Birmingham Eccentric.

SUPPLEMENT.

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN.

GLEANINGS.

Robert Bonner is said to be worth $7,000,000—a neat balance on the right side of the *Ledger*.

Thirty million dollars has been invested in new buildings in New York in the past six months.

In the city of Canton, China, which has a population of 1,500,000, there is not a newspaper of any kind.

Only seven Jews have been taken with the cholera in France. The Jewish diet is the healthiest in the world.

Since 1880 the increase of deposits in the state and savings banks of the country has been nearly $200,000,000.

Mr. Beecher says it is the duty of parents to have their children's picture taken every year until they are twenty-one.

Alligator's teeth are now used for buttons, hairpins, earrings, and bangles. They take a high polish and are very durable.

An environ Englishman named Markham, who with Lieutenant Brainard, of the Greely expedition, did not get so far north as they said they did.

An Englishman lately died in London leaving an estate valued at $5,000,000. He left no will, and his nearest heir was a farmer seventeen years old.

A remarkable telegraphic feat was the recent delivery of a message from Melbourne, Australia, to London in 28 minutes. It went by land and sea over 13,000 miles.

There are now in the United States 810 Young Men's Christian Associations, with a membership of 189,137. They own eighty buildings and $3,956,675 worth of real estate.

Mrs. Van Cott, the evangelist, has been engaged in Jersey City for nineteen years. She is now in her fifty-fourth year, and she says she is the spiritual mother of 4,000 children.

Boston, according to the *New England Farmer*, consumes from 100,000 to 150,000 pounds of oleomargarine and other imitations of butter every week. Very little spurious butter is now sold in the markets of New York.

A son of Henry Ward Beecher, captain of a steamboat plying on the Pacific coast, resides at Olympia, Oregon, and is described as a weather-beaten man, with a sun-browned straw hat, looking like a menhaden.

A Chinese merchant in Mott street, New York, seems to have a clear idea of the trouble between France and China. He said to a reporter the other day: "I come to your door and lickee you and I wantee you to pay money to me for I lickee you. Don't you call that fight? What kind a fight is that?"

Hitherto the manufacturers of safes have endeavored to make a safe that burglars could not break into. The world is not be better now for them to let the law take care of the burglars, and give their attention to the construction of a safe that dishonest public officials couldn't get into. The problem is a hard one but there is money in it for the lucky inventor.

France is literally one garden. Every inch of soil is cultivated. In riding from Paris to Dijon, 195 miles, we counted twenty cities and towns, and sheep or hogs. The rains have usually from one to ten acres. Some farms half an acre, and some as large as twenty acres. They are usually from 30 to 300 feet wide and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. There are no fences between them.

A correspondent who writes to the Providence *Journal* of a stroll in an old fashioned flower garden, says: "The sunflower, a specimen of the family, has once unwittingly served the purpose of a guide across the continent. It is said that the Mormons found their journey from Nauvoo to Utah marked their trail for those who were to follow by planting sunflowers along the route."

In China money is said to be the philosopher's stone. Chinese medical works say it takes two hundred years to produce cinnibar from mercury; in 300 years it becomes lead, in 200 years more it becomes silver, and then, by obtaining a transformer, it becomes called "vapor of harmony," it becomes gold. This doctrine of the transformation of mercury into other metals is 2,000 years old in China.

A Madrid correspondent writes that on a recent occasion the Mayor of Madrid had occasion to make a speech preceding in the annals of bull fights in order to keep the king and royal family from hearing disagreeable remarks. He ordered the music to play during the whole fight, or rather the six fights, as generally six bulls are killed during an afternoon, one being dispatched before another enters the arena.

No one can fail to observe that the drunkard has a harder time these days than he had fifteen years ago. Then it was almost a sign of genius for a man to be found missing from his post once a week on account of liquor. Now it is a sign that his employer is not attending to business. The drunkard will be discharged as soon as the fact has become known. This is a healthful and remarkable change of general opinion.

