BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

$1 PER YEAR. Devoted to our Own Locality, We Labor for its Interests." IN ADVANCE.

VOL. VII, NO. 53 BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY APRIL 23 1885 WHOLE NO 411

DETROIT, G'D HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILWAY.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

GOING WEST.

Morning express.....7.35 a. m.
Mail.....11.30 a. m.
Steamboat express.....5 20 p. m.
Night express.....11.20 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Atlantic express.....4.30 a. m.
Holly express.....7.10 a. m.
Steamboat express.....10.55 a. m.
Mail.....4.00 p. m
Evening express.....8.55 p. m.

THOS. TANDY, Gen Frg't & Pass agt. W. J. MORGAN, Gen Supt. W. J. SPICER, Manager.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

—A CHOICE SELECTION OF—

Hats & Bonnets, Ribbons & Flowers,

ilks, Satins, Laces, Veilings, Gloves, Hosiery and Hair Goods.

—*Dress Buttons and Trimming*—

I would call special attention to my

WALL PAPER and BORDERING.

Books, Papers and Magazines for sale. Combings made up. Call and look at our

50c. CORSET.

L. T. FURMAN.

Prime Seed Barley for Sale.

I also pay the best possible rates for —all kinds of—

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Ira Slade,

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

D., G. H. & M. R. R. Depot.

A. A. BANCROFT, M. D.

—*PHYSICIAN and SURGEON*—

Birmingham - Mich.

Office on Maple avenue, East end of the Ellis block, near the depot.

FIFTEEN YEARS ACTIVE PRACTICE.

Gr duate of the Hahneman Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. CAMP,

AUCTIONEER.

FARM SALES A SPECIALTY.

All sales conducted in first class manner at rates suitable with the times. Satisfaction guarantee.

Wants, Lost, Found, etc.

FOR SALE. Five acres of land within a mile of this village, 38 bearing apple trees and an abundance of small fruit of all kinds. Good well and cistern and the premises all well fenced. Will also sell a new hitch cow, a double buggy, four sheepskins cwts, all will be sold cheap for cash or its equivalent. For particulars call at the Eccentric office.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best 80 acre farms in Michigan, with excellent buildings, 7 miles from Birmingham, and farm implements, at a very low price. For full information call upon J. R. Corson, jr. 30tf

FOR SALE—House and two lots. I offer for sale my house and two lots on Oakland street in Birmingham. Fine house with eleven rooms, good well and cistern. Terms $1,300 cash, balance on long time. Call on or address F. Blakeslee, Birmingham, Mich. 44

I HAVE for sale cheap for cash or good security four good work horses, one sow, pigs and two cows. Mason S. Leonard, Troy, Mich. 49

FOR SALE—House and lot in Birmingham village, on Martin street. House is a two story dwelling and has seven rooms, all comfortable for living; good cistern, well, cherries and grapes are on the premises. A good barn thereon, also with the place. Price, $800. Barn cost $75. This is a bargain and someone is going to get it quick, as the owner has more real estate in Birmingham than he wishes. For further particulars inquire of Wm. Leonard and Michael or of the owner, Robert G. Reynolds, Birmingham, Mich.

INSURE with the Firemen's Fund Insurance Company, one of the very best. J. R. Corson Jr., agent.

A PRIZE. Send six cents in postage and receive free a sample box of goods that will help all of either sex, to make money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

WINDOWS FOR SALE. Sixteen windows, 12 lights each. Inquire of Horace Hall, Birmingham, Mich. 50 1 p pd.

KERMOTT'S PILLS.

These pills have been prepared and used by the doctor in his extensive practice for more than quarter of a century. Compounded from simple roots and plants, they have this advantage over all others, that NO HARM CAN POSITIVELY RESULT FROM THEIR USE. Their action on the liver and kidneys is thorough, thus cleansing the system of impurities, with none of the injurious effects of powerful and dangerous minerals. They are truly positive.

