HUNGRY AND BROKE

How to Enjoy Life When You are Down on Your Luck.

HOW TO BEAT THE LAUNDRYMAN.

Keeping the Wolf at Bay by Painting Umbrellas and Visiting a Morgue and Lumber Yard for Food and Lodging.

"The pleasures of being broke are something above the average mortal's ability to enjoy. I assure you it requires an educated taste to fully appreciate the delights of impecuniosity," said a gentleman who is not altogether unconnected with the theatrical profession.

The speaker was a chronic "one nighter." He had Wandering-Jewed the country, making one night stands, until if by chance or by virtue of a writ of attachment he was compelled to pass two consecutive nights in the same hotel, he invariably asked for a change of room that the illusion of perpetual motion might be maintained.

"A good dinner under ordinary circumstances is well enough, a good dinner when one is really penniless is better, but a good dinner is best when it is the most unexpected, most improbable occurrence, and when one gets it by a clever stroke of wit. You may have seen the cockles of the heart of some old mathematical crank warm up at the sight of a hopelessly intricate problem, or you can imagine the fine feeling of exhilaration of knights of old on the point of entering a tourney. Well, that illustrates my feelings at the first faint twinges of hunger, when I find myself without a red. I am then entering a little joust of my own with the big, fat, over fed world against me. Meals are so easy to get that they are not worth talking about. The average man can not see another hungry without sympathy, and sympathy is sure to run out something. There is sometimes a little difficulty in getting one's case properly before the public, but once done it is plain sailing.

"My greatest trouble has been with the grasping laundryman, but even he can be out-witted. I remember once, several years ago, we had been making one night stands in poor business up in the lumber regions of Minnesota. I was with old A. O. Miller, who is barn-storming now somewhere in Indiana. We reached Duluth, and the prospects were something better. We had in the company a young fellow of good family and fully as much about the profession by the name of Paul. He was a stickler for clean linen, and when we struck Duluth he was in a state of gloom because he had canvassed the matter and found there wasn't a clean shirt in the company. The poor fellow worked himself up into a homicide frame of mind about it. There was something abhorrent to him in going on to play a wealthy banker in the budding city of Duluth with a blue flannel shirt front. We went into executive session over the problem, but nothing came of it. Paul could not even raise a pair of cuffs. He was in the habit of buying a sheet of bristol board and making his own cuffs. Instead of washing when they got dirty he would take a pair of scissors and cut off an inch or so. When we reached Duluth Paul's cuffs were not over seven-eighths of an inch wide and he was correspondingly depressed.

"I had several 'lengths' to learn and I retired to my room and went to bed, for there was no stove and it was very cold. While lying on my back I noticed that the wall-paper was nearly white with only a faint speck of gold in it, and an idea such as comes to a person only a few times in a lifetime struck me. I arose and carefully and laboriously cut away a large section of the wall-paper. With it I made collar, cuffs and shirt front that would bear inspection three feet away. After supper I went to the theatre and said nothing about my find. Paul was on and I leisurely rigged myself up. My cue was "Ah, here is my old friend Hard Cash," which he gave in a very cordial manner. I stepped out into the blaze of light. Paul gazed at me a moment with his eyes hanging out like door knobs. He took in the situation, flew into a blazing passion, roared 'You are a mean skunk!' and bolted from the stage. I recited Poe's 'Raven' to fill the wait, which by the way the audience didn't appreciate. I got along very well except that there was a tendency of the hypocrite shirt front to work over my vest—one of those low-cut things—which had to be guarded against. Paul was finally prevailed upon to come on and he welcomed to his palatial home in warm language, but through his clinched teeth. I was killed off early, and for the last two acts I let Paul have the wallpaper wardrobe, which partially healed the breech between us.

