The Old Year

The white dawn glimmered and he said,
"Tis day."
The east was reddening and he sighed,
"Farewell."
The herald sun came forth and he was dead.

Life was all in his veins but yestermorn,
And ruddy health seemed laughing on his limb;
Now he is dust, and will not breathe again!

Give him a place to lay his regal head,
Give him a tomb beside his brothers gone,
Give him a tablet for his deeds and name.

Hear the new voice that claims the vacant throne—
Take the new hand outstretched, to meet
thy kiss,
But give the past—its all thou canst—
thy tears!
—James T. Fields.

The WAY MORRIS FIXED IT

By GEORGE SHIELD

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The boy was showing the girl an old revolver he had acquired in a sway and had repaired so it would shoot, and he was telling her of his plans to go out west and be a cowboy or a desperado—he had not decided which. He spoke with all the insufferable condescension and bravado of the masculine early teens and she listened with the reverence which became her sex and three years junority. It pleased his selfesteem to have so worshipful a listener as the sunnyhaired little fairy, and it swelled her budding feminine heard to be the confidant of so sturdy and valiant a hero.

They were behind the old arbor whither Ted had summoned Bessie with great mystery, to announce his great design. Presently they were interrupted by two young people who strolled into the arbor.

"S'h," whispered the boy, placing his fingers on his lips. "It's your sister Emma and that Wilkins fellow."

The two sat quietly awaiting an opportunity to slip away unnoticed. It pleased the spirit of the boy to surround his actions with deep secrecy, and the girl was satisfied to obey implicitly.

Inside the arbor the old, old story was being enacted.

"Miss Roberts," said the young man in a strained voice, clearing his throat, "I have been wanting to speak to you—that is, I have been intending—that is, I have been trying to get an opportunity to be alone with you for a long time."

There was a pause, and the voice went on: "I mean, to have an opportunity to speak to you, to tell you—to—that is, you must have known, you know—that is, you certainly have seen that I—that I—"

There was another awkward pause, and the young woman said softly:

"That you what, Mr. Wilkins?"

There was a note of desperation in the lover's voice when he answered, and the words were broken by his nervous breathing.

"That I—you see that, that—that is, that—oh, heavens, I—don't you know?"

Apparently she did know, because the voice ceased and there were sounds inside of a much pleasanter nature.

After awhile the lover said in perfectly normal tones:

"May I put the ring on your finger?"

After which there were more osculatory sounds, and presently they went away.

The two children had sat staring at each other with open eyes and mouths during the proceedings inside.

"Oh, wasn't it splendid?" exclaimed the little girl when the lovers were out of hearing.

"Splendid!" snorted the boy in accents of disgust. "I call it a flunk. Why, the lobster never said it at all. Anybody'd a'thought he saw a bear, he was so frightened. How'd she know what he was a-tryin' to say?"

"Oh, she knew all right," replied the girl with intuitive feminine wisdom. "She's probably known it a long time, and was 'spectin' it."

"Why'n thunder didn't he say it?" persisted the young Comanche.

"Probably he was frightened," replied the girl.

"What'n thunder's he frightened at?" asked the boy. "Nothin' but a girl. I'd like to see the girl I'd be frightened at."

"I 'spect he loves her so much that he's sort of frightened at that, and

"Splendid!" snorted the boy. "I call it a flunk!"

maybe he was afraid she'd say no," ventured the girl.

"Say no when he ast her!" exclaimed the boy scornfully. "Catch a girl doin' that. Anyway, what if she did? Ain't there plenty of other girls?"

The girl was silent, and the boy went on:

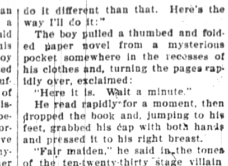
"And he's a lawyer and makes speeches in court nearly every day. I heard pa say so. And I saw his name in the paper about making a political speech at the opery house—an eloquent and convincing address—that's what the paper said. I don't believe he can talk for sour beans. When I get ready to get married, you bet I'll do it different than that. Here's the way I'll do it:"

The boy pulled a thumbed and folded paper novel from a mysterious pocket somewhere in the recesses of his clothes and, turning the pages rapidly over, exclaimed:

"Here it is. Wait a minute."

