Cures Rising Breast

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" . . . Is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a midwife for many years, and in each case where "MOTHERS' FRIEND" was used it accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the Breast known, and worth the price for that alone.

MRS. M. M. BREWSTER, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by Express or mail, on receipt of price, $1 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SYPHILITIC BLOOD POISON

Have you Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair-Falling? Write Cook Remedy Co., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. Patients cured nine years ago today sound and well. 100-page book free.

ROYAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

No. 8, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
Best insurance, lowest cost. Life, Accident, Endowment, Sick Benefits, Combination Policies. Agents wanted in territory not yet covered. Liberal contracts to good workers.

SCRANTON COAL.

THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY sell until further notice their celebrated SCRANTON COAL, screened and delivered, at the following prices per ton of 2,000 pounds:

	TON.	½ TON	¼ TON
GRATE	$4 75	$2.50	$1.35
EGG	5.00	2.65	1.40
STOVE	5.00	2.65	1.40
CHESTNUT	5.00	2.65	1.40
PEA	4 00	2.15	1.15

Satisfaction guaranteed in all coal delivered.

Holden & Son, Agents,
Office at West End of Lower Bridge.

Wholesale and Retail. Dry, Well Screened and delivered to any part of the city.

	Ton	½ Ton	¼ Ton
GRATE	$4.75	$2.50	$1.25
EGG	$5.00	$2.65	$1.40
STOVE	$5.00	$2.65	$1.40
CHESTNUT	$5.00	$2.65	$1.40
PEA	$4.00	$2.15	$1.15

Telephone call 99.

J. B. McMURRICH,
Office Corner East First and Bridge streets.

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Present Prices of Lehigh Valley Coal delivered to any part of the city, per ton of 2,000 lbs. viz:

	TON.	½ TON	¼ TON
GRATE	$4.75	$2.50	$1.35
EGG	5.00	2.65	1.40
STOVE	5.00	2.65	1.40
CHESTNUT	5.00	2.65	1.40
PEA COAL	4.00	2 15	1.15

Bituminous Coal for Steam and Blacksmiths.
Cor. West Cayuga and Water Sts.
Telephone No.

W. K. NIVER & CO., AGENTS

WILKESBARRE, and PITTSTON COAL
—Also Steam and Smithing— Trestle on line of Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad.
RETAIL PRICES OF ANTHRACITE COAL:

	TON.	½ TON	¼ TON
GRATE	4.75.	2.50.	1.35
EGG	$5 00.	$2.65.	$1.40
STOVE	5.00	2.65	1.40
NUT	5.00	2.65.	1.40
PEA	4.30	2.15.	1.15

MOLLISON & DOWDLE,
Doolittle Block W. 1st and Oneida Sts.

SCRANTON COAL!
SCRANTON COAL!
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WOOD!
HARD WOOD!
KINDLING WOOD!
Yard, rear of D. L. & W. depot.
Office, City Savings Bank Building.

W. B. PHELPS.

THE TRAVELERS
Is the Oldest and Largest Accident Insurance Company in the world. They continue writing both life and accident policies at the Oswego Agency, 39 West Bridge St., and are paying losses every week as usual. Call at the office and consult
G. P. MATTESON, Agent,
Who has represented the company for 22 years.

INSURANCE! Fire, Marine, LIFE.
F. B. LATHROP,
UNITED STATES LIFE INS. BUILDING,
No. 12 East Bridge Street.

COAL AND WOOD! AND CHARCOAL!
WOOD CUT TO ORDER.
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Manufacturer of
KNIT GOODS

THE WIDOW.

The dull winter's day was drawing to a close when Marianne de Courvoy came home from the cemetery where the remains of her fiance, Jean de Themines, had been laid.

This brilliant young man, the eldest son of the family whose name he bore, died from the effects of a hunting accident at 28 years of age, and on the eve of a marriage ardently desired by all concerned and one that seemed to combine all the conditions of happiness.

