Annual Inventory Shoe Sale!

Previous to taking stock we have reduced the price of every pair of *Winter Shoes and Slippers.* Remnant lots and odds and ends in every department. We can save you money on this "cleaning up stock sale."

Your choice of all our Gent's French Enamel and Calf Lined Winter Russets and Box Calf Shoes for $3.35—regular price $4 and $4.50.

Reduced prices on all Ladies' and Gent's Heavy Soled Shoes.

All Felt and Warm Lined Shoes and Slippers at ¼ off.

All Ladies' and Children's Leggings at less than cost.

Big cut in Felt Boots and Socks.

All Arctics and Fleece Lined Rubbers at greatly reduced prices.

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

A GREAT CRASH FOR CASH ONLY!

These goods would be good value at twice the price I shall sell them for:

Men's Overshoes, Boston, at.....50c pair	Ladies' Overshoes..... 98c
Former price $1.	Former price $1.25.
Men's Caps, former price 35c at 19c	Child's Overshoes..... 50c
Bed Blankets at 75 now.....50c pair	Former price 75c.
Bed Blankets at $3 now.....$2.00 pair	Comforters, former price $1, at 75c
Bed Blankets, all wool, $5..... 3.50 pair	A better line at..... $1.00
Men's Plush Caps at..... 50c	Former price $1.25
Former price $1.	1 lot Men's Fleeced Lined Underwear at..... 21c
Misses' Overshoes..... 80c	Former price 35c.
Former price $1.	
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes at 84c	1 lot Men's half wool Underwear, former price 65c.....at 43c
Former price $1.25.	
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes.... $1.09	1 lot Men's Gray Socks at.....$1.00
Former price $1.50.	Regular price $1.25.
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes..... 1.19	Buy Soule Rubber Boots.....$2.00
Former price $1.75.	Regular price $2.40.
Boys' Overshoes at..... 98c	Russian Rubbers Boots.....$2.50
Former price $1.20.	Regular price $3

Yours for low prices and good goods,

V. NIXON, *Birmingham.*

LOWNEY'S CREAMS,
CHOCOLATE ALMONDS,
PASTILLES AND FRAPPE

Put up in ¼, ½ and 1 pound boxes at the

TRIANGLE GROCERY.

Also Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Figs.

T. H. COBB,

OF COURSE

When you want a **POCKET-BOOK** you always go to W. R. Owen's and look his stock over as he has the finest stock kept in Oakland county. Prices from 5c to $2.50 each.

DO NOT FORGET THE PLACE.

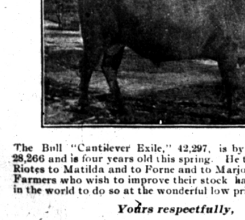
Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN, Pontiac.

TO FARMERS!

We wish to announce to the farmers of this vicinity that the use of a Thoroughbred Jersey Bull can be secured at the Peabody farm in Troy, one mile north and one-half east of this village.

The Jersey Bull, "CANTILEVER EXILE." Weight 1,500 pounds.



The Bull "Cantilever Exile," 42,297, is by Stoke Poges Cantilever 28,266 and is four years old this spring. He traces through Prospect Riotes to Matilda and to Forne and to Marjoram.
Farmers who wish to improve their stock have now the best chance in the world to do so at the wonderful low price of **$1.00.**

Yours respectfully,

Potts & Peabody.

Consumption Cure.

Mitchell's White Pine Cough Syrup, the best cough remedy on earth, cures a cold in one day if taken in time; 25 and 50 cents.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

May 18
LOUIS STORZ, Royal Oak, Mich.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order; have no appetite; no life or ambition, have a bad cold in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store Only 50 cents per bottle.

FREE TO MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of untiring scientific research by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it.

If your kidneys filter your blood and keep it pure, that's what they are there for. You are well when your kidneys are well.

Thousands owe their health and even life to Swamp-Root and thousands more can be made well who today think themselves beyond help, if they will take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

By special arrangement with the Eccentric and to prove for yourself the wonderful and prompt curative powers of this great discovery, every reader will be sent by mail, prepaid, a free sample bottle and with it a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured.

