THE ETERNITY OF NATURE.

The coming and the going of the light,
The pure stars shining, wheeling through the night,
The rousing and the onset of the storm,
Love's happy voices when the days are warm.

The call of flocks, the humming of the bee,
The play and leafage of the greenwood tree,
The long melodious sorrowing of the hill,
The fall of dream when all the world is still—

What charm these ever had, they have it now;
Nature, eternal youth is on her brow,
Beauty is hers, forever round her way,
Not hers, but ours, the roses of a day.
—John V. Cheney, in N. Y. Outlook.

The Courage of Blevins

WHEN Johnny Blevins and Herby Rounse came out of the theater at 11 o'clock and found that there was a tie-up on the North side cable lines Johnny, who lived on the North side, said that he would be darned. He said it with such fervor, so that it sounded far worse than might be imagined, and Herby felt, not for the first time, that Johnny was not a fellow to be trifled with when he was thoroughly aroused.

"It's too bad, old man, isn't it?" he said. "I'd ask you to come around to my diggings, only some cousins of ours are up from Aurora and the house is full. You can take a cab, though. It's a terrible bore, isn't it?"

"Horrible," assented Johnny. "I don't believe I've got money enough for a cab. It's a horrible bore."

"I haven't, either," said Herby. "I guess you'll have to walk, old man."

"I guess I will, too. It isn't much of a walk, anyway. I can do it in half an hour easy."

Herby expressed his admiration of his friend's pedestrian capability, and the two walked over to Clark street, where they parted.

"Don't let anybody hold you up, old man," said Herby, as he shook hands. Johnny gave a laugh of mingled scorn and recklessness and turned his face northward.

Johnny was firmly convinced in his own mind that it would be a rash and ill-advised bandit who would attempt to hold him up. He knew, of course, that people had been robbed now and then, but he had a sort of theory that they must have betrayed some sign of timidity or at least irresolution in the first place and that their resistance could have been only half-hearted when the attack was made—that is, if they resisted at all. He had often pictured to himself how he would have acted in such an emergency.

Johnny is not a young man of imposing physique. He admits that himself. Figures applied to weight and dimensions are, as Johnny says, "what you can't get around," and five feet eight and one-half is not an extraordinary height any more than 138 pounds is an extraordinary weight. Still Johnny takes a great deal of comfort in his chest expansion and in the rigidity of the muscles of his forearm.

"There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh about me," he is wont to say, and there is a great deal of truth in the remark. He has an arrangement of rubber cords, handles and pulleys screwed to the doorpost in his bedroom, which he calls an exerciser, and he exercises on it morning and evening most religiously—also a pair of six-pound dumbbells and a pair of Indian clubs, with which he nearly brained himself the last time he tried to use them. He has a pair of foils, too, and Johnny is going to take fencing lessons some of these days. He is going to take boxing lessons, too, perhaps, though for the matter of that he has a great deal of confidence in himself already so far as boxing is concerned. He has the art intuitively, as it were. Two or three of the fellows with whom he has put on the gloves tell him that he is a wonder.

There was one fellow, however, who nearly destroyed Johnny's opinion of his own prowess. He is a boy who has a pimply face and wears a horse-shoe scarfpin and smokes his cigars from one side of his mouth. When the two had pulled off their coats and stood facing each other he suddenly put one padded hand to his face and began to laugh in the most outrageous and insulting manner.

"You ain't going to hold your mits that way, are you?" he asked, shaking with mirth.

"Never you mind about that," returned Johnny. "You put up your hands and look out for yourself."

"All right; you're the doctor," said his opponent, whereupon he executed a circling walk, sawing his arms and crossing his feet at every third step with an impressive stamp. "You see," he continued, presenting a profile view of his figure and rolling his head about easily, "if I make a pass at you like—this—"

Johnny's first impression was that there had been a gas explosion and that the roof had fallen in. When he recovered and regained his balance he saw his antagonist was laughing also that he had his hands down. He lunged out straight from the shoulder at the grinning face, but somehow the face was not there by the time his arm straightened, and he would have fallen headlong if he had not been brought up with an abrupt jolt in the ribs. That taught him caution, but it shortened his breath, and altogether he felt rather dizzy, and as the young man with the exasperating smile went circling, bobbing and stamping about the room Johnny had hard work to keep the run of him.

"Are you onto the pivot?" came from the segment of the shoulder-working circle.

Before Johnny could reply his opponent stood still for a space of a second, with both arms extended; then he spun around on his heel and Johnny fell into the coal scuttle and stayed there until he was pulled out.