"Nowadays, a man with a celluloid collar and a pair of the same kind of cuffs, with one of those ties which cover the shirt bosom, is fixed for any emergency. My wardrobe has been attached in fourteen States and two Territories, but I always manage to save my celluloids from the grasping hand of the landlord. Many a time, when I have felt the pressing need of clean linen I have pursued the following plan, which, if you ever have occasion to use, you will find admirable. This is the receipt: If you are at a hotel, take the pillowcase from its bolster, and, with a sharp knife, carefully cut a section out of the end which is sewed up, for your neck. Be sure and don't get it too large. Once I spoiled three pillowslips before I made one which suited. Then carve off the corners for arm-holes. Take a couple of pieces of string about the length of your arms, and tie the end of each just under the arm-holes. Make the other ends fast to the cuffs. This prevents those articles from slipping over your knuckles. Crawl into the article and you are fixed. It is just the thing for summer—light and airy, and just as good as the best, as long as you don't take off your coat."

"I have had a little of that sort of experience myself," said an artist whose present appearance would hardly indicate that he had ever gone hungry. "It was in Milwaukee, a few years ago. I had found the public didn't want my pictures, and I contracted with a patent medicine firm to decorate dead walls and rocks with advertising. They promised good pay, but after I had been out some time and got down pretty low I drew on the firm. The draft came back dishonored. I had 45 cents and didn't know a soul. I slept under a lumber pile that night and in the morning bought a quart of milk from a peddler, drinking it from his measure. The state of business was such that work was out of the question. I knew my 45 cents wasn't going to last long and how to make it do for a week or two was a problem which worried me a little. I wandered around without the glimmer of an idea until I began to get hungry. Hunger, by the way, is one of the best mental stimulants in the world. Passing a little German notion store my eye fell on a child's cambric parasol and at that instant the idea I was reaching out for came. The parasol was marked 25 cents and I bought it and paralyzed the owner by breaking off the handle or a part of it. I then had 15 cents and I sought a drug store—one of those general kind which have everything on sale. I went in, laid down my 15 cents, told the proprietor that it was the extent of my pile, and that I must be outfitted for it. I wanted two old bottles—one with a little white paint in it and the other to hold some glue-water for size, to prevent the paint soaking through. I would then need a small marking brush and a smaller quill one. I got all this, and the druggist made a handsome profit. I then went back to the lumber-yard where I had slept and commenced decorating the parasol. In one section I lettered, 'After the shower return to Susan B. Anthony.' In another, 'Stolen from General Grant.' In a third, 'Borrowed, you know, from Mark Twain,' and so on. I was raging hungry when I got the job done, and I first sought a restaurant. I proposed to paint the proprietor's name in his umbrella for a dinner.

He seemed taken with the idea, but there was one thing in the way; he didn't own an umbrella. I then offered to decorate his front window with soap pictures in imitation of ground-glass. This fake was an old one, but it caught him, and I put on a lean man for "Before Dinner," and in the other window a fat man, which stood for "After dinner," with considerable scroll work thrown in. Then I went in as the lean man myself, and made a struggle to come out in the image of the after dinner picture. I think the restaurant keeper regretted the deal. It is wonderful how much heart a square meal puts in a man who is broke. After dinner I felt as gay as a bird, and by night had raked in two dollars and ten cents from the umbrellas. I put on a plain name for ten cents, which was the lowest price, but if any one wanted humorous chestnuts on umbrella borrowing they had to pay for it. My seventy-five-cent job looked like a circus poster dead-wall. About twenty-five cents was the average amount made on a job. Later I had some stencils made, and could then earn ten or twelve dollars per day with ease. I had never seen this particular fake worked before, nor have I since I quit. It is a good one for a person who can letter a little."

"In 1876," remarked another gentleman of the party, "I was in New York, without a friend and without a cent. I tried the police stations, but they were always overrun with people whose level I didn't care to get down to. I had paid for my room a month in advance to be sure of a shelter if not of victuals. You remember it was the year of great commercial depression. Thousands were out of work and somehow I stood no chance in the general hustle for a few cents per week necessary to sustain life. I only had one suit of clothes, and they were very good, which caused me to be looked on with suspicion when I applied for work of a menial character. One day when I was wild with hunger I went into the morgue, for no particular purpose, but just as an idle and despondent man is attracted by unwholesome sights. What I saw turned my stomach, and when I came out I found that though weak the fearful gnawing was gone. Regularly after that, when the pangs of hunger became unbearable I visited the morgue until it became an old story, and I found the sights did not sicken me. While it lasted it was tough, but it laid way over nothing as a square meal."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Burdette on the Boycott.