Sick Headache, Nervous Disorders, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Kidney Difficulties, Neuralgia, and Griping Pains.

They are a vegetable Tonic Purgative, absolutely harmless under all circumstances, never injuring the weakest female or the youngest child. They may be used as a Mild Laxative, and by increasing the dose they will act as a brisk cathartic, making them the best Family Medicine in the world. For sale by Druggists.

FOR SALE CHEAP. One new rag carpet, 22 yards, and one one-horse light wagon. For particulars call on or address, Wm. Strong, Big Beaver, Mich. 1 3m

TWO CHOICE building lots for sale at a reasonable price on Pierce street, that belongs to the estate of R. McLaughlin. For particulars, terms, etc., apply to J. R. McLaughlin, 392 Seldon Ave., Detroit, Mich 1 tf

I have a full blood Holstein bull which I shall keep for service this season at my place three miles south of Birmingham on the gravel road. Terms, $1.00 cash. M. Holmister.

OPENED THIS WEEK.

Twelve dozen Ladies' linen collars, all styles. 20 pieces white dotted Mull, Nainsooks and book muslin.

SEVENTY-FIVE ROLLS RIBBON, ALL WIDTHS AND GRADES.

Twenty-five pieces new styles Ginghams. 40 pieces new style Calicos. New indigo blue Calicos. New mourning Calicos. New printed Piquees. New Dress Goods in single and double width. Veilings in single and double fold. Large line of ladies' Handkerchiefs. 20 styles ladies' and misses' Hose, and more to arrive this week. New goods in all departments.

Rice, per pound.....$ 05 | Prunes.....$ 07

California Canned Fruit.

Look at our new long strike Clocks if you are needing a clock. We are offering more bargains than any other house in the county. Come and see our goods and

TRY THE NEW FIRM.

If you are going to do any papering this spring or if you need any new window-shades it will pay you well to make your selection from our large and well selected stock. Beautiful ceiling decorations, elegant gilt papers, lovely mica papers and an endless variety of common papers and elaborate borders. Measure your rooms and come to us and we will tell you

How much paper you need

MACRAME CORD, RIP RAP IN ALL NUMBERS AND QUALITIES

Table and Floor Oil Cloths,

Crockery and Glass-ware.

J. R. Corson Jr., & Co.,

Birmingham - - Mich.

☞ First Door East of Postoffice.

F. Blakeslee. V. Nixon.

NOW LOOK OUT

For your interest and buy your Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Hats and Caps and Groceries where they sell at

LIVE AND LET LIVE PRICES.

We have just opened the most complete, the largest stock and the latest styles in Ginghams, Chambrys, Percales, Sateens, white Dress Goods, and the very latest patterns in Dress fabrics; also a splendid line in all shades of the celebrated Broadhead Dress Goods and bought direct from the manufacturers.

We are headquarters for anything you may want in the Dr. Goods line, and for Quality and prices

We can Meet the Purse and Wants of all.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

We take the lead in Ladies' fine French Kid, Pebble Goat, Curcoca Kid, Button, together with all the latest styles in Ladies' Walking Shoes and slippers. We pay especial attention to a line of shoes made expressly for old ladies, and for ease and comfort they cannot be beat.

We also have the finest Line of Young Men's Shoes in town which, for style and quality, cannot be Excelled.

CLOTHING.

The best assortment of Men's and Boy's suits, Men's wool pants, Cottonade pants Overalls and Jackets; also a line of children's Pants, splendid line of Men's fancy shirts and white Laundried at Rock Bottom.

Hats and Caps.

We down them all for styles and large assortment. Can fit and suit Man or Boy. Give us a trial.

Fresh Groceries Cheap.

15 pounds granulated sugar	$1 00	8 pounds green coffee	$1 00
16 pounds coffee sugar	1 00	8 pounds fair roasted coffee	1 00
17 pounds C sugar	1 00	7 pounds choice roasted coffee	1 00
16 pounds dried apples	1 00	16 pounds English currants	1 00
16 pounds new prunes	1 00	18 bars Babbitt's soap	1 00

Be sure to give us a call in our new store and inspect our goods and prices, and you will find we have bought our goods to sell.

