BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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

VOL. VIII, NO. 21 BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 24 1885 WHOLE NO 436

DETROIT, G'D HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILWAY.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

GOING WEST,

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

GOING EAST.

Night Express	4.30 a. m.
Holly express	7.10 a. m.
Steamboat express	10 55 a m.
Mail	4.00 p. m.
Evening Express	9 00 p. m.

A. B. ATWATER, General Supt.
W. J. SPICER, Manager.

GOOD GOODS!

We are trying to establish a trade on the merits of our goods. We are constantly improving on our stock and endeavoring to handle only the best and that at lowest possible prices.

Remember our drug trade is our best effort. We can be found night and day —always at the wheel.

ASHTON SALT

Matches fearful cheap. French Villa soap—(look out for the piano.)

Sugar, starch and all kind of groceries at bottom figures.

Our roasted coffee can be had twice of the same quality. We hang to the best brand.

We have added to our list a very choice line of French cream candies which we will sell at 30 cents a pound. Give us a call.

F. B. RAYNALE & Co.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our new crop of 50 cent Japan Tea has arrived and the quality is unusually fine.

As an inducement for you to try it we will give with each pound sold on Saturday next, a beautiful card sold at retail at from 10 to 15 cents. We cannot afford to continue this, as the expense is too great, but do so simply to get you to try our fine qualities of teas, believing that the goods will secure for us your future trade We will also extend this offer to all purchasers of 50 cents worth of our pure and

Fresh Roasted Coffees.

We have the only Coffee Roaster in town, and our Coffees are always the freshest and best.

Fresh Goods and Low Prices in all Lines is Our Motto.

Our Fall Stock of

WALL PAPER

has arrived, and the patterns are very fine.

Elegant Colored Glass-Ware, Mirrors, beautiful Oil Paintings, a large variety of Baskets, Book Racks, Brackets and other Fancy Wooden Articles suitable for Presents, and a large line of other Goods just in from Chicago.

COME AMD SEE US.

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

Birmingham - - Mich.

☞First Door East of Postoffice.

F. Blakeslee. V. Nixon.

OUR REDUCTIONS.

In order to make room for our Fall Stock we will sell

Men's Plow Shoes at $1 former price $1 40

Men's Canvass Shoes at $1 25, former price $1 75.

Men's serg Congress Shoes at $1 50, former price $2.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS AND WALKING SHOES AT A REDUCTION.

INSPECT OUR BOOT AND SHOE STOCK BEFORE YOU BUY.

DRY GOODS.

Best check ginghams 8c, former price	8	Best gingham chambrays 10c former price	8 12½
Best dress ginghams 10c, former price	12½	Best figured muslins 20c, former price	25
Best summer lawns 10c, former price	12½	Good figured muslins 15c, former price	20

Our line of White Dress Goods at a discount of 10 Per Cent to Close Out.

We have the best selection of Dry Goods in town and can save you money.

Our entire line of Men's and Boys' Straw Hats at cost to close out.

We have the best assortment of Men's Overalls, Cottonade Pants and Jumpers in town.

FRESH GROCERIES

always on hand and prices the lowest in town. Call and inspect our stock, as we shall make very low prices for the next 60 days. We MUST have the room for our Fall Stock.

F. BLAKESLEE & CO.,

Birmingham - - Mich.

Wants, Lost, Found, etc.

FOR SALE. The McLaughlin homestead lots on Pierce street, are left in the hands of A. Partridge for sale They will sold separately or together. Appl. to Mr. Partridge for particulars.

WANTED—A good girl for general house work Wages $2 per week. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A thoroughbred registered Patee shorthorn bull 2 years old. Will sell or exchange for sheep or young cattle. Call on or address John McGoldrick, Royal Oak, Mich. 18pd1m.

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 will positively cure

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.

General Agents Wanted

Of extra ability and experience to take general superintendency accounts, to find and start other canvasers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) IN FULL their experience, etc.

HENRY BUCKLIN & CO.,
210 Second St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The CREAM of all Books of Adventure.

Condensed Into One Volume.

Pioneer and Daring Heroes and Deeds.

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighters with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest time to the present. Lives and famous exploits of Defoe, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and others. Splendidly illustrated with 175 fine engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell.

STANDARD BOOK CO.
209 Pine St., St. LOUIS, MO. 18, MO.

