HIC JACET.

Upon a stone with lichens gray,
'Mid mossy marbles of the dead,
A wild rose weeps itself away
In crimson tears and kisses red.

The beech upon it rains its gold;
A brier wantons over it,
And some old sculptor hand hath scroll'd
Its brief Hic Jacet, quaintly writ.

But if or beauty, age or youth
Be pillowed in the green below;
Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth,
Or babe or bride, we may not know.

What cruel caprice of circumstance
O'ertook him, or what fate befell;
What lifting wave of lucky chance,
Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years,
In shine or shadow, peace or strife;
Let laughter be our lot, or tears,
Hic Jacet is the sum of life.
—Catholic World.

AN AWKWARD HERO.

"I can't see what brought him here, anyway. None of us asked him to come, I am sure."

"Unless it was Denzil. He is always so soft-hearted about such people. If he looked as if he wanted to come you may be certain Denzil gave him an invitation."

"Yes," said Denzil, quietly, "I did ask him to come."

"I can't tell what you did it for, then," responded the one who had first spoken, "for of all disagreeable, stupid creatures, Caleb Orton is the most disagreeable and stupid."

"Never says a word all day long, but just sits and stares, for all the world like one of those wooden images before tobacco shops."

"Yesterday," said a girl's voice, "I was trying to cross the brook on the stepping stones, which, as you know, are very slippery. Master Caleb happened to come along, and without saying a word he picked me up and carried me across as if I had been a bundle. When he saw I was angry, he turned very red, muttered something about being afraid I might wet my feet," and went off, looking more sheepish than ever."

"He does nothing but ride around the country on that bicycle of his, and—"

"Now look here, fellows, and you, Mollie," interrupted Denzil, "you are all mistaken about Caleb Orton. Tell me, did you ever know of his saying or doing a mean thing?"

"N—o," reluctantly, from several of the party.

"Well, then, I tell you that Caleb Orton is a true gentleman at heart. He may be slow and awkward; I don't deny that. You may not like his looks. That is a matter of taste. But in spite of his queer, shy ways he is one of the best fellows that ever lived."

And all this time Caleb Orton himself stood in the shadow of the hazel hedge, not ten steps distant from where the party of girls and boys sat upon the lawn. He had meant to join them but had paused where he was with an unhappy sense that he would not be welcome among them; and while debating with himself he heard all.

He hesitated a moment, drawing his rough, red hand over his eyes, then, without knowing very clearly what he meant to do, he pushed his way through the hazels and stood before the party.

Instantly silence fell upon the group. Those who had been talking against him looked a little uncomfortable; for there was something in the boy's face which they had never seen there before.

"No," said Caleb, as Denzil beckoned him to a place beside himself on the settee, "no, Denzil; I only came to say that I know all. I did not mean to listen, but I know now why none of you like me. I'm not angry, only very sorry. I am clumsy and dull. I can't talk like the rest of you. I can't do things that other boys can. I wanted to make friends with you, but somehow I couldn't. It wasn't your fault. I suppose I am different from other fellows. I am going away to-morrow, and—and I hope you will forgive me."

He spoke hurriedly, in a choked voice, and broke down at the end. He was ashamed of the tears he felt spring to his eyes, and turned away quickly, without waiting for any reply. He had taken a few steps when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and Denzil Graham joined him. The two boys walked on in silence, side by side, for a short distance; then Denzil said earnestly:

"Look here, Caleb, you don't mean what you said about going away to-morrow!"

"Yes," answered Caleb. "You see I didn't know they hated me, or I wouldn't have stayed so long."

"They don't hate you," said Denzil. "It's just their talk. They don't know you as I do, that's all."

"You spoke up for me like a brick, Denzil," and Caleb's coarse, honest face lighted up with an affectionate smile: "I thank you, but I must go."

"I will come to your room this afternoon," said Denzil. "I'm going back to the others now, but I think I shall have something to say to you then that will alter your feelings."

