Ascertain Your Weight.

A TOPICAL EXPRAIN.

In public places nowadays there stands a machine
Without proprietor or clerk to tell its simple tale;
But passers-by may read the words engraved upon a plate,
To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a moment's thought
A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most accordingly taught:
For if it be the part of man to have a boss with fate,
It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your weight."

So, if you think that politics affords you widest scope,
If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and your hope,
If you fancy that your destiny's to glorify the state,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you dream that you're an actor, and imagine you're endowed
With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the crowd,
If rock and bushin visions fill your soul with fire and glide,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right divine being
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassian heights of song,
If ballads, rondeaus, triolets, you long to indicate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only ask the chance
To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of romance,
If another Robert Elsmere you are eager to create,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a beak,
If you think that as a lover you could make a touching show,
If you deem society the field you ought to cultivate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

In short, whate'er the path to which ambition points the way
Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make essay,
For it is well that modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain its weight.

—William L. Keese, in Harper's Magazine.

THE DEATH OF "OLE JOE."

The dark, drizzling rain, lowering clouds and heavy atmospheres bring back to me so well the night so many years ago on which poor Ole Joe breathed his last. I say "Ole Joe." Such was he always called by every one, old and young, on the plantation, I really believe.

Some of the negroes never thought he was anything else than old—in other words, born old. From my earliest childhood he was always the same. Tall and slightly bent, with a shaking, rheumatic walk, grizzly hair and beard. It may have been natural, it may have been from respect to his old age, but Ole Joe was looked up to by every other negro on the place, and had a peculiar way of adapting himself to any crowd he was thrown amongst. He was a favorite with all the children, and had a knack of telling stories and gesticulating that I have never heard before or since. It may not have been what he said so much as the manner in which it was related, but certain is that all the children were firm believers in his stories, and looked upon him as something of an oracle.

For many years everything glided along peacefully, until my father's death, and then what a change. Always a kind master and good neighbor, his death was mourned by all. We had scarcely gotten over the shock when, not long after, news was brought to the house that Arthur, an only brother, had been found dead on "the big road." It proved but too true. He had received severe internal injuries, and died before help could reach him. I will draw a veil over the next few years. Many changes had taken place on the plantation, but I will tell you about the death of "Ole Joe." He had been sick and decrepit a long time, but no one had thought the end was so near. One day I was busily attending household affairs, when one of the women rushed in and cried:

"O, Miss Hattie, do for de Lord's sake come to Ole Joe. I jes know he's dyin' out thar in the field."

I rushed out where he was, and when I reached the spot he was lying on the ground. The negroes, partly paralyzed with fear, were afraid to touch him. His breathing was faint and irregular—so faint, indeed, that it was hardly perceptible. Giving orders to the men to take him into the cabin at once, I dispatched one of the darkies for a physician and hurried to the house to get restoratives. These were administered, and he had partially recovered when the doctor arrived. After remaining some time, and having given directions to Mammy Jane, who was to act as nurse, he took his departure.

Before leaving, however, he told me he thought Ole Joe's time was run, and his death was only the question of a few hours. I went over to the bed and sat down by the side of one who had ever been such a faithful friend and servant. As I sat there his eyes opened and he gazed around the room as one would after consciousness from a long sleep of illness. He looked at me, then at the negroes standing round, and I saw that he recognized all. He spoke slowly and distinctly, though with great effort. He said:

"I bin tellin you a long time I was gettin' feeble, and now I tell you that Ole Joe'll soon be gone. You've all been good and kind chillun, and I's mighty thankful. But, oh, Lordy, jes' to think that I shall soon see Marse Henry and Ole Miss and Marse Abe and all the folks I's see buried on this 'ere place." And in his weakness and excitement tears rolled down his cheeks. I gave him the medicine prescribed, which seemed to ease him, and left the cabin soon to return. News was brought to the house that he was resting, and it was just before sunrise that I went over again. There was no change, except that his voice had grown weaker, and his talk was occasionally wild and disconnected. Sometimes he thought he was in the field picking cotton. Again he was hunting the fox with "Marse Henry," and the old man would rise from his pillow with his imaginary horn. Now he was joining in one of the plantation songs, and never before had I heard his voice raised so clear. Exhausted from his singing and tasking, he fell into a stupor from which we thought he would never rally.