Dr. Ware's Sure Cure For Hiccough.

Accomplishes what its name implies, and no multiplex is equal to it for Epinoche. A trial of one50 cent package condition powders, or a 50 cent sure cure for hiccough will produce greater results than four times the expenditure in any other remedy and convince the most skeptical of their real worth and reliability. Remember that these remedies are put upon the market, as the best in the world. They are sold by 12,000 prominent Livery, Sale, Transportation and Express stables in Chicago, Detroit and other place's For Sale by

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

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.

The Mikado.

The Trojans are on their ear.

Found, a gold ring. Inquire at this office.

Read the new village ordinance this week.

Diphtheria has closed the Farmington schools.

Stewart Opdyke of Farwell was in town last week.

Joe Stockwell and Merritt & Harris have new ads. this week.

A postal card famine has struck this P. O. but no one is to blame.

Wm. Brown will soon move into the Frink house on Saginaw avenue.

Homer Squires is taking care of the fire department horses at Pontiac.

It's a smart kid that gets into Orion and not into John A. Neal's Review.

You are a fool to blow your own horn but a greater one to toot someone else's.

An extra nice lot of box paper just received at the postoffice. Call and see it.

Thirty-eight kinds and over 1,000 tablets to pick from, at J. R. Corson, jr., & Co's.

Little Jake will soon be in Detroit to assist the Mabley company in giving away clothing.

The Pontiac Democrat is one of the newiest papers on our exchange list. Get there, Charles.

Have you sold your Bohemian oats yet? This said they are very light in weight and yield.

Miss Mattie Irving left last week for an extended visit among friends and relatives in St. Louis, Mo.

It is said Warner of Farmington will go out of the bicycle business. A bad beat takes the starch out of him.

Holly is infested with burglars and they are of the old fashioned plebian origin—not the genteel kind.

Pontiac did herself proud in entertaining the M. E. ministers at the late conference. Hospitable Ponty.

Standard time is legal time now. Set your various time-pieces back 28 minutes and see if you can't get up before 7 o'clock now.

Wm. Martin will make a short visit with relatives in Wayne county then return to his home at Reed City, having had a most enjoyable visit.

Rev. A. R. Bartlett preaches to the Marquette people the coming year. C. T. Allen goes back to his old friends at Pontiac and ditto G. W. Lowe, here.

The Pontiac papers don't enlarge to any great extent upon the recent bicycle tournament in that city. We shouldn't think they would when our boys took four first prizes.

Lists of wedding presents not being especially interesting to a majority of our readers, will hereafter be charged for at the same rate as obituary and spring poetry—10 cents a line.

Lost, between Clawson and Hiram Daniels' corners, a pocket book containing $50. Finder will be rewarded and oblige a deserving poor man by leaving it at this office.

Brick Pomery's earthly mother-in-law bodily attended the spiritual camp meeting at Orion last week. His two former m-i-l's were also there, spiritually, we suppose.

The Orion Review says that 32 "porters" of the Pontiac asylum have died of hog cholera and 110 more are sick. It's a bad place for hired help, especially porters, don't it, John?

Having decided to leave Birmingham, I will sell or rent my place of 21 acres. I also wish to sell my hay in stack. Two acres of corn standing and one acre of potatoes. Chas. Wilson.

The report that the Democrats are not satisfied with their new postmaster, Mr. Louis Storz, is untrue. On the contrary his selection as stamp slinger is said to give satisfaction to nearly all the clan.

Fisher, of the Pontiac Democrat, is right up with the times and in a recent issue of his paper gave an artistic representation of the new Catholic church of his city, the St. Vincent de Paul.

John O'Connel deserves success in his line of business. Any young man who will work all day for someone else and then shingle his own house by moonlight is bound to get there Eli, and don't you doubt it.

The Ready Helpers will meet at the residence of Mrs. O. F. Merrill on Saturday next at 2 o'clock p. m. The word for the scripture texts will be "Peace." A full attendance is desired. W. E. Irving, Secretary.

New flower pots and hanging baskets in various designs at J. R. Corson, jr., & Co's.

Read the new advertisement of Messrs Cox & Clement, the new blacksmiths at the stone shop on Maple avenue, formerly occupied by John Baldwin. They are good workmen and worthy your patronage. Try them once.