Please mention that you read this generous offer in the BIRMINGHAM (Mich.) Eccentric. And send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can get the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes at the drug stores or of medicine dealers. Make a note of the name, SWAMP-ROOT, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and it is prepared only by Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

To be Held in Pontiac, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 1, 2 and 3.

The State Round-up Farmers' Institute will be held in Pontiac, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 1, 2 and 3.

A splendid program has been prepared. Two or three hundred of the most prominent farmers of the state will be in attendance at every session. Let us all turn out and show the state of Michigan that we can hold the best and largest institute ever held in the state. The main meetings will be held in the Pontiac Opera House. Women's section each afternoon in the Lyceum. Those who wish to stay over night will find very low rates at hotels and boarding houses. Those who wish to take dinners and suppers can get them for 20c each. We print below a synopsis of the program, subject to correction. Full program may be obtained by writing to Hon. Peter Voorheis, Pontiac.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

9:45—Introductory.
10:00—"Sugar Beets"—
1. "The 20th Farmers' Standpoint," J. Y. Clark, Oakland county.
2. "From the Factory Standpoint," S. B. Bradley, Bay City.
3. "A Word of Encouragement and a Word of Warning," Prof. C. D. Smith, Agricultural College.

Discussion after each address.

AFTERNOON.

1:30—Question Box.
1:45—"Importance of Mixed Farming," Hon. K. H. Hinds, Montcalm County.
"Improvement of the Soil, the First Factor in Greater Agricultural Prosperity," Hon. Geo. B. Powell, Genoa, New York.
"Good Roads"—
"Road Improvement," F. F. Rogers, Fort Huron.
"An Experience with the County Road System," A. B. Palmer, Kalkaska Co.

Discussion after each address.

EVENING.

7:30—"Possibilities of Farm Life," J. T. Daniels, Clinton County.
"Rural Embellishment," W. W. Tracy, Detroit.
"Farm Organizations," Hon. Thos. Mars, Berrien County, Past Master Michigan State Grange.

Discussion after each address if desired.

THURSDAY MORNING.

9:45—Question Box.
10:00—"The Dairy"—
"How to Choose a Good Dairy Cow," Prof. C. D. Smith.
"The Feeding and Care of a Small Dairy Herd," Chas. Ellis, Oakland Co.
"Gilt Edged Butter at Home," G. H. True, Agricultural College.
"Markets for the Product of the Home Dairy," Mrs. Ella E. Rockwood, Genesee County.
"Advantages of the Creamery," F. A. Croman, Jackson County.

11:30—General discussion on "The Dairy."

AFTERNOON.

1:00—Question Box.
1:15—"Demands of the Present Times in the Handling of Orchards," Hon. Geo. T. Powell.
"Forestry"—
"Forestry Conditions and Prospects in Michigan," F. E. Skeels, Lansing.
"Desirable Forestry Legislation," H. Butterfield, Agricultural College.
"The Apple Situation in Michigan and Its Remedy," Roland Merrill, Berrien County.

Discussion after each address.

EVENING.

7:30—"Some Unsolved Problems," Hon. J. E. Hammond, Supt. Public Instruction, Lansing.
"How to Introduce the Study of Agriculture Most Practically into Our Public School," Hon. Geo. T. Powell.
"The Mother and the School," Mrs. Mary A. Mayo, Calhoun County.

FRIDAY MORNING.

9:45—Question Box.
10:00—"Cattle Feeding in Michigan, Its Prospects and Its Practice," Jas. in Woodman Van Buren County.
"The Farmers' Defensive Movements," A. R. Ork, Shiawassee County, Secretary of State Association.

AFTERNOON.

1:30—Question Box.
1:15—"Soils," Prof. H. W. Mumford, Agricultural College.
"Economic Sheep Feeding," A. M. Welch, Ionia County.
"The Prevention of Animal Diseases by Proper Care," Dr. Geo. A. Waterman, Agricultural College.

Discussion after each address.

EVENING.

7:30—"The Influence of the Science Movement upon Farm Life," Dr. W. H. Gordon, director New York Agricultural Experiment Station, Geneva.
"Farming in Oriental Countries," President James B. Angell, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

WOMEN'S SECTION—IN LYCEUM.