Nevertheless he is of the opinion that he would have made short work of the young man with the horseshoe pin if the bout had lasted a little longer.

Johnny thought of that boxing match as he strode over the Clark street bridge and of how he would turn it to account if he should be invited to throw up his hands instead of to put up his mitts. He would swing around on one footpad with that short-arm body blow, catch the other with his left on the point of the chin or the hinge of the jaw and deliver blow after blow with such lightning-like rapidity that they would have no chance to retaliate.

There were two suspicious-looking young men standing before the door of a saloon from whence came the sound of a piano and a fiddle—just the fellows for the business, Johnny thought, as he passed them. He eyed them boldly and steadily, and they both looked at him and laughed.

Three more men were advancing toward him along the sidewalk, and he threw out his chest and squared his shoulders. They passed him by without a word.

It would be a good thing, thought Johnny, if he should hear a girl scream, and, on dashing up, should find—after he had dispersed the ruffians—that it was the daughter of old Watson whom he had rescued. Watson was Johnny's employer, and he lived on the North side, too. Still, on reflection, it was not likely that she would be roaming around at that time of night. For another thing, he was not sure that old Watson had a daughter.

There were quite a number of people out on the street that night, and Johnny began to feel a sense of exhilaration. He thought he knew that eight out of ten of them would have dragged him into one of those mysterious doorways and there would have strangled and robbed him—if they had only dared. At the same time, there were a few mighty ugly faces here and there under the glare of the street lamps, and Johnny began to own to himself that he would not care to handle more than two of the fellows at a time.

He began to wonder if one or two who had looked rather hard at him were following him, and he instinctively looked back. Certainly there were people coming along after him, but they might be innocent of any design upon him. Would they, if they had designs and if by any mischance they should happen to overcome him, express their disappointment at his impecunious condition with billies and brass knuckles, or would his watch appease them? Was it really worth while to make a hard fight and imperil his existence for a cheap watch and 13 cents? He asks himself this question.

He had passed Chicago avenue and was walking a little faster and close to the curb, for it was darker along here and quieter. Presently he crossed the street and turned into a path that ran diagonally across a small park. As he approached the fountain that was in the center he heard a sharp, metallic clink and rattle that made him start from the cement path to the bordering grass. A dark form at the same time appeared from behind the fountain and spat out a mouthful of water with what Johnny recognized even in the half-gloom as an appearance of disgust.

"Say!" called the apparition.

But Johnny had passed around him and was striding rapidly off.

"Say, you!" it called again.

Johnny looked back and saw the apparition was walking after him. Then he threw appearances to the wind and ran.

It was nearly a mile to his home, but he did not stop once and hardly slackened speed until he was sitting, panting, on the lowest of the front steps. At last he recovered sufficiently to ring the bell. His father shuffled downstairs with a lamp in his hand and his suspenders trailing behind him.

"What's happened to you, Johnny?" he asked, when he saw his son's white face.

"Nothing," replied Johnny, rather breathlessly still. "I wanted to see how fast I could sprint on asphalt. I made good time." He added, vaingloriously.

The old gentleman looked at him attentively for a minute, and the young man did not bear the scrutiny very well.—Chicago Daily Record.

Mixing His Drink.

There is a story told of Mr. Gladstone which would show that the true meaning of the old saying: "Do not mix your drinks," was unknown to the great statesman. It is said to have been his habit to let the wines which were served in the course of dinner mobilize at his elbow, and during a pause in the conversation seize the glass that happened to be nearest. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, who had refreshed himself as usual in this haphazard way, inveighed against the practice of mixing wines. It was respectfully pointed out to him that he had been guilty of this very act; but he explained, to his own satisfaction, that to mix wines was to fill up half a glass of champagne from the port decanter!—Cornhill Magazine.

Ourselves and Our Clothes.

"Happily," said Mr. Stoggleby, "we do not realize the change in our personal appearance as we would grow older, the change is so slight from day to day; and then, as a matter of fact, we are, to ourselves at least, ever as young as we feel. But it is not so about our clothes; we cannot make them even feel young. As they grow old, to say nothing of keeping them looking so—they will get worn and threadbare. And we are likely to forget about that, and to give no thought to the impression they may make upon other people. There we make a mistake. We should keep an eye on our apparel; and, as to trimness at least, have that in keeping not with our gray head, but with our fresh and ever youthful heart."—N. Y. Sun.

SHE IS ASLEEP.