Edmund James returned last Monday from a short visit to his father at Chicago. The good Squire's health is failing quite rapidly, but he is made as comfortable as can be, being surrounded by all the comforts of life and attended by kind and loving hearts.

Headquarters for flour at the store of Whitehead and Mitchell. They keep all kinds, Pontiac Purity and Excelsior, Van Every's, Frederick & Wilde's, Toms' and the celebrated Clawson flour, and deliver the same to any part of the village.

The handsomest place in town is the grading of the street along the side of Library hall and the regular slope in front of Ed Lamb's house. When the grass grows up, if all don't agree with us, then we will say the originator of the charge don't know his business.

John Pound, at the Pontiac Beehive, in this issue announces his new fall arrivals. He says the cloaks and ladies' garments excel in variety of styles and superior finish than those of any previous year, and the ladies are invited to call early and look at them. Read his advertisement.

The military academy at Orchard Lake commenced a new school year on Tuesday of last week. One half the students are Michiganders, while nine other states, four territories, District of Columbia and United States of Columbia make up the balance of the full attendance

In the suit of Cochell vs. Shadloft George got stuck about $38 and returned the organ which he had attached for rent due him from Cochell, but Cochell proved that George had agreed to take potatoes in the ground for the rent due, so all George has to show now is a yard full of rotten murphies for $38.

Died, at his residence near Bloomfield Centre, Thursday September 17, 1885, James G. Hunter, aged 75 years. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. S. V. McKee on Saturday last, and the remains were buried at Pontiac. The deceased was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church, a staunch Democrat and respected by all who knew him.

A movement is on foot to organize a society for the purpose of passing away the long winter evenings in the entrancing game of euchre and other games of the same kin. A committee was out last week to secure members. If we knew how, and were invited, perhaps—ah—perhaps—well, we will not push ourselves ahead.

Spencer Wooster, having leased his farm to his sons, Erastus and Levi, will soon have a big auction and then move to this village and occupy his property on Maple avenue. We will venture the opinion that the boys will have a grand success, and the genial Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wooster will enjoy the rest that a long life of hard work and careful economy insures.

The D., G. H. & M. will give a special excursion to Detroit on Saturday next, September 26, to witness the great sensational race between Clingstone and Harry Wilkes, who will trot for a purse of $2,500 at the Detroit driving club park. Fare will be from Birmingham for the round trip 75 cents. Train leaves at 11.25 a. m. and the returning train leaves at 7 p. m.

Dick Darlington is a daisy. While drawing gasoline at Broughton's in the dark last Wednesday night Dick struck struck a match to see if the measure was full. It was, and the light that followed on the subject destroyed a quantity of groceries—to say nothing of Mr. Darlington's pet moustache! The fire laddies were called out, but their services were not needed.[—Pontiac Bill Poster.

Jumbo wasn't an elephant after all, but a species of the extinct mastodon. He was recently killed by a freight train while trying to save the life of a baby elephant that was traveling with him. His skin will be stuffed for some scientific institution. It weighed when ready for the "stuffin'" 1,600 pounds, and 100 pounds of salt besides other materials had to be used to preserve it.

The Rochester Era now talks scary enough to frighten the eight young men who were admitted to the deacons' orders at the M. E. conference last week. Come off, brother Fox, you ought to encourage such good steps instead of telling them about stunted salaries, only half-paid, scanty donations, etc. Though how you found it out passes understanding.

AUCTION SALE—The undersigned having sold his farm will sell at auction on the premises, one mile north and one and one-half miles west of Birmingham, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following property: Span work horses, 28 sheep, harnesses, buggy, hay, corn in shock and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms easy. David Todd. Wm. Young will swing the hammer. The date is Monday, October 5.

It is bad enough for little men to feel big, as they almost invariably do, but when a man of the length of limb possessed by our friend Will Hawley, gets to feeling awful big, his proportions rapidly approach the colossal. It was all on account of a baby boy who came just in time for dinner at Will's house one day last week, and his many friends have forgiven him for his high-minded notions already.

Fred Slocum was out last week with a 16-page Tuscola County Advertiser. It is only the fair thing to say that the mammoth affair was due to the coming of the Caro fair, which takes place there this week, and it would be both unwise and unfair to say that the Advertiser is anything at any time but a fair paper. Fred always was a blooming shrub of ambition, anyhow.