Mrs. Mary A. Mayo, Chairman.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

1:15—"The True Helpmate," Mrs. Ella E. Rockwood, Flint.
"Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," Miss Ellen H. Rushmore, Agricultural College.
Question Box.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

1:15—"The Art of Living," Mrs. Alex Custard, Mendon.
"The Mother's Greatest Need," Mrs. Irma T. Jones, Lansing.
Question Box.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

1:15—"The Value of Training," Miss Maude R. K. Hitt, Agricultural College.
"Town and Country Clubs for Women," Miss Kath. rine L. Ingals, Ann Arbor.
"Answered Prayers." Mrs. Belle M. Perry, Charlotte.

A WAR STORY.

How the Guerrillas of the Blue Ridge Passes Were Broken Up.

During the War of the Rebellion, the Blue Ridge Mountains, both the eastern and western sides, from Swift Run Gap in Rockingham County to Tucker's Ferry in Loudon County on the Berrysville Pike, were infested by bands of lawless guerillas, many of them commanded by the noted Gen. Turner Ashby, who was killed in a battle with Gen Shields at one of the bridges of the Upper Shenandoah, the battle of Cross Keys. After Ashby lost his life some of his command enlisted in the Confederate army, others who lived in the vicinity of the Blue Ridge Mountains joined the redoubtable Col. Mosby, who had a kind of roving command and his fields of operation were east and west of these mountains, taking in the Shenandoah Valley and the east-rn slope of the Ridge, comprising the following named passes: Swift Run Gap, New Market Gap, in the Massanutten Range, Luray Gap, Chester Gap, Manassas Gap, Markham Gap, Paris Gap and the Gap of Tucker's Ferry, for a length of about 100 miles, and as the Shenandoah river ran close alongside of the mountains, there was necessarily a ford for each gap in the mountains.

The topography of the country being remarkably favorable for carrying on a guerrilla warfare such a war was waged until the en-l of the year 1864, under command of Col. John Mosby, a name which struck terror into all Union soldiers who operated in and about the above described territory. The guerrillas had their homes in the mountains or hills which stood near the gaps, such as Luray, Milford, Front Royal, Millwood, Markham, Sperryville, Flint Hill, Salem, White Plains, Rectortown, Piedmont, Barrysville and Twickersville. The village of White Post was situated close to and almost under the shadow of the Blue Ridge near the river a few miles below the forks at Front Royal; a little hamlet on the Front Royal Pike was also appropriately named Nineveh, the home of a bad set, their deeds being done principally in the darkness. The village of Front Royal was known to be the home of many outlaws and rebels-pes.

Some time in August or early in September, 1864, the 3d division of cavalry, operating then in the Shenandoah Valley, was ordered on a reconnaissance up the Luray Valley. At Front Royal the river divides, making two streams, the west branch and the south branch divided by the Massanutten range, thus making another valley up which the 3d division marched to see that no force of the enemy could swoop down and flank us out of our position across the Shenandoah Valley from the Blue Ridge to what they called the North Mountain. We had passed through Front Royal under Gen. Custer, up and through the small hamlet of Milford, took a view of the situation, fed our horses and then returned up the valley. A lot of guerrillas, hazard like, followed in our rear and picked up several of our laggards, which we have in almost every command. These southern villains—for they are not soldiers—did not look for our return so soon, but we did return and discovered what they had been doing, we gave chase and raised on them so fast that a rescue seemed inevitable to them and they began shooting their prisoners, and a young villain, about 18 years old, deliberately shot a sergeant in the head intending to finish him, but the ball varied a little and went through his mouth and all the damage it done was to knock out a few teeth.

Gen Custer had received some information that a major and a lieutenant, both rebels, were secreted in the village of Front Royal and he even had the house so accurately described that when we got there they were both captured by some of our men, who were specially detailed for the capture. Gen. Custer was in possession of evidence enough to convince him that they were guerrillas and spies and ordered them taken out in the suburbs of village and hung up to a tree. When the rope was placed about their necks, Gen. Custer offered to spare their lives if they would give him information that would lead to the capture and breaking up of the various bands of guerrillas which infested the Blue Ridge Mountains, but they didn't have anything to say and were swung off. While marching through the village a young man was seen in front of a cottage with his arms resting leisurely on the gate looking at us pass by. In a small squad was our wounded sergeant and he immediately recognized this young fellow as the one who had shot him. He was ordered out by the general and let go in a field and told to run for his life, and as it was his only chance he started to run, but had not gone far before he dropped to the ground riddled with bullets. We left the village of Front Royal with two men hanging to a tree and a boy who was known to be one of the worst bushwhackers and guerrillas in Maseby's command, having unlawfully, as so reported, put an end to the lives of no less than nine Union soldiers in and around those terrible haunts at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains and this ended the raids of the guerrillas.