F. Blakeslee & Co's.

Birmingham - - - - Mich.

HOME NOTES.

PERPETUAL NOTICE!

You 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.

Clean up that back yard.

Coming—Gregory Brothers.

Awful cold again Tuesday.

"How do you do, Mr. Scott."

The sidewalk war is almost over—no it ain't.

Coming out Saturday night—the band boys.

Walter Van Every of Holly, called on us last Tuesday.

Read the ad., lots for sale in this village, in another column.

Only to think of it! a carpet seat and back folding rocker for only $1.

Now would be a good time to agitate the new depot scheme, wouldn't it?

Fifteen and twenty-five cents will admit you to Gregory brothers' great metropolitan shows.

Mrs. G. C. Gibbs has gone for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Genesee county.

We were agreeably surprised one day last week by a pleasant call from Mark Miller of Vassar.

Don't forget to take in the first show of the season at Royal Oak, Saturday, May 2; 15 and 25 cents.

Wm. Strong of near Big Beaver has rented his father's farm for a term of years. Success, William.

Come to town Saturday night and see the band boys parade. It is well worth your while if you are a lover of good music.

Extra choice and pure maple sugar from Saranac, Mich., and Vermont. Pure and unadulterated at Whitslead & Mitchell's.

Best strictly pure white lead only $6 per cwt., and everything else in the paint line at the same low rates, at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

The Pontiac Beehive is full of business bees this week. Be careful how you go elsewhere for dry goods or carpets, or may be you'll get left.

The Purdys are arriving from all directions. Last week, born to Mrs. Jack Purdy, the nicest boy in the town, and to Mrs. Charles Purdy the premium girl.

The Gregory Bros.' great metropolitan shows and John H. Craig's mammoth museum will open up the season at Royal Oak on Saturday, May 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman returned from their California trip last week. They were delighted with their jaunt, and Frank looks as if he had a new lease of life.

To rent: The new house on Townsend street, in this village belonging to Ed McKinney. Parties wishing to examine the house will find the key at the post office.

"Where is my Boy Tonight?" can be appropriately sung by many parents, as evidence of the boys having been out is plainly visible in the morning, especially Sunday morning.

Died: In this village on Tuesday, April 27, 1885, of inflamation of the lungs, Thomas M. Hanley, in the fortieth year of his age. He leaves a wife and four small children.

Are you blind? Well if you are not, you'll surely see Blakeslee & Co's new ad this week and you will be blind to your own interests if you don't patronize them after you read their prices.

We learn that Willie McKee, son of the Rev. S. V. McKee, who has been very sick with typhoid pneumonia, under the skillful treatment of Dr. Bancroft is happily recovering.

Considerable tiling is now being done at the Fountain farm. Moses has quite an army at it and by some his army is doubled. The salvation army—guess not, on account of their extreme piety.

They had a "bean guess up at Bad Axe the other day. Joe Donaldson obtained all the prizes but one. You needn't think Joe's guesses were any better than any one else's. He had 98 trials.

Robert Compton of Royal Oak, is insane. Too bad, but he will probably recover when he gets used to that baby boy, who arrived recently. Such a happy form of insanity hardly ever results seriously.

Tuesday of this week George H. Mitchell purchased of Samuel Jarvis his dwelling on Saginaw street. Samuel will move out as soon as possible and George will take his place so soon that the house won't get cold.

Mr. Gibson of near Vassar, a nephew of Mrs. A. D. Stickney, visited her last week. Mr. Gibson was on his way home from the New Orleans exposition, and we found him a very agreeable and interesting gentleman to visit with.

When you see approaching you something like a comet or a locomotive headlight, "be ye not afraid!" It is Samuel C. Mills with his new official badge, on which is engraved in burning characters "City Marshall," and Sam has the muscle to back all he undertakes.