One day a Boycott strolled into the toolhouse and sat down for a chat. The hammer and a saw, a pegging awl and a trowel and other honest tools took advantage of the entrance of a boy looking for something he had no business to take, to move a little further away. "Why do you avoid me?" asked the Boycott. "Am I not a friend of labor? Am I not its mightiest weapon? Am I not your common defender?" "Excuse us," replied an old sledge, who was seven up in the civil-service lists, "but you don't seem to be one of us. There is a smell of Russian prison about you, a stifling taint of German oppression, a stench of English repression, and a foul odor of Hungarian pauperism, a general decayed flavor of ignorance and brutality, and a senseless ferocity that we don't like. We know it isn't your fault; it was born of tyranny and helplessness, but it isn't America, and it isn't pleasant. You have a foreign air about you that makes the room close and offensive. Go out and wade around and hunt for the Oregon for about six months, and you'll come back as clean as a Chinaman. Go soak yourself, boycott yourself, and see how glad we'll be to welcome you into the shop." This fable teaches us to remember that no civilized Christian man ever yet learned to throw the boomerang with danger to his enemy or safety to himself.

The Kind of License He Wanted.

The following story is told of a well known gentleman of this city who recently married a belle from a neighboring Pennsylvania city after his case has been given up as hopeless by all the managing mammas of Buffalo. It seems that the gentleman in question regarded his abnegation of bachelhood with a sort of rueful misgiving, which increased as the days of his liberty waned. His last revolt against the shackles of matrimony occured when he was sent to procure the marriage license, a few days before the ceremony. He sought the city official who presided over the license department and asked gravely: "Is this were licenses are kept?" "Yes, sir," answered the clerk, politely, "what kind of a license do you want?" "Well, what kind have you got?" rejoined our friend with superhuman gravity. The clerk had begun to look upon his visitant as a lunatic, but he obligingly rattled off the list. "Give you a license to drive a hack, give you a license to pull teeth or practice medicine, give you a pawnbroker's or huckster's license, give you a license to keep gunpowder in the house—" "Stop," said our friend quietly; "that's what I want."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Remarkable Robbery.

The most remarkable robbery ever known in judicial annals has recently come to light. Princess Montleart of Poland lived a retired life in her beautiful chateau at Myslenice. Her house was guarded by a pack of dogs, and no one could enter without passing through the portcullis. She had inherited a large fortune, which she kept in vaults constructed for the purpose, as she had no faith in banks or bankers. A few months since the Princess of L—— visited the chateau to see the Princess Montleart, who was her godmother. She found her unconscious upon a sofa, and, though medical aid was summoned, the Princess of Montleart died. Upon opening the safes and vaults nothing was found—money, silverware and diamonds were gone. Although every effort has been made by the officials to discover the perpetrators of the robbery, no clue has yet been obtained that promises to lead to identification of the culprits.

Sage Brush Journalism.

Under the headline "Sage Brush Journalism," the New York *World* quotes the following from a Nebraska contemporary: "The beer-guzzling, whiskey-soaked, flannel-mouthed galoot, who said that we were in the habit of working in the printing office on Sunday, is respectfully informed that he is a liar of the first water." From the editorial columns of the same issue of the *World* we cull these choice extracts: "The statement that 'Mr. Pulitzer's check for $5,000 was among the campaign fund of the Republican National Committee in 1884' is a lunatic lie. * * * * Whoever repeats this stupid fabrication after the repeated statement of its shameless groundlessness is either a scoundrelly idiot or an idiotic scoundrel." "Poor old demented Dana! How age, disappointment and a life of malice are telling on him!" There would seem to be a great deal of imported "sage brush journalism" in New York.—*Boston Post.*

TIPS FOR TOILERS.