He read rapidly for a moment, then dropped the book and, jumping to his feet, grabbed his cap with both hands and pressed it to his right breast.

"Fair maiden," he said in the tones of the ten-twenty-thirty stage villain "thou art my heart's desire. Long years have I loved you with all the



"But, as I was about to say—that is, I—at least you—"

passionate ardor of me race. Come, fly with me to yonder—yonder what do-ye-call-it-I forget the rest, but, anyway, that's the way Percy Fitzmorris does it in 'The Stolen Bride,' and that's the way I'll do it—only I'll improve it, and you bet I'll have it down pat before I get it off to any girl."

"My, that's splendid," said the girl with shining eyes. "I wish I could hear you say it."

"Oh, pshaw; you'll be married and know all about it long before I do it. I ain't got no time to think about marryin' for a long time. I've got to go out and—and—and do things, and fight and get a reputation."

* * *

The old arbor had seen the sun and rain of many seasons since the boy and girl sat open-mouthed behind it and heard the proposal, when one bright day a tall and stately maiden with hair like burnished gold and eyes like sapphires entered hastily and sank onto the old seat in the corner, carved with many initials and designs. A slight flush was on her rounded cheek and her breath came rather quicker than usual. She glanced expectantly toward the door, then hastily pulled some crochet work from the pocket of her white apron and began to ply her fingers.

Presently a young man appeared at the door. He was a stalwart, handsome fellow, withal, and was faultlessly attired from the crown of his derby hat to the soles of his patent leather shoes. He removed his hat and said:

"I thought I should find you here. May I come in?"

And without awaiting a reply he entered and stood before her.

"I have been trying to get a few words with you, Miss Roberts, for the past two months," he began bravely. "But it has seemed impossible to find you alone of late. In fact, I have scarcely seen you alone since I returned from the South."

He paused a moment and went on with a little catch in his voice:

"You see, I've been wanting to see you alone—as I said—for some time, because, you see, I wanted to—that is, er, I— that is—"

"I hope you've been doing anything naughty, I hope," ventured the girl.

"Oh, dear no," replied the man, shifting his position onto the other foot. "You couldn't if you tried, you know. But, as I was about to say, I—I—that is, I—at least you—that is to say, I wanted to see you alone for a moment, because I had something to say to you—you know."

"Yes," replied the girl softly.

The young man mopped his face desperately with his handkerchief, although the day was not warm, and resumed:

"Well, it's this way—you see er—er—er, I—that is—"

"Why don't you do it the way Percy Fitzmorris did it?" asked the girl demurely.

"Beg," he shouted, dropping onto the seat beside her. And I fear if any young boys and girls were listening behind the arbor they heard sounds much similar to those which reached the ears of certain young friends of ours some years before. After the first spasm of osculation was over the man duly presented the ring which was duly installed on the proper finger—the third finger of the left hand, I am told. After which the girl looked at the man and said, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes:

"Why'n thunder didn't he say it, Ted; how'd she know what he was a-tryin' to say?"

The answer was another demonstration, which left the girl's hair in a sadly tumbled state, after which the man remarked:

"Of all the insufferable fools on earth, commend me to a half-baked, unlicked boy."

THOUGHT WAGNER WAS FUNNY

Peculiar Compliment Paid Composer by Unmusical Englishman.

A story which Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, tells of Richard Wagner relates to a London dinner at which the great composer was requested to be especially amiable to Lord Pitkin, a most unmusical man but high in social councils. In due season the two were presented.

"Where is your entertainment to be?" asked his lordship after the introduction, when Wagner's forthcoming concert was mentioned.

"At St. James' hall," replied the composer. "I trust your lordship will be able to come."

"I may, I may," replied the great personage.