She is asleep, but if the quiet pall
And death's cold garb around her form should be,
How fondly would my bleeding heart recall
The loving labors of her life for me.

The kindly deeds her tired hands have done,
The kindly words her gentle lips hath said,
Her heart's dear faith since mine and hers were one,
Would all come back to me if she were dead.

If my neglect had ever grieved her breast,
And of her tears had ever been the cause,
If unresponsive when she has caressed,
Or, from her heart withheld mine own's applause,

I would recall all my unkindness now,
Above her bier regretful tears would shed,
And laying kisses on her dead, cold brow,
Relate the virtues of the life she led.

But what could this avail the pulseless heart?
Could tears call back again the absent breath,
Or kisses on her lips their smiles could start,
Or praises please the unheeding ear of death?

She hath been faithful—let me kiss her now,
While my caress can make her dear heart glad,
Nor wait till death has settled on her brow,
To tell the greatness of the soul she had.

Ah, we neglect the praise which is so dear
To loving ones who labor day by day,
And wait till death has laid them in their bier,
To pay our tribute to unconscious clay.
—W. W. Morrison, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

Life on the Road.

AFTER the returned drummer had shaken hands with the bookkeeper, the cashier and the two entry clerks and had deposited his sample cases in a corner by the safe and pulled off his sumptuous fur-lined overcoat, which he hung on a knob of the letter cabinet, he seated himself in the junior partner's revolving chair and elevated his neat shoes to the blotting pad on the desk and said: "How's tricks?"

"Nothing to growl about," said the cashier, shaking the ink from his pen and wiping it carefully on the lining of his coat. "We've got about all the orders we can handle for one while. I guess you can rest up and get acquainted with your family for the next week or so."

"And get started out again in time to eat Christmas dinner at Jonesboro, Cross Roads or in the dining-room at Watertank Junction. I see my finish all right. Didn't I make a dandy trip, though? What did the boss have to say about it?"

"He didn't say anything—he just swore," replied the bookkeeper. "Yes, he did, too. He said that if you hadn't better sense than to sell to men like Bolsinger Bros. and Thiem & Waite, people rated 'L' and 'M' in Dun's last—as long as you've been on the road, he'd call you in and let you take up your old job in the prints. He's gone home now, but he left word if you showed up to tell you to come in at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The drummer dropped his feet from the desk and started up from his chair. "Bolsinger Bros. rated—" Then he smiled gently and resumed his seat. "Pretty well for you," he said. "You're getting funny in your old age, Smithie. It hurts my eyes to look at you, you're so bright. I'm going to take you out with me the next time I go to entertain customers."

"If you took another man along to sell goods you'd be fixed, wouldn't you? You could attend to the expense account yourself all right. There's where the old man gives you the credit you're entitled to. He says your expense accounts are the most artistic things on a grand scale he ever had sent in to him. How did you put in that overcoat?"

"You're too anxious to get my job, or I might tell you," said the drummer, opening a penknife and beginning to trim his nails. "Have you heard the latest story?"

"I have," said the bookkeeper. "I ain't going to tell it to you for a year or so, though. You might forget yourself and spring it on somebody, and then they'd fall dead. You were talking about Christmas; where did you eat your Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Porlaker, Kan.—a dollar'n a half house, and the best in the town at that. Oh, I had turkey, all right, and cranberry sauce, too, to say nothing of a side dish of warm tomato juice a la oyster cracker. But you never saw a turkey worse treated in the kitchen than that one was in your life. He was black on the outside, red in the middle and blue at the core, and he had the sinews of a heavyweight champion. There was pie, also," added the drummer, looking reflectively at his finger nails. "No, I don't want to talk about that pie; I want to forget it if I can. 'Tis better thus.

"I met a man, though, that day—a man that was a man," resumed the drummer. "This ain't no barroom talk. I'm handing you the rectilinear, undeviating merchandise. He was a man—"

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again," interrupted one of the entry clerks. "Is there any curtain raiser to this, or do we crowd in now and get it over with?"

"Well," said the drummer, "I want to tell you that a man knocking about as I do is apt to get cynical. His finer feelings get the edge worn off, until you can ride a-straddle of them without experiencing any sense of discomfort. He gets so that his ideals of the good and the true and the beautiful get as dim and shadowy as a South Carolina hog. By the time he's made ten towns in seven days and has to send four pages of closely-written explanations and a quarter of a page of orders on the seventh day he has often come to the conclusion that the world is as hollow as an Edam cheese rind two hours after a free-lunch opening. He loses all his fresh faith and trust in human nature and has to look up the mortgage registers at the county seat whenever he gets a good order. A man might almost as well be in politics. Once in awhile, though, he finds one of nature's unspoiled children, with an inch thick of cream on the milk of human kindness—as I did on Thanksgiving."