In the northwestern island of Terra del Fuego, the Ala people, who have marry frequently with the southern Yahgans (as they are called by the English missionaries), are the tallest race on the globe, according to the report of the French Mission to Cape Horn, presented to the Academy of Science, Paris, by M. Hyade. Their feet and speech these tall people appear closely related to the Patagonians of the continent.—*London Echo.*

Shaw, a Colorado assayer, reports that he and his party of surveyors have found almost a solid mountain of alum over a mile square, some of the ledge of which rise to an elevation of 700 feet above the bed of the Gila river. Most of the alum is in an impure state, and tasting very strongly of sulphuric acid, but of which there seems to be an inexhaustible quantity. Some of the cliffs, however, show immense quantities of almost pure marketable alum.

A White Mountain letter says of the girl waiters of that region, many of whom are school teachers: "They are very demure and dignified, but equally prompt and attentive. They do not 'carry on,' as I heard a Philadelphia lady remark. One night as well attempt to flirt with one of the Sisters of Mercy he meets in the New York streets. I saw one young woman politely return a half dollar left for her on the dinner table."

Considerable uneasiness is felt in regard to the eruption of the crater a few miles northeast of Saliolo, Col. Visitors to the spot report large cracks in the earth and distinct rumbling sounds. This crater is in full view of the town, on the top of a high peak. The opening, at the mouth, is about one hundred yards across, and about three hundred feet deep. The gulch and the side of the mountain are still covered with white lava from its last eruption.

The complaint that there was gambling on an ocean steamer recently arrived in New York does not reveal anything new. Probably there is not a steamer crossing the ocean that does not have more or less gambling on board. Passengers who never think of making bets on land indulge in it in mid ocean to kill time. It seems as if they might invent some more rational kind of amusement, but it is probable that they do not care to tax their indolent intellects to this extent.

In told on very good authority of several prominent society women who have taken to smoking cigarettes after dinner with their husbands. It is known to be the fashion in England with many ladies. As yet the custom has not gained a hold with American ladies. It is to be hoped that it will speak of who have adopted it, when spoken to, deny the imputation by saying that their smoking is exclusively for cold in the head.—*New York Mail.*

"The Voodoo Doctor"

With the advantage of education among the colored people, the business of the voodoo doctors be more lucrative. The first cost of the business is very small, make their initial practice yield them a pretty good living. The voodoo doctor is generally a well fitted out rascal, he makes with a crooked cane and voodoo something resembling an inclination, leaves his sking parlor, and goes to the house alone he can easily. He looks up the ward, and he finds in a minute we hitched to the fence, he goes in and with the intuitive spirits of rascals, of such there be. All these antics have their effect upon the superstitious negro, especially when the victim is one who are the largest patrons of the voodoo doctor. In his bag or haversack he carries a quantity of powders, the nails of dead men, roots and herbs, curious pieces of lion, hitched wooden, with which he pretends to make his relations cross.

It was during since time the voodoo doctor flourished. He did a thriving business among the negroes, and they were promised immunity from punishment in case of adventure for a small sum.

One of the most doctor's methods of operating, to secure a black chicken and two pieces of silver from about the house, he would, after he left, he had this with water, placing the pieces of silver in the glass opposite each other. The chicken would drink accidentally, some one of the pieces after the money whom he desires to circumvent. When the chicken drinks, he gives an occasional twitter from the black chicken into the skillet, muttering something which is unintelligible. As soon as the chicken drinks the pieces of money begin to rise and fall, as they naturally would do, and by a skillful manipulation of the chicken he brings one of the pieces on top of the other. The one beneath always being the one named after the money of his dupe. To this the dupe is called upon to pay according to its means, from $1 up to $10.

Another voodoo trick is to pretend to sew a $1 or $5 bill in the upper hand of the pants to insure good luck, but actually secreting the money and sewing a piece of field paper in the pants instead.

Still another voodoo trick is to bury a small package wrapped in a rag and get a dupe to dig it up. When the package is found it is said by the voodoo doctor to be a good omen, for which he charges the dupe a handsome fee.

An old voodoo doctor in West Washington city, who has acquired quite a reputation by his alleged cure of a colored girl afflicted with rheumatism, his receipt being a decoction of boiling water, red pepper, and cone salt, and soap. For a small vial of this he charged $1.50 and for a personal visit $5.

The money made by the voodoo doctor is, the more patients he obtains. They are seldom arrested, as they enjoy immunity from the police, who generally observe their requests. If a patient survives their treatment, the cure is attributed to the voodoolist, and if he dies his friends are consoled by the reflection that they have been victimized.—*Washington Post.*

A Hungry Python's Breakfast.