The concert took place as scheduled and a week or more later a patron of Wagner gave a soiree in honor of the composer. Lord Pitkin was prominent among the guests and he seized the first opportunity to walk over to Wagner and congratulate him.

"I was at your entertainment," said the polite nobleman, "and I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more. I laughed till I cried. You are very funny, Herr Wagner."

The company stopped talking and an amazed look spread over Wagner's face.

"But you know," continued the affable lord, "it was almost half an hour before I recognized you with your black face and crinkly hair."

When Lord Pitkin stopped laughing he saw that he was alone in his merriment.

"Why—what—I hope I haven't—it was St. James' hall, wasn't it—I—er——"

Some one then explained that St James' hall consisted of an upper and a lower auditorium and that his lordship evidently had wandered into the one where the Burgess & Moore minstrels were giving a jubilee entertainment.

"Wagner's expression," says Reisenauer in concluding the anecdote, "was a study, but Lord Pitkin's—well, his was an entire course of instruction."

PERHAPS JURY WAS OFFENDED.

Youthful Lawyer's Comparison Not Altogether Complimentary.

It is well for a speaker to know where his peroration is going to end when he begins. I heard a young lawyer make his maiden speech. It was in defense of a fellow who was half-witted, arrested on the charge of stealing a hog, the young attorney having been appointed by the court.

His defense was that his client was an idiot, and unable to distinguish between right and wrong. He closed a flowery speech with this peroration:

"Gentlemen of the jury, look at my client. That low, receding forehead, those lusterless eyes, portend that he was deprived by nature of the power to distinguish right from wrgzz, ignorant of the distinction which exists between his own property and that of others. To him, as to the 2-year-old child, whatever he wants and can reach belongs to him. He knows neither why it does nor why it does not. But, gentlemen of the jury, you are the institutions of this our free and glorious country, that my client, idiot though he is, stands for trial to-day by a jury of his peers."

The culprit got the full penalty of the law.—Exchange.

Clerk's Mistake Her Gain.

A handsomely gowned woman entered an uptown store where a specialty is made of laces. Approaching a pale, nervous looking clerk, she said imperiously:

"You remember selling me several yards of lace a few days ago? It was $1.50 a yard. I want to get six more yards just like it."

The clerk leaned over the counter and said in a half-whisper: "Madam, I made a fearful mistake about that lace. It is worth $10 a yard. If you will return me what I sold you I will gladly pay you $5 a yard for it, and it will save me my position."

The woman tossed her head impatiently. "It is utterly impossible," she said. "The lace is now on my new dress. People who make mistakes must bear the results. I will have to see what I can do to match that which I bought. Goodness knows that's trouble enough. Ten dollars a yard? Why, I wouldn't dream of paying that sum for it." And the haughty woman walked out with the air of one who has been grievously offended.—New York Press.

Cutting In.

A telegraph operator went with a friend at lunch in one of the uptown restaurants. After they had been there a few minutes the telegraph operator called his friend's attention to a pretty young woman seated at a table on the side of the room, who was toying with her spoon occasionally, tapping gently with it on the side of her plate. A well-dressed man seated at a table some distance away was going through a similar performance. The telegraph operator informed his friend that the couple were carrying on a flirtation by the Morse alphabet.

Then he tapped a few times with his fork. The young man and woman turned very red in the face and suddenly departed. This is what the telegraph operator had signaled:

"Oh, quit your spooning and get married!"

Her Birthday.

Oh, little girl, but still not so,
So very, very wee,
Fourteen's a right smart bunch of years;
But—dear, I could be
Fourteen I'd be as glad again
As you are glad, my sweet,
For I'm a long and lonesome way
The wrong side of fourteen.

You do not know, you can not know,
How a man's heart careens,
When he is old, to see a girl,
A sweet girl, let her teens,
Glad for the adding of a year
To her first gift, life; the less
Of life are hidden, hidden deep,
When one's fourteen, Louise.
—J. Lewis Houston Post.