"It was good liquor, was it?" asked the cashier.

The drummer looked at him scornfully. "That's your idea of a good Samaritan," he said; "somebody who will undertake to fill your skin with rum. This man I'm talking about was going around doing people good—shedding bright sunshine into darkened lives as freely as a mangy dog does hair and setting an example to the community. He isn't rated above 'K,' but that kind of a man doesn't get rich. He isn't built like you.

"I went over to his store just before dinner, and I found the first thing that he was going to give his clerk the rest of the day off. No, he wasn't going to hold out on his wages, either. I saw that he was getting ready to go to dinner, too, and I told him that I hated to disturb him and all that sort of thing, and he just smiled as cordially as though I had been his long-lost brother, and looked over my samples as patiently as a mother of six at the county agent's. Then he sat down and strung me off a nice little order.

"I sort of flattered myself that it was my winning way that was doing it at first, but I changed my mind by the time I got through with him. I don't believe he wanted those goods any more than a cat wants two tails. He merely wanted to jolly me up and make me feel good and thankful. I was tearing the duplicate out of my book, and he had got one arm in the sleeve of his coat when a fellow comes in who looked as if he had been up against it pretty hard. He had some kind of a preparation to take grease and stains out of clothes, and he wanted to operate on the storekeeper's coat to show him how it worked. He didn't have to.

"'Take a box? Why certainly I'll take a box,' says the storekeeper. 'Certainly I will, my friend. It's just what I've been needing; only I haven't time to use it now. Just rub it on, do you? Does it matter whether you use a wool or cotton cloth? Doesn't, eh? How much is it?'

"'Twenty-five cents,' says the peddler, and I wish you hardened wretches could have seen the poor devil's face light up. It would have done you good. It made me glow all through my inside just as if it had been a skillfully concocted cocktail, and I had a good notion to buy a box of the stuff myself.

"'That's cheap enough,' says the storekeeper, giving him a quarter. 'Hold on; I'll take another box, I believe; I'm the worst man to get grease on my clothes you ever saw.' So he hands him out another quarter, and the fellow goes out smiling so that you could see it with his back turned to you. As soon as he had gone I asked this noble man if he always bought of agents or only on Thanksgiving and Fourth of July.

"'Why,' he says, smiling benevolently, 'I don't advertise for them, but I most always buy when they come around. I figure out that when a man goes about selling a thing that retails for 25 cents it's more than likely that he's hard up, and that 25 cents is a whole lot of money to him. It's to his credit that he does it, because I don't believe it's the pleasantest or easiest kind of work. Then I make it work more than one way. Now, that little investment was 50 cents. Are you going up to the hotel? All right, let's go, and I'll show you something else.'

"He put the boxes of the cleaning mixture in his pocket and we started out. About two blocks down the street he stopped and opened the door of a little tailor shop and walked in, and I followed him. It was one of the poorest, barest-looking places you ever saw. There wasn't anything in it but some big shears and a smoothing iron and one or two scanty rolls of cloth, and the tailor himself looked half starved. I caught sight of a little girl about four years old breaking for the living-rooms back of the little shop as we went in. I don't believe the poor little thing had anything on but a thin calico slip, and her little bare legs were blue with the cold.

"'Well, Hans,' said the storekeeper, cheerily, 'how's everything?'

"'Poorty bad,' said the tailor. 'There vas no peezness at all no more.'

"'Well, there's better times coming,' says the storekeeper. 'Here's something I've brought you. It's a grease and stain remover—takes any kind of grease spot or stain out of cloth instantaneously. There's a couple of boxes, and if it turns out all right I think we can manage to get you some more.'

"Well, I wish you could have seen the tears of gratitude on the poor tailor's face. The storekeeper tried to get away, but the tailor insisted on calling in his wife and children to tell them what he had done for them, and then the whole family hung to him and called down blessings on his head. Although unused to weep, I myself felt the tears springing to my—"

Here the bookkeeper seized the drummer by the neck and one of the entry clerks caught him by the feet and tilted his chair back until it fell with a crash, carrying the drummer along with it.—Chicago Daily Record.

Unique Obituary.