Marianne sank down in a state of exhaustion on a sofa in the drawing room. Her strength was exhausted. So many overwhelming emotions had completely prostrated her, and she fainted away. The careful attention of loving hands brought her back to consciousness. Then she swore to God to bury her 20 years in the sorrows of a voluntary widowhood and in the solemn duties of eternal fidelity to the memory of the past. The resolution that Mlle. de Courvoy had formed and had communicated to her family did not take long to make itself known generally to the world.

Among people who did not know her well she found only unbelievers. Her father and mother alone believed in her resolution, for they knew her firm will and the energy and singleness of her soul. They were convinced that as the widow of Jean de Themines she would wear her widow's weeds forever, so much convinced, indeed, that they made no effort to combat her resolution.

During the year that followed the death of her betrothed Marianne received two proposals of marriage. She refused them. A third who arrived upon the scene received the same treatment. Her sisters married, and their marriage furnished an opportunity to test somewhat the strength and depth of the young widow's resolution, but she remained unchanged.

"I am a widow," she said, "and a widow I mean to remain." Every six months she spent a few weeks with Jean's mother, who lived since his death in retirement in the chateau of Themines.

When she returned to her parents after these periodical absences, she showed the same disposition to remain single, and by degrees the conviction at which the world had laughed was accepted as serious and final.

It was believed that Mlle. de Courvoy would never marry again.

* * * * * * *

Mme. de Themines had a second son, Pierre de Themines. He was younger than Jean and was now at the age at which his brother had met death in the hunting field.

Marianne did not know him. At the time when she was betrothed to Jean he was away in Asia on a voyage of exploration, and although after his brother's death he had signified his intention of coming home for two years he had been detained by the delays of a long and difficult journey. His mother was still waiting for his return.

She awaited his arrival with impatience that was the more keen because she had not been able to console herself for the death of her eldest son or to fill the void caused by that loss. Her grief was only partially alleviated when she was able to talk of Pierre, her second son, in whom all her hopes were now centered. She hoped that soon after his return home he would marry and by his marriage bring back to her hearth and home some of the joy and light that Jean's death had overshadowed.

Marianne was almost the only person to whom the old lady had confided this hope. She was the person to whom, in preference to all others, she spoke of the absent one. She would praise his excellent qualities of heart, his personal appearance and his character.

"He is the exact image of his brother," she would often say.

Marianne heard so much about Pierre, read so many of his letters, saw his pictures and heard his praise so often and so loudly sung that she began to feel an interest in him, although she had never seen him. She began to form in her mind a picture of what he should be if his character and appearance had been truly drawn.

But in this interest she felt for the absent Pierre was no trace of the love she had conceived for Jean. She merely professed for Pierre, without knowing him, the affection that she was bound to feel for everybody who had loved or known Jean. She looked upon herself in some sense as his sister, and she would have protested strongly against any suggestion that the character of her affection for this unknown brother could change into love.

One evening while she was staying at the chateau a letter came announcing the arrival of Pierre in the country. It was followed two hours later by Pierre himself.

"You will see him, and you will love him," said Mme. de Themines to Marianne.

She attached to these words no special meaning, but when he came into the room she was overwhelmed. Mme. de Themines had not exaggerated when she said that Pierre was the image of Jean.

Marianne thought that she saw before her the old lover alive from the dead. The same face, the same hair, the same frame and build and the same manners. She listened for his voice. It was the voice of the dead man, and in the accent and turn he gave to them it was as if she were actually in the presence of the dead Jean and listening to his words from the grave. This interview resulted in an attack of prostration.

On the following day she made hurried preparations to go away, as if some danger threatened her. But Mme. de Themines would not allow her to depart.

"If you go away now," she said, "you will throw a shadow over the joy I feel at the return of my son."

So Marianne did not go away. In spite of her alarm there soon took place in her a transformation that, unknown to herself, resulted in the awakening of hopes that she would not admit.

Once again she experienced in talking with Pierre the charm that she had loved so well with his brother Jean.

With the help of this illusion her heart opened and warmed once again with love.

One day Mme. de Themines came up to her and whispered in her ear:

"Pierre loves you, my dear girl. Love him."

She did love him. Now they are married.—Kansas City Times.

Camphor For Nervous Headache.