The two boys shook hands warmly; Denzil returned to the party on the lawn, while Caleb went to the carriage house where his bicycle was and mounting it rode away at great speed.

Denzil Graham had invited a number of boy and girl friends to spend a part of the vacation at his father's place, the Mill Farm, situated in a beautiful little valley among the Laconic mountains. Among others, he had asked his classmate, Caleb Orton, to come. Poor Caleb had few friends, but Denzil had learned what a sterling fellow there was hidden under the boy's uncouth exterior, and he believed that the rest of the party would soon come to like him as warmly as he himself did. But the result had been quite the contrary to Denzil's expectations, and Caleb's first week at Mill Farm had been one of the unhappiest of his life.

For a few moments, as Caleb rode along the silent country road, his reflections were very sorrowful; then gradually he forgot his own troubles in a discovery which he believed he had made a day or two before. The Mill Farm had received its name from the sawmill which stood at some distance from the house, on the bank of the brook which ran through the midst of the valley. Half a mile above the dwelling a heavy dam had been built across the stream, making a pond of some acres in extent, which supplied power to the mill. Riding about the country alone on his bicycle, Caleb had found this dam and had visited it frequently.

There had been a heavy rain storm at the beginning of the week and the water in the pond had risen to the very brink of the dam. The structure was old, and the pressure of the water had started a number of seams in the masonry. This was Caleb's discovery.

He had spoken of this to Mr. Graham, who had laughed at his fears, saying that the old dam had lasted fifty years and would last another fifty. But Caleb had made a journey to the pond every day and had seen that the cracks in the wall were surely growing wider, while the seeping water was escaping in quantity. On the previous afternoon he had found a new crack in the stonework, near the middle, from which a small torrent was rushing. Though Mr. Graham certainly ought to know best, Caleb felt uneasy about it. He was sure there must be danger of the old wall crumbling away.

When he reached the pond, and leaving his bicycle in the road, climbed down to the foot of the dam, he was startled first by a loud roaring sound, and then by the sight of a mass of brown water pouring through a large gap in the wall, which had not been there the day before. Wide cracks seamed the masonry in every direction. As he rested his hand against the stones he felt them tremble as under a succession of heavy blows.

While he stood there aghast, there came a loud report, and another crack opened in the wall, from top to bottom. Almost at the same moment a huge block of masonry fell out, followed by a tremendous rush of water. Every instant smaller pieces crumbled down and new jets of water burst forth. The dam was going!

Poor, slow Caleb stood clutching a sapling, wondering what he ought to do. He knew that the Mill Farm dwelling was in the very center of the narrow valley, and if this great mass of water were to rush down upon it suddenly, it must surely be swept away with all in or near it.

In the midst of his doubt and terror another section of the wall gave way, and driven by a blind impulse Caleb climbed the bank, mounted his bicycle and raced down the road like the wind. Behind him he could hear the deepening roar of the water, and as he turned into the gate at Mill Farm, shaking with fatigue and alarm, there came a dull, heavy boom, that seemed to shake the pond. The dam had given way!

A number of the boys and girls were sitting upon the porch. He did not pause to see who they were, but mounted the steps, shouting:

"The dam, the dam! It has burst! Run for your lives."

In a moment all was confusion. Girls, boys, servants and inmates ran hither and thither, crying out in vague terror, and utterly incapable of caring for their own safety.

Caleb seemed to be the only one there with presence of mind. Raising his voice above the uproar, he shouted:

"Run for the top of the hill! Quick, don't wait for anything."

With a courage and coolness for which no one had ever given him credit, he got the frightened crowd together and started them up the hill, following behind to urge them on. They had nearly reached the top, when Caleb stopped and looked back.

"Where is Denzil?" he cried. "He is not here."

"I saw him down by the brook a few minutes ago," answered one of the number.

"Go on, then," answered Caleb, "you are safe now."

"What are you going to do?" asked a terrified voice.

"To find Denzil," replied Caleb, turning back and running swiftly down the hill.