Obituary notices seldom touch on the shortcomings of deceased persons, and for this reason the item from the Pleasanton (Kan.) Observer, of which the following is an extract, is unique: His greatest fault was the extravagant use of profanity. It was almost impossible for him to engage in any sort of conversation with man, woman or child without using it. He no doubt often swore unconsciously."

The world contains no more charming picture than that of happy and radiant girlhood. All too frequently the happiness and radiance in the young girl's face is doomed to be blotted out by the lines of sickness and suffering. No young woman is fitted for wifehood and motherhood who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way. For such women wifehood only holds out the prospect of suffering and motherhood the probability of death.

There is no reason why this should be true. If a woman will take proper care of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible, there is no reason why she may not be a healthy and happy wife and mother. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for women. More of it has been sold than of any other medicine for women. Over ninety-thousand women have testified to its marvelous results. It acts directly on the distinctly womanly organism, and gives it strength, health and vigor. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the nerves. It does away with the ailments of the period of anticipation and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. In Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser hundreds of women relate over their signatures their experiences with this marvelous medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers.

"Last month I had no pain at all and worked every day without inconvenience. It was the first time I passed that period without pain," writes Miss Lauretta McNees, of Reno (P. O. Box 723), Washoe Co., Nev. "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did it."

"The People's Medical Adviser" contains several chapters devoted to the physiology of women, with directions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. A paper-bound copy sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing only; or, cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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County Savings Bank

Cor. East Second and Bridge Sts.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

Interest Compounded Semi-Annually January and July, at the rate of Not Exceeding

3½ PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Bank is open every business day except Saturday from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. On Saturday from 10 a. m. to 12 m., and on Monday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock.

TRUSTEES.

Lawrence Clancy, John D. Higgins, S. M. Coon, Joseph B. Lathrop, Alonzo H. Failing, O. S. Osterhout, Fred A. Gage, Alanson S. Page, Orrin F. Gaylord, Benjamin S. Stone, W. T. Henderson, Charles A. Tanner, Peter Hilbert, Charles Wendell

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NEW BANK BUILDING,

Corner East First and Bridge St.

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Theodore Irwin, Vice-President
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OSWEGO

City Savings Bank,

214 West First St.

Incorporated March 4th, 1859. The largest and oldest savings institution in Oswego county

Interest paid on deposits at the rate of no exceeding

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Bank is open every business day except Saturday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. On Saturday from 10 A. M. to 12 M., and on Monday evenings from 6 to 8 o'clock.

Safe Deposit Boxes To Rent in the burglar and fire proof vault of the bank. Price ...... $6.00 per year

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JOHN P. PHELPS .... Treasurer
MELVIN S. CROMBIE .... Secretary

COUNTY TAX 1898.

NOTICE—Is hereby given that assessment rolls for the County Tax of 1898 have been placed in my hands for collection, pursuant to Sec. 81 of Chap. 394 of the laws of 1895. All persons named in said rolls are required to pay their taxes at this office on or before the thirty-first day of January, 1899. Up to and including this thirty-first day of January this tax will be received without fees, during February three per cent fees will be added, during March five per cent, during every month thereafter, one per cent additional.

Ratio $1.78 per $100 valuation.
Last day without fees, Tuesday, Jan. 31st.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Dated Oswego, January 3, 1899
A. H. FAILING, City Chamberlain.

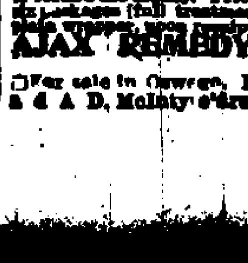
jan3d26t

SWITS CONDE

Manufacturer of

KNIT GOODS.

MADE ME A MAN



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ONTARIO & WESTERN
NEW YORK AND WESTERN
RAILWAY COMPANY

Time Table in Effect Sept. 25th, 1898.

NORTH BOUND.