Last Sunday evening some young lady with her best "feller" drove up Maple avenue, just at church time, wailing forth in agony, "Somebody is waiting for Me." Perhaps there was; if not, there ought to be—if no one stronger than her mother to meet her at the gate and cause the young lady to realize that there is a balm in Gilead for—fools.

We clip the following from the Wayne county Courier's Redford correspondence: "James Ferrington has been employed by John Guillou, Detroit, to travel and sell gasoline stoves. It is understood that there is a young lady in Birmingham who desires him to make his headquarters at Moses' when in that locality." There's Baum in Gilead for that young man.

The maple sugar social at the M. E parsonage was well attended and all there enjoyed themselves, and were entertained in that cheerful, happy manner possessed by the genial host and hostess. Conversation, music, vocal and instrumental, helped along by the aid of Taber's aurephone, aided considerably to pass the time away.

Our brass band is really becoming being popular and certainly deserve all the support the town can give them. Their appearance last Saturday evening was highly satisfactory, their new hat lamps, together with their fine playing while marching, making quite a display. With three such good players as Sherman, Crocker and Hoffman for the lead horns and the imitable Jenks for trombone, and Charlie Griffin on the tuba, and the rest of the boys all good in their places, they can and do discourse good music and deserve encouragement. The boys will be out next Saturday night.

We learn from good authority that Mason L. James, who has been seriously ill at the residence of his sister in Chicago for some months past, is much improved, being able to sit up four or five hours a day. Since Dr. C. M. Raynale made the old gentleman a visit, he has been steadily on the gain, and when we take into consideration the fact that he sleeps well, eats well, and is gaining strength daily, we can say he is on the road to permanent recovery, and the glad tidings will be received with joy by his many warm friends in this place and vicinity.

There's music in the air. One day last week, Eddie Parks, a 10 year old son of Alex. Parks, was severely punished at school by Prof. Hull; On Saturday last Mr. Parks swore out a warrant for Mr. Hull before Justice Crawford, of Pontiac, and it was served on Monday morning, last, and the suit adjourned until Saturday next. The case creates considerable interest and is argued pro and con on every corner. Mr. Hull has shown himself an able and competent teacher, and we are confident that he was acting in good faith in the performance of his duty.

Father, what's that? music in the air?
I'M. Crocker from the choir.
Why do the people wave their hats
And rush along in crowds?
—That, child, why, that is only Whitehead learning to ride the bicycle. He has the fever very bad just now, and is bound to ride. The crowd you see are youths who are paid to hold him up, and that thundering noise you hear is when the little back wheel kicks Whitey in the back of the neck and he takes a header for the gravel." "Does it hurt him pa?" "He says not, but you can judge for yourself. See how black and blue he is and how red around the gills. It's fun, though."

For the past four years the Gregory brothers have been before the public and are well known in this vicinity. This season they have consolidated their great metropolitan show with the John H. Craig mammoth museum, and taking the two together it makes a show hard to beat. The show embraces many new and leading stars, among whom we may mention, Holmes and Oliville, the flying men of the air, who perform feats never before attempted by others, John Leonard, the champion cannon ball juggler of the world; Mr. William Martin, the boneless wonder; Miss Delia Gregory, the queen of the floating wire; the Rondaldo brothers, who are acknowledged to be the most grotesque high kickers in the world; the Ramoji sisters, in their flying trapeze acts; Miss Maud Russell, the female Sampson, who will pull against a span of horses, and many more new and novel features. The museum is a show of itself, and contains more trained animals than any other so-called show in the country. Saturday May 2, is the date, and you can see the whole consolidation for 15 and 25 cents. Remember the place and date, Royal Oak, Saturday May 2.

