FINE JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN OAKLAND CO.

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

VOL 13 NO. 29 BIRMINGHAM OAKLAND COUNTY MICHIGAN THURSDAY NOV. 13, 1890 WHOLE NO 653

DETROIT, G'D HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILWAY.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

To take effect October 12, 1890.

GOING WEST

Morning Express	7.42 a m
Mail	11.00 a m
Grand Rapids Express	5.15 p m
Chicago Express	8.41 p m
Night Express	11.35 p m

GOING EAST.

Chicago Express	6.58 a m
Detroit Express	11.19 a m
Mail	3.15 p m
Evening Express	8.00 p m

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

WATKINS STOCK FARM,

One half mile west of Birmingham.

Stallions for Service

Altimo 2nd. F m, large active chestnut, very fast. Perfection at the unprecedented low price of $10 to insure. See him before engaging your mares elsewhere.

Prince Peerless. Beautiful three year old Kentucky Pony. Height 46 inches; weight about 500 pounds.

Pair of fine DRAFT MARES for sale.

Duke of Ravenna. The great St. Lambert Jersey Bull. Price of service has been reduced to $2 for common cows.—$10 for registered Jerseys. The more Jersey blood the more butter.

Service fee invariably in advance.

Swine. Registered small Yorkshire, Victoria and Poland China Boars. Service fee $1; payable at time of service. Some choice sows for sale.

Poultry. Rose comb brown Leghorns, rose comb white Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and Mammoth Light Brahmas. Choice birds for sale.

E. S. CHAMBERLAIN, Foreman.
A. B. CARPENTER, Ass't.

Call at the farm.

G. A. WATKINS,

Moffat Building, Detroit, Mich.

L. F. BALDOCK, V. S., V. D.

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College at Toronto.

Located at Birmingham and wishes to announce to the farmers of the vicinity that he is ready to treat all diseases of domesticated animals, whether acute or chronic. Office at Ford's Livery stable where he can be found at all hours. All calls promptly attended to and at reasonable rates.

L. O. TROWBRIDGE AUCTIONEER, Pontiac, Mich.
Terms reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. At office, opposite court house, every Saturday. jy

JAS. H. HATHAWAY FARM ACCOUNTANT. Lives on the town line three miles north of Birmingham. Will attend to farm sales very reasonably and guarantee satisfaction. P. O. address, Birmingham. 35

MISS JENNIE PECK,

TEACHER OF PIANO.

Residence on Maple avenue, near depot, Birmingham, Mich.

Will give instructions in instrumental music at her home to suit the convenience of her pupils. Reasonable rates. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Birmingham Presbyterian Church.

REV. A. MARSH, PASTOR.

Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Young People's Meeting Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

All who are not identified with other churches are invited to join with us.

Birmingham Baptist Church.

(The little church around the corner.)

Sabbath services: Preaching by the Rev. C. C. Miller, pastor of Pontiac church, who will preach here until further notice at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 4 p. m. Prayer conference and bible study each Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, conducted by Mr. Miller. All are cordially invited. Seats free. tf

Methodist Episcopal Church.

REV. W. C. CLEMO, PASTOR

Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

Troy and Southfield U. P. Churches.

REV. A. HOOKER, PASTOR.

Sabbath services: Preaching at Troy at 10 a. m., Sabbath school at 11.30 a. m. Southfield Sabbath school at 1 p. m.; preaching at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7.30 p. m. You are cordially invited.

Ladies' Library. Corner of Merrill and Hunter streets. Open on Saturdays from 3 to 5 and from 6.30 to 7.30 p. m.

Wants, Lost, Found, etc.

SHINGLES FOR SALE CHEAP.—I take this opportunity to inform the public generally that I shall in the future keep a nice large assortment and stock of shingles to which I invite your attention. I will guarantee prices and quality to compare with any. Patronize me. Call and inspect and compare my stock with others. S. Jarvis, Baker St., Birmingham. im

FOR SALE—Four lots northwest corner Pierce and Fremont streets, 1½ story house thoroughly renovated, new additions, newly papered and painted throughout; water from Waterworks, cistern, barn. Would sell house with two lots. Price and terms reasonable. Call on Whitehead & Mitchell or T. Langley.