TELL OF LIGHTNING

MEN WHO KNOW REPORT QUEER PRANKS OF ELECTRIC FLUID.

Will Get Its Man at Many Miles Distance If Good Connection Is Made—It Pays to Keep Away from Barbed Wire Fence During Storm.

Freaks of electricity were the subject of the discourse last evening among a number of the members of "the bunch," says the Anaconda Standard. One of the boys asserted that he had worked in a placer mine on Wisconsin creek, near Sheridan, a few years ago. In company with another man he was winding a rope around a "rubber neck" which made connection between the steel pipe and the canvas hose which fed the hydraulic nozzle. All around him the sky was serene and the sun was shining. Suddenly he felt a shock which paralyzed both legs, which were astride the big steel pipe, and it was fully an hour before he could resume the circulation and again be able to move about. Investigation showed afterward that there had been a thunderstorm further up the creek at the head of the big ditch and a big bolt of lightning had dropped into the reservoir. Seeking an outlet, the electric fluid traveled down the ditch until it found a good conductor in the steel pipe, and then followed until the miner's legs made a good connection. Then it gave a passing shock.

"Speaking of electricity and its strange freaks," spoke up another member of the bunch, "reminds me of a time when I was working on a ranch which sported many miles of barbed wire fencing. The cattle would walk out one day to fix a considerable amount of fencing which had been broken by a band of wild cattle the day before. We had worked pretty industrially for a few hours and the reparirs were nearly all finished, the top wire remaining to be strung to complete the job. In the meantime a storm came up a few miles away and the lightning was dropping along the river bank, four miles away by the way the crow flies, but three times that distance by the way the fence ran.

"I suggested to the boss that it would be a good idea for us to go into the ranch and get a bite to eat; that it was dangerous to monkey with a barbed wire fence when the lightning king was out. But he was obdurate and laughed at all of my suggestions. Finally he told me that if I was such an old woman as to be scared of a little thunderstorm I could go home and go to sleep in the hay—he would finish the job alone. With that he walked across to the last wire just as a terrific crash of thunder came. The next thing I knew he was wrapped in a sheet of blue flame and was thrown half a hundred feet into a ditch the other side of the fence, where he lay unconscious. With the greatest difficulty he was loaded into a wagon and driven to the ranch, where medical assistance was secured. After twenty-four hours he came to and wondered what it all meant. He said that he had heard a fusillade which sounded like a Chinese New Year at close quarters and then his soul was wrapped through the air with a vision of blue flames pursuing it. Finally he came back to earth again, but from that day to this, if he is working along a wire fence when even the slightest cloud appears, he will forsake everything else and get as far as possible away from the fence before the cloud has time to do any damage. At the time he was hurt lightning had struck the extreme end of the fence fully ten miles away, but the distance did not lessen the effect of the shock in the least."

Pigeon's Hard Journey.

Wings battered and tail feathers partly gone, too plainly telling the story of captivity from which it had escaped, a pigeon which was one of the contestants in the 400-mile race from Memphis to Louisville reached the loft in the yard of the home of Charles Wirth last Friday, nearly two weeks late.

The bird flew into its loft as if glad to get back home, but it showed that it had not had a pleasant journey from Memphis.

It is supposed that the pigeon was trapped by some one when it was blown out of its course by the storm the birds are known to have encountered. It is easily supposed that the bird, after being held in captivity for several days, was released, the capturers thinking the bird would stay.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Attorney General No Lawyer.

The present labor government of South Australia has an attorney-general, A. H. Peake, who is utterly innocent of law. In the Adelaide Criminal Court recently a defendant's counsel raised the objection that the information had been sworn by an attorney-general who was not legally qualified to hold the position, but it was not sustained by the judge.

Kubelik's Fingers Insured.

Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist now in this country, is said to have a policy for $50,000 upon his fingers, $5,000 for each finger and thumb, taken out at Lloyd's in London by his manager, Hugo Gorlitz. Mr. Gorlitz, who has arranged a tour around the world for the violinist, making cash guarantees in many cities, is thus protected should Kubelik meet with misfortune. The policy also contains accident clauses.

