The Volunteer Organist.

The gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth and uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp of low-toned rowdy style
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin;
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all sot on edge:
"This man purfanes the house er God? W'y this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters and bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories an' drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed of ol'-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet burst from the prison bars uv sin, an stormed the gates of Heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together—no soul was left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on His throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight,
An' then—the tramp he staggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew how he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

—S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.

A YOUNG WIFE'S LESSON.

"Indeed, Charley, I don't think you ought to expect it of me!"

Clara Arden stood coloring, and evidently annoyed, in the midst of her pretty little drawing room, while her husband leaned against one of the puffed damask chairs, pulling unconsciously at his long beard.

"It won't be much, Clare," said he. "Fenwick is too sensible a fellow to expect any great performances from so young a housekeeper as you are."

"That's all nonsense!" said Mrs. Arden.

"Yes, but Clare, darling"—

"There's no use in wasting any further argument on the question," said Clara, setting her lips together. "When you invited him to dinner without consulting me, you made a very great mistake."

"But what am I to do? I've asked him and there is no alternative!"

"Yes, there is. Do as other gentlemen do, and invite him to some restaurant—that is, if you must keep this headlong engagement!"

"But I never did such a thing in my life before!" said perplexed Charley.

"And I hope you never will again!" retorted Mrs. Arden, with some acerbity. "That is, so far as inviting people without any sort of forethought goes!"

The color rose to Charles Arden's cheek.

"Clare," said he, "if you had asked a dozen people here, my only thought would be how best to welcome them."

"You are not a housekeeper," said Clara, coldly, "with a sick cook and everything in disorder."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Arden, as he went out, closing the door behind him with more emphasis than was absolutely necessary.

"Men are so selfish, so inconsiderate!" she said to herself. "As if I would brave the criticism of Oscar Fenwick, who has dined at Paris restaurants, and knows half a dozen aristocratic families, where they keep men cooks and butlers and regular dining room servants. It's quite out of the question, and so Charles may as well understand first as last. If Bridget hadn't been ill with the intermittent fever, I might, perhaps, have tried to get up a dainty little dinner; but as it is, no one but a man would expect it of me."

So Mrs. Arden adjusted her pretty shining braids of brown hair in the glass, and nestled down in the corner of the sofa, to forget the wearisome trials and vicissitudes of real life in the pages of the morning papers.

It was late in the afternoon when a visitor was announced, with rather startling abruptness, by the red-armed maid-of-all-work, who was trying to supply the vacant place of the disabled Bridget according to the best of her ability.

"Please, mem, it's Mrs. Marley!"

Clara started up half ashamed of being caught in her morning robe so late in the day.

"If it was any one but you, Mrs. Marley," said she, laughing and blushing, "I should apologize for my shortcomings. As it is, you are just in time to take off your things and stay to dinner with me. I am alone to-night, and your society will be a real charity."

"Why, where is your husband?" asked the visitor in surprise.

"Dining out."

"Where?"

"I don't know. The fact is, he met an old college friend this morning, and in a burst of inconsiderate hospitality—so like a man, you know—invited him to dinner. Of course, I refused to ratify the invitation. What could I do, with Bridget ill in bed? So I told him he must take his friend to a restaurant or some such place. He assented with rather a bad grace, I must confess; so, here I am, alive."

Mrs. Marley was a pretty, fair complexioned, elderly lady, with hair as white as snow. One of those gentle, helpful, motherly sort of persons, who are invaluable to their friends. She shook her head as she listened to Mrs. Arden's story.

"Don't you think I did right?" Clara asked impulsively. "Just consider how I am situated!"

"It would have been some trouble and responsibility," said Mrs. Marley, "to superintend the preparation of such a meal as you would like your husband's guest to sit down to but I think I should have advised you to try."

"But why?"

"In the first place, as a compliment to your husband."

Clara shrugged her shoulders.

"We are old married people now," said she. "Only think, it is nearly three years since our wedding day—and all this sentimental 'billing and cooing' is worn out."

"Real sentiment between husband and wife should never wear out," said Mrs. Marley, mildly. "Depend upon it, my love, your husband will appreciate any little attention now quite as much as in the days of your engaged life. But that is not all. Let me tell you an experience of my own. I had a brother once—a very dear brother. He died of delirium tremens."

"Oh, Mrs. Marley!" Clara Arden placed a sympathetic hand in that of her friend, for she saw that the pretty old lady had grown pale, and trembled.