The following news we are generously allowed to extract from the letter of a young lady, a former resident of this village, to a friend here, and it tells its own sad story. She writes: "I don't know but what you may have heard about Mr. R. M. Hoar losing his span of horses and sleighs and three barrels of copper. I was sent it to the Free Press last night, but it was not published straight. It was like this: 'Mr. R. M. Hoar had the misfortune to lose a valuable team of horses while engaged in hauling copper from the smelting works to the Quincy stamping office.' The teamster, Mr. Peter Didier, says he was standing upon the load at the time. He had fears of the ice being weak at that place, and in crossing over this particular spot he felt himself gradually descending, when he jumped, and just in time, for the front bob sank through the ice and the horses and hind bob came in contact with each other, when in an instant, all went through the ice to the bottom of the lake. The sensation experienced by the teamster when he discovered the sleighs going through the ice can not be imagined, and he scarcely knows himself how he succeeded in getting off the sleigh in time. The outfit was valued at $1,000. Efforts are being made to recover the horses and sleighs."

Fresh Detroit bread Wednesdays and Saturdays at Mrs. Furman's.

Obituary.

DIED, Tuesday, April 21, 1885, Thomas Brace of Warren, Mich., in the 83d year of his age.

The funeral was held at his late residence, Thursday April 23, attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The subject of this sketch was an early pioneer who came to this country from England and landed in New York in 1832. Came to Michigan five years later and settled upon the farm on which he died and where he had lived ever since. His family consisted of a wife and four sons, all grown up. His first wife died in 1850. His second wife is now living and by her he had two sons. Thomas Brace had his faults as well as other men have, but never in his life did he let the poor and needy go away from his door unaided. His heart was always open to the calls for aid from the unfortunate. Rest his soul.

Old Time School Punishment.

When I was a boy and went to school I was inclined to be mischievous. Oh, how well I remember an old time school master. She was a good teacher, but inclined to be stern and severe. She had down strict rules for our government and if we violated them, or any one of them, we were punished. She did not violate her word in this respect. Whaling children at school was universal, and the teacher who didn't do his or her duty in this matter was censured. The school ma'am to whom I refer was well liked, because she filled the bill. No complaint about her method of punishment was ever made. When she hadn't anything else to do she would employ her precious time in whaling the young ones. I expected one every day and if I didn't get it of course my parents, as well as myself were disappointed. One day she missed, but she didn't forget, for she chalked it down and she made it up the next day. She got awful mad at me at one time and she called me up and made me squat down under the chair and sit down on me. This made me a little riley, so I took up a pin and picked my teeth with it. She said I picked her. She jumped, you ought to have seen her scood. I guess she lew about eight or ten feet and when she picked herself up she seized the chair and threw it at me. I dodged and she let another young fellow and there was a single and triangular fight for a season. When things were calm and peace was declared all went on as usual. No disturbance in the neighborhood. It was considered an every day transaction. W. C. H.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

IRON LINE.

Mr. T. C. Beach still continues quite ill, his recovery being much slower than was expected.

Last Tuesday the neighbors met in Mr. Shugs' woods and cut a nice lot of wood for Mrs. Annie Patch. Both for the wood and labor she returns her sincere thanks.

"What daisy is that," we heard some one say. Judge of their astonishment when told it was Clancy L. Blair. That is what he gets for working in the E. M. A.

Mrs. Alice Stone is on the sick list; also her sister, Mrs. Sullivan.

Kate Caswell had a birthday party Friday night; sorry we could not be there.

Bert Shug has hired out to T. Nelson.

Cora Swans' horse becoming frightened, turned around, and threw her out. No damage done to anything, however. Good luck.

Sabbath school commenced the 20th; where were the faithful.

Odell, Nelson and Boomer, will work Blair's farm this summer.

Fred Walker visited at M. Shug's last week. I Wooden come again Fred.

Harvey Skidmore and wife are home from the sunny south.

COUNTY LINE.

Martin Blunt, the county line auctioneer, has three head of cattle that will weigh sixty five hundred.

Dave Cantrall called on his numerous friends in our vicinity a few days ago.

Thomas Brace, Sr., died Tuesday the 21st; he was 83 years, and leaves a widow and six children. He has lived in this vicinity some 40 years.