We would respectfully call the attention of the man who was "determined to lick us" last week, to the remarks of Bill Nye on the subject. He says "many people have gone across the street to lick an editor and never returned, and are now in the land where a change of heart and a palm leaf fan is all they want." Come again, Southfielder. We'll furnish the fan, but you must look out for your own cowardly heart.

A Holly merchant offered $18 in gold coin to the customer who guessed the near est to the number of beans in a glass can. The can of beans and the gold were on exhibition and many were the customers who guessed. A mean customer guessed that he couldn't wait for the cheerful fruit to be counted, so he took out a pane of glass in the rear of the store, effected an entrance and collared the coin. Nothing like being accurate about your guess-work.

The walk near J. P. Fredericks' residence has received some needed repairs, and the holes have actually been filled up, regardless of expense, with a material closely resembling the new tar and gravel walks so much in vogue. The idea seems to be to change the old and dilapidated plank to a new concrete walk, but do it so gradually that a discerning public will scarcely realize when the change was made. Enterprise, thy name is Uncle Ben.

Last week the 15th anniversary of the wedding day of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ford was celebrated in an appropriate manner by a houseful of guests, who brought many valuable and useful presents in token of the esteem in which this well known couple is held by them. The gifts make a list too lengthy for publication. All enjoyed themselves and after partaking of a good supper they wended their way homeward full of happiness and edibles.

Wm. E. Littell, and Isaac Kitchen, were candidates for the Orion postoffice, and last week the latter received his appointment. This doesn't exactly suit Mr. Littell and his friends, but while having their opinion of Congressman Winans, they accept defeat gracefully.[—Bill Poster. If Mr. Winans is criticised in and about Orion, just wait until our new P. M. gets his appointment, then Mr. W. will hear something drop from the left aspirant and his friends in this locality. Verily the life of ye congressman is beset with thorns.

Some parties whose names we are unable to learn, gave an exhibition of fast driving on our streets on Sunday evening last, which was perfectly scandalous and an outrage upon society. Just as the people were going to church and the streets were full of our church-going people on their way to the various places of worship, these poor apologies for men drove the length of the main streets with their horses on a run under the unmerciful lashes of their drivers, endangering the life and limb of many of our citizens. Such conduct is reprehensible and should be stopped.

Hear ye! and see what the Milford Times says about it: "No sensible man should get mad because a newspaper dun him for money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity, but is simply the outcropping of a publisher's necessities. For instance fifty men owe us from two to six dollars each. We have to dun them all to get enough to pay our expenses. Instead of getting angry and stopping his paper because the publisher asks him for what is honestly due, the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting on him so patiently, and pay him up promptly like a man, and in addition to arrearages, pay him a year in advance."

Below is how the Orion Review man dishes up a late Pontiac couple who were murdered—no, no,—married: "Freddie Osmun, the 17-year old youth who shipped at Pontiac the other day with May Dodge, aged 15, for a somewhat extended whaling voyage, dragged his anchor in the first squall. He took a yawl, which was anything but a 'jolly' boat, and instead of staying to hug his bride is now hugging a lee shore on the Canada coast, while the young wife disconsolately bewails his absence. Saturday last Freddie's step-pa went round and had an animated interview with the father of the bride, during the course of which he took a walk on the elder Dodge's collar and went through several other belligerent performances, much to the edification of the peace-loving denizens of Pontiac. It is charged that Mr Dodge is responsible for the unseaworthy condition of the new hymenial boat. On the other hand Freddie's pa is charged with scuttling the craft. Anyhow she is on the bottom in between 10 and 17 feet of water. Pumps and lighters are being gotten ready, and it is expected the sunken craft will be speedily raised and towed into dry-dock."

Fresh lot of sweet potatoes, bananas, nuts and candies at J. R. Corson, jr., & Co's.

Farm For Sale at Auction.

I will sell on the premises, 4½ miles south of Pontiac and 3½ miles northwest of Birmingham, on Wednesday, October 7, 1885, at 10 o'clock a. m., the place known as the Vaughan farm, with all its outfit, barns, outbuildings, etc. Good house and barns, 15 acres of hardwood timber. Everything in good order; possession given November 1. Clark Vaughan, proprietor. J. P. Foster, auctioneer. Terms made known on day of sale.

SPEC AL NOTICES.

Mrs. Furman sells newspapers and magazines and would like to increase her subscription list; also sells Seaside and Franklin Square publications.