To Succeed Baron Rothschild.

The electors of the Jewish Consistory of Bordeaux have been summoned to elect a successor to the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. It is expected that he will be succeeded by his son, Baron Edouard.

Pay for Prisoners' Board.

Oregon refuses to maintain United States prisoners in her State prison for less than $8 a week. Uncle Sam refuses to pay more than $4. So the Oregonians have turned over the prisoners—fourteen in number—to the United States marshal.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list;

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave, Keeler, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for all the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

12.

The Baxter farm in the town of Troy, 160 acres. Good farm house and barn. Most desirable location, 80 ft. from, 1/2 M. deep. Hot and cold water on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and every convenience. Will sell on easy terms cash, balance on long time. Price $8,800. If you are curious or interested, just ask us for fuller particulars. If you are not curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Oakes St., two doors from electric road on Maple Ave., Mt. Park, 110 ft. deep. Hot and cold water on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and every convenience. Will sell for $4,000 cash, balance on long time. Price $4,800. If you are curious or interested, just ask us for fuller particulars. If you are not curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land available for platting or would make fine Maple Ave. east, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton subdivision. Price $3,500 and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

44.

Stock Farm—the celebrated Cutting Farm—60 acres in township of Southfield. Buildings are well painted and in good condition. Large 12 room frame house, with cellar divided into compartments. House is surrounded with large handsome elm trees. Horse barn with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Back barn with granary, overhead track, cow stables connected with barn and house and a additional stable, sliding doors, good windows, window guards, stone foundation, etc. Farm is well watered with 16 lots and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box and other stalls and paddock adjoining with high board fence. Straw shed. Tool house, enclosed with sliding doors. Office with large shallow defeeding box still attached and paddock. Ball box also with paddock secure and strong for this purpose and located from outside building. Outside closet for house. Outside closet for barn and 5 additional. Large and beautiful orchard well trimmed and in good condition, Baldwin, Greening, Kings, Rhode Island, Jonathans and Russets; 200 pear trees, all peach, 40 cherry, 30 plum, all of best varieties, 3 apricots, 2 quince, currants, grapes, straw berries, etc. 5 acres timber or wood lot. Water supply from the pump in the house, pump with iron pump at stables; branch of River Rouge runs across entire south end of farm and is never dry. Farm is well tiled. Fences all in first class condition. Many of them entirely new. Condition of soil: Farm has carried an average of 40 head of stock during past five years. Is free of any kind soil and entire farm heavily manured. No commercial fertilizers used. Better inquire about this farm it may pay you.

55.

Village lots on Saginaw street, bounded north by land of Mollie B. Smith, east by D. H. R. & W. R. R., south by Lafayette street and west by Woodward ave., 66 ft. front on Saginaw street, 178 feet deep on north side and 146 feet deep on south side; also 66 ft. front on Lafayette street. One of the best building sites in the village. $ 60

56

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $125.00 for the two lots (which is very cheap). Will exchange for small house and lot in Detroit.

57

Farm of 40 acres, being the s e 1/4 of the s e 1/4 of section 2, Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., in the best farming locality of the county, with 8 fairly good outbuildings. There is no incumbrance on this property. It is less than a mile from the Farmington electric road. 3 acres of timber, rest is basswood, etc., and is tiled. Is only $45.00 per acre and you can have your own way about the terms of payment as long as you have the money to secure it. A postal will get you fuller particulars.

58

Good little farm in the township of West Bloomfield, Oakland county, 20 acres cleared, 10 of oak timber, 2 acres of orchard, house and barn of fair size and in good repair. Will sell farm, good neighborhood and soil of the very best. Will exchange. The price is the thing to make you consider. It can be bought for $45.00 per acre. There!