John Blakey has bought the Tom Thurly farm. Consideration $5,000.

Tom Rodie has bought a separator, and is going to thrash with John Wilson next fall.

Sam Davison has gone west to Idaho. Charles Davison was kicked severely in the breast by one of his colts last week.

Mrs. Fred Cartwright is a little better at present writing.

Frank Mason has gone to Colorado.

Wm. Pallister has bought a $400 four year old colt.

Thurston Barr is sawing wood up in Bloomfield with his engine.

Fred Decker has bought his partner out, Fred Heisner. Decker runs the whole business at present.

Hiram Skinner, Sr., is not expected to live. He is over 85 years old.

The language of letter-seals is the latest. A seal of pink wax means congratulations; one of black, condolence; of blue, love; of purple, friendship; of red, business, and an invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax.

An entry in Washington's diary, dated February, 1768, shows the great number of visitors he entertained at that time. "Would any person believe," he says, "that with 101 cows actually reported at a late enumeration of my cattle I should still be obliged to buy butter?"

Catching a Man-o'-War Bird.

An old sailor, whose appearance indicated that he had been much buffeted by wind and wave, stood yesterday resting his back against a mooring post near a bulkhead in South street, and, despite the raw atmosphere, meditatively smoking. The glowing bowl of his pipe rested on the top of a barrel some distance away, and the stem was fully four feet long. It was very thin, and seemed to be bone. Its bowl was a bright, glossy black, though what its original color had been the sailor had to say. It curved with a long, graceful, uniform sweep from the mariner's lips to the bowl.

"It's the wing bone of a man-o'-war bird," said the owner when asked about it. "Land folks, I believe, call them albatrosses; we sailors like the old name of man-o'-war bird better. I caught the one that I got this stem from about five hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope. I hooked him with a piece of raw fat pork tied to the end of a rope lanyard. It was blowing half a gale of wind, and the man-o'-war birds were out enjoying it as usual.

"They just touch the top of a wave with their feet, and then give a sharp, quick cry and go driving on a hundred yards or so before they take another plunge. I got a big lump of fat pork at the galley, and let it tow overboard with the lanyard, about fifty yards astern of the ship. One of the birds saw it, and had swallowed it in a minute, and we began to haul him. My pipe-stem, I tell you, was a job. It took five of us to get him on deck, and then, of all the unwieldy birds you ever saw he was the worst. A goose would have been graceful to him, and he did not seem a bit like the beautiful white birds of his kind that were sweeping about the ship now ahead and now astern, sailing against the wind or with it just about the same rate of speed, and seeming to be part of the gale.

"My prisoner squatted down on the deck and began to cry. There was no doubt about it. He sobbed and whimpered like a hurt child, and the tears ran down his long hooked beak and dropped off the knob at the end. After a time he became seasick. But his illness did not cease there. He got worse and more sick every minute as the vessel rolled and pitched in the heavy sea that was running. It was genuine sea sickness. This seems curious with a bird that lives altogether on the water, but a man-o'-war bird always gets seasick when he is taken on the deck of a rolling ship. I would have saved him if I could, but if I had thrown him overboard he would have been swamped by the big seas before he could have used his long wings. Neither could he rise from the deck, and in about two hours he laid his head down on the planks and died.

**"I divided the long wing bones among the crew, and they all made pipe-stems of them. They are hollow, flesh-colored, and very light, and that is the reason the man-o'-war bird can fly so long. It is forever on the wing, and only goes ashore on some uninhabited island at breeding-time. Sailors think they sleep flying, that is, some of them think so, but I believe they sleep floating on the water, when it is calm enough—which is not often about the Cape of Good Hope, or else never sleep at all. They are the biggest birds that live anywhere. The one I caught weighed twenty-nine pounds, and measured seventeen feet from wing tip to wing tip, and he was not at all a large one. No, we had no idle time after he left deck. If you shoot one and hit him you may look out for squalls, but to catch him with a piece of fat pork and let him die on deck is a different matter altogether, you know."—*New York Sun.*

Cancer a Disease of the Well-to-do.