$50--$75 Per Month

And Expenses, TO SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN, soliciting orders for a full line of Nursery Stock. Commission given when preferred. All stock guaranteed first-class and true to name, and can be examined before paid for. Thirty years experience in the business and reputation fully established. Special terms to new men for the best thirty days. No experience necessary. Write at once for terms, (stating age).

R. G. CHASE & CO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CAN

Anyone wonder what has become of Mrs. L. Sawyer's Ladies' Bazaar? She is very nicely located in the Ellis House, (so called), near the depot, where

YOU

can find her superintending the finest NEWS DEPOT that ever was in Birmingham. All the Papers, Magazines, etc., kept constantly and all who can

READ

can be supplied. Call and see a nice stock of Millinery and Notions. Everybody made welcome. MRS. L. SAWYER at Ladies' Bazaar, Ellis House, near depot.

Dress Goods, Flannels, Blankets,

YARNS AND HOSIERY

New Stock Just Received

AT

Frank Blakeslee's,

Birmingham, Mich.

V. NIXON & CO.

OIL PANTALOONS

Have just received a full line of Men's Jersey Overshirts from $1 to $2. Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear. Men's, Ladies' and Children's Caps. Skirts, Fawn Cloth, Tweeds, Nun's Veiling, Cotton Flanel, 6c to 10c. Crashes, Furniture Plush, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Curtains, Stamped Goods, Coventry, Shetland, Saxony, Spanish and German

KNITTING YARNS.

A full line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. Plain and Fancy Ticking. A complete line of

Boots and Shoes

at prices that defy competition. Fresh Groceries every week.

Yours respectfully,

V. NIXON & CO.

HOME NOTES.

Sorry for Sly.

Quite a shower.

Jersey shirts, $1 each, at Nixon & Co's.

Hamilton, the artist, pulls up next Tuesday.

We are awful glad, now, to think that we never did dabble in politics(!!!)

Your last chance for photos this week. J. R. Hamilton.

The date fixed for the masquerade is January 23, 1891.

Men's buckle artics, $1 per pair, at Nixon & Co's.

When are the grounds in front of the water works to be graded, trees planted, etc.?

Miss Jennie Clift, of Pontiac, visited friends in town the latter part of last week.

Men's wool lined Alaskas, 75 cts. per pair, at Nixon & Co's.

Do you remember the blue cross? Well, it is in elegant repair and will show up in good shape in the near future. Wouldn't it be a good plan to brace up, pay your dollar now, get a guess on the pumpkin, run a chance of getting a new sewing machine, secure a continuation of the visits of this great moral engine—and be happy?

We must apologize to our friend Anderson, the live artist of Pontiac, for saying that he takes 1 dozen cabinet photos and 1 life size photo for $1." We should say that he takes them for $6, which is everlastingly too small a price then for the magnificent work that he is now turning out.

James Hill having rented his farm 2½ miles west of Royal Oak, called the "Bob Brown farm," will sell on the premises on Saturday, November 22, at 10 o'clock a. m., a good number of blooded horses, wagons, buggies, farming tools, etc., etc. Everything in good repair. See posters. Terms very easy. Amos W. Decker, auctioneer, James Hill, proprietor.

Now Bay City has a new game. The ladies of one of the churches are to pay $1 each into the missionary fund, and that dollar must not come from the husband of the giver. They tell in the entertainment that follows how they obtained the money. There will probably be some cheerful lying done, but it will make subjects for gossips for several days to come. They call the new game "Experience."