There are several old soldiers living in Detroit who took part in the above reconnaissance. ANON.

FRANKLIN.

Miss Carrie Miller entertained a number of young friends Friday evening.

Franklin was well represented at the educational meeting held in the German district last Tuesday evening.

John Hamilton and family have taken up their residence at Chas. Sly's and have leased the farm for a time.

The Ladies' Missionary Society was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Furse on Thursday afternoon of last week The attendance was not as large as usual, owing to the intense cold.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the War Department. The book was written in army camps and has the indorsement of Gen. Merritt, Gen. Otis, Gen. Harrison and other officers in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the Japanese treasury and at Manila. It is the handsomest campaign with Agoncillo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey and in the trenches with Lawton. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Outfit 25 cents. Address, quickly, for choice of territory, A. W. Ziegler & Co., 327 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE STAGE.

AT THE LYCEUM.

"My Friend From India" is one of the sprightliest bits of stage foolery the theater has to offer today. Built along lines that have not been worn smooth, and filled to the brim with scenes and situations as unconventional as they are clever in their arrangement. In the part of A. Reese Shaver, the theosophical barber, Walter Perkins was seen in the role with which his name has come to be associated. A player of vim and skill, there is left by him nothing undone that would tend to increase the humor of the characterization.

AT WHITNEY'S.

The sensational and sharply interesting melodrama, "When London Sleeps," is once more on view at Whitney's. The present is the third engagement for this piece, yet there is not perceptible any diminution of its popularity. Its thrilling situations and fine effects appeal with peculiar force to the emotional Whitney audience. The part of Queenie Carathers, who escapes from the burning building and saves her life and the life of an imperiled child by crossing the street on a telegraph wire, is played this season by Miss Neva Harrison

ROYAL OAK.

Joseph LaMore is very low.

Mr. Evans is slowly recovering from his accident.

Ransom Ford is convalescing from an attack of the grip.

A. Kloudd's little daughter is on the road to recovery

The Literary Society meet with Miss Maud Lavery today.

The Ladies' Aid Society met at Mrs. S. Wills on Wednesday.

Dr. Kobler is down with the grip and is attended by a doctor from Detroit. Many of our grip patients here are suffering for lessons.

TROY.

Park Cutting has a new gas-line engine.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadden are victims of the grip.

Frozen ears, noses and toes are the latest woes here.

The Troy young folks gave Anna Graham a birthday surprise Friday evening.

Mrs. Libbie Clark was buried Wednesday a. m. Rev. Clack officiated. The Beaver choir sang.

Mrs. Jane Niles is better at this writing. She was taken with the grip the 5 h of February.

The donation at Mrs. Reed Cone's Thursday unfolded not drawing crowd the weather was too severe.

Mrs. Rhodes and sister Mrs. Donaldson, of Detroit, returned home in stay, having come to Troy to attend the funeral of their brother-in-law, George Niles.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, but bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store Regular size 50 cents and $1 Guaranteed or price refunded.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

LUCETTE'S SLIPPERS.

"Come, child, come."

Mr. Maroquier, wrapped in his cloak, beat the floor of the vestibule impatiently with his foot.

"Go on, papa, I will overtake you," came a gentle voice from the top of the stairs.

Miss Lucette quickly returned to her looking glass and the old nurse held the lamp while Lucette admired herself.

"My dress is pretty, is it not, Mary. Aren't these flowers on my waist and the feathers in my hair becoming? I shall have a charming time at the general's. Everyone will be there, the dowager of Miramas, the general's nephew—but tell me, please, do I look pretty?"

"Yes, very, very pretty!" exclaimed the old nurse for the hundredth time.