It was nigh onto to 10 o'clock when the doctor came. He said: "It is just as I expected; he will be dead before morning." When the negroes heard this they began to wail and bemoan as only negroes can. The women threw their arms over their heads, yelling as though some fearful calamity was at hand. The contagion soon spread from cabin to cabin, and for a while the plantation resounded with cries and lamentations. Men and women, no longer excluded from the room, flocked in to take a last look at faithful Ole Joe alive.

He seemed to regain consciousness, and spoke to them for the last time, and even at this hour I could not but notice that he spoke with the same deliberation as of old. He said: "There's one thing I want to ask. Bury me behind White Church whar nobody won't pester me." He stopped a moment and then went on: "I's mighty happy to die. Just now I saw Marser, and he say they's waitin' for me at the other side ov de ribber. I ain't never done no harm to any living critter. 'Twasn't no fault o' mine that Jim (his brother) tried to kill Jack Adams. I's always tried to do what I thought voles right, and de Lord he ain't gwyin' to give me up. I want to die, for I's lived long enough, and I tell ye I's mighty poor to do keep on when you can't help nobody, and is a burden on people's hands." Here he seemed to lose his breath, and was unable to say more when he tried to.

The death struggle did not begin for several hours afterwards. I saw that he was becoming weaker, and called in some men to prop him on his pillows. The atmosphere in the room was close, and I walked out into the cool night air. The rain, which had been falling heavily all the evening, had now lightened, and the trees, just shedding their leaves, were sighing and moaning. A dog back of the barn set up a distant howl and some others from the neighboring farm joined in. Death seemed to be in the air, and one could almost hear him creeping along. Not daring to remain longer outside, I went into the cabin again. A first glance at the bed told me that the grim monster had soon claim his own. Ole Joe was supported by two men, and his eyes, grey and glassy, were already fixed. His mouth was open and at my hand passed in front of his face. I felt his cold clammy breath. I lifted up one of his horny hands, hardened from many years labor. All around the nails was a circle of blue, and the fingers were even icy. Looking at his face, it seemed to have grown ages older since the day before. There were many wrinkles and furrows in the hollow cheeks, and the eyes staring in their sockets were sunken much. His nose was sharpened, and seemed of a different hue from the rest of his face. Happily, the struggle did not last long. His tongue turned in his mouth, one long, loud breath, and all was over.

We buried him just as he had asked, near White Church on the Avalona road, and the three big oaks sing a lovely anthem over his grave.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HE'S A NEGRO PROPHET.

And Georgia People Think His Quaint Observations Contain All Wisdom.

Smithville, Lee County, Ga., boasts a colored philosopher named John Spradler, who is known to his acquaintances by the familiar title of "Uncle." He makes a great many startling and sensational observations, some of which have been thought worthy of a place in print. Here are a few of his quaint assertions from the Louisville *Times*:

I doan know of dis worl' is a fren' to grace or not, kase I know some folks dot don't say grace at all.

De sayin' is, you mus' make hay while de sun shines, an dat's why dere's such a scarcity of hay. Folks don't like de sun, you see.

Religion is a great blessin', but sum folks have a call to plow, an' tink it is a call to preach. Dat counts for de scarcity ob farmers 'mong de colluud race.

I doan b'lieve in findin' fault wid dis heah worl', kase it's de best worl' I I was ever in, an' it's a mighty long ways to de next one.

De Bible tells de sluggard to go to de ants, but some o' dese ants would mek it too hot for him, dat he' hab to git up and hustle.

