# BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

$1.00 Per Year. | "Devoted to our Own Locality, We Labor for its Interests." | Advance

VOL. VII, NO. 12 | BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY JULY 17 1884 | WHOLE NO 377



In Season.

PARIS GREEN.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS GONE AND MORE ORDERED.

Remember

We are selling a Strictly Pure Article,

LUBRICATING OILS.

This week we received a supply of Lubricating Oils which differ from anything ever sold in Birmingham. HEAVY, CLEAR, CHEAP and will wear like Castor Oil. Examine our Samples.

We have also a Complete Stock of

Eldorado, Lard, Natural West Virginia AND CASTOR OIL.

F. B. RAYNALE & CO.

Birmingham, Mich.



ONE QUARTER OFF.

We have not room for a full line of Hardware and Tinware, nor will three hardware stores pay in this place. Therefore, to close out that line we will give one-quarter off on everything except Nails, and devote the same capital and room TO DRY GOODS.

Everything in Groceries, Crockery and Dress Goods cheap.
Dress Goods one-third off.
Buttons one-half off.
Parasols one-third off.

Come and secure Bargains while they last.

CORSON & SON.

Birmingham - - Mich.



F. BLAKESLEE. V. NIXON.

PRICES WILL TELL.

For the next 60 days we shall offer at a GREAT REDUCTION our lines of Parasols, Fans, Summer Shirts, Shawls, Fans and Boys' and Men's Straw Hats. Don't buy a dollar's worth until you see our styles, quality and

PRICES FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS' SALE.

500 yards Bates Gingham at 8c, worth 10c.
1,000 yards Renfrew Gingham at 10c, worth 12½c.
1,000 yards Argyle cotton at 6½c, worth 8c.
1,000 yards Fruit of Loom at 10 cents per yard.
1,000 yards Lonsdale at 9 cents per yard.

500 yards Cashmere in black and colored at 25c, worth 50c.
500 yards Cashmere in black and colored at 10c, worth 75c.
500 yards Cassimere (black) at 85c, worth $1.10.
500 yards Broadhead Dress Goods (in colors) at 25, worth 28c.

The largest and best assortment of Corsets in town and sold at bottom Prices.

A large line of Table Linen at 25, 30, 50 and 75 cents and $1. We shall sell for Sixty Days only. Light and dark Prints at 5c per yard.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY GOODS CHEAP.

Our Odds and Ends in Boots and Shoes will be sold at cost in order to make room for Fall Stock; also at a reduction our line of Ladies' and Misses' Walking Shoes.

Men's Kip Boots at $1 75, worth $2 50.
Men's Kip Boots at $2 50, worth $3 00.
Men's Calf Boots at $2 50, worth $3 00.
Men's Calf Boots at $2 75, worth $3 50.

Men's Plow Shoes at $1 50, worth $2 00.
Men's Buckle Shoes at $1 50, worth $2 00.
Men's Buckle Shoes at $1 25, worth $1 50.
Men's Canvass Bals at $1 00 and $1 25.

The Most Complete Line of Men's Nobby Shoes in town at Prices to Meet the Purse of All.

FRESH GROCERIES RECEIVED DAILY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 14 lbs granulated sugar | $1 00 | N. O. Molasses per gal | 60 |
| 15 lbs C sugar | 1 00 | Choice cooking molasses | 50 |
| 12 cans, 3 lbs, tomatoes | 1 00 | Sugar syrup | 50 |
| 8 cans, 2 lbs, plums | 1 00 | 5 lbs best Japan tea | $2 10 |
| 8 cans, 2 lbs, pears | 1 00 | 5 lbs choice mixed coffee | 1 00 |
| 8 cans, 2 lbs, cherries | 1 00 | Ginger snaps per lb | 12½ |
| 4 cans, 12 lbs, apples | 1 00 | Coffee cakes per lb | 12½ |
| 2 lbs tenderloin | 35 | Soda crackers | 10 |
| 2 lbs beef | 30 | 3 lbs cooking rasins | 25 |
| 2 lbs salmon | 15 | 12½ kits mackerel | 75 |

Try Quick Work Soap.

Something New.

3 Bars 25c.

Remember Everything New, Fresh and Cheap

AT

F. BLAKESLEE & CO.,

Birmingham, Mich.