For nervous headache, which is apt to come in the back of the neck and at the base of the brain, try rubbing the neck with camphor. It is not necessary that the camphor should get on the hair at all, and it should give great relief to the pain.

A New York doctor says he has examined the men who work in a large brewery and found that those who have free access to the beer drink a keg a day.

TAKEN FOR A BURGLAR.

The Nice Warm Reception a Polite Husband Got From a Deaf One.

There might have been a tragic ending to the domestic felicity of a young married couple who occupy a flat in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, a few days ago, had it not been for the intervention of their neighbors. The young couple have been married only a month and took possession of their flat only two weeks ago. They knew little about their neighbors.

Last Wednesday evening just about bedtime there was so violent a ringing of the electric doorbell in the flat opposite that the newly wedded young man decided that something was wrong. He opened the door, and finding nothing but darkness in the hallway rapped on the door of the flat where the ringing was going on. There was no response, and the young man, desiring to be neighborly, went down stairs to admit the person who was doing the ringing. He unlocked the outer door and found there an elderly woman freighted with packages.

"Oh, thank you," she exclaimed. "I thought I never should get in. My husband up stairs is a little hard of hearing, and I went out shopping and left my keys behind."

"No trouble at all, I assure you," suavely replied the young man, leading the way up stairs with a lighted taper.

"I left my husband reading, and he must have dropped asleep, else I am sure he would have heard me," said the elderly woman as they walked up the stairs.

When she reached the landing where her flat was, she knocked at the door, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not get in there either, and then she said her husband must have gone out. The newly wedded pair stood in the doorway of their flat helpless spectators of her predicament. The young man rapped fiercely on the door, but there was no response, and then they began trying keys. None was found to fit.

"How embarrassing! I'm so sorry to trouble you, but now that I think of it I can get in by the door leading to the fire escape. I left that open when I was at the icebox," said the elderly woman.

The young man looked at her size, which was considerable, and smiling thought of the five foot railing she would have to climb to get to that fire escape door.

"If you will allow me, madam, I'll get over and let you in," he volunteered.

"Oh, you are so kind I don't know how I can thank you," murmured the elderly woman.

The young man stepped briskly enough through the private hallway of his flat to the fire escape, while the elderly woman and the young wife chatted in the hallway. They heard the young man climb over the railing which divided the fire escape in the rear, and both smiled reassuringly as they heard the fire escape door open. The story of what occurred after this was gathered from a comparison of notes by the young married man and the husband of the elderly woman, who was a little hard of hearing.

The young man found the elderly woman's husband sitting at a table in the dining room, into which the fire escape door opened. He had an open book in his lap and was apparently in a deep reverie. The young man made considerable noise in entering and coughed to attract the hard of hearing man's attention. The latter made no movement, and the young man, assuming his most genial smile, walked up to him. The elderly man was sitting with his back toward the young man, who had prepared himself with a nice little speech of introduction. No sooner had he touched the hard of hearing man's shoulder than there was a roar, and the young man found himself clutched with a grip that threatened to crush all the breath out of him. The hard of hearing man yelled "Help! Police!" at the top of his voice, while the two women in the hallway almost collapsed when they heard the noise. He was an active young man and managed by exerting all his strength to squirm out of the grasp of his captor and ran through the flat. The hard of hearing man raced after him, and the young man jumped into the bathroom, the door of which was conveniently open. Then it became his turn to yell for assistance, for his pursuer was making frantic efforts to open the door and was still yelling at the top of his voice.

The shouts of the men in the flat and the screams of the women in the hall soon aroused the entire house, and the occupants came tumbling out of their rooms in various stages of undress. The tenants thought the flat was afire, and some of them ran into the street. Others gathered around the two women in the hallway and tried to learn from their excited speech what the trouble was. In the midst of it all the hard of hearing man opened the hall door and was dumfounded at the sight of his fainting wife and the assembled tenants.

The wife revived when she saw him safe, and then she tried to explain what had occurred. The bathroom door was opened after considerable shouting, and the young man was found about to drop down the window of the airshaft. It took 15 minutes to explain the circumstances all around.—New York Sun.

The Best of Women.