59

House and lot, No. 1235 Fourteenth Ave., Detroit, a little over 2 blocks from the Boulevard; paved street; house piped and furnace; small barn; some fruit; buildings valued at $2,700; insured for $1,800. Will trade for Birmingham village property or for a small farm of not more than 5 acres.

77

One cot on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John German, 50 feet frontage, 40 rods deep, for sale cheap. Price $150. A snap. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank

87

House and three lots on the corner of Townsend and Henrietta streets—an excellent location. One of the best locations for first class residences in the village, with 120 feet front on Townsend and 165 feet deep. House contains 8 rooms, cellar, well, woodshed and summer kitchen. Now is the time to "buy the dead" and must not be repeated—but if you really have any intention of buying a home in the village within a year you can't afford to overlook this place, because the price is only $1,800 and more than that it is a snap. Let's secret and you can't find out a thing further until you see Whitehead and ask him about it. Cross my heart hope I may never see the back of an editor's office if—

Price $65.00 per acre. Want to know more about it? A postal will bring full particulars.

89

Lot on the east side of Baldwin Ave., in the Randall Addition Plat. Fine building site. Price only $500.00.

90

Finest farm we know of, 154 acres one mile south of the village of Birmingham. Nice good buildings, 30 acres of timber, 4 acres of orchard, finest orchard in the country, one mile from the postoffice and one mile west of the electric railway. Flowing well. House heated with furnace.

94

One of the best farms, without exception, in the township of Southfield, 125 acres and no waste land. Well fenced and thoroughly tiled. 10 acres excellent orchard, 15 acres good heavy timber, balance in grass. Price only $100 per acre and the place can be bought on easy terms for $5,000 down and $1,000 per year, with interest at 6 per cent. Don't waste time in thinking we won't try any more. A cent's worth of postal cards will tell you all about it by return mail.

96

Yep! Here's your chance at last. Will exchange for Detroit city property. Farm of 160 acres in Southfield township, very productive soil, in a high state of cultivation, not a foot of waste land. No place for sheep. Good buildings, new wire fences, farm thoroughly tiled, 75 apple trees, 25 apple trees, 250 pear trees, two barns, one dwelling, one price house (capacity 100), icehouse and milk house combined, everything ready to do the finest and most profitable dairy business in the country not falling short. Will make a desirable disposition of this desirable property. Price $96.00 an acre

100

Farm of 77 1/2 acres on the Twelve mile road, 1/2 mile east of the Electric Railway on Wood ward avenue, two story house, good barn and outbuildings which are insured for $2,000. Dark sandy soil, admirable for truck gardening. Quality of fruit of all kinds. Price $6,500

Sixty Years a Postmaster.

The position of the oldest working postmaster in England is claimed by Mr. William Kenward, of Wivelsfield, near Hayward's Heath. He is 85 years of age, and has held the position of postmaster and parish clerk for sixty years.

101

**Farm of 97 acres in sections 35 and 36, Southfield, 3 acres bearing peaches, 3 acres bearing apples, 3 acres bearing pears, 3 acres bearing cherries, 3 acres bearing plums, 3 acres bearing grapes, 3 acres bearing currants, 3 acres bearing raspberries, 3 acres bearing strawberries, 3 acres bearing blackberries, 3 acres bearing gooseberries, 3 acres bearing quinces, 3 acres bearing nectarines, 3 acres bearing apricots, 3 acres bearing mulberries, 3 acres bearing figs, 3 acres bearing pomegranates, 3 acres bearing persimmons, 3 acres bearing pecans, 3 acres bearing walnuts, 3 acres bearing almonds, 3 acres bearing filberts, 3 acres bearing chestnuts, 3 acres bearing English walnuts, 3 acres bearing Japan walnuts, 3 acres bearing butternuts, 3 acres bearing hickory nuts, 3 acres bearing shellbarks, 3 acres bearing shagbarks, 3 acres bearing pignuts, 3 acres bearing beechnuts, 3 acres bearing hazelnuts, 3 acres bearing chestnuts, 3 acres bearing horse chest