Wants, Lost, Found, etc.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR RENT—my new house and lot on Saginaw street. House entirely new and very convenient. Inquire on or address this office. E. Mathewson, Birmingham, Mich. 12 1 mo

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE situated one mile east of Southfield Centre. 1¼ acres of land, good cellar under the house, good well, fruit etc. For particulars call on or address, L. M. Dunbar, Southfield, Mich. 12 tf

FARM FOR SALE, 160 acres of good farming land near Holly, or will exchange for village property. For particulars call on, or address Wm. W. Keeler, Franklin, Mich. 10 2

FARM FOR SALE. Situated in the township of Troy, Oakland county, Mich., and 8½ miles northwest of Birmingham, consisting of 54 acres, 10 acres timber, the balance improved land, well fenced and underdrained and good water. 2 acres of fruit; apples, peaches and cherries. Good brick house, 18x28 with a wing 18x40. Good barn 32x60, horse barn 20x40 also a corn house 16x18, house proof. These buildings are all built on gravel ridge, always dry and pleasantly situated. This farm is well adapted to all kinds of grain and can be had on reasonable terms. Call on or address, Nelson Burley, Troy, Mich. 10 tf

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—I offer for sale my House and Lot on Saginaw street in this village, or will exchange for small farm. Good house and barn, well, cistern, usual trees, etc. For particulars inquire at this office. Lewis B. Moore. 3m

FOR SALE—A farm of 80 acres, good buildings, two orchards, ten acres of timber, rolling land same as north of Birmingham, price only $2,000. This farm is as good if not better, than any farm $4,000 to $5,000, and to any one who can be satisfied with a farm in Michigan, this is a bargain that may be found only once in a life time. Reason for selling, got a west on a sheep farm, come and see this farm or address Robert Allen, Wayne, Mich.

Sixty acres choice land for sale or exchange for small farm near Birmingham. For further particulars call on J. B. CORSON & SON.

SHEEP FOR SALE—I will sell 100 high grade Merino sheep at a very reasonable price. Stock can be seen on my farm 2 miles north of Fred Stephan's cooper on the Town Line. Wm. Satterlee, Five Oaks Farm. 12

PIGS FOR SALE—Anyone desiring some very fine pigs cheap can see the stock and make a good bargain by calling on Dr. Clark Pearsall, one mile north and a little east of Birmingham.

FARM FOR SALE—I offer for sale my farm of 90 acres, 3½ miles northwest of Birmingham. Stone house, stone barn and frame barn, all good buildings. For particulars call at the premises or address Clark Vaughn, Birmingham, Mich. 12p


SPECIAL NOTICES.

New hats, bonnets, flowers, plumes, etc., at Mrs. Furman's. Also wall paper and bordering. tf

Call and look over my 25, 40 and 50 cent hats. Good bargains in back and school hats. Mrs. Furman. tf

Don't fail to look over the goods on my five and ten cent counters. Good buttons five and ten cents. Mrs. Furman. tf

Call and look over my ten cent gloves and hosiery, also my calico and chambray. L. T. Furman. tf

I shall close out my stock of hats and bonnets at reduced rates. Call and look over my light shawls. L. T. Furman. 8

A lot of new goods for my 5 and 10 cent counters. Call and see them. L. T. Furman. tf

## HOME NOTES.

PERPETUAL NOTICE!

When will please notice date after your name on paper and wrapper; this tells you when your subscription expires. If your time is out please call and settle.

How would "Judge Taber" sound?

"Capchaw youah loonytic, Judge"?

Another thousand dozen lemons received at Corson's.

Miss Jennie Worth visited relatives at Lapeer, last week.

Mrs. Dr. Wilder of Oxford visited in the family of John Hagerman last week.

Miss Lulu Lockwood of Pontiac was the guest of Miss Jennie Worth last week.

Have you an old Mason can without a top? If so you can get extra covers or tops at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

Read L. M. Dunbar's house for sale advertisement. He gives some one a rare chance to make a good bargain.

Lost on Monday last, a small gold pencil with chain attached. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at this office.

Say! did you lose a whip the other day? Well, if you call at this office and pay for this advertisement you can have it—if it's yours.