The water was now swirling and roaring down the middle of the valley rising and increasing in violence every instant, and bearing upon its muddy surface uprooted trees, planks and rubbish.

"Denzil! Denzil!" cried Caleb, wildly. "Oh, Denzil, where are you?"

"Here I am," came the reply, and Caleb saw the slight figure of his friend standing upon the point of a rock projecting out of the flood which boiled and thundered above him.

Without a moment's hesitation Caleb plunged into the water, which rose to his armpits, and battled his way toward the rock. Seizing Denzil around the waist he drew him down, and, supporting him by one arm, struck out for the high ground. The water had now risen above the boys' heads and they could only hope to escape by swimming.

Denzil could not swim and if left to himself in that raging torrent would have drowned in a moment. But he was light of weight and Caleb was the strongest boy in the school.

As the minutes went by the terrible strain began to tell upon Caleb's strength. In order to keep Denzil's head above the water he was swimming on his side, overhand, which with Denzil's weight forced his own head under at every stroke. Moreover he was bleeding from a blow on the temple from a piece of passing wreck; skillful and vigorous as he was, he felt himself growing very weak. Should he fail after all? Poor Denzil! It was like him to think only of his friend even at that terrible crisis.

But he would not fail! He set his teeth grimly and battled on. Denzil could hear his breath come in sobs, and see the suffering in his wild eyes and drawn features.

"Oh, Caleb!" he cried, "you are killing yourself for me."

"It—is—tough," came the gasping reply; "but I'll do it."

Those who watched them breathlessly from the bank above, many times believed the boys lost, as the yellow waves rose over their heads and hid them from sight. But the next moment they would reappear, and the hope would be renewed in the anxious hearts of the spectators.

Poor, dull Caleb! They will never laugh at you again. Everything was forgotten in love and admiration for the gallant boy struggling for the life of his friend in the clutch of the flood. How they hung upon every stroke of that strong right arm! How they groaned and wept as they saw him growing weaker and weaker, moving slower and slower. Yet he still held on.

"One more stroke! Another! Hurrah! Saved—saved!"

Caleb heard the words as in a dream. He felt his feet touch the ground. Eager arms seized him. There was a wild, exultant cry. Some one called his name; then he knew no more.

When he came to himself again he found that he was lying upon the ground, his head supported by Denzil's knee, while around him stood boys and girls, men and women, some shedding tears and all talking together like crazy creatures.

"Caleb," said Denzil brokenly, "it is no use trying to say anything—"

"Then don't," answered Caleb, smiling faintly. "It's all right."

"And I," cried Mollie, sobbing, "Oh, Caleb, I am so ashamed!"

"Don't," said Caleb again. "It's all right."

When the flood subsided it was found that only the lower portion of the house had been damaged. The upper rooms were still habitable. At Denzil's request the party remained at Mill Farm, and three days later an open air feast was given in honor of Caleb Orton, and every one there heartily agreed with Denzil when he concluded a neat little speech with the words:

"Caleb Orton, honest as gold, true as steel, brave as a lion."—Philadelphia Press.

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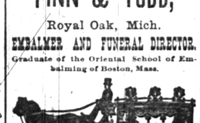

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RESOURCES

	Dec. 31, 1890.	Dec. 31, 1891.
Bills discounted,	$822,374.62	$827,570.29
Bonds, Mortgages,	245,211.69	438,924.82
Bills in transit,	9,514.93	7,448.98
Overdrafts,	1,220.92	588.94
Furniture, fixtures,	1,154.30	3,095.08
Real Estate,	1,775.00	750.00
Current expenses and taxes paid,	5,556.50	6,241.33
Cash in Vault, $78,215.14		Currency, $112,592.00
Cash in Reserve banks 108,842.77	187,057.91	Gold, 41,532.50
		Silver, 6,332.11
		Checks, 12,295.16
		Cash in Reserve banks, 235,250.52
	$1,273,865.87	
Total cash on hand,		418,002.32
		$1,701,221.76

LIABILITIES.