The St. Louis executive board of the K. of L. has just received $13,000 in cash donations from the East.

The New York Chamber of Commerce will soon call a meeting to take action relative to the labor troubles.

Mine owners in the Upper Peninsula threaten to close down if the K. of L. makes a demand for increased wages.

It is claimed that the introduction of natural gas in the Pittsburg district has been the means of furnishing employment to 10,000 additional men.

The independent coke manufacturers in the Connellsville, Pa., district have made 5,000 men rejoice by increasing wages from 5 to 10 per cent, to take effect May 1.

Who is the Grand Rapids Man?

A wager was made in Big Rapids last week between two gentlemen (one a resident of Grand Rapids), that the Hon. R. M. Cutcheon would not be renominated by the Republicans for Congress. The Big Rapids man bet he would be.—*Big Rapids Herald.*

HOW WISE BECAME A JUDGE.

Funny Incidents in His Campaign for Governor of Virginia.

Hon. John S. Wise, who was the Republican candidate for governor of Virginia at the last election, is a dead shot, a lover of fine dogs, one of the best lawyers in the state, and a—joker. At the House recently he gave a writer for the New York *Mail and Express* a batch of funny things about his campaign for governor.

"How did I get the idea for a glass ball shooting campaign? In the beginning of the campaign I visited some red hot Bourbon Democrats in a back county, intending to try and convert them by a telling stump speech. I had to pass away the time early in the morning, as the speaking did not begin until noon. There were a lot of old ink bottles piled up in front of a store. I made a bet with some of the Bourbon Democrats that just as many of them as I defeated in a contest of shooting at these bottles should vote for me. Well, I won four Democratic votes in a very few minutes. That's the only shooting I did in the campaign."

"You threatened to cut a Democrat's ears off once, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I would have done it if he'd continued to interrupt me while speaking. It was at a small town. I was addressing quite a crowd. Every now and then some one far back in the audience interrupted me. I finally saw that he was a fire-eating Bourbon Democrat. I pointed my finger at him and said: 'I see you and know that you are trying to interrupt me. I have a pistol and knife with me. If you bother me again I will come down from this platform and cut both of your ears off.' I need scarcely add that I finished my speech without further interruption."

"How did you get the title of judge?"

"That, like the glass ball shooting campaign, is rather a joke. I was engaged in a lawsuit in this city, associated with Gen. Gordon. One day the general and I were walking down Broadway. I was telling him of some particular law points that I had been examining. He was intently listening when a dapper young fellow, whom I knew, walked up and addressed me as judge. He walked along with me, and it was judge this and judge that. I saw that Gen. Gordon was rather annoyed that our conversation should be interrupted, so I said to the dapper fellow:

"'My dear sir, I am not a judge, I never was a judge of any court, and I don't deserve the title. Why do you call me judge?'

"'You are a dog judge,' he answered.

"You could have heard Gordon's laugh five blocks off."

Basement Window Weather Report.

Wet and muddy weather. We prophesy a cold snap or rain.

Dark and cloudy weather. High winds, fair weather.—*The Judge.*

How an Actor Fooled a Sheriff.

John B. Jeffery has a bill against M. B. Curtis, the actor, which he has endeavored to collect every time the impersonator of the Jewish drummer came to Chicago. It is a bill for printing, and now amounts to $1,845.21, including interest. Sunday morning at 1:30 o'clock the clerk of the Superior court was persuaded to issue an attachment for Curtis, and the writ was put in the hands of a deputy sheriff to serve at the actor's hotel. The attorneys for Jeffery had had a capias for his arrest all day Saturday, but could not serve it.

The deputy was unsuccessful in gaining entrance to Curtis's room, and the law does not permit an officer to break in doors while serving civil processes. He therefore stationed himself in front of the actor's door and waited patiently until 8 o'clock. At that hour he again tried the door-knob, and, to his astonishment, discovered it open and the room empty.

Curtis had made his escape by another exit, of whose existence the deputy had no knowledge, hours before, and was then on his way to Detroit.—*Chicago News.*

The Goose of the Regiment.