The Exchange Bank is rejoicing over a constantly increasing business. Keeping everlasting at it brings success. They pay 4 per cent. interest on time deposits and that is vastly better than keeping it in the house as a temptation to tramps and sneak-thieves. Remember that the bank closes promptly at five o'clock.

The attention of parties wishing an excellent opportunity to secure a tract for platting in this thriving village, is called to the new advertisement of Alex. Hutchinson in another column this week. It is good land, under a fine state of cultivation, and is within a few minutes walk of the depot and the business portion of the village. Look it up.

Better insure your house so those hot fires which you will need this winter will cause you no uneasiness. The old and established companies are the best to get your policies in, and there are none better than the Sun fire office of London and the Phœnix of Hartford. There are none better, and they cost no more than any other first-class company. Do not insure with any company until you call at the Exchange Bank for full particulars.

They say that the Democratic party is refusing to take any more members into the party they are too numerous, you know,—all full. Well we should judge that they were all "full" by the way they acted last Friday night. "Partridge and the rest of the boys", went to the city and painted said city a bright vermillion, aided and abbetted by Don Davis, Prof. Fitch and other Pontiacers.

Last Thursday saw the departure of a jolly gang of hunters for the merry, green woods of Alcona county where they will endeavor to forget the vicissitudes of political life, or glory in the Democratic victory as the case may be. The party consisted of Messrs Ed Fosdick, M. G. Jones, Al Richardson and Dan Bassett, and they expect to have a right good time whether they capture any venison or not.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are warned not to use fire-arms on my farm or to trespass on the same. Any violation of this will be prosecuted according to law.

3 J. F. RUNDEL.

Dated, November 11, 1890.

EPOCH.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store. 6

Wanted immediately three or four men to ditch and put in tile on the G Howard Barns' farm near the 13 mile road on the gravel. Call on M. Hollister on the premises, who will oversee the work.

At the alumni meeting last Friday night the following officers were elected: President, Ed Smith; vice president, Grace Camp; secretary, Anna Sibley; treasurer, Tom Cooper; executive committee, Burt McHenry, Mrs. A. Parks, Ellen Cooper, Emily Adams.

The depot agent, G. F. Aldrich, is spending a few days with friends in Genesee and Kent counties and expects to visit the "wicked city" during the fast stock show. Mr. H. Miller the company's relieving agent occupies the office during his absence.

It is safe to assume that not many persons are acquainted with the legal fact that any person who mails a letter ordering a lottery ticket or sends a postal card relating in any way to a lottery is liable to imprisonment for 18 months or to be fined not exceeding $500, or both.—Ex.

Do you remember the blue cross? Well, it is in elegant repair and will show up in good shape in the near future. Wouldn't it be a good plan to brace up, pay your dollar now, get a guess on the pumpkin, run a chance of getting a new sewing machine, secure a continuation of the visits of this great moral engine—and be happy?

Men's Rubbers, 45 cts. per pair, at Nixon & Co's.

John Rainey is home again after a most enjoyable hunting and fishing trip in the wilds of Canada.

Ladies' Rubbers, 25 cts. per pair, at Nixon & Co's.

For sale or will exchange for a cow a good farm horse. Inquire of Geo. A. Johnson on Arthur Ford's farm in Troy.

Mrs. Harbison is recovering from her recent severe injuries in a manner very satisfactory to her friends.

Sick headache is the bane of many lives this annoying complaint may be prevented and cured by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pellets.

George Billings has moved into the house on Willits street formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee.

Lost, a silver handle from an umbrella. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at Whitehead & Mitchell's. Mrs. R. Willits, Birmingham.

Three applications for water on Tuesday last. Dr. Campbell, John Rainey and Arthur Blakeslee.

Ed Jarvis, our foreman, made a brief trip to Bay City and Saginaw last week but is now safe home again in the bosom of his family.

Some beautiful photos of Sault Ste. Marie are on exhibition at this office, owned by W. C. Jenks.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the residence of Mrs. Aken, Friday afternoon, November 14. By order of the president. Mrs. S. C. Mills, secy'y.