Stations	9* Milk	1 Ont'l Day Exp	31 Oswego Express	49 Local	27 Way Freight	13 Utica Express	5* Chicago Lim
N. Y. Leave	A M	A M	A M	A M	P M	A M	P M
Franklin St	3 20	7 45					5 45
W. 42nd St	3 30	7 55					6 15
Weehawken	4 00	8 10					6 30
Cornwall	6 00	9 45					7 50
Middletown	7 35	*10 55					†8 45
Summitville	8 23	11 30					
Liberty	9 40	12 29					9 50
Cadosia	11 22	2 00					10 50
Walton	12 27	2 45			12 45	8 05	11 38
Sidney	2 05	3 40			3 10	9 02	2 15
Guilford	2 51	4 00			4 25	9 22	
Oxford	3 16	4 12			5 00	9 36	
N'wich ar	3 25	4 26			5 30	9 50	12 58
N'wich lv	3 28	4 30	7 30	7 00	P M	9 54	1 08
Galena	3 40		7 41	7 18		f10 04	
Smyrna	4 01	4 49	7 52	8 00		10 17	
Earlville	4 11	4 56	8 00	8 25		10 25	
Randallsville	4 23	5 06	8 10	9 00		10 32	1 38
Eaton	4 36	5 16	8 23	9 55		A M	
Morrisville	4 42	5 22	8 29	10 15			
Munns	5 01	5 34	8 43	10 43			
Kenwood	5 19	f5 48	9 00	11 06			n2 07
Castle	5 27	5 52	9 10	11 15			n2 10
Oneida ar	5 30	5 5[illegible]	9 15	11 20			2 12
Oneida lv	P M	6 10	9 20	1 55			2 15
Durhamville		f6 14	9 25	2 12			
Fish Creek		6 25	9 36	2 40			
Sylvan Bch							
North Bay		6 33	9 46	2 55			
Cleveland		6 45	10 0[illegible]	[illegible] 30			
Bernhards		6 5[illegible]	10 0[illegible]	1 45			
Constantia		6 57	10 13	2 05			
Central Sq.		7 11	10 27	2 45			
Pennellville		7 22	10 [illegible]	3 38			
Fulton		7 34	10 38	[illegible] 40			n3 26
Oswego ar		8 00	11 00	5 30			3 45
		P M	A M	P M			A M

SOUTH BOUND.

Stations	6* New York Lim	12 Norwich Exp	14 Delhi Express	50 Local	2 Day Exp	28 Way Freight	10* Milk
	A M	P M	P M	A M	A M	A M	A M
Oswego Lv	11 20	2 55		8 33	6 45		
Fulton	11 41	3 29		9 20	7 06		
Pennellville		3 38		9 53	7 25		
Central Sq.	12 05	3 51		10 27	7 38		
Constantia		4 08		11 01	7 54		
Bernhards		4 15		11 15	8 02		
Cleveland		4 22		11 50	8 08		
North Bay		4 36		12 15	8 22		
Sylvan Bch							
Fish Creek		4 45		2 10	8 30		
Durhamville		f4 [illegible]		1 10	f8 41		
Oneida ar	12 52	5 05		1 2[illegible]	8 46		
Oneida lv	12 56	5 20		1 50	8 50		8 15
Castle		5 25		1 55	8 53		8 19
Kenwood	n1 03	5 34		2 [illegible]2	9 00		8 [illegible]
Munns		5 49		2 55	9 15		8 [illegible]8
Morrisville		6 08		3 32	9 32		9 21
Eaton		6 16		3 52	9 41		9 30
Randallsville	1 41	6 30	6 13	4 23	9 57		10 05
Earlville	n1 46	6 43	6 22	4 56	10 0[illegible]		10 25
Smyrna		6 52	6 27	5 1[illegible]	10 17		10 37
Galena		7 04		5 40			10 58
Norwich ar	2 00	7 15	6 43	6 00	10 37		11 10
Norwich lv	2 14	P M	6 4[illegible]	P M	10 42	6 5[illegible]	11 15
Oxford			7 01		11 0[illegible]	7 30	11 37
Guilford			7 17		11 16	8 10	11 54
Sidney	3 05		7 49		1[illegible] [illegible]	9 20	12 50
Walton	3 50		8 30		12 57	11 1[illegible]	2 40
Cadosia	4 20		P M		1 20		3 37
Liberty	5 26				2 51		5 15
Summitville	6 06				3 47		6 25
Middletown	6 43				*4 30		7 35
Cornwall	7 23				5 28		8 45
Weehawken	8 45				7 00		10 50
New York W. 42nd St	8 55				7 10		11 00
N. Y. Fran'n St ar	9 15				7 25		11 30
	P M				P M		P M

* Runs daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.
§ Stop for meals
f Signifies that trains will stop on signal for passengers.
n Signifies that trains will stop for or to leave New York passengers only.

Trains leave Randallsville for Utica *6 35 and 10 32 a. m., 1 50, 4 40 and 5 15 p. m. Sunday only 4 30 p. m.

Trains leave Utica for Randallsville *5 00 and 9 00 a. m., 12 15, 5 00 and *11 15 p. m.