We have then confessedly to face the fact that cancer is increasing in our midst at a rate which bids fair to become more and more serious with the advance of time. In a paper read before "An Inquiry into the Causes of the Increase of Cancer," published in the "British Medical Journal" a year ago, a direct attempt was made to obviate the which had been made upon the subject by the late Dr. Moore, whose investigations and theory of cancer had brought under his notice the incontrovertible evidence of the increase of the disease. In the year 1865 he published a small book called the "Antecedents of Cancer," the contents of which chiefly consist in an attempt to explain the manner in which the mention of cancer is influenced by the circumstances of life prevailing in this country. For instance, he held that the rapidity of cross laws, the discoveries of gold and sanitary improvements, whereby the well-being of the nation was considerably enhanced, affected cancer indirectly by bringing into prominence the predisposing causes of its occurrence; and good living, it is thought, which follows as a corollary of commercial prosperity, is intimately associated with the manifestation of cancer. Again, cancer is a disease characteristic of the healthy, it may be expected to abound amid the conditions of health. The greater prevalence of the disease among the rich than among the poor can probably be explained in this manner. According to a French observer, the proportion of cancer in the wealthy classes is about 106 in 1,000, in the poor classes it is 72 in 1,000, or at a rate in the former exceeding that in the latter of seven per cent. Now, curious as it may seem, cancer is met with in the lower animals and it has been said to prevail more frequently among those which are flesh-eaters than those which are herb-eaters. It has been stated by the late Dr. Crisp, who had good opportunities of judging, that cancer is by no means an uncommon disease among the domesticated animals, while in wild animals and uncivilized man it is rare.—*From English Experience with Cancer," by Dr. H. Percy, in Popular Science Monthly for March.*

An interesting reminiscence of the late Col. Burnaby appears in the *Fisherman's Courier*. He was rather fidgety in the matter of proofs, and was in a state of feverish impatience until he got them. That he did not write for literary effect may be inferred from the following. On one occasion, when a slight inelegancy of style was pointed out to him, he wrote: "You are probably right about the repetition.

I write as I talk, and do not pretend to have any style. You are not the only person who has remarked about the repetition of the word. I have let two or three people look at the proofs. They are not connected with the press, but are ordinary mortals. I call them my Foolometers. They like the book. I think they represent the majority of the reading public.

Old Bones.

"Them there is kittle stewed and these here is tank b'iled," said the foreman of a bone-boiling establishment on Long Island, pointing to two piles of old bones which had passed through the rendering process. "Them shick bones over there is shins, and them yender is bones out o' the foreleg o' cattle. Here's a lot o' shinbone knuckles, all ready for burnin'. They'll be chucked in with that pile o' ribs, skulls, and miscellaneous j'ints ye see in the corner, and all made into boneblack. The burners would like to have the best quality of bones for their use, because they get more charcoal out o' them than they kin out o' the common bones. The boneblack they make they sell to sugar refiners, and this big heap o' ribs and skulls and odds and ends o' cattle and sheep skeletons there will jist as like as not be filterin' sugar in a few days, and some o' you fellows may be puttin' some o' the same sugar in yer coffee 'fore a week's over.

"But the best quality o' bones is shins and thighs and fore legs, and we don't waste no shins nor no thighs nor no front legs on the boneburners nor the fertilizer grinders. They can't pay more than $25 a ton for the best there is, and we can sell all the shins we kin git for $40 a ton. Thighs are worth $80 a ton to us, and every ton o' front legs we kin like fetches us $50.

"The manufacturers of knife handles, sleeve buttons, collar buttons, bone jewelry, parasol and umbrella handles, combs, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, and all that sort of things that bone kin be used in, buy all these parts o' skeletons waste no shins nor no thighs nor no front legs on the boneburners nor the fertilizer grinders. They can't pay more than $25 a ton for the best there is, and we can sell all the shins we kin git for $40 a ton. Thighs are worth $80 a ton to us, and every ton o' front legs we kin like fetches us $50.