A large and elegant flag staff designed for the military academy at Orchard Lake, attracted considerable attention on Friday morning last. It was en route from Detroit, and was in three sections drawn by four horses.

Pimples, boils and other humors are liable to appear when the blood gets heated. The best remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

Mr Hamlin has just put out seventy nice elm trees for the Cemetery Association. Anyone wishing trees should see these and the thorough manner in which they are planted.

Maria Pittinger died Friday, October 31, 1890, at Shawnee, Kan., aged 80 years. Deceased was an early settler of Royal Oak and well known by the old residents of that town.

The B. D. C. give their next hop at National Hall, Thanksgiving evening. The club are making extra preparations for this dance and a good time guaranteed to all who attend.

Hon. D. M. Esty, of Owosso, has plans for a new building there which will be 250x80 feet and give employment to 125 men. Owosso pays a bonus of $8,000 to help the thing out.

An interesting letter from Julian Leet, an article about children and other interesting matter unavoidably crowded out this week. It will appear in our next issue.

Now is the time to agitate the question of a thoroughly competent and well organized fire department. Sam Mills would be an excellent captain and we hope to see the boys out for practice, before the snow flies.

Next Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m. A. Partridge, administrator of the Marshal estate at Royal Oak, will sell at auction all the real estate belonging to the late Mr. Marshal. Don't forget the day and date.

Anyone intending to buy an organ for Christmas and want to save $15 on a $50 organ can make that saving by calling on Whitehead & Mitchell, who have a brand new organ worth $50 for $35 and will give time if necessary.

Miss Sarah Hanna has opened a new millinery and fancy goods store in the old meat market building where she will be pleased to meet all her friends and the ladies of this vicinity and have them inspect her stock of brand new goods.

All persons who are fond of easy riding will find it to their advantage to read the change of ad't for Morgan W. Randel in this issue. Morg is agent for the Lewis Cart Company and the way he sells their vehicles is a caution.

A VOICE FROM THE OCEAN.

On Board Steamship Pomeranian in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, October 7, 1890.

Editors Eccentric.

DEAR FRIENDS:—When I sent you a sketch of my voyage across the Atlantic, I expected to send you an occasional account of my wanderings in the old world, but I very soon found that in order to cover all the ground I had mapped out to see, I had to make the most of my time, day and evening, leaving me but little to write, except an occasional letter to my family, and to keep a careful daily memorandum, which I have done, concerning points visited in England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, France and Shetland. I thought, however, you might like to know something of my homeward trip across the sea.

At 4:30 the afternoon of Oct. 14, I found myself up in a balloon, 15 00 feet above the great and beautiful city of Paris, and while up there with one of the most beautiful views my eyes ever rested upon spread beneath my feet, what do you suppose I wanted most, I will tell you, I wanted the earth, or at least I wanted to get my feet on it. I wanted to be home, and as soon as I was safely landed on terra firma, I made the best time I could Calais, thence acre a to Dover, thence through England and Scotland to Glasgow.