Bert Baldwin has been in town the past week on a brief vacation for his health. "Birkskin" is always welcome in Birmingham.

Ladies, look at the big cut in prices of dress goods. One third off at Corson's.

Mr. M. K. Taber's new and large additions are nearly completed, and when all work is over he will have perhaps the largest and finest dwelling in the village.

See advertisement of F. Mathewson in cheap column this week. Having finished his fine new residence on Saginaw street, he now offers it for sale or to rent.

The farmers have been hustling themselves in the hay field and the fine weather last week was a bonanza, hundreds of tons being secured in excellent condition.

Mrs. N. M. Corey and daughter Ida of Stanton, Mich., are in town visiting their relatives and many friends. Mr. Corey starts soon for the sea shore for his health.

Out of five persons found sick in Holly by the census enumerators, three had what Josh Billings would call "snaix in thare butes"—and Holly is a temperance town, too. Oh Holly!

Young Eli Wooster, while raking hay and doing a full man's work one day last week, met with quite a severe accident and the loss of his great toe nail by a horse stepping on his foot. The young major was at his task the next morning chuck full of grit and days' work.

For sale House and lot on Mill street in Birmingham. One acre of land, good house, barn and all kinds of fruit, all in first-class condition. Will sell on terms to suit the purchaser. No pleasanter house in town. Address Edwin Baldwin, Birmingham, Mich.

It is hoped that the Rev. Ambrose Wright, late of Mattamaan, will be able to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church on Sabbath next. Although a stranger in this part of the state, his father, the Rev. Dr. Wright of Bay City, is not entirely unknown to many here.

Will Holmes, a former Birmingham boy, now filling the responsible position of bookkeeper for a large wholesale house in the city, brought his wife and child out for a little fresh country air for a week or two. The demands of business caused Will to return the same day.

Mr. A. C. Wallace was absent on a visit to Stanton last week in attendance upon the wedding of Mr. Miller and Miss Cora Fenn of that place, which took place on Wednesday evening, July 9, at 8 o'clock p. m. The friends of the bride in this vicinity will unite in good wishes for her future happiness.

The following new books are now on the shelves of the Ladies' library. Confidence, Henry James; Family Flight, Hale; Phoebe, Mrs. Harris; Quicksands, Mrs. Wister; But a Philistine, by Townsend; Hester, by Mrs. Oliphant; Perilous Secret, Woman Hater, Love Me Little, Hard Cash, by Charles Reade; Stillwater Tragedy, Queen of Sheba, by Aldrich.

Closing out hardware at one-quarter off at Corson's to make room for dry goods.

While Mr. and Mrs. James J. Davenport were going home one day last week and were between the village and the mill, some one shooting in the brush near by came near inflicting serious injuries upon Mrs. Davenport and her infant which was asleep in her arms. As it was several shot raked the back of the lady's hand within a few inches of the baby's head. Such carelessness is criminal in the first degree.

One of the most important stock transactions in this vicinity of late was the receipt of five beautiful Jersey heifer calves for the herd of James H. Peabody of Gilbert Lake. They arrived in good condition by express one day last week and their happy owner gladly paid the express charges, amounting to over $30, and took his little herd of thoroughbreds home. They are all pedigreed animals and will no doubt make the Peabody herd of Jerseys decidedly celebrated as they deserve to be.

A gang of four suspicious looking men were observed hanging around some of the better class of residences on Saginaw street last week between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and shotguns and revolvers were at a premium in that vicinity from that hour until dawn. Suspicious looking gangs of tramps have been camping in the woods in this county and certain strangers with no visible means of support have been loafing around town. Lock your doors and windows, load the gun and tie the dog loose and when they come give them a warm reception.