Trimmed hats and bonnets at greatly reduced prices at Mrs. Furman's.

Ice cream Saturday afternoons and evenings at Mrs. Furman's.

Detroit Bread 5c per loaf at Mrs. Furman's.

THE VILLAGE COUNCIL.

An ordinance to provide for establishing and building a sidewalk on the west side of Chester street in the village of Birmingham, Mich

Be it ordained by the village of Birmingham, Mich:

SECTION 1—That a sidewalk shall be constructed on the west side of Chester street, commencing at Mill street and continuing south to North street, to be built on the same grade as the one now existing.

SECTION 2—Said walk shall be six feet wide and be constructed of good sound two-inch pine plank, laid crosswise on good sound scantling not less than four (4) inches square laid lengthwise of the line of said walk on not less than three by three scantling. Each piece of plank shall be securely fastened to each scantling with not less than twenty-penny nails, and all work done in a good and workmanlike manner, subject to the supervision of the village marshal.

Made and passed by the common council of the village of Birmingham, this 15th day of September, 1885.

GEO. E. DARNES, Clerk. IRA SLADE, President

On motion the council adjourned.

Chronic Fault Finders.

Is there a creature on earth that can so effectually make themselves unhappy and every one around them as the fault finder? They are always around and equipped for their share of the battle of life, and in their own home in every household they enter. Every entertainment, in the most beautiful landscape scenes, and even in the air we breathe and the heavens above, the dark shadow from their ill-organized brain is cast over everything their eyes behold. They come to visit you and do not hesitate to express, either by word or look, that they think you are no house-keeper; that you do not manage your husband as you ought, and you allow your children to run over you altogether too much, and if they had the management of that girl of yours they would make her do different, or know the reason why. And in all their day's visit, if there is anything they do enjoy, they are very careful not to let you know it, for it is so contrary to their principles.

Under the influence of such a person, all the evil in you rushes to the front like soldiers to battle, and by the time they take their departure you are in a suitable frame of mind to kick the dog and cat, discharge the hired girl and quarrel with your husband. Of course you are sorry and ashamed and do not realize what has raised such a cyclone in your naturally cheerful temper. Your nerves have been strung to their highest tension under the influence of that unhappy being that will never be satisfied. If you attend a wedding where they are, and as far as you can see everything is nice and pleasant, they will remark "She did not get any very nice presents, did she?" and "what was she married in that cheap silk for? Muslin would have been so much nicer." And if the table was loaded with nice things, they would find that one of the fruit cakes was so rich they could not eat it. Such people want to go everywhere, but they never enjoy themselves. They want more attention than others; they feel the least slight, and are grieved and offended if you speak half as plainly to them as they do to you; they never show love or appreciation to others, nor can they receive enough to satisfy themselves; to gratify self is the motive power of their lives; they do not care at whose expense or inconvenience. With them the end justifies the means, and self their car juggernaut rides on over the feelings, hopes and plans of all who are so unfortunate as to be connected with them.

"Show them a picture and like the needle of the pole, their eyes fly to the one flaw among the one hundred perfect and beautiful points, and the pleasure felt in showing it, receives a shower bath at once. They are always wondering why no one tries to please them, or is willing to do for them what they do for some one else. If they could only realize as others do that never a word of praise or thanks for service rendered passes their lips, never a look that they are in the least gratified, they would have the key to the mystery.

People who are hard around for work that promises no reward. The fault finder's countenance faithfully portrays the inward feeling. There is a drawn expression about the mouth, a wrinkle to the nose and a glare in the eyes that gives you the preface to their character at once. If you try to accommodate them they will take it as a matter of course, and only inquire why you did not do it sooner, or in some other way or for some one you thought more of than did of them. If you call on them they will welcome you by asking why you didn't visit such a one first. "You always go there twice where you come here once." They keep you in a nervous chill for fear you will let a fly in through the screen, or misplace a chair, or mar the oilcloth. And as you depart you shod yourself through the screen door at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and with a final start you go away hating yourself and all around you.

Woe to the church that is afflicted with a fault finder! Every time there is a little trouble they threaten to call for a letter; they have put up with such work just as long as they can; if the Sunday school decides to have a picnic they are disgusted that they did not have an excursion, and yet you ask them what is best to do and they will say "do what you have a mind to, and then no one can blame me if things don't turn out right." If the minister calls upon them they will tell him just exactly how that last row began, and that they are about tired and sick of trying to work in the church, the members all act so, and are so afraid of going down in their pockets to do something for the poor, and if they had behaved themselves and kept Mr. So-and-so to preach, they would have been more interested, anyhow. If the fault finders could only see their work of destruction!