By noon of the 18th my cargo of Shetland ponies were all on board, also my select pair of Scotch collies. At 2:15 the the steamer loosed her moorings and the pilot boat started with her down the river Clyde, I had some business yet with the steamship company, which after finishing, I took the train for Greenock, some twenty miles down the river, where the pilot boat left the steamer and came ashore for the ship's purser and myself, and at 4:00 we walked the plank on board the pilot boat and in a few minutes ran alongside the great iron steamship, went aboard of her, and were soon on our way to Montreal. It was a most lovely day. Soon after leaving Greenock, we came into the Firth of Clyde, down through which we sail as the day fades into a beautiful twilight and that, into the darkness of night I had been too busy during the day to stop for dinner, and therefore did ample justice to supper on the ship. The dining room accommodates twelve persons, and opening off the dining room are four state rooms, which will accommodate three persons in each room. I have one of these rooms and as there are no other first class passengers I have the dining room to myself during the day, except at meal time, when I dine with the officers, consisting of the captain, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th mates and the purser. They are all Scotchmen, well up in their profession as seamen, and a good sturdy lot of men. The crew consists of fifty men, and there are about thirty eight steerage passengers, making a total of ninety five men on board. The ship is built of iron, is three hundred and ninety feet long and forty-eight feet wide and has a registered tonnage of twenty eigth-hundred tons and is largest of the Allen Line, and is engaged largely in carrying cattle from Montreal to Glasgow, carrying nearly nine hundred at a load. She burns on an average of fifty tons of coal per day, taking on fourteen hundred tons at Glasgow, for the round trip, her best speed being about twelve miles an hour. During the night we sail south through the Firth of Clyde, then west through the North Channel, and about four o'clock Sunday morning, pass Innistrahlen, an island on the north coast Ireland, which is the last point of land to be seen until we reach the other side of the Atlantic. It is a fine day and we are sailing along at a good rate of speed. After breakfast I went below to see how the dogs and ponies were coming on, found them all right, but my man "Friday" is seasick, so I have the work to do today, with my ponies, dogs and my man "Friday," I am reminded of "Robinson Crusoe." I hope however, I will not find myself wrecked on an island, for I would rather get to Birmingham than any island on earth.

Monday the 20th, everything passes pleasantly, it being a fine day we made good time. I have the work to do as poor "Friday" is sick, so sick, that he does not move when the dogs run over him. He says it is a serious matter, is worse than being drunk, and wishes I would terminate, one way or the other feeling sure attending those forty seven ponies and taking care of the dogs is more pleasant than being seasick, so I care for the menagerie and let him do the seasick act. My third dog is a little maltese terrier, brought from the island of Malta, and sent to my little girls by a lady friend in London.

Tuesday the 21st, I awoke about six o'clock and the wind was blowing a perfect gale, I had left the port-hole open, the evening before being so pleasant. It is over about the middle of my bed, and as it was not cold, I was not heavily covered, and as I lay listening to the howling winds, and the wild waves dash ing against the ship, thinking of home, while being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," one great wave larger than the rest came dashing over the deck, I found a few gallons of sea water in my bed, Oh! Oh! where, did you ever see a man get out of the top berth of a steamship, quick, without thinking how or where he was going to alight? as I finally when gathered up and holding on to the door knob sees two streams of water trickling down the legs of his pantaloons, which he has left hanging on the wall, well, that was, me! you think that was fine! I do not, and language fails to depict the peculiar feeling, either of body or mind, that I experienced just at that time, so I will leave you to draw on your own immagination, but you will be unable to do the occasion justice then, I assure you it was no especial amusement. I got matters in the best of shape I could, put on a new suit of clothes and came out to breakfast as serene as if I had not taken a sea-bath in bed. This is the first sea-bath I ever had without expense, and really this was not, as it took a couple of shillings to seal the mouth of the bed room steward, and thus save me from the jibes of the officers during the rest of the voyage.

The storm was about at its worst at 9:30 and while I was down taking care of the animals, a heavy sea rushed over the forward deck, and sent several bushels of water down the hatchway where I was at work, but fortunately I escaped getting a second uncalled for bath that day. The sea was very heavy all day but not enough to be considered dangerous. A storm at sea by daylight, and especially if in a good staunch ship, is a sight well worth the seeing and surely never to be forgotten.