Hats of all sizes and styles at greatly reduced prices at Corson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Taber, Mrs. E. Leonard and J. Allen Bigelow were all putting up at the Astor house on Mackinaw island recently and it was agreed that Mose and Bigelow should room together. "Because," said Mose to the officious black porter "that man with the one arm is a lunatic and he is in my care. I wish you would kind'er keep your eye on him while I go down stairs to see a man." The darkey grinned and as he pocketed Taber's quarter, wondered if he was the senator of that name from out west and if he had his hundred dollar night shirt with him and vowed he would call him "Jedge" on general principles any how. Now, there had been a conversation with the ladies during the afternoon about the way they should all go home, whether by rail or water and Bigelow, hearing some further particulars about the low rates by water, etc., knocked at the door of the room occupied by the ladies and opening it about half an inch commenced to tell them about the advantages and perfect safety of the lake route etc. The darkey with a single eye to the motions of the "lunatic," thought the time for action had arrived and with bright visions of an immense reward from "Jedge Tabah" he burst into the bar-room where Mose was industriously "seeing his man" and yelled "Oh, Jedge! Great Scott, Jedge, but you better see about dat one armed loonatic o' youah's. He's head an' shoul'er in de ladies room sah! Dis chile dunno what he may template next sah! I tell you Jedge, you'd better com' an' capcher your loonatick!" Of course Bigelow was "capchered" and had to pay for whatever the boys wanted.

Ladies' silk, lisle thread and cotton gloves and mitts at greatly reduced prices at Corson's.

## WHY STANLEY WEEPS.

*A Detroiter Who has Lost Confidence in the Noble Red Man*

As Stanley is a former resident of Birmingham the following article, which we clip from the Evening News, may be interesting to some of our readers:

Stanley, the Lafayette avenue livery-man is the proud possessor of half a dozen milk white steeds. They are as dear to him as the apple of his eye. Some of his customers say they are very dear to them also. When the "wild west" show made its fourth of July street parade Mr. Stanley's white horses were employed for the occasion. Across the back of each horse, like an animated clothespin, was stuck a more or less sacred shaved head Sioux Indian from the wilds of Omaha. Between each horse and Indian was interposed a blanket to prevent the maddening chafe and the insidious blister. Each blanket was decorated with gay red and blue stripes. It was a hot morning. The equine backbones were sharp, and the indians, filled to the throat with white dog meat and Hammtauck whisky, proved weary burdens. The horses sweat profusely, their fiery nostrils were red and distended, and their once snowy flanks were flecked with foam.

It was in this condition that they were returned to Mr. Stanley. He was pained to observe that each was promiscuously decorated with red and blue stripes where the colors had been soaked from the wet blankets. The hostlers said it would come out all right and set to work with scrubbing brushes and sponges. The more they scrubbed the brighter the colors came out. Stanley was in despair. All day Saturday the work of renovation was continued. Soap was used up by the dozen bars. One of the hostlers tried to sell paper and had an eye kicked out. Chemists were called in, but shook their heads and said they didn't know what to recommend. The horses were kept in the stable all that day, but the Sunday demand was very brisk and Stanley made up his mind to check it through. One of the variegated steeds was harnessed up for an old customer and turned over without comment, as if it had white and blue horses had always been the fashion. The customer stopped with his foot on the step and said he guessed the horse wouldn't do. It was very unique, he said, but a little too gaudy for a man at his time of life, and he would prefer something in plain, solid colors. The next man the rig was offered to remarked: "Excuse me; I have got through celebrating the fourth." Another wanted to know if Stanley thought he was going to advertise his business in the streets on Sunday? He was a barber.

Mr. Stanley is in great trouble to-day. The red and blue stripes show no signs of fading. He doesn't know exactly what to do. It isn't profitable to keep half a dozen striped horses idle these busy times. They are eating their heads off. He has thought of trying to palm them off on the Zoological garden as a new kind of zebra, but will probably decide to paint some stars on their necks and keep them for Blaine and Logan street parades. Mr. Stanley deeply regrets that the "wild west" show ever struck this town.


### A Great Discovery.

Mr. William Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected a cough for 25 years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had such a good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles Free at Whitehead' & Mitch ll's drug store. Large size $1.