"This is the fellow who gobbled up the kitten," said Mr. Burns, of No. 115 Roosevelt street, as he pulled a box in the middle of the room and carefully lifted the lid. A large python lay contentedly coiled up in the bottom and lazily lifted his head and looked at the observers, while a number of monkeys who had spied his snakeship from a couple of cages began jumping wildly from side to side and uttering all sorts of earthly screeching, in which some three hundred parrots and cockatoos heartily joined. The snake, however, continuously crept up and sniffed the box humped his back, thickened her tail, and spit.

"That's the mother of the kitten that the snake ate," added Mr. Burns. The python was a splendid specimen of his kind. He was about twenty feet in length and ten inches thick. The kitten must have been pretty well digested, for there was no abnormal bunch in the snake's body. The kitten was only a day. Mr. Burns received this and two other African pythons two days since, and yesterday he had given the lid of the box that held the East India snake. In the morning, after the arrival of the snakes, when he entered the store he found the lid of the box walking about as if in search of something and mewing pitifully. He suspected that something, and it was not long after discovered that the python had made his escape from the box. He found him at last coiled up in a empty barrel in the rear of the store. He was in a bad humor, and made a dash at Mr. Burns, but the latter was too quick for the reptile, and seized him by the neck. "The fellow then tried to coil himself around me and give me a squeeze, I think, but I knew how to handle these animals, and didn't give him a chance. I put him into his box and shut down the lid. He is quite enough for one day. I remain so until he gets hungry again."

The other two pythons are smaller and more lively than the native variety. Mr. Burns gently shook one box and the snake raised his head, darted out his forked tongue, made two or three crooks in his neck, and gazed steadily at the reporter. "He's going to make a grab at you," said Mr. Burns, and sure enough the lid of the box when these fellows mean mischief. Do they bite hard? Well, they can draw considerable blood, and their bite smarts. I've been bitten several times and have had two or three tight squeezes, but I grab them around the throat and then I know just how to handle them to coil. They can't fool me now any more."—*New York Times.*

The Black Dove.

There was crying by night and the winds were loud,
Storm women were working a burial shroud.
Young faces showed pale as the face of death
And strong men tattered in drawing of breath.
"She is gone," they said, "say," they said
And the bigger winds moaned, and the hours went on.

But the morrow dawned cold, and the world
No trace was there left of the dreadful night.
Young faces looked fair in the full light,
And brazen heaved free in the full light.
"Well," cried the lover, "the sun is long gone,
Do the hours move on?"
—John Vance Cheney.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"Its all no use, I can see," said Bob Morgan, stepping back from the sketch he had just made of a pretty lot of girls. "If I finish it and put it down Stunton, he'll only laugh. I am out of out for an artist, neither can I get even a good cheese. I know I have been dead and buried out of literature. I'm sure that was a capital title I sent to the editor of *The Shopfoker*, last week, and he pitched it back with the old insult, that I've got so used to, dedicated with thanks. I really don't see what I have got to do, unless I turn up to nothing, and expecting a fortune, it's hard enough for fellows to make a position who have studied from boyhood, and I've had no time for that. Now, I must either enlist or emigrate, but, I mean, I'll go and talk to my pretty cousin, Mabel Walton, I have still one bright face occasionally.

A few minutes later, Bob Morgan was sitting on the front step of his cottage, on the outskirts of Chapsford, with his arm around the waist of a fair, pretty girl, his betrothed wife, Mabel, who was now adjusting his cravat, in the manner, apparently, of a fond sister.

"I'm very sorry, Bob, that you have been so unlucky, but I know you will be all right in your end." Bob's cousin, Mr. Fakland, and old friend of papa's, had come to stay with him in London. Well, it was decided that Mr. Fakland says he wants to carry me, and that if I do not say yes, he will leave me, and shall all be ruined."

"Why, Mabel, you don't mean, Bob indignantly. The old fright, how dare he? Why, didn't you tell me he was rich?"

"Oh, no, Bob, but he is over sixty, and that's quite as old, I think," said Mabel illogically.

"Well, what does your mother mean about being ruined?" asked Bob.

"Oh, I don't quite understand it," answered Mabel blushing, "something about a mortgage, which I gave her him know."