Oct. 22, I was awakened before six by the dashing of the heavy spray against the window of the port-hole in my room, having made up my mind that it was not healthy to sleep with port holes open in stormy weather, I had kept it closed and saved myself from trouble and vexation of spirit. About 2:30 this morning we met one of this company's ships bound for Glasgow, the first ship sighted on the voyage. I arose a little earlier than usual, and as the ship was pitching heavily, I went out to the bow to notice by the water mark, how much the rise and fall was in a heavy sea. Her highest water mark is 27 feet and in rising would uncover her 10 foot mark and in going down the water would rise about 13 feet above her 27 foot mark, making the rise and fall about 30 feet. I had noticed this to my satisfaction and at the risk of getting a little spray over the bow, and was admiring the sight, when she seemed to pitch down farther than usual, and a heavy sea struck her bow drenching me thoroughly despite the remarkable time I made to escape it. The two officers on the bridge had been watching me, knowing what I was very liable to get, and they have not gotten over laughing about it yet. Another suit of clothes made me all right, but I have ceased to care about fresh air at night, and have lost my inquisitiveness by day. By ten o'clock the storm was at its worst, very often dashing over the ship's bow. At 3:00 p. m. a few patches of sky appeared, the storm gradually grew less and by eight o'clock the wind had subsided, leaving, however, a heavy sea. At 4:20 p. m., we sighted the steamer Aramanthe of the Donaldson line bound for Glasgow. We are about in mid ocean this day.

Oct. 23, still a strong head wind and heavy sea, but not enough to be unpleasant. About eight o'clock sighted a steamer too far away to learn her name. It is a pleasant day and my sick man has made up his mind to live and begins to eat a little. He has a poor opinion of the sea and will be glad to get on shore.

Friday, Oct. 24, The most lovely day I ever saw at sea, clear, fine weather, and pure, cool, bracing air. Met two steamers bound for Glasgow. Spent most of Friday reading and enjoying the sea air and retired before nine o'clock.

Saturday, Oct. 25, Our fine weather nearly gone, rained in the morning, soon cleared up and then became foggy. Run very slowly during the afternoon and by 4 p. m. fog was so thick we had to stop running and blow whistle every minute to warn other ships of our location. We headed ship seaward and stayed there all night.

Sunday, Oct. 26, At 7:30 the fog lifted a little and we ran a few miles but by nine o'clock settled down thicker than ever and we were obliged to stop again and then we had to stay the livelong day, a day of great suspense and anxiety as by drifting with the sea the night before our reckoning was partially lost. Knew we must be near the Straits of Belle Isle, which is our entrance in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Soundings indicated that we were not far from land. We could not find our coveted land mark during the day and dared not move much for fear of stranding. Several "fog scoffers" appeared during the day. They are similar to a rain bow only devoid of the bright colors. They are caused by the sun shining through a dense fog. As the night came on the fog lifted a little and we moved on very slowly anxiously watching for the Belle Isle light. I went on the bridge with two of the officers at 7 o'clock and while running very slowly at 9 minutes of 9 the watchman on the bow called ou', "a light straight ahead, sir!" It was Cape Bauled light on the New Foundland coast, being on the other side of the Straits of Belle Isle, about 15 miles south of Belle Isle light. Knowing now just where we were and the fog not very dense we headed for the straits and went on our course. Fog hugged in mid ocean is not pleasant but fog bound near land, reckoning lost so you do not know where the land is, near ice bergs, and in line of other vessels, is an experience I do not want again.

Monday, Oct 27, a heavy storm of wind and rain set in in the early morning and by eleven o'clock the Gulf of St. Lawrence seemed bound to show us that the ocean had no monopoly of heavy winds and rough seas. The wind blowing the same direction we were going, we put up full sail and ran at a rapid rate all day and until about midnight when we came into a dense fog and we ran slowly and cautiously until morning.