It's a long lane what ain't got no turnin', but tek care he don't turn too short and turn de wagon over. So don't drive too fast.

Dis race question is mighty easy to settle. Let de white man keep on bein' white, an' de nigger black, an' foller de mule faithful, an' quit lookin' round de kentry, an' hit'll settle jis like coffee.

When I see a man goin' home wid a gallon ob whisky and a pound ob meat I know dat dere's a pock ob misery to ebery pound ob happiness in dat household.

Dere ain't no use in grievin' over spilt milk, for ten to one de milk was half water, an' dere's plenty mo' wells in de kentry.

Edible Fungi.

As there are over 20,000 described species of fungoid growth, the proportion of those known to be useful or edible is very small, the majority being injurious—either poisonous or disease-producing in animal or plant life. The garden mushroom—*agaricus campestris*—and the field mushroom—*agaricus arvensis*—are the principal kinds cultivated for the table, although unsuccessful attempts have been made to domesticate other species. Among the edible fungi may be mentioned the boletus, the pepper, dulse and tangle, which are fased in different parts of the world; the champignon, a favorite French variety; the *agaricus melleus*, which is eaten in Austria; the great puff-ball, which is considered a delicacy in Great Britain; while the morels—*morchella esculenta*—are used in parts of Europe and in Asia, where they are also dried for winter consumption. There is a variety called the Jew's ear, which is dried in large quantities and exported to China from Tahiti. One of the most delicate of the fungi is the truffle, which grows several inches below the surface of the ground and is hunted by dogs trained to discover it by the scent. There is a variety of mushroom—the *A. muscarius*—which is believed to possess powerful narcotic properties, and which is used by the Russian peasants to induce intoxication. Medicinally, the fungi have been turned to little account. Some species of puff-ball are used by Chinese doctors, and in Burmah native surgeons prepare a styptic from a species of agaric which grows on trees; while still another variety is administered as a vermifuge.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Not Worth Counting.

In California, it is said, they have no smaller coin in circulation than a cent. People in that land of sudden fortunes and wholesale incomes can not appreciate the turning of a penny or even the chase of the "nickle spence." A San Francisco paper illustrates the contempt of Californians for pennies by the following:

"Give me silver for this, please," said an eastern tourist yesterday, as he dumped a double handful of 1-cent pieces down on the counter of a prominent money broker.

"I don't want them. They're not worth counting. I wouldn't give 50 cents on the dollar for them," was the reply. "I never took them but once, and then I had to. A fellow owed me $5 and after repeated dunns offered payment in coppers. I indignantly refused. The next day he came in, and, shoving a copper cent into my hand, asked me to give him credit for that amount upon the debt. He kept up, making a payment of one cent every morning, noon and night—three cents every day—until I accumulated a sugar box full of coppers. They're here yet and they'll stay here until some one comes along who has more time than money. I won't count them."—*Youth's Companion.*

Not Guilty.

A old negro strolled up the to window in the Kansas City, Kas., Commissioner of Registration's office the other day and made application for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked Assistant Commissioner Arnold.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree."

"No, sah, boss, no, sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work fo' sigh onto a year."—*Kansas City Times.*

BIG BEAVER BLIZZARDS.

Two weddings lately and another on the tapis. Next!

E. S. Travis returned from Cleveland, Ohio, last Friday evening.

Much interest is being manifested in the revival meetings at the M. E. church and several conversions are reported.

What is the matter with all our hucksters lately? Come, brace up boys, and don't be scared out by low prices. Make the feathers fly.

Happy is the man who can sleep under any and all circumstances, and can snore a tune even with his face full of poultry. Yes, "who lost to sight, to memory dear," etc.

Seems as tho' two dollars per thousand was a pretty small price for sawing pickets, but that is the price our miller, F. R. Lamb, charges and although he can cut from 1,000 to 1,500 per hour, at the rate the logs are rolling in he will be kept busy. People now a days appreciate energy and strict business principles.