Lucette lifted her dress with the tips of her fingers and gracefully began to sing and waltz. "La! la! la! But my little blue satin slippers are the prettiest of all. Tra, la, la! Look at them under the edge of my dress. La, la, la; tra, la, la! Oh! my pretty blue slippers, I love you so, I—"

"Your father will be at the general's before you start," said the nurse; "do hurry, dear." And she threw a fur cloak over Lucette's shoulders, adding: "You must wear your snow boots!"

Lucette began to laugh.

"My snow boots? They would be necessary in the city; but here, in the suburbs, almost the country, on a beautiful dry road, and a charming bright night—no, no, my nurse! Besides, I wish to look at my pretty blue slippers while going to the ball. Tra, la, la! Good night!"

Lucette left the house and her little slippers peeped tantalizingly every now and then from under her dress as she hurried along. She heard a sob near the hedge. Lucette stopped, and recognized the little son of Hubert, the hedgemaker.

"Oh! Is it you, Mimile?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Why do you cry?"

"Because Santa Claus will not bring me anything."

"Have you vexed your papa?"

"Oh, no, I have not the time. When papa returns from his work I am asleep; when he goes in the morning I am still asleep."

"Have you teased your mamma?"

"No; nothing ever teases mamma."

"Have you hurt your sister?"

"No; she is stronger than I."

"Then, foolish child, Santa Claus will bring you something. You have only to put your slippers in the chimney."

"That is the trouble. * * * I have no slippers."

Lucette looked down and say that the little urchin's feet were bare. Her heart was filled with pity.

IS IT YOU, MIMILE?

"Take your father's slippers."

"They are too old and are worn out, Santa Claus would never put anything pretty in them."

Mimile, delighted, saw by the light of the moon, Lucette's blue slippers.

"Oh, if I had slippers like yours I am sure Santa Claus would put something beautiful in them!"

Lucette, without thinking of the ball, the dowager or the general's nephew, found the idea so comical and agreeable that, regardless of the consequence of her childish impulsiveness, she flung off first one slipper, then the other, put both into Mimile's benumbed hands, and with her feet covered only with her fine silk stockings, she ran on to the general's house. Ah! but it was cold! And how the pebbles hurt!

Mr. Maroquier was standing before the gate, beating the ground impatiently with his foot.

"Come child, come!" he said.

Lucette felt a delicious, comfortable sensation as her feet sank into the warm, soft carpet covering the stairs. But beyond was the cold floor of the ball-room, and she advanced with short steps.

How could she conceal her slipperless feet? Fortunately, she was obliged to bow to a number of people. Lucette made very low courtesies. Quickly gaining a corner and seating herself on a low chair, she spread her skirts around her and put her feet under her chair as far as possible. At last she was safe! Not at all. An officer came up to her, bowed, and invited her to waltz. It was the general's nephew. He was charming, so charming that the blushing Lucette smiled, arose a little confused, and was about to accept his invitation when the cold floor reminded her of her position. She could not dance; her feet would be seen, and, blushing still more, she refused.

"Thank you, but I do not dance."

The general's nephew looked at her with astonishment, coldly bowed and left her.

Lucette knew that she had mortified him: that he would not invite her a second time to dance that evening, and perhaps never again, and her heart was filled with sorrow. Would her little act of kindness cost her as dear as that?

Her melancholy reflections were interrupted by the mistress of the house, who came to her troubled.

"Why did you refuse to dance with my nephew? He feels much humiliated.

Then the general passed.

"I am indignant! It was awkward!" he said.

Finally her papa came.

"I—I am furious! What caprice! Are you mad? I wish you to dance with the young man at once!"

Lucette was very pale. She did not know what to say. She foresaw a scandal, and felt like crying.

But just then there was a commotion, and the dowager Miramas entered. All except Lucette went to meet and greet her.

"Oh, my friends!" she exclaimed, "ill out of breath. "I have seen a miracle—a true miracle. You know that every Christmas I fill my carriage with toys, go to every poor man's house, enter and put the playthings in the slippers myself. God alone knows what slippers I see, slippers with scarcely any soles, slippers all in holes, slippers in every state of destruction. To-night, for the first time, I found at Hubert's, the hedgemaker's, two adorable little blue satin slippers, two wadded slippers, soft and small, and I understood the invitation, and put the most beautiful things I had in these pretty jewel vases."