Tuesday, Oct. 28, found us in a heavy fog, not enough, however, to entirely stop us from going on slowly, whistling every four minutes. At 11:20 the water changed color and appearance and the order was given to cast the lead (which was to measure the depth of the water) and before the order was executed land was seen over the top of the fog square ahead of us and only a few rods away. Five minutes more and the ship would have been on the rocks. The engines were immediately reversed and the momentum of the ship was finally overcome and slowly she began to move backward and as soon as sufficient distance was gained she was turned around and steamed back into the gulf about four miles and there we stopped. We could do nothing but lay still and sound the alarm until the fog lifted so we could learn where we were. After dinner I went on the bridge with the two officers on duty and at 9 minutes after 3 the wind began blowing, the fog disappeared and we went on our way. We were lying about three miles off the coast of Canada. The wind kept rising and at 4:30 it was blowing a gale and the sea was boisterous and heavy. This, however, is amusement compared to the uncertainty and danger of a fog. The wind continued without abatement until nearly morning.

Wednesday, Oct. 29, another ship, the Grecian, belonging to the same line, running from London to Montreal, was sighted near us at 4 p. m. yesterday and each has been running at best speed all night and since daylight this morning (29th) it has been a dead race. Every steamship must take a professional pilot at a place called Farthest Point, who takes the captain's place and directs her to Quebec. Each ship was doing her best to reach this place first, leave her papers and get her pilot first.

At 10:29 we reached the little boat that had rowed out bringing two pilots. The other ship was only about half a mile behind us. We took one pilot and in a very short time the other was aboard the Grecian. The men who brought the pilots took our telegrams and had them sent to our friends, it having been eleven days since we started on the voyage. For four nights the captain has not been in bed and when the pilot relieved him he was completely exhausted. He is a competent, careful navigator, but when for considerable time one cannot see sun, moon or stars, nothing but a fog so thick that you can see no more than a hundred feet from the ship, being drifted by the waves and carried around by currents, no man on earth can tell the exact whereabouts of his ship. I admired and pitied him. The ships of this line carry no insurance and I had no insurance on my ponies. Of course I have my own life insured, so I had no anxiety about that, but I did not want to have five thousand dollars' worth of ponies and two of the finest collies I could find in Scotland converted into fish food, and my widow get no compensation. I think the danger is mostly past for now, 3:30 p. m., the 29th, we are sailing smoothly along up the great river St. Lawrence with the snow-covered hills of Canada on either side. Our partner in the race of last night and this morning has dropped back and is about four miles in the rear. It is a clear, sunny day and the first for a long time in which we have had neither wind, rain or fog. This is a grand, great river, compared to which our beautiful Detroit river is quite small. It seems strange to think that a portion of the water over which we are sailing only a few days ago came past Detroit on its way to the sea. My journeyings in the old world were very enjoyable and instructive, though the shortness of my time compelled me to make pretty hard work of it in order to see and learn all I could. I hope to be able at some future time to give you some jottings of the people, places and things that interested me most. Will say, however, that no one need leave Michigan, Detroit or Birmingham to find a better county, for "Go the wide world over, wherever you may roam,
You will find yourself still saying, 'there is no place like home.'"

Yours most truly,

G. A. WATKINS.

WARNING!

All persons are hereby forbidden from hunting or using fire-arms upon my premises. This includes the rail road where it crosses my farm. O. POPPLETON.

Dated Oct. 30, 1890.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A young man who wore a flash sash
Went out to see a Broadway to smash;
He fell into a pool
Out of which he pulled a fool
And that settled the flash sash's hash.
—*N. Y. Herald.*

If you offer your hand to some fair maid
As to wedding, perhaps she'll scold,
But if you offer it to a foot race
The affair's likely to come off.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.—*Boston Bulletin.*

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.—*Baltimore American.*

Druggists, however prosperous, always do business on a small scale.—*Lawrence American.*

"Jimpson's brother Tom is going crazy." "Well, he won't be very tired when he gets there."—*N. Y. Herald.*

If all the good there is in thoughts were put in deed earth would soon be a paradise.—*Florence (Kan.) Herald.*

If an ordinary man was muzzled like a flea he could throw a book about two miles.—*Indianapolis Bun's Horn.*

A race for favor in society is always exciting. More than one has been won by a neck.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The man that can't sing and won't sing deserves the sincere thanks of a musical community.—*Somerville Journal.*