Trains leave Rome for Clinton *7 30 a. m. and 4 15 p. m.

Trains leave Clinton for Rome 11 30 a. m. and 6 30 p. m. Leave Clinton for Rome 5.45 p. m. Sunday only.

Trains leave Sidney for New Berlin 10.00 a. m., 3 45 and 7.40 p. m. Leave New Berlin for Sidney 5 45 and *10.02 a. m., and 2 10 p. m.

Trains leave Walton for Delhi 8.10 a. m., and 3 45 and 8.35 p. m. Sunday only at 9 15 a. m. and 2 15 p. m. Daily except Saturday 12 37 p. m.

Leave Delhi for Walton 7.20 and *11.00 a. m., and 4 45 p. m. Leave Delhi Sunday only 3 10 p m. Daily except Saturday 1 30 p m.

For further particulars see local card.

Passenger Rates Reduced to Two Cents Per Mile.

Lowest rates of fare to all points west. One to three dollars less than other lines.

Express trains Nos. 5 and 6 run solid between New York and Suspension Bridge. Reclining Chair Car from New York to Chicago without change free to through passengers, and Wagner Buffet Sleeping Car without change from New York to Chicago.

No. 5 arrives at Chicago 9 30 p. m.

No. 6 leaves Chicago via Wabash R R 3 15 p. m.

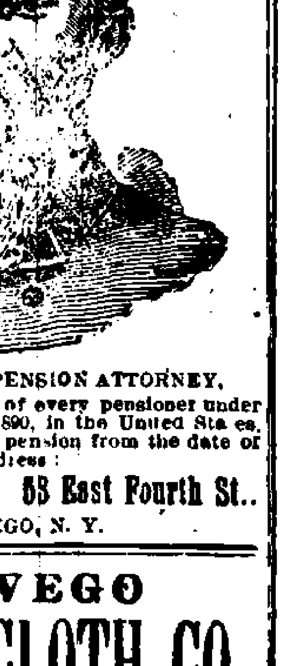
Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, General Passenger Agent,
G. A. Page, Traveling Agent, Oneida, N. Y.

Office Hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

Office, 53 East 4th street, between Bridge and Cayuga.

DR. W. H. COX.



THE VETERAN PENSION ATTORNEY,

would like the name of every pensioner under the act of June 27, 1890, in the United States, who did not draw his pension from the date of first application. Address:

DR. W. H. COX 53 East Fourth St.,
OSWEGO, N. Y.

OSWEGO
SHADE CLOTH CO.,

New York Office, 415 Broadway, Cor. Canal St.
Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Building.

A Remarkable Cure.

Mr. Alexander Moore, a reliable business man, of 1230 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I contracted a violent cold which settled all over me. The pain in my chest and side was excruciating. The doctor gave me medicine and blistered my side, but I only grew worse. Then you gave me a bottle of Brazilian Balm. I had little or no faith in it, but decided to try it. I took 3 or 4 good doses before bed time, and rubbed it well over my blistered side. That night I slept like a top—my first good rest for over a week—and awoke in the morning cured. Brazilian Balm is simply invaluable."

For Sale by D. Mahoney & Co., and C. H. Butler

Time Table.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

Trains will leave Oswego as follows: Going West—3:55 A. M., (daily) 6:45 A. M.; 1:05 P. M., 5 P. M.

Going East—6:05 A. M., 9:25 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

Phoenix Line: Leave Oswego 8:00 A. M., 10:15 A. M., 2:30 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 9:25 P. M. (daily) and 9:30 A. M., Sunday only.

Trains will arrive Oswego as follows:

From the West 11:10 A. M., (daily), 1:05 P. M., 6:20 P. M., 9:10 P. M.

From the East—8:35 A. M., 12:05 P. M., 5 P. M., 9:15 P. M.

Phoenix Line—8:25 A. M., (daily), 12:20 P. M., 3:20 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 10:15 P. M., and 7:40 P. M. Sunday only.

N. Y. O. & W. Time Table.

TRAINS LEAVE OSWEGO.

New York Express........ 6:45 a. m.
Local.................. 8:23 a. m.
New York Limited....... 11:20 a. m.
Norwich Express........ 2:55 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT OSWEGO.

Chicago Limited......... 3:45 a. m.
Oswego Express.......... 11:20 a. m.
Local................... 5:30 p. m.
Ontario Day Express..... 8:00 p. m.

New York Limited and Chicago Limited daily. All others daily except Sunday.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

LEAVE OSWEGO.