The boys given by the B. B. D. C. this winter are becoming more and more popular, and the one to be given next Friday evening, the 6th, will be up to the standard. Music by Harry's band. Turn out and give the boys a crowded hall.

SOUTHFIELD SIFTINGS.

A little snow if you please, Mr. weather clerk.

John Nixon had a bee to draw stone recently. John contemplates putting a cellar under his house.

Charley Whiting has built a new barn.

Resolved to wait for snow no longer, George McKinney and Robert Hanna, so they are drawing logs on wheels.

Miss Cannon, of Pennsylvania, is the guest of her brother Alexander.

Caleb Jackson seems to be in hard luck now, the second teacher having resigned.

Willie Bell unloaded his load of milk a mile from headquarters one morning last week. Drive a little more careful, next time, Willie.

Arthur Young spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mr. A. Bell is very low with but little hopes of recovery.

John Kreger is staying at Mr. Mills' and for the ostensible purpose of breaking his colt.

Cully Wooster contemplates a trip to the Pacific coast in the near future.

Wm. Erity has replanked both bridges near his mills. A needful improvement.

Our new iron bridges have arrived, 30 days behind time but better late than never. When completed Southfield will be the banner town of the-county as far as bridges are concerned, and we hope they will not be, like the one recently built on the Southfield road, that the district being ashamed of it and covered it with two foot of gravel.

The grand capture of the season and in times of peace. At last "Mill" has captured a Cannon.

DRAYTON PLAINS.

This weather is bad on the ice.

The Belle Isle Co. have their eight houses filled.

Sand has been loaded at the pit all winter.

Let Earl will work the Abbot farm. It is near the Asylum.

Edward Gunn, of Detroit, has been visiting John W. Birge.

Will Leggett has classes in Oxford, Penton, Detroit and at home on the violin.

Geo. Van Campen was called to Monroe to attend the funeral of his uncle, John Flint.

The Belle Isle Company are getting ready to build three more ice houses.

Elmer Stowell will enlarge his house this coming spring.

John Judd is in California visiting his mother, whom he has not seen in 18 years.

Peter Voorhies has just received a car of corn. He is one of our best stockmen.

R. L. King and wife have just returned from a three weeks' visit to their old home on the "Hudson!"

One thousand dollars was paid out the other day to the boys who worked on the ice.

FARMERS AND GARDENERS, ATTENTION!

How would you like to grow peas for our canning factory in Detroit? We have been in business there twelve years. We will sign a contract, pay good prices and open a station near you to receive your product when ready. Address, E. G. DAILEY & CO., 14th Ave. and Grand Trunk R. R., Detroit, Mich.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box For sale by Whitehead & Mitchell.

It Wouldn's Work.

"Parson Limberlip," remarked a gentleman to whom the parson had been berating his drowsy flock, "I should think a corpse in the choir would remedy the trouble. A good blast from that now and then would keep them aroused."

"Twouldn't do sah!" returned the parson. "Dey'd git so usted to it arter er while dat in de day w'en Gab'l come to blow der resurrouterum hewn dey'd ev' jump up an' say, 'ding dat old quiah trumpet,' an' den to's ober an' go on wid de done."—Boston Courier.

Must Hold Its Own.

Society is a queer creature. It will wink at almost any sin as long as the sinner makes a reasonable pretence of concealing it. It is not uncharitable with them, but when misconduct becomes matter of record, it sometimes feels obliged to act, or abandon its own rather flimsy pretence of virtue. —Life.

CASH PRICES!

Say, Tolstoi, Where do Flies go in the Winter Time?

Old times have come again, see these prices:

20 pounds of beautiful sugar for ONE DOLLAR.

8 pounds of good coffee for ONE DOLLAR.

16 pounds fine granulated sugar ONE DOLLAR.

5 pounds of good fine cut tobacco ONE DOLLAR.

20 pounds of good crackers for ONE DOLLAR.

CASH PRICES!