	Dec. 31, 1890.	Dec. 31, 1891.
Capital Stock,	$200,000.00	$200,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits,	99,088.83	104,094.80
Deposits,	974,342.04	1,393,126.96
Dividends unpaid,	435.00	6,000.00
	$1,273,865.87	$1,703,221.76

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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 2nd day of April, 1892, 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 Tuesday, the 24th day of May, 1892, at 1 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 (7) in the township of Royal Oak aforesaid.

ALANSON PARTRIDGE, Administrator de bonis non, with will annexed of George C. Hoagland, deceased.
Dated April 2, 1892.
April7toMay19

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 9th day of April, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety two. Present Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John H. Johnston, deceased. On application of Elizabeth Johnston, the administratrix, for the allowance of her final account and settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Saturday, the 7th day of May 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,
[A true copy.] Judge of Probate.
April14toMay5

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of Martin A. Brock, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and six months from the 20th day of April, A. D., 1892, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 1st day of June, 1892, and on the 20th day of October, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day, at the residence of Charles V. Babcock, in the township of Southfield, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting such claims.

CHARLES V. BABCOCK, JAMES BROOKS, } Commis'rs.
Dated April 20, 1892.
April28toMay26

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 21st day of April, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety two. Present Thomas L. Patterson, judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Edmun James, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Alanson Partridge, the executor, praying for the allowance of his final account, the acceptance of his resignation, and the appointment of his successor.

It is ordered that Thursday, the 26th day of May 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,
[A TRUE COPY.] Judge of Probate.
April28toMay19

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 29th day of April, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety two. Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Nancy Carter, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Alanson Partridge, 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 Thursday, the 2nd day of June 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,
[A TRUE COPY.] Judge of Probate.
May5toMay26

SOUTHFIELD POULTRY YARDS.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

—FROM—

Barred Plymouth Rocks $1 and $1.50 for 15, White Plymouth Rocks $1.50 for 15, Single Comb (white and brown) Leghorns $1.50 for 15, Golden Wyandottes $1.50 for 15. Indian Games $4 for 13.

Mammoth B. Turkey's Eggs 15 Cents Each, Pekin Ducks' $1 per Dozen.

INDIAN GAMES

Are going to be the general purpose fowl of America. They are large size, good layers, good mothers, and feather up as well as Plymouth Rocks or Wandottes.

GOLDEN WYANDOTTES,

Are the handsomest breed on earth. My stock is the cream of O. E. Bartlett's stock, formerly of Pontiac. Visitors always welcome. Sundays excepted.

Yours for Eggs and Chickens,

J. R. BROOKS.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY.

Adolph Enggass,

78 WOODWARD AVE. ESTABLISHED 1865.

The foreman of my Repairing Department, Mr. Marshall Barnard, is an experienced, artistic workman and I make a specialty in repairing and cleaning watches, and do work at prices as low as anyone can. Satisfaction guaranteed on everything.

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Watches for repairing and cleaning can be left at the store of Whitehead & Mitchell, where they will be promptly cared for.

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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Bargain No. 59.

Martin D. Masters will have nothing but what will sell and so offers his farm of 60 acres two miles west and one mile north of this village. On this farm is a good house, a good barn, corn-crib, hog-pen and all necessary outbuildings, plenty of fruit and a nice valuable piece of property and Mr. Masters being determined to sell will sell very cheap and divide the farm up if needs be and will sell 20, 30, or 40 acres just as the buyer desires. What more can you ask and he only wants enough down to secure himself and will give all the time anyone wants. Call at Exchange Bank for particulars.

Bargain No. 62.

We can now offer for sale the elegant farm in Bloomfield 3 miles north of Birmingham and 4 miles south of Pontiac on the gravel road, consisting of 125 acres with house in fair condition, and barns and outbuildings in general good shape. Fine apple orchard and plenty of plums and small fruits. Good wells and cistern; 14 acres of good timber and the balance under good cultivation. Price the low sum of $65 per acre. Call at this office or address Thomas H. Power, Pontiac, Mich.