There were ahs! and ahs! of surprise. Then the crowd scattered. The dowager perceived Lucette immobile and silent.

When Lucette saw the dowager advancing toward her she was filled with dismay, and, instinctively lowered her skirts and thrust her feet so far under the chair that she almost fell. The dowager took Lucette's hand and led her gently across the ball-room, Lucette not daring to resist.

Stopping on the soft carpet of the room adjoining the ball-room, the dowager smiled and said:

"It is less cold here, isn't it?" and she called the general's nephew, who was passing in a corner.

"If you aren't afraid of a little girl who loses her slippers while going to a ball, dance with her here on the carpet. That will make her warm."

Some minutes after the guests made a circle around them. The general's nephew, a very clever and agile dancer, did not step once on Lucette's pretty feet—the feet which covered by the silk meshes, peeped from the border of her skirt, then disappeared, twirling, pursuing, fluttering like two lively rose-colored birds.

The women, on account of the spontaneous charity, the men because Lucette's feet were pretty—all because the dowager dared to say it before them—were convinced that this new mode of waltzing was delightful.

IN RELIGION'S NAME.

What Was Done in the Churches in Elizabeth's Reign.

Perhaps the best and most exact picture of what was really being done in our churches in the early years of Elizabeth's reign is found in the dry, grim records of the returns, in 1566, from Lincolnshire parishes, printed in Mr. Peacock's valuable works, says the Contemporary Review. These returns were made to the bishop, archdeacon and other royal commissioners in reply to definite queries as to all "monumentes of superstition" remaining since Mary's death. They are (or were) still preserved in the bishop's registry at Lincoln. In one parish the bishop is assured that "all the tromperie and popish Ornamentes is sold and defaced so that there remaynethe no superstitious monomente within our parish church;" in the next, "no one popishe ornament of all remainith but is utterlie defacid broken in peces and put to prophane use." The roods and rood-lofts with "Marie and John" and "such like idols" were pulled down and burned; rensers "and such like trash" sold and defaced; mass books "and such pelfrie of the pope's sinful servelee," were made away, torn or defaced; "a sepulker with little Jack" (the reserved sacrament) was duly "broken in peces," and every trace of "the Idolatrous mass and popish service" carefully burned, defaced or smashed. And this by no mere action of Parliament or page recorded the accomplishment of this destruction by the church wardens themselves, if not by the parson. The new bishops, as Dr. Lee reminds us, were indefatigable in the work. The visitation articles for the diocese of Norwich (1561) inquire:

"Whether all aulters, images, holy water stones, pictures, paintings, and other superstitious and dangerous monuments be defaced and removed out of the churches and other places, and are destroyed and the places where such impiete was, so made up as if there had been no such thing there." The archbishop of York similarly inquires (1571): "Whether in your churches the chapels all aulters be utterly taken down and cleane removed, even unto the foundations, and whether your rood-lofts be taken down," etc. In the diocese of St. David's, later on, the bishop required that 'images, pictures and all monumentes of fained miracles, as well in walles as in glasse windowes be defaced; and namely the Image of the Crucifix and the two Maries in the chauncell windowes." Also that the rood screens should be pulled down.

A Peasant Boy Philosopher.

Very remarkable was the boyhood of the celebrated James Ferguson, who was born at Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, in 1710. His father, who was a day laborer, taught him to read and write, and sent him to school for three months at Keith. At the age of eight he constructed a clock of wood that kept remarkably good time, and afterwards made a wooden watch with a whalebone spring. He began to earn his first money by cleaning and mending clocks in the neighborhood. His astronomical pursuits commenced soon afterwards, his father having sent him to a neighboring farmer, who employed him in watching his sheep. While thus occupied he amused himself at nights by watching the stars, and during the day in making models. In 1747 he published his book on the phenomena of the harvest moon, and this was followed by other astronomical works. His books received the approval of the Royal Society, before which he frequently appeared.

His View.

"And now," said his friend, "that we have the Philippines the question is what will we do with them?" "Nonsense!" said the expansionist. "The question is, "what will we annex next?"—Puck.