A goose which has just died at Stuttgart left the flock, while still a gosling, and resolved to have nothing more to do with its companion geese, but to try a new way of life for itself. So it boldly marched into the barracks of a Uhlan regiment one day and stationed itself next the sentry box. The Uhlans were touched by the goose choosing to ally itself with their troops, and built a shed for it to live in. For twenty-three years neither threats nor persuasion were able to separate this bird from its adopted regiment. When the corps changed quarters the goose went with them, and when the Uhlans went to fight for their country the desolate creature took up for a time with a battalion of light infantry but no sooner did the first Uhlans enter the town than the goose marched out to meet them, and went with them to her old quarters. Since her death she has been stuffed, and is to be seen in a glass case on the gate of the barracks at Stuttgart.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Love is a fire in air,
Love is a rose in spring,
Love is a crystal sphere,
A melody, a murmuring.
Love is a blossom, love a flower,
Love is the gleaning of a shower
Of dew-drops from an orange bower.

Love is a golden star,
A fragrance of the night,
A rainbow in the air,
A cloud, a lost delight.
Love, 'tis the sense of Heaven near,
The memory of Heaven gone,
The last leaf of the lingering year,
The faint smell of the dawn.

—*John Philip Varley.*

Wants a Quiet Life.

Col. Cowles, a North Carolina Congressman, who served under Gen. Hampton during the late unpleasantness, has a bald head, revealing a singular wound. It is a long seam, as if ripped up by a pointed weapon, but was really inflicted by a musket-ball which ploughed the cranium. The Colonel's brain was partially exposed at first, but the bone thinly healed over it. I am told that the least unusual excitement would be apt to kill him, and it is one of the gallery jokes that he came to Congress to avoid any dangerous commotion.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Thanks.

Monsieur X has a little falsetto voice. The other day, in giving a coin to a blind beggar on the corner, he said in his flute-like voice:

"Here, take this my poor man."

"Thanks, madame," answered the blind man.

"I am not a lady," replied M. X. in a vexed tone, with his voice pitched in a still higher key.

"Thanks, mademoiselle," returned the mendicant.—*French Paper.*

Knew It Would.

The Grand Rapids Daily TELEGRAM-HERALD made its initial appearance Saturday, a bright, newsy sheet, as we knew it would be under such management. J. M. Spore is local agent for it and will take your subscription.—*Rockford Register.*

CHASE BROTHERS' PIANOS.

We have Chase Brothers' Upright Grand Pianos, manufactured in Grand Rapids, and find them to be superior instruments possessing wonderful volume, strength and purity of tone, standing well in tune. We believe them first-class, durable instruments, and cheerfully recommend them to our friends wishing to buy reliable pianos.

J. K. Johnston,
Jos. H. Walker,
Jas. M. Barnett,
E. H. Poole,
Mrs. L. Worms,
E. H. Robbins,
O. Creekbaum,
Wm. Bachman,
Wm. Harrison,
W. A. Stevens,
Dr. C. T. Seekell,
A. W. Thompson,
Horace D. Carpenter,
S. F. Aspinwall,
W. C. Dewey,
O. O. Perry,
I. S. Rundlo,
M. F. Scott,
Jno. J. Sours,
Wm. McBain, Jr.,
C. B. Short,
A. D. Porter,
Jos. Jackoboice,
Mrs. R. C. Hatheway,
T. P. Smith,
James Curtis,
Dr. C. H. Rose,
Gen. Wm. P. Innes,
Miss Luella Coryell,
H. H. Colestock,
Mrs. Susie M. Eason,
Prof. Owen I. Tuttle,
Miss Katie Merrill,
Miss Jessie Jackman,
C. D. Sanford,
Chas. W. Mansfield,
Dr. L. E. Best,
C. H. Jacobus,
Mrs. D. Maris,
Miss Maud M. Rush,
A. D. Plumb,
Miss Della Sragne,
O-Wash-ta-Nong Boat Club, per C. W. Chaucey, secretary.