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Buy Fargo & Co., Mule skin shoes for honest wear. Burt & Packard "Korrect Shape" shoes are the leaders for durability. Largest line of ladies Oxford Ties in the coutry, from 75 cents to $3.00.

Our ladies Kid Button at $3.00 with patent leather tips, are worth $3.50. Kid Button with patent leather heel and tips only $2.50 are worth $3.00.

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22 Years in Business!

Near Court House. Established April 1, '70.

THE BEE HIVE.

PONTIAC, MICH. JOHN POUND, Proprietor.

SPRING — 1892.

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And Ladies ready-made Garments, it is impossible to give an adequate idea of our varied lines in our advertisement. We have everything usually kept in a first-class Dry Goods store and many lines which we know the majority of houses do not handle nor embrace in their stock so exceedingly well selected is our general assortment. Business is carried on under our own actual and personal supervision aided by well qualified and competent assistants, hence the annoyance of a poorly managed concern do not enter into any of our catering to the public. We have no outside affairs to attend to so that we can attend to our own business well and properly. We leave satisfiedcustomers to be the judges. An early call invited to the Beehive.

I remain, yours truly,

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69c undressed kid gloves,
Pointe de Ireland Lace,
$5. Capes and Jackets,
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Novelties in black dress goods,
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SEE

You are cordially invited to visit our store and we will be pleased to show you the many novelties of the season.

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I have the best facilities for furnishing

Caskets AND Burial Cases

Together with all Trimmings. I will attend to every part of the business in a satisfactory manner. All orders for Funerals will be attended to promptly, and the friends of the dead will be relieved of all care in arrangements. I shall keep a good stock of coffins, etc. always on hand.

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First-class Single and Double Rig

I have recently purchased for my Undertaking Business at considerable expense one of Taylor's Improved Ice Caskets for preserving the dead. This method keeps the ice from direct contact with the remains and does away with the old way of embalming, poisoning and mutilating the body.

J. O. BEATTIE.

THE GREAT SIRE OF EXTREME SPEED

GOODSON,

REGISTERED NO. 2727, FORMERLY KNOWN AS

KEYSTONE

Has returned to Oakland county and will be found at Springsteen's Royal Oak, Mich.
Is the sire of Ketch, 2:18¾. Dam is Kate Wright by Abraham No. 353.
Is the sire of Helen Goodson, record 2:25. Dam by Crichton Thoroughbred, running record 1:44.
Is the sire of Sir Arthur, 2:25¼. Dam Daisy by Clay Trustee.
Is the sire of Avalanche, 2:35. Dam by Goldenbow, No. 2436.
All of the above records obtained in hard contested races.
Is 16 hands high and weighs 1200 pounds. Beautiful seal brown, expressive countenance and mild disposition. Foaled June, 1879. Sired by Smuggler, record 2:15¼. Sire of 9 in 2:30 and better; also 8 sons that have produced 2:30 performers and the dams of 6 2:30 performers.
First dam Helen, by Hambletonian 10, sire of 41 in 2:30 class and sire of the great George Wilkes, Electioneer and many others too numerous to mention. Second dam the Hoe Mare by Wilson's Sir Henry. Third dam by Crocker's Eclipse. Fourth dam by Red Bird, son of Bishop's Hambletonian.
Goodson has shown his ability to sire extreme speed from thoroughbred dams as will be seen by the dam of Helen Goodson. Is also successful with Clay and Morgan blood as will be seen by the dams of Ketch and Sir Arthur. His get are all good size and capable of performing all the requirements necessary.
We offer his service at $25, $5 down and balance when mare is in foal.
Good pasture furnished at $4 per month. Best of attention given stock at owner's risk.
Any of the get of Goodson placed in my hands when 3 years old, that cannot show 3 minutes or better, service fee will be refunded.
Royal Oak, Mich., March 24, 1892.

FRANK E. SPRINGSTEEN, Manager.

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