Birmingham Eccentric.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Pubs.

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

CURRENT TOPICS.

SAYS the Rev. Dr. Deems: "Always keep an enemy on hand a brisk, healthy active enemy." The best blessing you can pray for you somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion. The best thing to be having 100 real friends is to have one open enemy.

SOCIALISTS of Chicago declare the cause of the late riot in Cincinnati to have been "a premature explosion of general discontent, caused by the fire brand of inciting and inflammatory speeches by so-called leading citizens who were seeking to divert the attention of the people from the real causes of existing social inequalities which have become almost unbearable by pointing out to them an insignificant petty criminal an individual murderer—as one of the causes of the existing evils and human degeneracy."

IN view of the near approach of "Arbor Day" Prof. Beal advises planting nearest the house the rarer or more beautiful trees, especially those of small size, while farther away the commonest native forest trees. Plant so as to conceal from the best part of the house and grounds any object which is unsightly, whether near or remote. Do not plant the large trees in one place and the small trees in another, but mix them. On the lawn, not far off, a little to one side, or even in front of the house, set now and then one of the more elegant single trees or a small group of shrubs or small kinds of trees.

SINCE the Cincinnati riot one of the branches of the Ohio Legislature has passed a law repealing the exemption of those belonging to military companies from jury duty in important criminal cases; reduced the expense of trial to peremptory challenges of the jury from twenty-three to six, and raised those of the prosecution from two to four. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette urges two more—the relief of the Supreme Court from the revision and reversion of verdicts; and the reduction of the time between a murderer's sentence and his execution from 100 to 60 days. The Legislature has already passed a law prohibiting his intelligence from disbarring a man from jury duty, so that, altogether, it will be observed that the news from Cincinnati has reached Columbus.

THE Panama Star and Herald publishes the following, which it credits to the Monitor Republican of Mexico: "A wild boy was recently caught in the Santa Rosa Mountains in the vicinity of Tancanhuitz. He was carried to that town and put in a well-fenced garden, where he greedily consumed fruit, lettuce, roses and the roots of several plants. He never spoke or seemed to notice those who went to see him. He seemed perfectly harmless, but one day he seized a little child three years of age and began to eat it. The child's cries attracted attention, but only resistance reached the spot the young savage had devoured from the head of the right arm and part of the face. On seeing that the child was about to be taken away he squeezed it to death in his arms. This wild youth is now chained up, but his captors are at a loss what to do with him.

IF another lesson is needed to teach parents the demoralizing effect of the trashy literature which the youth of our land read, such such awful case it can be found in the suicide of Louis Dake, aged 17, of Manistee. From a letter found by the boy's parents after his death it was learned that he had forged a check on a merchant of that city, and had committed other sins of a revolting nature. As he was not a hardened criminal, the memory of his crimes prey upon his mind as to drive him to the cowardly act. In the lad's coat pocket was found a dime novel entitled "The Forged Check," which in tones louder than Sinai's thunder, told the secret of the downfall, and which resulted in his self-destruction. At the time it may not be right to say that for this sad affair, the boy's parents are not blameless, but it is just to say of for they were ignorant of the fact that the boy was feeding his mind upon literature which was poisoning his whole moral nature. Other parents should take warning from this sad lesson, and give the young of their homes entertaining and innocuous books which, if they read, will leave an impression for good, and implant in the mind a desire for a purer and nobler life.

How to Rear Children.

Treat them kindly.

Don't preach politeness and propriety to them and violate their laws yourself. In other words, let the example you set them be a good one.

Never quarrel in their presence. If you want to quarrel, wait till the children are gone to bed. Then they will not see you, and perhaps by that time you will not want to quarrel.

Never talk "old folk's" talk in front of children.

Never speak flippantly of neighbors before children. They may meet the neighbor's children and have a talk about it.

Teach them to think that the little boy in rags has a heart in him in spite of the rags—and a stomach, too.

Teach them, as they grow older, that a respectful demeanor to others, a gentle tone of voice, a kind disposition, a generous nature, an honest purpose and an industrious mind, are better than anything else on earth. Teach them these things, and self-reliance, and intelligence and capability will come of themselves. Teach them these things, if say, and your boys and girls will grow up to be noble men and women.

The Governor of Delaware, having no power to commute a sentence, has succeeded practically in doing so by respiting a condemned murderer for fifty years, virtually commuting the sentence of imprisonment for life. The Governor doubtless says to himself that his conscience is tender enough for a rich blue-pug-pose, and can wait a while longer for a hanging.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

A THIEF'S CONFESSION.

A Manin Jackson Jail Says He Knows All About the Crouch Murders.

Robert E. Frazer, attorney for Crouch and Holcomb, has laid before the officers what he considers a very important clue to the perpetrators of the Crouch murder, and which interests him particularly as it leads away from his clients. The story he has told them is as follows:

Some time about the fifth of February a man giving his name as W. P. Wilson, warm I had been sent for me at the jail. He was confined him for stealing a suit of clothes from the Union Hotel in this city. He said he was looking up the murder of Crouch and he knew who committed the murders and was anxious to tell what he knew. He said that he was a Mason, and that he was in a room. There were three of them and they had papers which were taken in a bank robbery in Indianapolis. One man was an agent—one called by Byron Crouch and called D. Crouch, that he called the men what this paper was and they said it is about that. I asked him what he was in for and he said it down on the table saying he didn't want anything to do with it. He pulled back all the papers and there was a dead pipe with bodies and bullets, and the pipe was burning. He shortly after spoke of a man with one of the men who was a pal of his, and he said that he was going to the city to look up the reward, but now that the reward was offered Wilson he would have nothing more to do with it.

I became interested and said to Wilson if he would give me the name of the man and the men were I would give him $5,000. He looked at me and said he would do it if I would. I said I and their attorney and, of course I was interested for my client, Holcomb, and he said that I was the man he was after. I told him I was not a detective and he said there was no faith in his statement. Even and and contrary.

I asked frequently had a number of interviews with Wilson, and he always told the same story and always said he knew who did the murder.

At my instigation Holcomb and I went to see at the jail and he told the same story to Holcomb. I then said to Wilson, "Now, if there was such a contract and he said there was, but I was not a party to it, and I tell you that he was afraid that if he did it you would kill him." I said, "I will guarantee that you will kill him."

I then sent for Oliver Murray, who had a record. Wilson and he talked me to go to Chicago and see the officer, Detective Sullivan, the opinion of the officer was that the man lived dead, and Sullivan who had been in Illinois and had been in Indiana, and he said he knew the men, and he knew where, and knew Wilson. Wilson said he knew the name of "Scotty." Wilson knew Sullivan at once, and after much persuasion, he said he would go back to Indianapolis and give the evidence, but that he would not make a public appearance. Wilson said he was afraid that if he did he would be killed. I said I would see that he was not killed.

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