The landlady had done something that the boarder didn't like, and he was telling his roommate about it in rather vigorous language.

"My dear fellow," said the roommate, "she didn't do it intentionally."

"I think she did."

"Oh, no! It was a mistake."

"Well, she had no right to make such a mistake."

"But, my dear fellow, the best of women make mistakes."

"Maybe they do, but I don't think she's as good as all that."—Detroit Free Press.

Who Was the Goose?

If before beginning a sentence people would stop to see just how they are coming out, they would often put what they have to say into different words.

A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally she came upon her in an unexpected place.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild goose chase all day long; but, thank goodness, I've found you at last."—Youth's Companion.

His Limit.

Mrs. Watts—What does this paper mean by saying that Colonel Bluegrass assisted at the banquet in his professional capacity?

Mr. Watts—As near as I can figure out, the colonel's professional capacity is about three quarts.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Explained.

Editor—It seems to me you've been a long while grinding out this article.

Reporter—Yes. You see, I wrote the first half of it on the typewriter and the last half with a fountain pen.—Exchange.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SHE WASN'T SORRY.

Lydia Spencer had never seen it so hot or dreary at Canaan Corners before. The blistering July day was drawing to a close.

She was postmistress and store clerk at the Corners. Day after day for years she had sorted over the stage mails the county papers and the letters. The day had been a busy one in the store, and to add to the confusion Lydia had recently bought a new set of boxes to take the place of the dingy little portholes which for 25 years had done continuous service under different postmasters.

A carpenter had worked that afternoon tearing away the old case and generally overhauling the postoffice end of the store.

Lydia was between 40 and 50. "Nigh on to 45, bein two year older'n my boy Jerry," old Mrs. Davidge said to her friends when Lydia's age was discussed. "But, law! she don't look it, an she don't act it. Them tow headed girls never look ez old ez they really be."

The carpenter stopped hammering and came to where the postmistress was fanning herself. He was shuffling awkwardly half a dozen letters, yellow with age and somewhat rat eaten.

"See here, Lyddy, are these any good?" asked he, holding out the letters. "I found 'em down behind the wainscoting. I s'pose they're just trash what got brushed aside an no account whatever."

The postmistress of Canaan Corners took the letters with but little show of interest. People were always running to her with trifles and asking her unnecessary questions.

Twenty-five years! Yes, it had been just that long since she had seen John Butterworth—since he gave her a lover's look and then, cheerily assuring her that they would soon meet again, had gone to New York.

Their letters had been earnest and full of feeling, and finally he wrote asking her if she would marry him, telling her that he had not been successful in business as yet, but that if she said "yes" he would come back to Canaan Corners, and they would go to Chicago.

Bravely had she penned a favorable answer, and then she waited. Ah, the dying of a great hope!

How tenaciously it clings to life! How anxiously she awaited tidings from John Butterworth! But none came. The summers came and went. Twenty-five years ago, and she had been thinking of John Butterworth that day.

"Looks ez if rats had chawed 'em some, don't it?" asked the carpenter as Lydia stepped closer to the window to inspect the musty letters. The very first one of the lot gave her senses a shock—John Butterworth, Bull's Head Hotel, Bowery, N. Y. City."

The red sun turned black. The Canaan Corners postoffice began spinning around and bobbing up and down. A hurricane seemed to catch her and dash her head against a distant cliff.

"There, there, Miss Lyddy," said the big carpenter, fanning her with his straw hat. "The heat's been too much fur ye, I guess."

Trembling like a child, she once more looked at the letter—her own letter of acceptance—plighting her troth for better or for worse, through evil and good report.

It seemed to her as if her heart would burst in agony. She knew now why John Butterworth had never come back. She had appeared to him as unwilling to share his fortunes.

Lydia Spencer was a firm woman. In justice to herself she determined to make an effort to reach John Butterworth with the belated letter.

It had no postmark. Taking the marker, she removed the figures "94" and substituted "69."

Then, writing a note to the proprietor of the Bull's Head hotel, New York city, she told him to forward the letter to Chicago. Nervously she let it fall into the gaping mouth of the mailbag. The stage took it on its way that night.