New York, Phila. & Elmira Express..7:00 A. M.
Accommodation to Syracuse ....8:10 A. M.*
N. Y. & Phila., Limited Vestibuled....10:30 A. M.
Syracuse, Binghamton & Elmira Expr's, 3:15 P. M.
Syracuse Express ....5:15 P. M.
New York & Phila. Night Express 9:00 P. M.*

ARRIVE AT OSWEGO.

New York & Phila. Night Express....5:30 A. M.*
Elmira, Binghamton & Syracuse Exp..11.55 A. M.
Syracuse Express ....3:10 P. M.
N. Y. & Phila., Limited Vestibuled.....7:00 P. M.
Syracuse Express.....................10:10 P. M.
Trains marked * run daily.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

ARRIVE. DEPART.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANA & WESTERN

Arrive		Depart	
*6:35 a. m.	12:25 p. m.	*6:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
3:15 p. m.	*7:05 p. m.	*2:45 p. m.	4:45 p. m.
	10:15 p. m.		8:30 p. m.

ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURG—WESTERN DIVISION.

Arrive		Depart	
*1:20 p. m.	*9:10 p. m.	*6:15 a. m.	*12:35 p. m.
		4:30 p. m.	

ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURG—EASTERN DIVISION.

Arrive		Depart	
9:35 a. m.	*12:10 p. m.	5:40 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	9:10 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	

NEW YORK, ONTARIO & WESTERN.

Arrive		Depart	
11:20 a. m.	8:30 p. m.	6:15 a. m.	*2:25 p. m.

A star * indicates postal clerk on train.

Stage Mail.

	Arrive.	Depart.
Scriba and Bala	11:00 a. m.	1:15 p. m.
Vermillion	11:15 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Hannibal	10:00 a. m.	3:30 p. m.

J. B. ALEXANDER, Postmaster

MOLLISON & DOWDLE

ISSUE

Fire, Accident, Plate Glass, Steam Boiler, and Employers'

LIABILITY POLICIES!

— ALSO —

BONDS OF INDEMNITY

JOHN S. PARSONS,

Successor to Daniel Lyons & Son.

SHIP CHANDLER,

and Sail Maker.

Dealer in Manilla, Tarred and Sisal Cordage, Wire Rope, Canvas, Blocks, Lamps, Etc.

Lard, Cylinder and Engine OILS.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.

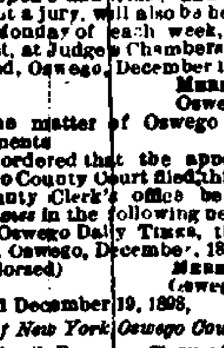
YACHT AND BOAT FITTINGS.

Cor. Water and Cayuga Sts.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

The Perfume of Violets

The purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Powder.



Big G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Spermatorrhoea, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

OSWEGO COUNTY COURT APPOINTMENT—Pursuant to statute, I hereby appoint the terms of the Oswego County Court to be hereafter held until otherwise ordered for the trial of issues of fact as follows:

Fourth Monday in February, Court House, Oswego.

Second Monday in May, Court House, Pulaski.

Third Monday in September, Court House Oswego.

First Monday in December, Court House Pulaski.

I hereby designate the same terms for the trial and determination of indictments, and for the hearing and transaction of other criminal business and proceedings.

Trial jurors are required to attend each term.

Terms for the hearing and decision of motion and appeals and trials, and other proceeding without a jury, will also be held as follows:

On Monday of each week, except July and August, at Judge's Chambers Oswego.

Dated, Oswego, December 19, 1898.

MERRICK STOWELL,
Oswego County Judge.

In the matter of Oswego County Court appointments

It is ordered that the appointments for the Oswego County Court filed this day in the Oswego County Clerk's office be published weekly six times in the following newspapers, viz: The Oswego Daily Times, the Fulton Patriot.

Dated, Oswego, December, 1898.

(Endorsed) MERRICK STOWELL,
Oswego County Judge

Filed December 19, 1898, dec19sw6t

State of New York, Oswego County Clerk's Office, ss:

I, John S. Parsons, Clerk of said County, and of the Supreme and County Courts therein, which are courts of record, do hereby certify that I have compared the annexed copy of County Court appointments, and order to publish with the original filed in this office on the 19th day of December, 1898, and now remaining in this office, and that the same is a correct transcript thereof, and of the whole of said original and of the endorsements thereon

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said County and Courts, at the City of Oswego, this 20th day of December 1898.

FRED M. BISHOP, Deputy Clerk.