### Trouble About a Minister.

We clip the following from the Rochester Era. We presume it applies to our locality:

A minister in one of our churches, who has been with us many years has left. He was tired out in preaching to us hardened sinners, and we got "shorter" tired of him. We've about paid him up, and he has gone to try what he can do with other sinners. We've been trying to find a new one who would suit, but thus far have failed. One who came and preached to us was a widower; he talked too much about the sisters and said he would like to marry some pretty one. The sisterhood got mad at him, and of course the husbands coincided with their wives; they had to. We tried another, he said he'd like to be with us, but he changed too much and wouldn't fall a cent on his price. Of course he couldn't shine in our pulpit; we wanted a cheap minister. We tried another and raised him a small collection. He was too deep for our limited comprehension, he quoted Spencer, Huxley, Mills and others, and carried his hearers out in too deep and muddy water, was too philosophical, occasionally prosy and soporific, even some of the deacons would drop away into the land of nod in sermon time. He wouldn't do. The deacons thought he wouldn't, for they couldn't understand him. Another minister came, preached and told the truth in a plain and simple manner. Some said he was personal and hit Sister Stebbins and Sister Slocum. At least they thought he fired at them, for he looked in their direction when he touched on certain applicable points." He alluded to their failings and short comings in a round-about way; they didn't like him, of course. In fact they were disgusted and much "disappointed" in the man—hoped he wouldnt stay. Deacon Giles and old man Watson liked him "first rate," because he did hit Sister Stebbins and some others. They said he told the truth, but alas! he charged too much. Too bad! Of course he couldn't come here. We at last have no minister and if one can come who will suit everybody, and can limp and pinch along on a small salary, and not beg, we'd like him. Let him come. W. C. H.


*CENSUS ENUMERATION*

To the Editor of the Eccentric

DEAR SIRS—Early in the time of my enumerating duties an article appeared in your paper over the signature of W. C. H., in which he expressed great fears for my personal well-being to the end of my labors. As I have now completed the enumeration I beg leave to assure my friend through your column that time has demonstrated his fears to be groundless. I have traveled over 36 square miles and not a single instance has occurred in which I have been treated otherwise than with the utmost courtesy and respect. My inquiries have been promptly and, in the main, I think, correctly answered. It is true that in a few instances I have been related a "notch or two," but this fault has occurred quite as often in males as in females. But this has not occurred often and I have been much deceived when it has occurred.

It is now nearly 27 years since I located in Birmingham and children that I saw at that time playing around the parental home would hardly deceive me by growing then age 21 or 22. But, however that may be, no fears need be entertained of exposure. I regard the matter as complimental and it will not be repeated, even in those cases where the party is over 40.

A writer of a late date complains bitterly through the columns of THE ECCENTRIC about the inquiries of enumerators relative to private affairs of people as she calls, but such inquiry at the office I am informed that that case arose in another town and had no relation to my district.

I have just been informed that Mr. T. N. claims that I did not call at his place to get his census. In this he is entirely mistaken. If he will inquire of Mr. B., his near neighbor, he will find that at the time he and his family were at a watering place enjoying a school picnic I was at his house to get his census and found it alone, guarded by a watch dog that disputed my entry into the yard. The law did not require me to go a second time, nor could I. my time being limited to the last day of June, and I called a second time to all such places as I could, but my time expired before I could again reach him.

To the best of my knowledge and belief I have visited every house and family in Bloomfield outside of Birmingham, and those that I found with no one at home I have visited the second time or supplemented the requirements as far as possible.

O. W. HEWITT,
Late Census Enumerator.

*FROM CLARKSTON*

To the Editors of The Eccentric.

DEAR SIRS—In a recent issue of your welcome paper I noticed a remark that "A. J. Crosby and Mr. Broomfield (and C. M. Smith) were in Birmingham to get some instructions in running an incorporation business." I hereby express my sincere gratitude to Messrs Bodine, F. Hagerman and others for their kindness in giving us all the assistance required.

Our village is improving finely with new buildings, sidewalks and fine streets. Business is very lively. Three firms have bought wool here this season. Jossman & Frank, 80,000 pounds; Allen & Cruise, over 80,000; Howe & Urch, over 50,000. How is that for a wool market? Over 200,000 pounds in all.

Yours with sincere respect,
A. J. CROSBY.

## COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

*DRAYTON PLAINS*

Mortie Bigelow is making it very pleasant for all at his Uncle Mort's.

On Friday night lightning struck and burnt Mark Judd's store with all its contents, except a few household goods. Loss $1,500; no insurance.

Mr. A. W. Leggett has been quite ill but is now on the gain.

Mr. Doane Carpenter recently married Miss Jennie Van Campen and they left for their future home in Rolla, Mo., the same day.

Many Detroit people are making this place a summer resort this season.