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

We want you to call,

Whitehead & Mitchell.

TOWN LINE TOOTINGS.

Mr. Willetts while at his farm Saturday was taken ill and had to remain at Mr. Satterlee's. Dr. Galbraith is attending him.

Mrs. T. C. Beach and Bruce Chatfield's little girl are both quite sick.

Lena and Elmer Waugh are home for a few days.

Rival dances at Beach's and Benton's Friday night. Both claim to have had a good time. About 90 were present at Lenton's. Beach's only wanted a limited number, both are satisfied.

The names of the numerous guests at Mr. Mr. White's are, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pannell, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. George Smithermun, Novi; Mr. and Mrs. W. Chilson, Livonia; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smitherman, Northville; Mr. and Mrs. Wall Smithermun, Plymouth; Mrs. Geo. Malcolm, Miss Emma Smitherman and Mr. Boyd Cordzld, Pontiac.

POTATO PICKS PERFECTION.

This variety has been growing and thoroughly tested, and the report comes from every quarter that it is one of the finest potatoes for general purposes. Its wonderful productiveness, fine appearance and good cooking qualities have made it a great favorite where known. The tubers grow compact in the hill and are large and uniform size, oblong inclining to oval, but generally flattened. Color white, with tinge of pink around the eyes, similar to the Hebron. The vine is of strong, vigorous growth, yet stocky and short jointed, maturing almost the same time as White Star. The introducer of this Potato, James Vick Seedman, Rochester, N. Y., says it will prove of great value for field culture and become very popular.

We advise our friends to send for Vick's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from the first order.

The Christian Herald,

FOR Little Folks, AND Old Folks too.

THE LARGEST THE NEWEST, TH BRIGHTEST Religious Family Paper in Michigan!

The Most Wide-Awake Two-Dollar Baptist Newspaper Published.

A large Weekly Paper, Religious, yet Strictly Non-Sectarian, and of the HIGHEST CLASS; one with which THE YOUNGER as well as the OLDER members of the family are delighted. Each number contains Sixteen Pages with Illustrations, Original and carefully selected reading, to which are attributed its interest, example, instruct and benefit every reader.

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Sunday-school and Temperance Departments Unexcelled.

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Sample Copies for Examination or Canvassing Furnished Free upon application; send for it.

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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 10tm)

No more of this!

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They are absolutely FREE from "horse motion" and can be had as cheap as the cheapest. $18, $25, $35 and $45 buys as good a cart as is made. Can be seen at Thos. Thurlby's blacksmith shop.

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Gif' chronic kidney sufferers say they can not get relief and cure.

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Sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail for 50c

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This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other humors caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. —For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store. 10

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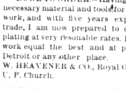

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Bargain No. 44.

A fine residency, comparatively new, with eight grade rooms, bath room, china closets, etc., and a large, convenient barn. The house rents readily for $20 a month, being located on 14th avenue, Detroit, and is in one of the best residence parcels of the city. Will sell for $4,000 or exchange for a good farm in this county.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } 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.

Minor of the Estate of William Hawthorne, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Galusia 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 hearing; 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 EXCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
Judge of Probate.

(A TRUE COPY.)
Jan18to Feb19

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. Notice is
COUNTY OF OAKLAND, } 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 Edmond L. Jennings and Lavilla Jennings, late of Pontiac county, deceased, and that all claims 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 12th day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Thursday, the 12th day of February, and on Monday, the 12th 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.
Jan18toFeb19

SAVE

A dollar or two every week and deposit the money in the

CITIZENS

Savings Bank, 40 and 70 Griswold St., Newberry building, Detroit, at 4 per cent. interest.

COLLINS B. HUBBARD, Pres.; R. H. FIFE, Vice Pres.; EDWIN F. HACK, Cashier.

Capital paid in.....$200,000 00
Surplus profits.....50,000 00

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Your net 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 5th of the month draw interest from the first of the 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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Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Leather and Findings.

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