"Yes, my dear," went on Mrs. Marley. "He had a gay, pretty young wife, who disliked the cares of housekeeping, and it was an understood thing between them that any gentleman guests whom it fell to Clement's lot to entertain should be taken to some hotel or restaurant. Well, my dear, you know how it was. The wine flowed freely—there was no feminine presence to restrain the false idea of good-fellowship. Clement acquired the fatal habit of indiscriminate drinking, and the upshot of it all was that he filled a drunkard's grave. Perhaps I was uncharitable, but I have always thought that had his wife made her home agreeable to her husband and his guests things might have ended differently."

"But, Mrs. Marley," cried Clara, much shocked, "this is quite a different thing!"

"I do not say that it is not, Clara. I only want to warn you against the rock on which my poor sister-in-law's life was wrecked. Of what use is all our sad and hardly won experience, if not to caution others a little?"

Clara was silent for a minute or two, and when she spoke again it was on quite a different topic. Mrs. Marley stayed and dined with her off the cold joint and simple salad, and went home at about 8 o'clock.

And then came the long, lonely evening, during which Clara sat by the window, waiting and listening for every sound, nervously impatient for her husband's return.

"Of course, he is not the sort of man to drink too much," she told herself, over and over again; "but—but I am almost sorry I was so obstinate about asking Mr. Fenwick to dinner. It would not have been so very much trouble, after all, and I think Charley was vexed about it."

Nine o'clock struck—then 10—then 11—and Clara sprang up and began pacing the room in her nervousness.

"I wish he would come!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I wish he would come!"

Just then there was some disturbance in the street, and glad at all hazards to escape from her own harassing thoughts, Clara threw open the window and thrust out her head.

There was a little crowd at the corner of the street, and she could distinctly hear the jeering voices of some of the little street Arabs crying out: "It's only a drunken man! Hallo, mister, you'll find your hat in the gutter! Can't you tell where you live? Go and ask an officer!"

Clara's head turned cold as ice. Could it be possible? Was this poor, staggering creature, whose uncertain step afforded amusement to a mob of boys, her noble husband? Had he so far forgotten himself and her? And if so, at whose door lay the fault?

Nearer and nearer came the little crowd. Clara drew in her head and closed the window. She could not bear to have the dreadful possibility confirmed. She stopped her ears; she buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

"Why, Clara, little wife, what's the matter?"

It was Charley's voice—not the maudlin accents of semi-intoxication, but the full, deep tones of the man she felt she could yet honor, as well as love and obey. She looked up with a little hysterical laugh.

"Oh, Charley, I was frightened. A drunken man in the street, you know——"

"Yes. I passed him. A policeman has just walked him off to the station house. So you were frightened, eh?"

Clara's face was radiant as she turned up the low jet of gas.

"I am so glad you have come, Charley!" said she. "I have had a great many compunctions of conscience this afternoon, because I didn't make Mr. Fenwick welcome to the best I had in the house instead of sending you to a restaurant."

"We went to Lemonde's," said Charley. "The dinner was stylish enough, but nothing better than you could have given us at home."

"And, Charley," added Clara, softly, "the next time you invite a friend to dine with you, you may be certain that my welcome will be ready."

"That's my own dear little Clara," said Charley. And the hearty satisfaction in his face was a reward for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make. "A fellow likes to feel, you know, when he meets an old chum, that he has a home to ask him to, and a wife that will meet him with a smile."

"But I am sorry about Mr. Fenwick?"

"Never mind. He will be in town again one of these days, and then we'll show him what a home-made dinner is—eh, Clara?"

And Clara's smile answered him.

She had her lesson. She was not likely to forget it.—*Evening World.*

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling has, undoubtedly, taken literary London by storm, and wherever I went his name was brought up. Londoners regard him as the coming man, and the attention he is attracting will, unless he has a well-balanced head, spoil him personally and in a literary way. Kipling is 24 years old, easy going in his ways, and is made the center of every group wherever he goes. He has popular manners; and, while English women concede that he is not handsome, they allow, as one woman confided to me, that "he is striking-looking and attractive." His eyesight is against him. He is shortsighted, and at times has great ocular trouble. He bubbles over with vivacity, tells an exceedingly good story, either in parlor or at the club, and has a quickness about him that is very attractive to the listener. He does not seek especially for the approval of woman, and prefers the society of men. If he were to work steadily for the next three months every hour in the day and night it would be impossible for him to fill his orders. I know one editor who offered Kipling £100 ($500) for a short Christmas story, and the offer was declined. He writes every day, but does not allow himself to work more than five or six hours. Then he goes to the club, enjoys a good dinner, and would rather take in the theater than the swellest literary reception in London. Everybody in England concedes that he is clever. The question is: Will he last? Can he, at 24, stand his success?—*Edward W. Bok.*

Etymological.