We find it necessary to publish the above certificates from parties who have bought Chase Brothers Pianos, for the reason that one of the Grand Rapids dealers is in the habit of stating that parties who have our pianos are not pleased with them; that the pianos are made from green lumber, poorly made; that the sounding boards crack, and many other false and malicious things to deceive customers.

CHASE BROTHERS PIANO CO.

POWERS' OPERA HOUSE.
WM. H. POWERS........Manager

Monday Evening, April 26.

SEVENTH ANNUAL
Fancy Dress Carnival

Given by the Children of the Ladies Dancing Class, introducing over

SIXTY CHILDREN

In a brilliant programme, consisting of Solo Dances, dancing tout ensemble and the

Beautiful Mikado Dance

In Japanese costume in which the entire school participates.

The CALCIUM LIGHT will be used on this occasion. Prof. Miles' Full Orchestra. Prof. B. A. Wellenstein, Pianist.

Tickets on sale Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at Spraker & Hogadone's. No numbers will be issued.

Admission—Reserved seats, 60 cents. General—Parquette and Parquette and Dress Circles, 50 cents; gallery, 35 cents.

POWERS' OPERA HOUSE.
WM. H. POWERS........Manager

TWO NIGHTS ONLY
Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27 and 28.

Engagement of the Popular Comedian

MR. M. B. CURTISS

Supported by a powerful company, presenting Tuesday evening, Mr. Curtis' great characterization,

Sam'l of Posen

THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

Wednesday evening Curtis latest success,

SPOT CASH,

Or Sam'l of Posen on the Road.

Popular prices—75, 50, 35 and 25 cents. Reserved seats 75 cents, on sale at the Arcade Newsroom commencing Saturday morning.

POWERS' OPERA HOUSE.
WM. H. POWERS........Manager

Thursday Evening, April 29.

RETURN OF THE FAVORITES !
HEADLIGHTS OF MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S

American-European
+ MINSTRELS +

Under the personal supervision of J. H. Haverly
40--PERFORMERS--40

Including the World-Wonders, the
CRAGG FAMILY

Note the New Features: Bell of Ethopia, Silver Wedding, K. P. Grand March, Rollicking Burlesque on Mikado, entitled CI-GAR-DO. We come invigorated with the glorious climate of California.

Reserved seats on sale at Arcade News Room, commencing Tuesday April 27, prices $1.00 and 75 cents. Admission $1, 75, 50, 35 and 25 cents.

LADIES'
SPRING
GARMENTS
AT THE
CLOAK
EMPORIUM,
91 MONROE STREET
MORTON HOUSE.

The Pivot Corset !

This Corset expands and contracts with the breathing, and yields to every movement of the wearer, making an easy and elegant fit. The top and bottom of the front of the Corset are pivoted near the waist, allowing easy play backward and forward. They are held in position by stays in the pockets of the detached edges, and by an elastic connection. They each play freely upon an underlying extension, which prevents the body from protruding.

Also just received a full and complete line of White Goods, Laces, Hamburg Edgings. Lace Curtains at all prices.

The best Unlaundried Shirt, linen front and bands, reinforced front and back well stayed for only 50 cents.

Carpets—A well selected stock at 15 cents per yard and upwards.

Live Geese Feathers always on hand at bottom prices. Also agents for the celebrated McCall's Bazaar Patterns.

JOHN BENJAMIN & SON'S,
84 MONROE STREET.

J. C. HERKNER

The Latest Styles in Ladies Broaches is the

OLD-FASHIONED SHELL CAMEO PINS

Removed Hand Painted Dresden Heads, Photo Cameo.

Call and see them. Prices within the reach of all.

STANDARD TIME.
25 MONROE STREET.

N. P. WINCHELL. C. D. B. HUNTLEY.

MEALS
15 - CENTS - 15.

AT THE NEW YORK OYSTER HOUSE,

Under Hart & Amberg's, 57 & 59 Pearl Street.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

CARY & LOVERIDGE,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Fire and Burglar Proof Saf's.

Combination and Time Locks.