"The manufacturers of knife handles, sleeve buttons, collar buttons, bone jewelry, parasol and umbrella handles, combs, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, and all that sort of things that bone kin be used in, buy all these parts o' skeletons that the country can produce. The thigh bones is used for tooth-brush handles more than any other, and all in this country. The bones for buttons and knife handles mostly goes to Ea rope. Fancy parasol handles is turned out o' sheep's legs, and some o' the finest o' them is used for nice wood to be trottin' some old ram or ewe around the pasture lot. Sheep leg bones polishes up slicker than any other bones, and hain't so brittle as the shin bone of a cow or thigh bone of a steer.

"We collect bones all over the country. A ton o' pigeon ain't worth more than a quarter as much as a ton of the commonest kind of bones is when it is ready for the burner or grinder. The west almost fills the home market now, there's so much cattle slaughterin' done out there. The bone b'iler gits hair oil, neatsfoot oil, and sizin' glue out of his stock as he gits it ready for the market. Bones that we sell to fertilizer grinders we b'ile the meat off in open kettles, 'cause they bring just as much as if we put 'em in tight tanks and b'iled 'em under pressure. We do that with the bones for the burners, 'cause it takes out the nitrogen stick and clean and leaves the carbon, and that's what makes the boneblack.

"We git a good deal of marrowfat oil out of every full set o' shins and hoofs of a cow or steer. The liquor that's left after b'ilin' the thighs and shins makes as good sizin' glue as a paper manufacturer kin git, nowadays. We kin get enough marrow out of a cerain o' bones to stock any barber-shop with bear's grease for a month. The best bear's grease is made out o' the marrow of cold bones.

"Bone-b'ilin' don't smell very good, that's so. At least that's what everybody thinks 'cept the ones that's makin' the boodle out of it."—*New York Sun.*

The Electrical Age.

The possible applications of the principle of the electrical transmission of power, writes a contributor to the *Van Nostrand's Magazine*, are almost numberless. We shall, I believe, at no distant date, have great central stations, possibly situated at the bottom of coal pits, where enormous steam engines will drive many electric machines. We shall have wires laid along every street, the electricity tapped into every house, and the quantity of electricity used in every house registered as gas is at present. The storage battery will fill a place corresponding to the gasometer in the gas system, making the current steady, rendering the consumer independent of the irregular action or stoppages of the dynamos of the central station, and enabling the use of dynamos of the highest tension—i. e., those which produce currents of the greatest intensity. The electricity will be passed through little electric machines to drive machinery, to produce ventilation, to replace stoves, and to work all sorts of apparatus, as well as to give everybody an electric light. Solar heat will be used to run the dynamos in the cloudless regions. Even advantage will be taken of the tides and such waterfalls as Niagara are to be utilized. Is not a millennium to be anticipated when the water-power of a country shall be available at every door?

Steam, which in the last century has enabled us to bring the ends of the world, will give way before electricity. The dynamo will replace the steam engine. This perhaps is a wild and visionary, yet when steam was first thought of as an available force its advocates were considered, just as the advocates of dynamic electricity today are considered, mere enthusiasts. But public opinion never stops the march of intellect. After it had proved the power of steam to be enormous, genius never halted, but straightway went on anticipating still more wonderful discoveries in the realm of electricity.

The prophetic kin of science was happily exhibited by Dr. Lardner in his treatise on the steam engine. "Philosophy," said he, half a century ago, "already directs her fingers at the wonders of mechanical power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and many causes combine to justify the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared, and that the steam engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe will cease to have existence, except in the page of history."

To-day we are beginning to appreciate the truth of this prophecy. To-day we see dynamical electricity in the forefront of the physical sciences. The principle of the transmission of power by electricity fast approaches its realization. We are, in truth, just entering upon a wonderful age.

Of the whole population of the globe it is estimated 90,000 persons die every day, or more than one each second.