John Leggett has the finest sail boat on the lake. She is bran new and cost $75. This makes seven first-class boats on the lake.

Percy Ives of Detroit, who has been painting some fine pictures at his uncle's, Mort Leggett, returned home Saturday.

This community has been thrown into the deepest grief by the death of Mrs. Charles E. Smith (nee Lizzie Walker), who recently died in Detroit and was buried in Sashibaw. Lizzie was a good wife, a kind daughter and a woman beloved by all, and leaves a memory that will ever live. Sure it takes off a little of the sting of death to lose a true good friend for your thoughts of them will ever be so dear.

*PONTIAC*

About 150 Pontiacers went to Oxford last Saturday evening, to a Cleveland and Hendricks meeting, and when they returned home some of them were so drunk.

It was Sunday evening and a dear maiden just budding into beautiful womanhood stood at her papa's gate; beside her stood a young man whose name is George. It seemed even thusly. She fondly met his fervid gaze and eyes looked love to eyes that spake again. She drew nearer to him, and placing her hands upon his shoulders, she turned her lovely optic divisions upon his paper shirt bosom, upon which flickered a 25-cent diamond pin. Finally her eyes moved with almost painful enunciation upon his lips. Twas but seven minutes then a sweet smile played angel music upon her countenance and she murmured sweetly, yet in melancholly tones, "Oh, George!" "What is it, darling? Tell your George what there is strange to you in his face." Why, George, your." "Go away, angel mine, have no fear that your George will wilt." "Why, George, your mustache is getting real hairy, ain't it?" Tableaux. George wilted.

*On a Cuban Railway.*

Presently an angular mummified negro, who has been frequently passing through the train and making himself generally conspicuous, rings a dinner-bell which he holds in his hand, and this is the signal to leave. You might have imagined that this bell-man was connected with the station, and not a part of the apparatus; but that was an error—and at every station thereafter, when the dinner-bell rang on the platform at the rear end of the train, the engineer always obeyed the signal.

The train carries three classes of passengers, the third class in front and the first class in the rear. The only difference is in the seating of the car, the first class having cushions on the second and third class, and no backs on the seats of the latter.

The road is a narrow guage, but it moves rapidly enough, and there are no vexatious delays. Many of the stations are fenced in with barbed wire, so that any one wishing to defraud the railroad company, passes out at the wrong station, or having purchased a ticket for a certain place to which there is cheap fare, tries to get off where the fare is dear, he can be certainly detected. The regulation of the rates depends perhaps upon the opposition the road may have, and the rates are strangely unjust. It is cheaper, for instance, to buy a ticket through to Havana, than it is to purchase one to a certain point not quite half-way. It may be possible, too, that the road discriminates against certain points, as such a thing as that has been known even in the States.—*Havana Cor. Pittsburg Post.*

*Somewhat Interested.*

He passed a hundred men on Woodward avenue before he encountered a face which seemed to hit him. Then he stopped the owner with a gesture, and asked:

"Mister, do you think spring is at hand?"

"What if I do or do not?" was the gruff answer.

"Oh, nothing, only I'd like your opinion."

"Are you interested in knowing what the weather will be for the next three weeks?"

"Well, somewhat. I've got to get out of this town, and I've got to sell my overcoat for money to travel on, and I'm looking all over for some one to predict a warm wave!"

He was given a favorable prediction.

*What Ailed Him.*

Down in a town in Alabama I found a native with his chair tipped back under an awning in front of a saloon, hat down on his ears, eyes half closed, and his toes showing through his boots. Out at the hitching post was a faded old mule, head down and eyes closed, and the mud of last fall had not been cleaned off his skeleton frame. I was looking from man to mule, trying to see if I could establish a chain of evidence, when the native straightened up and said:

"Stranger, ye ain't goin' to settle in this kentry?"

"No."

"Powerful glad to hear it. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took fifteen cents' worth and came back and said:

"Stranger this is a powerful bad kentry—powerful bad."

"What's the matter?"

"No chance for a poor man—not a shake of a chance. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took his usual dose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Look at me!" he said as he returned to his chair. "I'm a livin' evidence of the fact that this is the wust kentry on earth fur a white man who honestly desires to break his back in agricultural pursuits. I've been goin' down hill as stiddy as clock work fur the last twenty yar. Stranger, wet your whistle."