* * * * * * *

Two weeks later a gray haired man, one of Chicago's leading capitalists, was one morning opening his mail. He came to a yellowed envelope which had been forwarded from New York. It bore several rubber stamp marks, and a Chicago post-office clerk had written on it:

"Try 861 Dearborn."

"Send Jack in," said John Butterworth to his head clerk.

"Jack, my boy," said the father in a low voice and nervously, "read this old letter which has been 25 years in reaching me."

"Jack," continued the elder after his request had been complied with, "you will have to postpone your vacation. I'm going to take one at Canaan Corners, N. Y. I never expected to marry again after your dear mother's death, my boy, but if the writer of that letter is alive and willing you'll have a new mother inside of two weeks."

* * * * * * *

The Canaan Corners stage one evening a few days later carried a gray haired stranger.

"Ye'll find Lyddy at the postoffice," said the driver. "She's postmistress, an every one knows Lyddy."

Everything was still in the postoffice when John Butterworth entered. Looking through the glass case, he saw a golden haired woman, her face close to the table-top. She was resting her averted face on her forearm and sobbing like a child.

"Lydia," said John Butterworth as he took her in his arms and raised her, "Lydia, sweetheart, I didn't get the letter till three days ago in Chicago. I'm so old and gray now I suppose you're sorry I got it at all, eh?"

She looked up quickly, smiling through her tears. Her blushing, radiant face didn't look as if she was sorry.—New York Press.

A Hideous Relic of the Past.

The old time South American Indians were head hunters in every sense of the word, and their manner of preserving the relics of battle would make an Egyptian embalmer sick with envy. They cut off the heads of all vanquished foes and then removed the flesh, bones and brain by some lost process. The materials used in embalming these uncanny relics (fluids or what not) had the effect of shrinking the head until the intellectual dome of a full grown man would not be larger than a lemon. One of those shriveled embalmed heads is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The hair is still as black and glossy as when worn by the original owner of the head 400 or 500 years ago, and the lips, mouth, nose and eyes are all perfect, although reduced in size proportionate to the shrunken head. The curators of the museum value it at $5,000.—Philadelphia Press.

Corroborated.

Penelope (freezingly)—You do not love me.

Ten Broke (convincingly)—I worship the very ground that you inherit.—Life.

Lardepsia

would be a more appropriate name for that common cause of suffering—dyspepsia—because most cases of dyspepsia can be traced to food cooked with lard. Let **COTTOLENE** take the place of lard in your kitchen and good health will take the place of Dyspepsia. Try it. Every pail of the genuine **COTTOLENE** bears this trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath.

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The N. K. Fairbank Company,
CHICAGO, and
Produce Exchange, New York.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH
SAPOLIO

QUIGG & PENFIELD.

PERFECTING CREAM COFFEE POTS.
—GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF—
Silver and Plated Ware!
Carving Knives and Forks! Russian Fruit Bowls! Wire Table Mats!
ALL KINDS SKATES.
Sleigh Bells and Sleds! Bird Cages! Chamber Sets &c.
Six Hole Range No. 9......$25 00 Carpet Sweepers.........$1.25
Large Parlor Stoves.......$25.00 Oil Cloth............18c to 25c
Medium Parlor Stoves.....$15.00 Agateware at Lowest Prices.
Buffalo Robes and Horse Blankets!
—ALSO ALL KINDS OF GENERAL HARDWARE!—
Oil Heaters at All Prices | Second Hand Stoves a Specialty Sold Cheap
72 and 74 East 2d Street.

Cure Your Cough.

Do not neglect a cough or cold in the early stage of Throat and Lung Diseases. Use MADAME PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM.

It is INVALUABLE and is ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED to parents as a safe and easy remedy FOR CHILDREN.

Sale of Land.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
ALBANY, N. Y., December 5, 1894.

