Samuel Shin eighty-five cents in money and took a chattel mortgage on a box stove valued at \$1.75. Samuel failed to return the loan, and the stove was foreclosed on and placed in Paradise Hall, where it has been used for the last four years. When examined by a special committee a week ago they found nineteen cracks, twenty-seven fractures, five or six serious dislocations, and were compelled to admit that the safety of Paradise Hall was seriously threatened every time a fire was built in the stove.

Price Reduced.

Anticipating the removal of the Stamp Tax at no distant day, the Magnetic Medicine Co., of Detroit, will be seen by their new advertisement that appears in to-day's paper, have reduced the price of their medicine from one dollar per package to fifty cents, and when twelve packages are ordered at one time, and five dollars paid for the same, they issue a written guarantee agreeing to refund the money if the full course of treatment fails to effect a cure. We have no doubt the Magnetic Medicine will have a large sale in every section of the country, as few medicines are sold at as low a price, and what is especially in its favor is the guarantee of its effecting a cure. The medicine is sold at all Drug Stores, everywhere. Guarantees are issued in Owosso and county by all druggists.

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GOING EAST.

L. Marquette,	8.30 P. M.	6.20 A. M.
Onota,	9.41 "	8.05 "
Munising,	10.07 "	8.41 "
Senny,	10.52 "	9.25 "
McMillan,	12.30 A. M.	11.17 P. M.
Newberry,	1.15 "	1.02 "
A. Pt. St. Ignace,	1.43 "	1.40 "

GOING WEST.

L. Pt. St. Ignace,	10.30 P. M.	10.50 A. M.
Newberry,	1.43 A. M.	1.40 P. M.
McMillan,	2.12 "	2.08 "
Senny,	3.52 "	3.45 "
Munising,	4.40 "	4.50 "
Onota,	5.34 "	5.58 "
Marquette,	5.49 "	6.38 "

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