I replied that my whistle required a dry atmosphere and he went and took it straight again.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he got his chin dried off, "the durned Southern nabob grinds me on one side and the infernal nigger on the other, and I'm bound to be pulverized."

"Do you farm?"

"What's the use? Nothin' that I planted ever growed. It's allus too much or too little rain, and if I hire niggers they don't stay."

"Then you speculate?"

"Mebbe I do. Mebbe if I trade a mule wuth a hundred dollars fer one wuth sixty you kin call it speculation. Say, let's licker."

I declined, and he never shed a tear as his corn juice went down.

"I tell you, a poor man hain't got no rights 'round yere, and he's bein' ground into the dust," he observed as he enlarged the hole in the top of his hat so that a tuft of hair could stick up through it.

"It seems to be a fine country."

"That's a deception."

"But you have a nice climate and can raise most everything."

"Then, what ails me? Why hain't I a Southern nabob? Why don't I ride a hoss, an' wear good clothes an' hold an offis?"

"Because," I answered, determined to lie to him, "your wife is probably a very careless manager, while you have never carefully studied the foundation principles of economy."

"Stranger!" said he, as he rose up and shook hands at once, "you've hit it plumb centre, and you are the only man who ever got the best of 'em say it's 'cause I kin do more loafin' and drinkin' than any man in the State of Alabama. Stranger, write them words down fur me. I'll get the hang of them in about an hour, an' then I'll go home an' gin my fam'ly to understand that they've got to buckle right down to economy or hunt for other diggins! Let's destroy about three fingers of the juice."—*M. Quad.*

*The Cowboy of Florida.*

Visiting the stores for the sake of provisioning the craft, the principal business of Fort Myers was at once discernible from the array of saddles and bridles exhibited. Around this point, and from many a prairie and jungle in the neighborhood, cattle are brought in for shipment to Punta Rassa, to be sent from thence to Key West and Cuba. A tall, lean, sinewy gaunt lads, lounging around in high boots, with jingling spurs, showed the peculiarities of their calling, for they were the cowboys of this region. I doubt whether the cowboy of the west is recruited entirely from the country where he herds or drives his cattle, but the Floridian cowboy is indigenous to the soil. Hard work and plenty of it, at times with poor food; a debilitating climate and swampy mosquitoes have made them fleshless. Driving cattle in the west is certainly no child's play, but in this portion of Florida the task must be a particularly difficult one from the nature of the country. To scamper at full speed across the country in quest of a "critter" of cattle must endanger their necks. Through the palmetto cabbages, through the thick tangle of vines, across the boggy flats, driving into the pine hills, the soil burrowed by gophers, the cattle-hunter spurs his horse. Perhaps it is the mount which ought to be pitied as much as any of the animals, the horse, the boy, or the bull. Western horses barely stand the hard work, and are used up in a season. Anything like a high-legged animal comes to grief in very short order. The horse wanted for the work is a little, scrubby, small bone and breed in Florida. He seems to be capable of withstanding any amount of hard service. Certainly, the Florida cattle of this section are the poorest specimens of the bovine race known. They present, save about their legs, few traces of breed. Having not much weight to carry, their speed is, for a short burst, enough to blow a horse. Fancy cattle whose live weight will average 500 pounds!—*Fort Myers, (Fla.) Cor. N. Y. World.*

*"How to Make Home Happy."*

He was a book agent. He rung a door-bell, and a woman who had been sweeping opened the door so suddenly that he fell off the step and nearly lost his equilibrium. But he was a book agent, and he recovered his momentum and said fluently.

"I am agent for the most celebrated book ever offered to the public since Uncle Tom's Cabin was written, and filled with useful hints of things that cannot be found outside the covers of any other book, and with recipes for cooking and family prayers, and how to keep moths out of furs, and some fine poems by well known and popular writers, and you can give me your order to-day and needn't pay for it till next June, or on the installment plan, which is cheaper than going without, and the name of it is 'Three Million Hints, or Inquire Within How to Make Home Happy.'"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, smiling sweetly. "'How to Make Home Happy, I have one already," and she looked at the broom in her hand with dreamy eyes.

He fell off the doorstep again, and this time he didn't recover till there was a block between them.—*Detroit Free Press.*