PURSUANT to a resolution of the commissioners of the land office passed at a meeting held the twenty-fifth day of October, 1894, and by virtue of power vested in me by law I shall offer for sale, for cash, at public auction, at the office of the state engineer and surveyor in the city of Albany and state of New York on Wednesday, the sixth day of February, 1895, at twelve o'clock noon, all the title of the state of New York in the lands in the town of Albion and county of Oswego, described in the United States Loan Mortgage No. 634 as follows: All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Albion in said county on lot number seventeen of the east third of township No. twenty-two of Scriba's patent bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of said lot, thence south 55 degrees, east along the north line of the same nine (9) chains forty (40) links to a stone set for the center of the highway in a survey by F. H. Whitney in 1856, thence south 62 degrees 25 minutes, west along said highway four chains five links, thence north 85 degrees, west still along said highway five chains thirty links, thence south 65 degrees 25 minutes (sixty five degrees twenty-five minutes), west two chains eighty-two links to the west line of said lot, thence north 23 degrees 53 minutes, east along said west line seven chains sixteen (16) links to place of beginning containing three and sixty-one hundredths acres of land as surveyed July 18, 1860, by J. B Butler. Also all that certain other parcel of land known and distinguished as part of lot number seventeen (17) of the east third of the twenty-second township of Scriba's patent bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of said lot No. 17 and running from thence south 64 degrees 36 minutes, east along the north line of same thirteen chains and sixty-seven links to a stake, thence south 25 degrees 40 minutes, west along the east line of 58 and seven one hundredths acres deeded Samuel Leavitt March 10, 1821, thirty-nine (39) chains and seventy-nine (79) links to a stake in the southeast corner thereof on the south line of said lot No. 17, thence along the same north sixty-five (65) degrees four minutes, west thirteen (13 chains six (6) links to a stake in the southwest corner of said lot number seventeen, thence along the west line of the same, north 24 degrees 55 minutes, east thirty-nine (39) chains and eighty three (83) links to the place of beginning, excepting and reserving lands heretofore deeded to the Rome & Watertown railroad company, containing forty-seven and ninety hundredths acres, exclusive of said 3 61-100 acres and exclusive of said land deeded to said railroad company, said last parcel containing including said first mentioned parcel which is contained within its boundaries fifty-one and fifty-one one hundredths acres of land exclusive of railroad property, as surveyed by George E. Parsons, July 7, 1871.

CAMPBELL W. ADAMS,
State Engineer and Surveyor.
dec7d1aw8w-1

SHERIFF SALE—County of Oswego, ss. By virtue of an execution issued out of the Oswego county court against the property of F. M. Earle, I have seized all the right, title and interest which the said F. M. Earle had in and to the following described real property on the 6th day of July, 1885, or at any time thereafter and I shall sell the same at public auction on the 4th day of January, 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day at my office in the court house in the city of Oswego, N. Y.

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Mexico, county of Oswego and state of New York, being part of lot 93 of the 21st, township of Scriba's Patent, bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the shore of Lake Ontario at the northwest corner of Wm. Adam's land as deeded to him by George Marsden, thence south along said Adam's west line to the center of Salmon creek, thence down and along the centre of said creek to the lake shore, thence east along the lake shore to the place of beginning, containing 15 acres of land more or less. This conveyance is given subject to a lease to the United States for a life saving station: also subject to nine cottage leases upon said premises given to different persons for 20 years from the date of said leases.

Dated Oswego, November 20th, 1894.
WILBUR H. SELLECK, Sheriff.
The above sale is adjourned until January 25th, 1895 at 10 a. m. at same place.
WILBUR H. SELLECK, Sheriff.
Dated Oswego Jan. 4, 1895 d1aw3w

NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oswego Canal Company for the election of directors, will be held at the office of the Oswego County Savings Bank, corner of East First and Bridge street, in the city of Oswego, N. Y., on the 28th day of January, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m.
Dated Dec. 28, 1894. S. M. COON, Secretary.
Dec28d1d

SUPREME COURT APPOINTMENTS

FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, 1895

Circuit Courts and Courts of Oyer and Terminer.