It is said that the word "calculate" is derived from the Latin word "calculus," a pebble, as pebbles were used in early times as a means of reckoning. This is clearly wrong. As a matter of fact (as may be determined by inquiry among well-informed New Englanders) the word is properly "cacklelate" and its meaning is "to guess." It is directly derived from the word "cackle" and arose from the habit of guessing at sewing circles and quilting-bees the cost of the parson's wife's new bonnet.

When the railway across Siberia is completed, it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

SOUTHFIELD ROAD.

There is much sickness prevalent in the neighborhood at present.

Stuart Reid is not improving very fast from the kick of a horse which he received about Christmas. They had a consultation of doctors on Tuesday.

A dancing party was held a Louis Haack's last Friday night.

Alex Bell is still failing.

Louis Haack's little boy has inflammation of the lungs.

The young people gathered at Matthew Erwin's last Friday evening until the house was filled, and a very pleasant evening was passed.

Mrs. Wm. Young is in very poor health at present.

A daughter of John Stoll was buried Sunday. She died of diphtheria.

Purdy Bros. have got their new feed mill in working order.

Geo. Stoll is improving slowly.

BIG BEAVER BLIZZARDS.

Our school is in a flourishing condition.

What is the matter with all our meat wagons? Looks as though they were all fair weather peddlers.

What has become of the Gazette and Sentinel correspondents?

Dr. Ross, of Virginia, was in town recently sizing up the town with a view to locating.

The Red Ribbon Reform Club at their semi-annual meeting elected the following officers: President, A. A. Gibbs; vice president, Mrs. S. L. Robbins; secretary, Miss Carrie Bingham; financial secretary Miss Minnie Gillett; treasurer, Mr. E. W. Millard; serg't-at arms, Mr. A. C. Aspinwall; steward, Mr. Ed Lamb; organist, Miss Frankie Gibbs.

Mr and Mrs L. J. Philleo, of Chicago, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Travis the past four weeks, returned home last Tuesday. Mrs. Philleo is a sister of C. S. Travis.

The masquerade ball last Friday evening, at the hall, in point of numbers at least, was a success, the hall being taxed to its utmost to accommodate the dancers. It is surprising, however, how many people can dance all night without getting hungry, as out of over a hundred dancers only about thirty partook of the excellent supper provided by Messrs Smith and Ebling. Not much encouragement for any one to prepare refreshments for dancers in this locality.

The Red Ribbon Reform Club will give an entertainment at their hall consisting of literary and musical exercises followed by a supper, on Tuesday evening, January 27. The exercises will close with a cold water concert by a number of children under the supervision of the organist, Miss Frankie Gibbs and our popular school teacher Miss Minnie Gillett. This is expected to be the event of the season and will well repay a visit to the hall. Admission to the entertainment will be ten cents for adults, five cents for children, except small ones, who will be admitted free. The suppers prepared by the ladies, are so well known that comment is unnecessary. We hope and expect to see the hall crowded.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affliction of the throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

The number of species of humming-birds now known to exist considerably exceeds 400. The largest among them measures no more than eight and one-half inches, and the least two and three-eighths inches.

In Chili weddings are not exactly gay affairs. According to a decree of the archbishop of Santiago all bridemaids in Chili must dress in black. White gloves and veils are permitted them, but no colors are allowed.

The man thief suspects his neighbors and so bars up against them. The magpie, as though self-conscious that its own thieving habits may be imitated by its neighbors, surrounds its nest with a hedge of thorns.

The savage is like the civilized: he has his weak points. Believing himself to be descended from, and therefore akin to, his totem, the savage naturally treats it with respect. If it is an animal, he will not, as a rule, kill or eat it.

W. D. Howells' new novel is called "An Imperative Duty." It will make its first appearance as a serial in one of the Harper periodicals. A new work from Howells is one of the events in the literary world to be considered of interest.

There has been placed on exhibition at the Libby Prison museum in Augusta, Ga., among the relics of President Andrew Johnson, the old book in which he kept all of his accounts while in the tailoring business at Greenville, Tenn.

To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the wide spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds have to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, which leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet high—a waste of the very best wood.

It is the meat eaters who suffer when they go down to the sea in ships. The curious discovery has recently been made that vegetarians are never affected with seasickness. M. Ghady says that persons who have never eaten meat are proof against the poison of the most venomous serpents.

An eastern item says: Little kerosene lamps, made to fit in ordinary silver candlesticks, are in demand for rich men's tables. They are displacing candles because they give more light, don't set fire to the fancy shades, don't smoke or burn out quickly—and because they are the fashion.