NO. 11 - - - - IONIA STREET

WE HAVE
BASE BALLS
—AND—
Rubber Balls

All the way from

5 cents to $1.50 Each.

But our 95 cent League Base Ball, double cover, leads them all.

Headquarters for all Base Ball Goods.

EATON & LYON,

20 and 22 Monroe Street.

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.

B. S. HARRIS, GROCER,

525 and 527 South Division St. Grand Rapids

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

FIRST CLASS
BEECH and MAPLE
WOOD
$2 PER CORD $2

Delivered to any Part of the City.

WATSON & FROST
73 Grandville Ave,
TELEPHONE 694

Orders received at Scott & Williams', 72 Monroe St.

GO TO THE
UNION PACIFIC TEA CO.,
87 Monroe St.

For the finest Teas and Coffees.
For the Purest Spices.
For the best Baking Powder.
For the most valuable Presents.
For the choicest Groceries.
For the Lowest Prices.

DO NOT FORGET THE NUMBER.
87 Monroe Street.

ALL ABOARD.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

On and after [illegible], trains will arrive and depart as follows, Central Standard time.

Depart.

Detroit Express	[illegible] a. m.
Day Express	[illegible] p. m.
Atlantic Express	[illegible] p. m.
Mixed	[illegible] a. m.

Arrive.

Pacific Express	[illegible]
Mail	[illegible] p. m.
Grand Rapids Express	[illegible] p. m.
Mixed	[illegible] p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.

Direct and prompt connections made with Canada Southern trains at same depot at Detroit, thus avoiding transfer.

The Detroit Express, leaving at [illegible] a. m., for Detroit, reaching that city at 11:30 a. m., New York 10:00 a. m., and Boston [illegible] p. m. next day.

Sleeping cars run on Pacific and Atlantic express trains.

Through tickets for all points, and sleeping car berths may be obtained at Union Ticket Office, corner Monroe and Ottawa streets, and at Union depot.

JAMES E. HAWKINS, Ticket Agent, depot.
GEO. W. MUNSON, Ticket Agent, city.
CHAS. H. NORRIS, General Agt., 30 Monroe street.
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Grand Rapids & Indiana.

All trains run on city time, which is Central standard time.

Schedule in effect Nov. 8, 1885. All trains daily except Sunday.

Going North.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Traverse City		7:00 a. m.
Traverse City & Mackinaw	9:30 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
From Cincinnati	9:20 p. m.	
Traverse City & Mackinaw	4:10 p. m.	5:05 p. m.

Train leaving at 7:00 a. m. has chair car attached, 11:30 a. m. train has chair car for Mackinaw City, 5:05 p. m. train has sleeping and chair cars for Mackinaw City.

Going South.

	Arrive.	Leave.
For Cincinnati		7:15 a. m.
For Fort Wayne and East	10:50 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
For Cincinnati	5:55 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
From Traverse City	10:30 p. m.	

5:30 p. m. train has sleeping car for Cincinnati.

5:30 p. m. train connects at Kalamazoo for Battle Creek, Jackson, Detroit and Canadian points, arriving at Detroit at 11:15 p. m.

Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Almquist, ticket agent at depot, or Geo. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe street. C. L. LOCKWOOD,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Chicago & West Michigan.

All trains arrive at and depart from Union depot.

Depart.

Mail for Chicago, Muskegon and Toledo	† 9:00 a. m.
Fast Express for Chicago	†12:36 p. m.
Express for Muskegon	† 4:30 p. m.
Night Express for Chicago	*10:45 p. m.
Express for Big Rapids and Baldwin	† 8:00 a. m.
Mail for Big Rapids and Baldwin	† 4:20 p. m.

Arrive.

Night Express from Chicago	* 5:40 a. m.
Express from Muskegon	†11:30 a. m.
Mail from Chicago and Muskegon	† 4:30 p. m.
Express from Toledo	† 7:15 p. m.
Fast Exp from Chicago and Muskegon	† 9:35 p. m.
Express from Big Rapids and Baldwin	†10:50 a. m.
Express from Baldwin	† 7:30 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

Through coaches to Chicago and Toledo on 9:00 a. m. train.