"Well, mortgage or no, or whatever else happens, Mabel, don't let them frighten you into marrying your grandfather. We will run away, and live on my pocket money for a year, first," said Bob stoutly, and then followed much loving talk, and many kisses on the part of the lovers, which seemed to bring back all Mabel's slight heartedness.

But when she had left him, and he returned to his sketching, all his fears and anxieties he had shaken off, returned with too full force.

"I'm a fool, and a coward, capable of my good Miss Walton," he soliloquized, apostrophizing his mother-in-law elect. "It's quite possible that the mortgage was in reality the sale, that the money poor little girl put into the idea that she is making a noble sacrifice of herself for her family, and I'm a fool. And I suppose that I could get fellow fellows her about, and, if I tried, and forces is to submit to marry her, when he ought to be ashamed of herself for, and the old villain. He's sure to be a coward at bottom, for all his money, was made by the slave trade, and he attempts for such a sordid manner of amassing wealth that the son of an over-worked rector, with a large family and a small stipend, would disdain to do. However, he shall not rob my dear darling, nor vex her with his impudent attentions. I wonder if he ever has his eyes opened. If he was a young man, now, I could punch his head, but as it is, it he has any feeling at all he shall receive a blister on his mind, I'll tell Mabel. With which warlike resolution, Bob went to sleep, and slept soundly, in spite of his troubles.

Next day, he went off and had an interview with Jemmy, the old man at Walton Lodge, with which protection we have nothing to do, except that he small honest. Bob used to be a favorite of old Jemmy's, on account of numerous presents of game, which, he found their way from his pocket to the old man's, before Mrs. Walton had forbidden him the house, on account of his alleged impecunious.

From Jemmy, Bob learnt that the old goat, as the old man designated him, was a jolly, apoplectic-looking man of about fifty-five, with an air of refinement about him which could hardly have belonged to a trailer.

Bob drew out his cheque, set up all his paraphernalia ready to sketch, feeling all his courage of last night desert him.

"Good-morning. Hope you will be very lucky, he said, when the angler had just landed a fine trout.

"Thanks, I've had two or two very fair takes this week," responded the old gentleman, and he then became very lucky, and Bob was sure that his doubts set at rest. He was Mr. Fakland, the man who had come to stay and relate the story of his great potlatch of seven years ago.

At rare intervals, our sales still show something of the peculiar redness which characterized them last winter. There seems no reasonable doubt, now, that this was (and is) due to volcanic dust coming from the bursting of bubbles of molten metal thrown out at Krakatoa. Samples of this dust have been examined microscopically by many students, and there seems no limit to the fineness of division; the higher the power of the lenses the greater the number of particles seen. The velocity of the explosions is doubtless sufficient to have filled the air with dust to very great altitudes. Its long suspension there would be insured not only by its extreme fineness but by its electrical state.—*New York Horse.*

There are now 450 deer in General Harding's park, six miles from Nashville, Tenn. Notwithstanding the Harding family's love for venison and the large number of friends frequently supplied with the delicacy, the herd increases rapidly. At the close of the year it numbered but sixty head. The park has 400 acres, and has many fawns within its bounds. General Harding, now ninety years old, possesses a herd of

THE ARTS OF BROADWAY.

Pet Animals in the Shops Which Are Polite to Customers—A Keep-the-Mice-Away.

"No shop is complete now days without a cat," said a Broadway policeman. "My beat along the upper part of Broadway takes me right through the shopping district, and I go home at night I have to walk down Sixth avenue, so that I have a pretty fair opportunity to see the cats. The first case that ever came to my notice was about two years ago, when I went into a furnishing goods store on Bleecker street, near the corner of Mulberry, and asked the man for some collars, and he dismissed a lot on the counter. A big Maltese cat, which had been lying on the door-mat turned back to where I stood, jumped on the counter and then on the show-case, and sat down deliberately and looked at the lady. Some of the collars were manifold, and, as my eyes and the cat's eyes were fixed on them, I could see the cat was interested, and, as I looked at the cat, I could see the cat was interested in the collars. Every few minutes she would look up at me, and I would look at her, when she would look down at the collars, and, as I said, the cat was interested in the collars. When I was through with the purchase, the cat followed me to the door again, and when I opened the door and stepped out, the cat followed me. Now, I don't know why I kept on the street, but I did, and the cat followed me. Now, I don't know why I kept on the street, but I did, and the cat followed me. Now, I don't know why I kept on the street, but I did, and