A New York letter says: Certain New York firms have been trying good-looking women as bill collectors. So far the scheme has been unsuccessful. Three of the women married inside of a week and four more are engaged, while the balance sympathize with the poor fellows who have run into debt, and have not collected a cent.

There is one commendable feature about the old world—it takes time to be respectful to the dead. In Paris, when a funeral is passing, persons in view of the procession remove their hats and remain uncovered until it passes, and in London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and other important cities funerals are treated with respectful consideration.

THANKS.

We take this manner of announcing to our many friends that we are indebted to them for a prosperous year of trade and business relations—in fact we feel proud to say that the past year can be looked upon as altogether successful in every position, and we feel that we owe our success to the many friends and patrons who have made our business what it has been. We look over the past with a great amount of pleasure and in some instances know we would do differently. Who can say they would not if the past could be recalled? Wishing everybody the coming year a prosperous and happy life. We are your friends,

Whitehead & Mitchell,
BIRMINGHAM, - - - MICH.

Taking up the January WIDE AWAKE one is led to reflect that this magazine has a particularly happy and kindly way of enlisting the interest and the fancy of its readers by its Prize Competitions. Its amusing "Nonsense Animals" were enjoyed by young and old and showed that the drawing lessons at school had really trained young fingers to express ideas with the the pencil; the "Lambkin, Prig or Hero" competition was not a bad "course" in Moral Philosophy. The "Prize Anagram" competition amused thousands of readers. For 1891 Miss Rimmer's Prize Art series; "The Drawing of the Child Figure" bids fair to be of great interest to children, while the Prize "Problems in Horology," by E. H. Hawley of the Smithsonian Institution, will call forth the efforts of the students in the Latin and High Schools. The stories and articles of the January number are each excellent of their kind and are by such authors as Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Margaret Sidney, Elbridge S. Brooks, Ernest Ingersoll, Kirk Munroe, etc. WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 a year. D Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Bargain No. 44.

A fine residence, comparatively new, with eight goods rooms, bath room, china closets, etc., and a large, convenient barn. The house rents readily for $25 a month, being located on 14th avenue, Detroit, and is in one of the best residence portions of the city. Will sell for $4,000 or exchange for a good farm in this county.

Rare California Views.

Enclose stamp for catalogue. Sample of views will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents.
California Art Gallery, Santa Rosa, Cal.
(Jan 1592)

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss. At a session of the probate court for said county of Oakland, held at the probate office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 3rd day of January, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety one. Present Thomas L. Patterson, judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of William Sturman, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Mary Ann Sturman, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased.

It is ordered that Monday, the 2nd day of February next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument; and it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
Jan 8 to Jan 29.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—In the matter of the estate of George C. Hoagland, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to me granted on the 8th day of December, 1890, by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, I will sell at auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, in the township of Royal Oak, on Friday, the 30th day of January, 1891, at one o'clock p. m., all the right, title and interest, of which the said George C. Hoagland died seized, in and to the following real estate, situate and being in the town of Royal Oak Oakland county, Michigan, and more particularly specified and described as follows:

The west half of the southeast quarter of section seven, in the township of Royal Oak, Oakland county, Michigan.

ALANSON PARTRIDGE, Administrator.
Dec11toJan29

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss. At a session of the probate court for said county of Oakland, held at the probate office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 10th day of January, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety one. Present Thomas L. Patterson, judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of William Hawthorne, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Galecia C. Gibbs, the administrator, for license to sell real estate to pay debts as set forth in said petition.

It is ordered that Monday, the 9th day of February next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be appointed for said petition; and it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.
[A TRUE COPY.]
Jan15toFeb5

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, made on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1891, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Edmund L. Jennings and Laurilla Jennings, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the probate office, in the city of Pontiac, for examination and allowance, on or before the 13th day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Thursday, the 19th day of February, and on Monday, the 13th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, January 12, A. D. 1891.
THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.
ALANSON PARTRIDGE, Administrator.
Jan15toFeb5

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN
$3.00 $2.00 FOR LADIES
$2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS
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Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

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$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.
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have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

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make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

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LUTHER STANLEY, Birmingham, Mich.
(Apr9)

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COLLINS B. HUBBARD, Pres.; E. H. FYFE, Vice Pres.; EDWIN F. MACK, Cashier.

Capital paid in	$200,000 00
Surplus profits	90,000 00

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Four per cent interest is paid on savings deposits, if left three months.

Interest is credited or paid in cash the first of June and the first of December.

Deposits made on or before the fifth of the month draw interest from the first of the same month.

Certificates of deposits are issued bearing interest from the date of issue to the date of payment.

Birmingham references, M. K. Taber, Alanson Partridge, Whitehead & Mitchell.

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