Date.	Term.	Place.	Judges
Onondaga County			
Jan. 7..	First Monday,	Syracuse	Vann
Mch 4..	First Monday,	Syracuse	Williams
May 6..	First Monday,	Syracuse	Wright
Oct. 7..	First Monday,	Syracuse	McLennan
Oct 7..	First Monday,	Syracuse	Williams
Oneida County.			
Jan. 7..	First Monday,	Utica	Williams
Mch. 4..	First Monday,	Rome	Vann
May 6..	First Monday,	Utica	McLennan
Oswego County.			
Jan. 7..	First Monday,	Oswego	McLennan
Apr. 1..	First Monday,	Pulaski	Wright
Sep. 9..	Second Monday,	Oswego	Vann
Jefferson County.			
Feb. 4..	First Monday,	Watertown	Wright
May 6..	First Monday,	Watertown	Williams
Oct. 7..	First Monday,	Watertown	Vann
Herkimer County.			
Apr 1..	First Monday,	Herkimer	Williams
Dec. 2..	First Monday,	Herkimer	McLennan
Lewis County.			
Apr. 1..	First Monday,	Lowville	Vann
Dec 2..	First Monday,	Lowville	Wright

SPECIAL TERMS.

Date.	Term.	Place.	Judges
Onondaga County			
Feb. 12..	Second Tuesday,	Syracuse	Vann
June 4..	First Tuesday,	Syracuse	McLennan
Nov. 12..	Second Tuesday,	Syracuse	Williams
Oneida County.			
Feb 12..	Second Tuesday,	Utica	McLennan
Nov 12..	Second Tuesday	Utica	Vann
June 4.	First Tuesday,	Rome	Wright
Oswego County			
Mch 12..	Second Tuesday,	Oswego	Wright
Dec. 10..	Second Tuesday,	Oswego	Vann
Jefferson County.			
June 4,	First Tuesday,	Watertown	Williams
Nov. 12..	Second Tuesday,	Watertown	McLennan
Herkimer County.			
Sep. 17,	Third Tuesday,	Herkimer	Wright
Lewis County.			
Sep. 17,	Third Tuesday,	Lowville	Williams

SPECIAL TERMS FOR MOTIONS - 1895.

First Saturday in each month except July and August, at Syracuse ....Vann
Second Saturday in each month except July and August, at Syracuse....McLennan
Third Saturday in each month except July and August, at Syracuse..........Vann
Fourth Saturday in each month except July and August, at Syracuse..McLennan
Second Saturday in January, March, May, September and November, at Utica.....Williams
Second Saturday in February, April, June, October and December Utica....Wright
First Saturday in each month except July and August at Watertown ......Williams
Third Saturday in each month except July and August, at Oswego......Wright
Second Saturday in July, at Syracuse...Williams
Second Saturday in August, at Utica ....Wright

Special terms will be held in connection with the Circuits, but no motion contrary to Standing Rule No. 8 will be made except upon orders to show cause granted by the judges appointed to hold the Circuits.

Equity causes may be noticed and placed upon the calendar for trial at the Special Terms held in connection with the Circuits in the counties of Herkimer and Lewis.

GENERAL TERMS FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

First Tuesday of February..........Binghamton
Fourth Tuesday of April...................Utica
First Tuesday of October..............Syracuse

Oswego County Court Appointments.

It is ordered that the terms of the county court and court of sessions of the county of Oswego be held, and the same are hereby appointed to be held, until further order, at the times and places below stated:

Second Monday in February, court house, Oswego.
Second Monday in May, court house Pulaski.
Fourth Monday in August court house, Oswego.
Second Monday in November, court house, Pulaski.

Trial jurors are required to attend each term, but no grand jury will be summoned.

Motions and issues on the law calendar will first be disposed of.

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

Fourth Saturday in June, court house, Pulaski.
Fourth Saturday in September, court house, Pulaski.
Fourth Saturday in each month, except June, July, August and September, Judge's chambers, Oswego.

Until further notice the chambers of the Oswego county judge will be in the Second National bank building at Oswego, Oswego county, N. Y.

Dated Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y., December 24, 1894.

MERRICK STOWELL,
Oswego County Judge.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National bank of Oswego, N. Y., for the election of directors will be held at their banking house on Tuesday, January 8th 1895. Polls open from 10:30 to 11 o'clock a. m.
dec8d30d J. D. W. CASE, Cash.