I know a woman whose influence has descended to the third generation. The grandmother, mother and daughter all find fault with everything and everybody. They imagine that every move a person makes is done as a personal insult to them, for which they feel called upon to give you a piece of their mind. They are always hearing that this one said that about them, and that one said this about them, and if they don't stop they will give them something worth talking about. I hope the young especially will realize what an evil habit this is. It gives the most beautiful features an expression of suspicion, bitterness and hate that art cannot conceal. I have known women beautiful in form and feature, but so utterly disagreeable that they would drive nearly everyone from their society. There is scarcely a fault that is so daily and hourly called into use by the possessor as this one, and one that is so trying to those that live in the family with them.

Well, it takes every thing to make a world, and the merciful Lord may have a mission for even such to accomplish, but what it is, is one of the mysteries that no man by searching can find out. Christ said "the Kingdom of heaven dwells within you," but how any portion of it can dwell in a heart that never sees beauty in any of the wonderful works of God, never sees good in any of the creatures He has made in His image, never sons to praise and be thankful for any of His mercies or benefits daily bestowed, is beyond my comprehension. Is there any of that love that hopeth all things, endureth all things, believth all things, is there any faith in the promise of Him who hath said "I will never leave nor forsake thee, Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear, I will surely hear thee, Let not your heart be troubled, Ask and ye shall receive, Seek and ye shall find, Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ, Be ye holy in all manner of conversation, and not busy bodys in other men's matters?" Just imagine the fault finder passing through the valley of the Shadow of Death. If it can be that such a one can enter in where all is love, joy and peace, methinks they would caution the redeemed ones at once not to slam the gate as they passed into the eternal city. They would first inquire if such a one was in heaven. "Oh, yes, they are waiting up higher in the shadow of the tree of life to welcome you." "Humph! I guess if they were very anxious to see me, they could have come to the river and to meet me." By the way, is that one of the pearly gates I just passed through? It is an awful old looking affair—Oh, there is neighbor So-and-so. She looks awful smiling, but I shan't speak unless she does. Why, this can't be the tree of life. I thought it was covered with beautiful flowers. It seem the leaves are only used for the healing of the nations. I am sure if they never get healed, it would not hurt me now. Got to cross that river before we get to the throne? Probably get my robe wet and and would not look fit to be seen. Well, over at last. The glare of those golden streets nearly blind me. What are all those dressed in white shouting hallelujah for? I can't hear my self speak. I would be much obliged to them if they would not wave those palms so near my face. Oh, is that the great white throne? "Yes, is it not beautiful?" "Yes, but I thought it was higher and whiter. See what a litter they have made where they have cast down their crowns. Why don't they pick them up nice and smooth behind the throne?" Thus in heaven would these miserable persons act if they were permitted to enter. My friends, I do not say these things irreverently, but that we may fully understand how unfit such a disposition is to enjoy, even in the glories of that home above. How absurd to think that such a spirit could be satisfied with what the Great Giver has provided for them there, when they never enjoyed or appreciated what he bestowed upon them here. Is there lurking in our hearts any of that selfishness or ingratitude? Let us seek the grace of God that can fill our souls to overflowing, that the kingdom of heaven may indeed be begun within us, and that we might be filled with the love of God being shed abroad in our hearts by the holy ghost, which is given unto us. Oh, that men would turn to the Lord, and seek peace through the blood of his cross, and receive a new heart and speak of his mercies. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men, and love one another as He hath loved us.

By one who is not faultless, but trusts the Lord.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "Quite unexpectedly to the world at large, the announcement is made that General John A. Logan has a book of war experiences ready for the press. The chances are that it will be a very interesting work. It will probably, in some important issues of fact, take General Sherman's "Memoirs" to task. Logan has rested quietly for ten years under what he considers the injustice done to him by Sherman. He is especially sore about Sherman's account of the battle of Atlanta, in which he ascribes very little of the credit to Logan, he believes to be due him. If he writes as he feels on this and other subjects pertaining to the war in the sentiment, the book will create a good deal of controversy."