Through parlor car to Chicago on 12:36 p. m. train. No extra charge for seats.

Through Pullman sleeping car and coach for Chicago on 10:45 p. m. train.

Close connections made at Baldwin for Ludington and Manistee.

Union Ticket Office, 67 Monroe street.
J. B. CARPENTER, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. B. MULLIKEN, Gen'l Manager.
GEO. W. MUNSON, Ticket Agent, City.

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.

West Bound.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Morning Express	† 1:05 p. m.	1:10 p. m.
Through Mail	† 5:06 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Steamboat Express	†10:40 p. m.	
Mixed Express	†	7:10 a. m.
Night Express	* 5:10 a. m.	5:25 a. m.

East Bound.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Steamboat Express		6:25 a. m.
Through Mail	†10:45 a. m.	10:55 a. m.
Evening Express	† 3:30 p. m.	3:50 p. m.
Limited Express	* 8:35 p. m.	10:45 p. m.
Mixed, with coach	†	11:00 a. m.

†Daily, Sundays excepted. *Daily.

Passengers taking the 6:25 a. m. Express make close connection at Owosso for Lansing, and at Detroit for New York, arriving there at 10:30 a. m. the following morning.

Night Express has local Sleeping Car from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

This is the only line running Limited Express leaving here at 10:45 p. m., with Sleeping Car to Detroit, making direct connections for all points East, arriving at New York 7 a. m. the second morning.

Through tickets secured at D. G. H. & M. offices Sweet's Hotel block, and at the depot.

D. POTTER, City Pass. Agent.
GEO. B. REEVE, Traffic Manager, Chicago.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

Kalamazoo Division.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Express	[illegible]	7:00 a. m.
Mail	[illegible]	4:40 p. m.

The train leaving at 4:40 p. m. connects at White Pigeon with Atlantic Express on Main Line, which has Pacific Drawing Room Sleeping coaches from Chicago to New York and Boston without change.

The train leaving at 7:00 a. m. connects at White Pigeon, giving one hour for dinner, with special New York Express on Main Line.

Through tickets and berths in sleeping coaches can be secured at Union Ticket Office, 67 Monroe street, and depot.

Trains run by 90th meridian time, which is 30 minutes slower than Detroit time.

J. W. McKINNEY, General Agent.

Michigan & Ohio.

PASSENGER TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1885.

Short Line and Through Coaches to Grand Rapids, Holland, Grand Haven, Muskegon and Pentwater.

GOING WEST No. 34 Pass	No. 32 Pass	Central Time STATIONS	Dist.	GOING EAST No. 33 Pass	No. 31 Pass
[illegible]	[illegible]	Toledo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Dundee	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Clarksville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Britton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ridgeway	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Tecumseh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Tipton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Onsted	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Devil's Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Addison	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Jerome	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Moscow	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hanover	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pulaski	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Homer	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Marshall	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ceresco	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Battle Creek	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Augusta	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Yorkville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Richland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Doster	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Monteith	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Kellogg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Allegan	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Holland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Grand Rapids	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Grand Haven	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ferrysburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Muskegon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pentwater	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Train No. 32 has a Through Coach daily except Sunday, for Grand Rapids, Holland, Grand Haven, Muskegon and Pentwater. Also a Through Coach leaves the above points via C. & W. M. Ry each day, except Sunday, arriving in Toledo on Train No. 33 at [illegible] p. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

H. H. MITCHELL, [illegible] MELLOW,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent. Gen'l Pass. Agent.
R. E. MATTHEWS, Northwestern Agt., Muskegon.

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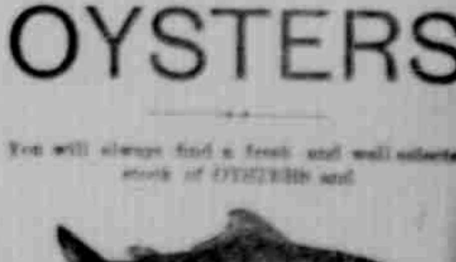

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